
Lord of Mysteries
3
Traveler
Cuttlefish That Loves Diving

Lord of Mysteries

3

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Cuttlefish That Loves Diving (爱潜水的乌贼)

PUBLISHER:

Qidian

TRANSLATION:

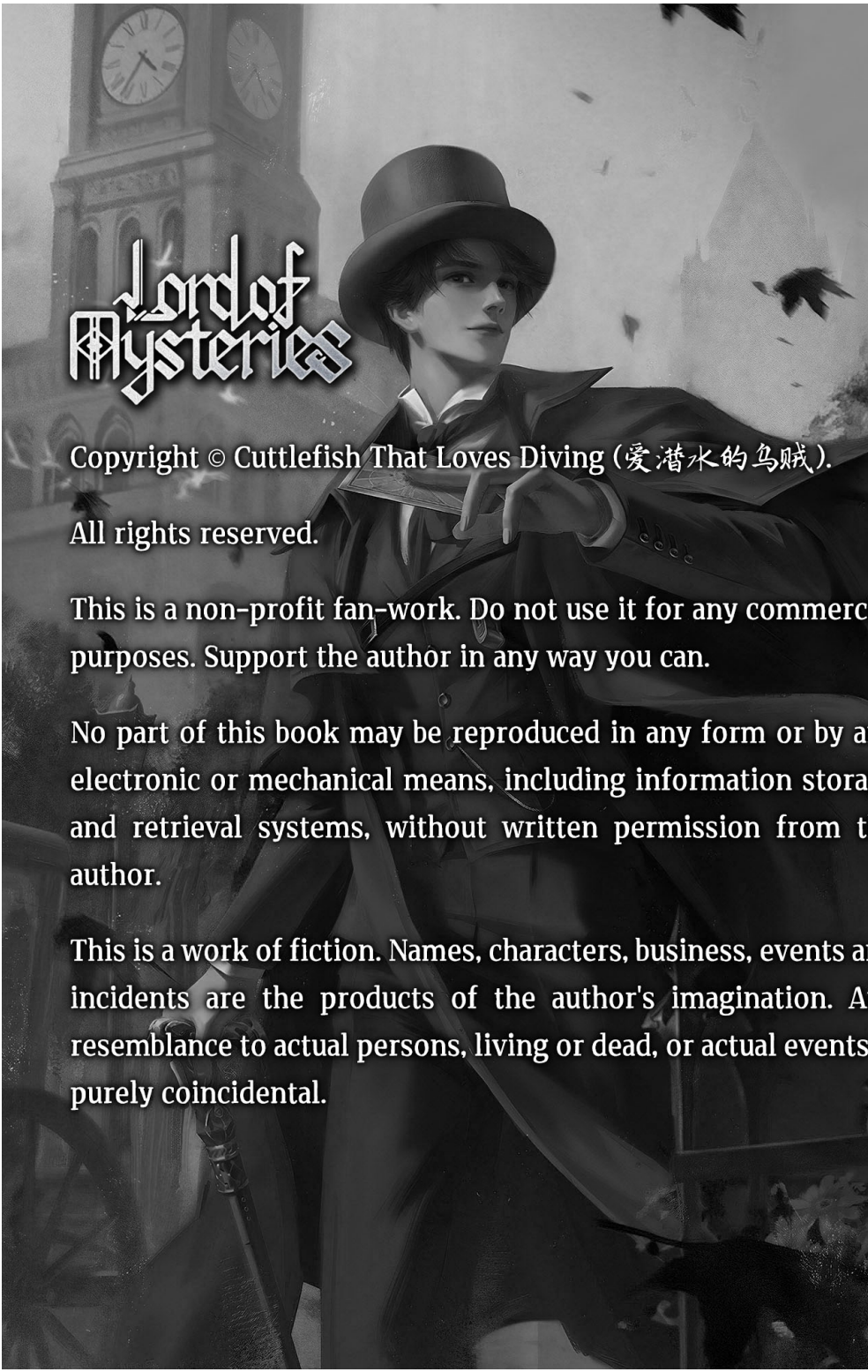
CKTalon (Atlas Studios) [Webnovel]

ILLUSTRATIONS:

Official Weibo of Lolll, 叁乔居, Ghon3, 溯憾空城

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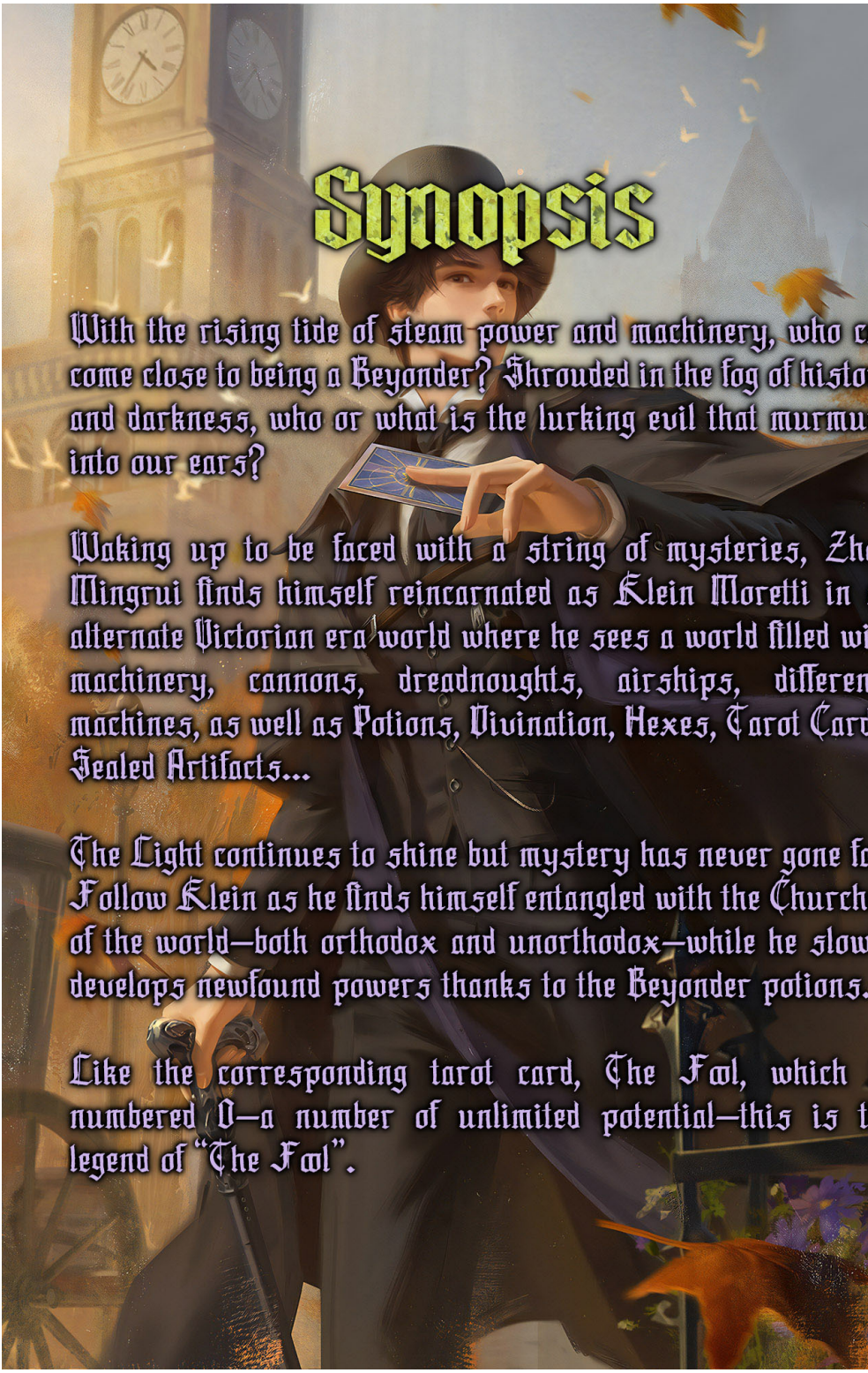
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Synopsis

With the rising tide of steam power and machinery, who c
come close to being a Beyonder? Shrouded in the fog of histo
and darkness, who or what is the lurking evil that murmu
into our ears?

Waking up to be faced with a string of mysteries, Zh
Mingrui finds himself reincarnated as Klein Moretti in
alternate Victorian era world where he sees a world filled wi
machinery, cannons, dreadnoughts, airships, differen
machines, as well as Potions, Divination, Hexes, Tarot Card
Sealed Artifacts...

The Light continues to shine but mystery has never gone fa
Follow Klein as he finds himself entangled with the Church
of the world—both orthodox and unorthodox—while he slow
develops newfound powers thanks to the Beyonder potions.

Like the corresponding tarot card, The Fool, which
numbered 0—a number of unlimited potential—this is t
legend of "The Fool".

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TO BE CONTINUED IN...

BACK COVER

Chapter 483: New Identity

The sky was dark outside the window, but it wasn't the dark fog which Klein was used to. The sea waves rolled in, blowing away all the smog and making the clouds line up in various shapes, reflecting the reddish-gold sunlight.

This was Pritz Harbor, the largest and busiest port in the Loen Kingdom.

Wearing a light vest and white shirt, Klein stood by the window and watched the outside world for a while until his pocket watch urged him to return to the mahogany table.

In the warmth of the fireplace, he picked up a black, round fountain pen, unfolded a letter, and slowly wrote:

Dear Mr. Azik,

Forgive me for not writing to you until today, but for the past few days, I've been wandering in Backlund, immersed in the devastation that has been inflicted on this great city by the events of the past few days. If we were ordinary people, perhaps we would've been covered with white cloth and carried to the crematorium, eventually settling in a tiny niche...

I've waited for quite a while and finally found an opportunity to retrieve what belongs to me. This includes the Card of Blasphemy I promised you. In addition, there's another item which I will get the messenger to bring to you as well; it's a copper whistle that can summon a messenger. It comes from a chance encounter of mine, regarding an elder who crawled out of his coffin. I'm sure you're puzzled having read this, as the description I used similarly

points to you. This is what puzzles me.

...This is exactly what happened. I suspect that the original owner of the copper whistle is a member of the Numinous Episcopate that tries to revive Death. Furthermore, his level isn't low. Perhaps you'll be able to tell something from this copper whistle...

Before leaving Backlund, I will write to the Machinery Hivemind to describe the massive underground ruin where you fought Ince Zangwill. I hope that they will be able to figure out the truth with the help of this information.

After going through a roundabout and indirect test, I've confirmed that they do not have any enmity towards you and me for the time being. If you're in trouble, perhaps you can try seeking their help.

Finally, I have one more question. Is there any way to remove the residual mental corruption of a Beyonder characteristic that has already solidified?

...I am about to set sail. I wish you a smooth journey in finding your memories and a safe journey for myself as well.

Your student and friend,

Klein Moretti.

Putting down the pen and reading it once more, Klein folded the letter and stuffed it into the envelope along with the Black Emperor card and the copper whistle left behind by the suspected Numinous Episcopate member.

When he was done, he picked up the copper whistle Mr. Azik had given him and summoned the messenger by blowing into it.

The messenger was still nearly four meters tall, made purely of white bones, its eye sockets burning with black fire. However, Klein's spiritual intuition told him that this was another messenger.

Sighing secretly, Klein raised his arm and placed the letter into the messenger's lowered palm.

The messenger lowered his head to take a look, before quickly disintegrating into bones and drilled into the ground like a torrential downpour.

Seeing this, Klein lightly tapped his right molar and deactivated his Spirit Vision.

He returned his gaze to the table, where there was a pale yellow identification card. This was a necessary item required for official purchases of any voyage tickets.

For this, he had specially gone to Sharron and obtained a new identity through her circle.

This identity was that of a bounty hunter, a lunatic who was eager to go on an adventure at sea to get rich. In accordance with Klein's wishes, his name was Gehrman Sparrow.

"A hunter of evil..." Klein whispered, putting away a series of documents for his new identity.

Shortly after, he drew the curtains, took four steps counterclockwise, and went above the fog.

There was still some time before the Tarot Gathering, so Klein quickly retrieved Creeping Hunger and wore it on his hand.

Closing his eyes, he tried to sense each and every twisted, illusory soul. He attempted to release the Faceless.

In the real world, Creeping Hunger would happily consume this gift and spit out the corresponding Beyonder characteristic, but above the fog, it didn't dare to act rashly. It allowed the soul of the Faceless to leave the glove and appear to the side of the long bronze table.

It was a middle-aged man with a blurry face. His twisted and painful feelings seemed to dissipate quite a bit.

With difficulty, he bowed at Klein, who was leaning back in his chair. His figure gradually turned dim, almost plummeting beneath the gray fog at any moment.

In the majestic palace, Klein could directly "communicate" without any additional rituals prepared; thus, he extended his spirituality and stabilized the man before saying in a low voice, "Do you know where there are live mermaids?"

The man answered in an adrift manner, "Apart from those kept by the Church of Evernight, they can only be found by sailing from the Gargas Archipelago towards the Sonia Sea for at least a week. That was my destination."

So he's also a Faceless seeking to advance... In order to seek out

mermaids, he had taken the risk to go out to sea. However, he somehow died at the hands of Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos in the end... The Church of the Goddess rears quite a number of mermaids? Klein suddenly asked in realization, "Which organization did you belong to? Or should I say, where did your potion formula come from?"

The blurry-faced middle-aged man's body suddenly trembled. It was only two seconds later that he spoke up.

"The Secret Order. I belong to the Secret Order."

Secret Order? Doesn't the Secret Order rear their own mermaids? Klein hesitated for a moment before asking, "Have you ever seen your leader, Zaratul?"

The illusory and transparent Faceless was silent at first, but then he shouted with a sharp voice, "I have!

"H-he's abnormal! He's an undying monster!"

As he spoke, his figure became increasingly thin, almost on the verge of dissipating.

As expected, Zaratul is still alive! Just what had happened for a Secret Order member to be so afraid of him? More accurately, I should use "Him"... Klein quickly asked about another key issue, "Apart from the treasures left behind by the Antigonus family and what your Secret Order has, is there anywhere I can get the High-Sequence Beyonder formulas for the Seer pathway?"

The Faceless turned increasingly transparent and more illusory. He finally left the words: "The Church of Evernight... Cathedral of

Serenity…”

The Holy Cathedral… Klein silently watched as the Faceless’s Spirit Body achieved complete liberation as he repeated the words. The Cathedral of Serenity was the headquarters of the Church of Evernight, also known as the Holy Cathedral according to the Nighthawks.

There really are high Sequence potion formulas of the Seer pathway hidden there… I wonder how many secrets the various Churches have kept buried and hidden… Sighing, Klein let the dark green glue-like substance, that had formed on the surface of his glove, slide onto the surface of the long bronze table.

The Faceless Beyonder characteristic eventually formed a jelly-like translucent object. In the dark green background, from time to time, there were different faces emerging, like shadows hidden behind dark curtains.

Klein took a few looks before nodding indiscernibly. He muttered to himself, “I’ll use The World later to get Mr. Hanged Man to sell this Beyonder characteristic either to Artisans or Beyonders who need it.”

Although he had found a flaw in the official Beyonders’ surveillance of 15 Minsk Street by means of divination above the gray fog, he didn’t return there so as to not provoke them or expose the secrets of his Spirit Body. Instead, he spent extra money to buy a change of clothing and other daily necessities. All of that amounted to twelve pounds.

Together with the eight pounds paid for the documents of his new identity, his wallet was so empty that there was almost no need for it to exist.

As for the 10 percent stake in the bike company, Klein found an opportunity to meet with Isengard Stanton and signed a legal agreement to entrust the matter to him. After all, their relationship wasn't a secret in the eyes of the Nighthawks or the Machinery Hivemind.

I still have five pounds in cash and five gold coins… It will cost four pounds to head for the Rorsted Archipelago, and that's for a third-class ticket at the lower deck… It would take at least four pounds to go from the Rorsted Archipelago to the Gargas Archipelago… I have to quickly sell off the Faceless Beyonder characteristic… This way, I would be able to afford a second-class cabin and eat decent food… Thanks to Emlyn's suitcase being placed above the gray fog all this time, I've had to buy another one… Klein silently went through his financial situation, feeling as if he had returned to the time when he had just transmigrated, relying on the salary of the Nighthawks before he could even buy a suit.

A Sequence 6 Beyonder characteristic varies between 3,000 to 4,000 pounds. If I encounter someone in desperate need for it, then it can be sold at a premium… But apart from maintaining my living expenses, I have to consider the cost of the Marionettist's supplementary ingredients. I also have to consider the cost of the ritual needed to eliminate the mental corruption. Klein sighed and took out his pocket watch to take a look at it.

Seeing that it was about time, he sent a message to Little Sun to prepare for the gathering.

…

Fors's vision turned clear as she saw three figures sitting across the long, mottled table.

A new member? With a thought, she quickly settled down.

At this moment, she didn't care if the Tarot Club had any new members. Her mind was filled with the incident of the smog and plague from last week.

She vividly remembered that The World had warned herself and Miss Justice at the last gathering that something huge was brewing in Backlund, which could likely bring about a tragedy. Mr. Fool had confirmed that conjecture, and he had further pointed out that the person at the heart of the problem was Prince Edessak.

She didn't doubt Mr. Fool's abilities and felt that the tragedy needed time to brew, giving her plenty of time to investigate. Who knew that it would come so quickly and so suddenly!

Prince Edessak was also reported to have been infected in the haze and unfortunately died... It really happened. It really happened... Thinking back to the contents of the newspapers from a few days ago, she seemed to understand something, but she wasn't sure of it. For a moment, she felt terrified and uneasy.

As a Sequence 9, I seemed to have become involved with terrifying matters that involved a huge city, a prince, and tens of thousands of lives just because I'm a member of the Tarot Club! It was only at this moment that The Magician, Fors, realized the importance of being a member of the Tarot Club.

Then, she heard Miss Justice's usual greeting that lacked her exuberance.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool.

"You saved Backlund again!"

Ah? What? When was I saved again? The Moon Emlyn listened blankly.

Chapter 484: Asymmetrical

As he thought back to the recent events, The Moon, Emlyn, was quick to associate it with the great smog and the plague outbreak, guessing that this was what the lady opposite him was referring to.

But I heard that it was the work of a Demoness of Despair who was trying to advance herself… Furthermore, the Church of Storms responded quickly, creating a hurricane to blow everything away. How could it be said that The Fool saved Backlund? Emlyn, who had an entire clan behind him, was quite well-informed. Upon doing the comparison, it was hard for him not to be surprised and confused.

Although he had always been proud and didn't wish to spend time on social interactions, he still felt an instinctive fear when faced with a hidden existence that he had to address with "He." He didn't dare to open his mouth to ask and decided to listen for a while.

Alger, even though he was drifting out at sea, had received news of the great smog in Backlund. He was interested in the secrets and the truth behind it, confident in the belief that this was definitely a struggle between deities. After all, it had attracted the attention of Mr. Fool!

I'll ask Miss Justice when we exchange information. However, she might not be too sure of the details. It's rather impossible for her to know too many details based on her standing. Heh heh, she has great curiosity. To open up with such a greeting, she would definitely attempt to get an answer from Mr. Fool, hoping to get an answer. I hope that I have the opportunity to listen in from the side… With this in mind, Alger turned his head to look at The Sun. Seeing how he wasn't anxious but calm and reserved, he knew that the City of Silver's exploratory team had already

broken out from the fate of repeating their lives.

Similarly, Audrey, who had figured out that the operation was successful from reading Little Sun's reaction, heaved a secret sigh of relief. She prepared herself to understand what had happened later in detail.

After a solemn bow towards Mr. Fool, she thanked the seemingly unkind Tarot Club member, The World, for his advance warning.

"...Mr. World, if it wasn't for your advance warning, then perhaps tens of thousands of people would've died in Backlund during this great smog."

"In truth, I was also doing it to save myself." Klein controlled The World to give a hoarse laugh.

He said it with sincerity and without any trace of acting, because if it wasn't for Miss Justice who was notified in advance and warned the Church of Evernight, then the powerful existence who erased Mr. A wouldn't have arrived in time, and he himself might not have been able to hold on for long.

If Mr. A had disintegrated me and ate me, then perhaps I might not have a chance of reviving... Klein thought in appreciation.

Mr. A's feasting would literally be feasting!

Immediately after, as The Fool, he leaned back in his chair and responded with a smile, "All I did was provide some trivial help."

"No, your Blessed really helped save Backlund. His contribution is

the greatest amongst everyone," Audrey praised from the bottom of her heart. "His warning allowed the Goddess, the Church of Evernight to make preparations, wiping out the Demoness of Despair in a timely manner and preventing the Primordial Demoness from awakening. It allowed the contamination of the great smog to be kept under control. Furthermore, he even destroyed the Aurora Order's ritual, preventing the attempted descent of the True Creator's once again, keeping him at bay from the real world."

Audrey received unanimous praise by Earl Hall and his wife for providing the most important information. They hadn't concealed the results of the investigation and some of the details they had gathered from her.

Of course, they also raised their wish as parents that their daughter wasn't to get too involved with that secret organization. It would be enough if she stayed in the outer circle and gathered some information, then maintained her strength below that of Sequence 7.

The Primordial Demoness's awakening... The True Creator's attempted descent. What exactly happened in Backlund? At the same time, Alger and Emlyn had the same reaction, but their expressions were different. The former only slightly raised his eyelids as his pupils contracted, unconsciously sitting to the side a bit, while the latter gave the illusion that he was about to jump up.

Mother, no, Esteemed Moon, when did Backlund become so dangerous? Two evil gods had actually made "Their" appearance during the great smog! Is that young lady lying? Even though Mr. Fool is an existence suspected of being a deity, it's also impossible that "He" would simultaneously offend two entities of the same level, right... Could it be that "He" is actually the incarnation of a true god? Or is there an alliance of deities behind "Him?" Is that why the Ancestor asked me to pray to "Him?" The more Emlyn thought about it, the faster his heart beat, but it was impossible

for him to receive verification.

The fact that Sanguine had the nickname “vampire” didn’t mean that they didn’t have a heartbeat. It was just that they were relatively slow, and the heart itself was one of the Sanguine’s fatal weaknesses.

Indeed! Indeed it’s an event that had attracted the attention of Mr. Fool… But, what benefits could “He” gain from sabotaging the evil gods’ plans? Alger sighed inwardly.

Fors was surprised and frightened. She didn’t expect that the horrible great smog that had taken the lives of tens of thousands of people would conceal an even more horrifying truth.

If it hadn’t been stopped in time, the whole of Backlund would’ve been destroyed, and Xio and I wouldn’t have survived… Fors swallowed a mouthful of saliva hard.

Her feelings were similar to Audrey’s feelings as well. Through this matter, this young noble lady clearly understood one thing, which was that the life she believed to be peaceful and calm was like a soap bubble amidst a clash between deities. Just a slight perturbation could immediately pop it into nothingness.

Or it could be said that the entire kingdom, the entire human society, exists only because of the balance between the deities, and this balance is extremely fragile… Every time a similar thought gushed to her mind, Audrey felt a wave of grief wash over her.

Klein was pleased when he saw that someone knew and remembered his contribution. He smiled and said, “Unfortunately, he has to stay away from Backlund as a result.”

Mr. Fool's Blessed has to temporarily leave Backlund? Audrey stood up again and sincerely bowed.

"Please convey my gratitude to him."

Klein maintained his image without giving a reply other than nodding his head.

At this moment, Audrey added, "I'm very sorry, as the three Churches and the military are cleaning up Backlund, I was unable to get the follow-up pages to Roselle's diary. Please wait one more week."

"Sure," Klein said in a flat tone.

Hearing their conversation, Fors was startled as she hurriedly looked to the end of the long bronze table and said, "Honorable Mr. Fool, I received three pages of Roselle's diary."

Not bad. More members mean more channels, and many things snowball quickly... Klein gently nodded.

"Very good."

Roselle's diary? Emlyn felt as if he had heard something extraordinary again.

Under his puzzled gaze, Fors conjured three pages of the diary and passed them on to Mr. Fool.

Only then did Klein remember that he had missed introducing a

particular vampire. Smiling, he introduced, “This is a new member, Mr. Moon.

“This gathering is called the Tarot Club. They are…”

Mr. Moon, I thought it would be a lady who would choose the Moon… Audrey greeted politely while her thoughts scattered.

Similarly, Emlyn wondered whether the members such as The Hanged Man and Justice were humans or transcendent creatures, which pathways they were from, at which Sequences, from which organizations, or if they were friendly to the Sanguine.

Klein didn’t care about them sizing each other up as he cast his gaze to the diary entries in his hands.

“11th February. Today, I found out about a secret of the Sauron family. Hahaha! I’m going to die from laughter! Hahaha!

“So it turns out that the Hunter pathway that they possess will change gender at Sequence 4. Men wouldn’t change, but women will change into men! It’s no wonder that none of the High-Sequence Beyonders of the Sauron family that I’m aware of are female. The Iron-blooded Knight is indeed a true man!

“Hahaha, if it wasn’t for how sensitive this secret was, then I would even feel like ridiculing Floren next time. The Sauron family ancestor that he looks like might’ve been a woman!

“This potion is way too much of a trap, isn’t it? I hope the Savant pathway wouldn’t have any strange changes upon reaching the high Sequences. I don’t want to one day suddenly realize that I

either don't advance, or I have to change into a woman."

The first thought that flashed through Klein's mind at the sight of this diary entry was: *Emperor, you won't become a woman, but you will do it with a Demoness, perhaps more than one...*

Indeed, there's a pathway that changes women to men. Furthermore, it's within the ones I expected... Hunter represents war, causing women to change genders at Sequence 4... This is a little odd. The Demoness pathway changes at Sequence 7 Witch. It doesn't actually strictly correspond... Klein felt the warped and feeling of madness even more acutely. It was a result of the extreme asymmetry.

Could it be that the underlying logic of this world is chaos, distortion, madness, and asymmetry? He tried his hardest not to frown.

"12th February. This won't do. I want to laugh whenever I see Floren.

"Hahahaha!

"15th February, the modified artillery I designed and supervised was completed. The effect was worse than I expected, but the problem isn't that great. With it and mass production, I'll be able to show the world what true advanced tactics are!

"In order to celebrate, I decided to hold a banquet to invite those fellows who looked down on me. Just wait to be slapped in the face!"

The Emperor truly doesn't let a grudge go... While sighing, Klein

turned to the second page of the diary.

“5th May, that unspeakable organization called for another gathering.

“I’m struck by the way they gather their members every time. It’s phenomenal, no—a miracle.

“With my earlier observations, I raised some problems at this gathering. For example, all the Sequence 0 names have a high-enough level on the Blasphemy Slate. Only Red Priest appears rather unique. It doesn’t sound strong enough. The old gentleman sitting beside me told me that ‘red’ represents the red of war. And priest can be understood as the ritualist of strength at its core.

“Someone objected, believing that the ‘priest’ in Red Priest represents being a priest of that Creator.

“I leaned towards the former and asked for the name of the old gentleman in a low voice. I didn’t know the identity of every member. To put it in an extreme manner, I only know a portion of them.

“The old gentleman answered me with a smile. He said his name was Hermes.

“Hermes? The Hermes who created the language of ancient Hermes? Hermes, the founder of humanity’s mysticism?”

Chapter 485: Rich Information

Hermes? That's an ancient powerhouse... Klein frowned slightly.

With his solid knowledge of mysticism, he was well aware of the era in which the old gentleman who had created the language of ancient Hermes had been active.

That is during the Second Epoch when the giants ruled the land and the dragons soared through the skies. In a particular sense, he appeared before the God of Combat and the Earth Mother in human history. In other words, even Little Sun, who didn't know the seven gods before joining the Tarot Club, would likely know of the name Hermes. Yes, I should find a chance to confirm this using The World...

That old gentleman had personally experienced the period when early humans tested the potions themselves, slowly seeking the thorny path of the powers of a Beyonder, one step at a time. He had used Jotun and Dragonese as blueprints, and standing on the shoulders of the pioneers, he created a Beyonder language that belongs to humans. He probably saw the first Blasphemy Slate!

He actually survived until the time of Emperor Roselle, and he might even be alive until now! This is a living fossil of human mysticism! Klein felt a surge of emotions. On the other hand, he felt the terror of the Twilight Hermit Order.

It even had Hermes as one of its members!

As for the other secret organizations, or even internally to the seven Churches, they will often use ancient Hermes to perform sacrificial rites and rituals!

The Twilight Hermit Order is really high-end, grand, and of a high level... Klein couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

What he envied most wasn't the existence of Hermes, a legend who lived throughout human history, among the Twilight Hermit Order, but the fact that they possessed the second Blasphemy Slate.

This is simply cheating! Klein sighed at the thought of how the Tarot Club only had one out of the twenty-two Cards of Blasphemy.

He turned his focus back to the paper and continued to read the remaining entries of the diary.

"Heavens! The old man sitting next to me who looks so ordinary and nothing special was actually Hermes. He lived from the dark Second Epoch all the way to the Beyonder decline of the Fifth Epoch!

"I made the right choice joining this organization!

"I can see my bright future, not using three exclamation marks to describe my feelings right now just isn't enough!!!

"This bunch of big shots, these undying old bastards, are all gathered together because they believe in the opinion that twilight is approaching? No, it's definitely not the case. At least, I'm not!

"There must be people among them who passionately believe in those ideals, purely waiting for the original Creator to awaken, hoping for the progress of history to develop to that node as

predicted. Heh heh, according to my understanding, it's most likely not an awakening, but a resurrection.

"But there can't be more than half of those people. The rest are people having their own goals; either they're ambitious like me, or they're just lurking snitches. Wait a minute, I thought of a problem; I quickly joined the gathering after I agreed to the secret invitation, but I didn't undergo any scrutiny, and although the person who called for the gathering said that the members of this gathering had their differences and had to vote for me to join, barely allowing me to join after a majority vote of two-thirds, but that's not the point. The point is that they don't care if I believe in the idea that twilight is coming, nor do they mind me having all sorts of thoughts.

"What are they relying on to determine that I won't bring harm to this organization? Could there be a High-Sequence Beyonder of the Spectator pathway among them, one that reaches the level of an angel? 'He' had created a secret psychological cue in me through my verbal promise without me realizing it. And that they're confident enough to discover the hidden malice of its members?

"That might be possible, but thinking about it makes me shudder.

"In addition, without permission, once the name of that organization is mentioned to the outside world, it will be immediately noticed. They even gave me a few examples of former members who were eliminated... Writing on paper or in a newly created language wouldn't do as well!

"Let me think. Let me think. Sequence 2 of the Spectator pathway is Discerner while Sequence 1 is Author. Who among them fulfills the corresponding traits [1]?

“Yes, I have a preliminary suspect, the person who convenes the gathering.

“Yes, there’s also Sequence 0 of the Spectator pathway. Its name is Visionary!

“But I don’t believe anyone here has reached the level of a true god. Otherwise, there’s no need to hide behind the scenes. Of course, they might have divine items at the Sequence 0 level or the Uniqueness of a particular pathway. Perhaps it’s what creates this realistic dreamscape that can connect the east and west shores of the continent while having the ability to react the moment its name is mentioned.

“I didn’t think too much into it back then. Amidst my shock, I asked about a few other matters, such as why the term ‘authority’ is used in the description of deities. Old Mister Hermes gave an interesting answer.”

When he saw this, Klein realized that the diary page had already reached its end.

He quickly turned to the next page, but he quickly turned back because the following page didn’t connect to the previous page at all.

Where’s the answer? Is it on the next page of the original diary, or was he too lazy to write it because it’s too long? Or he felt that there’s no need to jot it down in the diary? Klein was so frantic that he wanted to transmigrate and grab Roselle by the neck to get him to tell him what Hermes had said!

Of course, he didn’t show any signs of emotion on the surface, nor did he make any additional body language.

So the Spectator pathway's Sequence 0 is called Visionary. This corresponds well with the Dragon of Imagination. I thought it would be Dragon... Visionary adheres more to what humans know, which also means that consuming the corresponding Sequence 0 potion wouldn't necessarily change one into a dragon...

Sequence 1 Author. Just from the name of the potion, I find it quite similar to that quill, 0-08's traits...

The Twilight Hermit Order's method of summoning members is a realistic dreamscape that connects the eastern and western ends of the continent? The "miracle" description at the beginning of the diary gave me a fright. I thought they had the gray fog or the mysterious space above the gray fog as well... Klein calmed his emotions and discovered that the single diary page provided a lot of important information.

First of all, he knew that the ancient sage, Hermes, had at least lived to Roselle's era which was about a hundred or two hundred years ago, and he was a member of that mysterious organization.

Second, from Roselle's description of how the organization's name couldn't be spoken, he basically confirmed that the mysterious organization was equal to the Twilight Hermit Order.

Finally, he learned the Sequence 0, Sequence 1, and Sequence 2 names of the Spectator pathway. Although they wouldn't be needed anytime soon, they enriched his accumulated knowledge of mysticism.

Perhaps Miss Justice would ask the relevant question at any time... Her curiosity had always been strong... Forcing himself to forget the missing answers, Klein turned to the last page.

As he read, Audrey habitually observed the details, and she acutely noticed that the Black Emperor card, which Mr. Fool had placed face down on the long mottled table, was missing!

He gave it to a Blessed to provide the appropriate help, or he exchanged items with some existence? Audrey blinked, trying to guess the reason.

She was more inclined to the first theory, because without the help of Mr. Fool, "His" Blessed wouldn't necessarily be able to destroy the ritual for the descent of the True Creator.

It's a pity that Father is unable to see the detailed file; otherwise, I would know who Mr. Fool's Blessed is, hmm... He's a man of medium height, dressed in Loen's most popular double-breasted frock coat, and he had been near Red Rose Manor at the time. I should be able to lock onto a target by using this information as a basis for investigation... But that might anger Mr. Fool. "He" hasn't permitted me to expose the identity of his Blessed... Audrey, don't think too much. Don't be curious. Perhaps you'll meet in the future... Audrey retracted her gaze.

At this moment, Klein felt like laughing because of the contents of the last page.

"16th March, my first time attending a noble ball in this world.

"The young ladies and madams are a lot better than I imagined. In the novels I read, they didn't bathe in the middle ages and relied on perfume to mask their disgusting body odor. They would frequently step on feces when they were out, and easily smeared their faces with things that are laced with poisonous heavy metals.

"But it's different here. They love to take baths. They have

charming perfumes, fair skin, and tight waists. Most of them have pretty good figures.

"I overcame my nervousness and had a nice chat with the young daughter of Viscount Derilose. We talked about the meritorious deeds of my ancestors, talked about my family's estate, and my present aristocratic title. Then, she politely mentioned that she wanted to get something to eat.

"I didn't pay much attention to it at the time since hitting on chicks needed to be taken slow, but when I went downstairs to take a walk in the garden, I found her in an empty study f**king with the eldest son of Earl Florais. F**k! This is their first time meeting each! Is it me, Huang Tao, Roselle, who isn't good-looking enough? Or am I not entertaining enough?

"How realistic! Fortunately, the madams have treated me quite well. I can sense the hidden passion within them, hehe."

Roselle really wasn't used to the Intis style at first. According to historical records, the Gustav family had been on the decline for several generations, with only their aristocratic title of baron and a little property estate to their names. This lasted until Roselle made his fortune... I didn't expect the Emperor to have a woman snatched away. Wait, I remember Roselle mentioning in his diary that he had done it with Countess Florais... Impressive. Impressive... Klein looked down at the two remaining diary entries.

They were of no value and were accounts of Roselle's life in the manor. The entire content was him wanting to hunt, his missing of delicacies, as well as his hopes of obtaining Beyonder powers and beautiful maidservants.

Klein leaned back a little, allowed the diary pages to disappear from his hands, and said with a smile, "You may begin."

Audrey immediately looked at The Sun diagonally across from her.

“Have you extricated yourself from the cycle?”

Derrick nodded honestly first before bowing towards the end of the bronze table.

“Honorable Mr. Fool, thank you for your guidance. It allowed me to find the key point of the Angel of Fate on the mural with the words ‘Rose Redemption.’ It aided the Chief in destroying the repeated cycle of fate.”

What Angel of Fate… I don’t know anything… The very puzzled Fool, Klein, replied with a smile, “Not bad.”

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1. **Author’s Note:** Don’t be eager to say Dragon of Nightmare or Dragon of Imagination. It contains an important setting.

Chapter 486: Klein's Conjectures

Emlyn was similarly confused. Words like "Rose Redemption,""Angel of Fate," and "destroying the repeated cycle of fate" were beyond his understanding. He only felt that he could understand every word, but had no idea what they meant when placed together.

Could it be that the young Sun had just escaped the pursuit of an angel? Emlyn guessed from the small amount of information he could understand.

After Derrick thanked Mr. Fool, The Hanged Man shifted his position slightly, leaned slightly towards him, and kicked off from Miss Justice's question. He said in a normal tone, "What was the exact sequence of events?"

Derrick didn't hide anything and honestly replied, "Miss Justice, Mr. Hanged Man, Miss Magician, and Mr. World, thank you for your concern, and thank you for the suggestions you previously gave me. In my sixth exploration, I tried..."

He described his actions and the corresponding results, highlighting the matter that the little boy, Jack, came from Enmat Harbor and the details of the Rose Redemption murals.

Enmat Harbor... That strange little boy, Jack, is really from the Loen Kingdom. In other words, the Forsaken Land of God, where the City of Silver is, is somehow connected to the Northern and Southern continents in some way. As long as one finds the right place, they'll be able to enter... Klein seemed to be listening leisurely, but he had made a judgment in his mind.

Enmat Harbor was located to the east of Tingen City and was one of the most famous seaports in the central region of the Loen Kingdom. Together with Pritz Harbor to the south, they supported the resupply of more than half of Backlund's goods.

The Spirit Medium, Ma'am Daly, had once "settled" there, and Mr. Z of the Aurora Order seems to be there as well… Klein recalled something from the past.

The same judgment also appeared in the minds of Alger, Audrey, and Fors. Towards this, some of them had pure excitement, others filled with curiosity and worry, fearing that the all-consuming darkness around the City of Silver would continue to spread, eventually enveloping both the Northern and Southern Continent and the five seas.

"The Chief told me that he recalled some unverified content recorded in some ancient books, based on matters that had happened and my warning. Rumor has it that when the Lord that created everything, the omnipotent and omniscient God had 'His' attention on this piece of land, he had several angels surrounding him. And there were eight leaders of the angels, powerful beings that were closest to god's throne. Among them included the son of God." Derrick recalled Demon Hunter Colin's words and slowly said, "He suspected that Amon is the Angel of Time among the Kings of Angels, and the mural depicted the Angel of Fate, Tail Devourer Ouroboros.

Eight Kings of Angels? The eight Kings of Angels who are closest to the Creator's throne? Audrey was inexplicably excited when she heard this.

She couldn't help but curiously ask, "Mr. Sun, what are the titles of the other six Kings of Angels and their names?"

"The Chief didn't say, nor did I dare to ask…" Derrick replied,

ashamed.

I really want to know the answer… Audrey subconsciously looked towards the end of the long bronze table, looking longingly at Mr. Fool who was shrouded in gray fog, hoping to get the appropriate answer.

She had already decided on the price she was willing to pay.

Why are you looking at me… I don't know either… Klein controlled the twitching of the corners of his mouth.

Of course, he wasn't completely clueless. He could barely guess who two of the Kings of Angels were.

The evil spirit in the underground ruin had described the Medici family as one of the founders of Rose Redemption. According to that mural, the Angel of Fate, Ouroboros, is likely one of the leaders of Rose Redemption. Both basically have equivalent standing, which is to say that the Medici family possesses a King of Angels, but it cannot be determined if "He" has already perished…

The Medici family is suspected to be in control of the Hunter pathway, which is the Red Priest pathway. That King of Angels' title should be Red Angel or War Angel…

Since the son of God is a King of Angels, Amon is one of them, being Angel of Time. Then Adam might not be one, but I can't confirm "His" title… As for the other four Kings of Angels, I can't guess who they are… Perhaps, there might be one or a few of them inside the Twilight Hermit Order…

It's possible! The Twilight Hermit Order views the Fallen Creator as its enemy, making it at odds against Rose Redemption which worships that evil god. Perhaps, its true origin comes from those few Kings of Angels...

Right, there's indirect evidence which isn't substantial enough. According to the legends of the City of Silver, the authority of the Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt, was taken back by the Creator. Logically speaking, it's not impossible for the Lord that created everything to give a portion of the authority to a King of Angels by "His" throne. And from the description and guesses from Roselle's diary, the Twilight Hermit Order likely has a Spectator, which has the strength at the level of an angel in the Visionary pathway or even higher. The two can form a correspondence... Hermes is a person who had experienced that piece of history... As these thoughts flashed through his mind, Klein smiled and said, "You will come into contact with it in the future."

When I figure it out, I'll sell you the appropriate information... he added inwardly.

Seeing that Mr. Fool had no intention of answering, Audrey looked away with a slight sense of loss, motioning Little Sun to continue his story.

Alger had a bold idea.

The history before the Cataclysm can no longer be referenced. At the end of the Third Epoch and the beginning of the Fourth Epoch, there were only the six orthodox gods. Together with Amon and the Tail Devourer, aren't there eight? 'They' had benefited from the death of the Creator and succeeded in advancing to Sequence 0?

For a moment, Alger felt that his thoughts were blasphemous actions that could be punished by fire, but he was also unable to contain his excitement. He finally calmed down and

concentrated on listening to Little Sun tell his story.

Towards all of this, Emlyn could only respond with a blank look.

Although the Sanguine had a long history and life span, so they knew quite a bit about the history before the Cataclysm, they were all concentrated before the Ancestor fell asleep, and it didn't involve the so-called "Kings of Angels."

While Derrick was recounting the details of how the City of Silver, Chief Colin, destroyed the repeated cycles of fate, Klein was thinking of another matter.

It can be roughly confirmed that the Tail Devourer, Ouroboros, is the Sequence 1 Snake of Mercury of the Monster pathway. All the Kings of Angels correspond to Sequence 1's?

Could that Angel of Fate be the one pursuing Will Auceptin? If he is, that means that the True Creator's forces in Backlund aren't limited to Mr. A and his subordinates. However, the two Snakes of Mercury are fighting for the position of Sequence 0, to the point of draining all of the Tail Devourer's strength. He should be fully occupied and cannot spare time for this…

Of course, I can't eliminate the possibility that Will Auceptin is equivalent to Ouroboros. However, the chances aren't high. Rose Redemption has quite a number of demigods and even angels. There's no need to let the Tail Devourer restart his life as an ordinary person without protection.

There's another possibility. The two Snakes of Mercury in Backlund aren't the Angel of Fate. The latter is still active in the Forsaken Land of God. That way, all three Snakes of Mercury are accounted for.

After finishing his recount of how they escaped the cycle, Derrick expressed his gratitude once again. As for Audrey and company, despite listening to the repeated events a second time, it still left them shivering down to their bones, filling them with curiosity and fear.

This is beyond my knowledge of Beyonder powers. It's all thanks to the help Mr. Fool gave! Audrey sincerely praised the Tarot Club's master from the bottom of her heart, feeling full of confidence.

Alger and the others had similar thoughts as her. They all thought that the repeated cycles of life were close to a miracle that could only be destroyed by a deity. Fortunately, the master of the Tarot Club was a deity. Mr. Fool was a deity!

At that moment, Derrick looked opposite him and sincerely said, "Miss Magician, due to some unexpected circumstances on our return to the City of Silver, despite it having been resolved, we have slowed down. It will prevent us from returning to the City of Silver on time. Your Spirit Eater's stomach pouch will require another day or two. Yes, I believe I'm no longer under surveillance."

"No problem, I can wait. I've prepared enough gold," Fors said as she let out a sigh.

She had sold the Mirror Dragon's eyes to Miss Justice and had received 1,000 pounds in cash.

After informing her teacher, Dorian, of the exact results, her honesty had been praised and approved. Dorian told her that the 800 pounds offer had been made in order to give her about 100 pounds in "labor fees." As such, the extra 200 pounds would be a bonus for her. In other words, she had earned 300 pounds. Together with her original savings, she now had a total of 650 pounds, which was enough to buy the stomach pouch of a Spirit

Eater.

With this, Dorian trusted her a lot and revealed a lot of information regarding ingredients.

It will take me at least two weeks to digest the rest of the potion. I'm not in a hurry... Looking diagonally across the table, Fors said, "Mr. Hanged Man, there's news of the Dragon-Eyed Sea Condor you require. 2,200 pounds."

Dorian had given a reference price of 2,000 pounds. On the one hand, Fors had allowed room for bargaining, and on the other hand, wished to earn a little more.

2,200 pounds... Alger couldn't help but frown.

His financial situation wasn't looking good after he purchased the Wind-blessed potion formula. Although he still had some secret savings, they were either of use elsewhere, or he hadn't been able to find a buyer for a long time.

Phew. He secretly let out a sigh and calmly said, "Very well, but I'll need some time to collect the funds. In addition, yours is too expensive, I have many channels to get cheaper ones. 1,900 pounds. That's the highest price I can accept."

"No, 2,000 pounds. That's the bottom line!" Fors replied without hesitation.

She was afraid that if she made too high an offer, then the other party would give up the deal.

Alger immediately nodded.

“Deal!

This… Fors was somewhat stunned.

After listening by the side and witnessing the conclusion of a deal, Emlyn thought and eagerly asked, “Ladies and gentlemen, does anyone know how a Sanguine can improve their strength without relying on the bestowment of their elders?”

As soon as he finished speaking, he felt numerous gazes land on him.

Sanguine? Is that the vampires of legends? Audrey’s eyes sparkled as she studied Mr. Moon.

And as a novelist, Fors no doubt had all sorts of beautiful or exotic fantasies of the Sanguine, and her eyes were just as bright.

Sanguine? Alger was taken aback at first, but he soon relaxed his brows.

A vampire hiding in the darkness, covered in pus, while moving like the wind? Derrick couldn’t help but look sideways to size up Emlyn.

Sanguine? The World was late by a second before giving a normal, necessary response.

Chapter 487: The Growing Tarot Club

The moment he was being stared at, Emlyn was momentarily at a loss, vaguely aware that he had asked something he shouldn't have.

Why are you looking at me like that. Can't I have a Sanguine friend? Should I try to explain... No, what's wrong with being a Sanguine? I'm a Sanguine; there's wrong with admitting that! Us Sanguine have a long history, long lives, and rich heritage. It's a lofty race! None of you are especially amazing either. What was just traded was only a Sequence 6 item at best! After a few thoughts, Emlyn White raised his chin and proudly added, "Yes, I am a pure Sanguine."

No one asked him if he was... Mr. Moon is lacking some self-confidence, which resulted in him reacting a little excessively... Audrey read Emlyn's performance.

He's really a Sanguine... Fors asked out of curiosity, "Mr. Moon, do you Sanguine mimic humans and give aristocratic titles like duke, viscount, earl, and baron to label different powerhouses of different standing?"

"No, it's you humans who mimicked us Sanguine!" Emlyn sat up straight. "Long before the Cataclysm, long before the Second Epoch, our Sanguine already had these aristocratic titles. Those who have yet to fully control their strength are underage Sanguine, and as for me, I'm considered an adult. Going one step further, one will gain the title of baron and the progression leads all the way to duke. Above duke would be positions such as queen and prince. Back then, you humans were still under the rule of the Giant King's Court, so it's impossible for you to invent aristocratic titles!"

The moment his voice fell, the nearby Derrick blurted out, “There are no such records in the history of our City of Silver.

“The categorization of the Sanguine was determined by the appearance of the Blasphemy Slate. Prior to that, it was very vague and ambiguous. There were only titles such as the different family clans’ head or leaders of a territory. Standing atop all is the Ancestor, Lilith. After that, it strictly followed the potion system, named after the different Sequence names.”

Emlyn replied scornfully, “The history of our Sanguine was written with our long lives. It’s not something that can be overturned by the random records of some small, ordinary City of Silver.”

Wait, they keep mentioning the City of Silver. Where exactly is it? Why haven’t I heard of it… After the retort, Emlyn realized that he had apparently overlooked something important.

“Our City of Silver doesn’t make up history. Our records come from ancient books that can be verified or from the ruins of other cities,” Derrick emphasized, somewhat aggrieved.

If no one stops them, then I think they can argue about this matter until the end of the gathering… Although Little Sun is honest, sincere and reserved, he has a very stubborn and persistent personality. On the other hand, Mr. Moon seems to care especially about the history of the Sanguine… Audrey did her daily observations as a Telepathist with piqued interest.

At this moment, Alger interrupted the discussion between The Sun and The Moon.

“I know how to raise the strength of a Sanguine.”

Emlyn's attention was diverted.

"Uh, Mr. Hanged Man, what payment do you need? I can use some of the lost history our Sanguine has in exchange."

Alger revealed a smile.

"No, we're all members of the Tarot Club. This kind of information exchange is free of charge."

Mr. Hanged Man sure is a generous, noble man... Emlyn inwardly made a preliminary assessment.

"Thank you for your goodwill."

After thinking for two seconds, Alger said, "The Sanguine can also consume potions to advance, but it has be in correspondence—the correct type. The various Churches have done a certain amount of experimentation, and the results have proven that this method is feasible. However, I am unable to find out the exact details."

"But the main ingredient for those potions are from my kinsmen!" Emlyn denied such a method.

The Hanged Man laughed and said, "Never deal with absolutes. For example, I have a clue about the characteristics left behind by a Sanguine baron. He died in a sudden conflict and didn't have time to find his successor. As for you, you can use the potion method to receive this inheritance and prevent the power of the Sanguine from being lost."

This item was owned by a great pirate that Alger knew. As he didn't know what Sequence the potion corresponded to, he hadn't been able to sell it. Even his newly established Artisan source wasn't that interested either.

Use potions to inherit an inheritance to prevent the Sanguine's powers from being lost... Emlyn suddenly felt that Mr. Hanged Man was very reasonable. Hence, he asked, "What's the price?"

Alger chuckled and said, "Between 4,000 and 5,000 pounds. I won't know for sure until I find the owner of it."

He had never communicated with the great pirate before, but he believed that as long as the price wasn't outrageous, the pirate would accept it. To a pirate, selling something would mean profit as it didn't take much capital.

"5,000 pounds?" Emlyn exclaimed.

With such a large sum of money, I can buy a few puppets that I've been eyeing for a long time, and I can even get some new clothes for all my dolls! Emlyn's first reaction was to give up such a transaction. However, he thought of the Ancestor's favor in him, the glory of the Sanguine, and the identity of him being the race's savior. He was momentarily put in a difficult position.

Alger didn't rush him as he said indifferently with a smile, "I know this is a difficult decision. You can take your time and think about it."

"Alright." Emlyn breathed a sigh of relief.

Mr. Hanged Man is really... Audrey muttered to herself inwardly,

turned to The Moon, and said to all the members, “Lady and gentlemen, do you have any news regarding the fruit of the Tree of Elders and the blood of a Mirror Dragon?”

“Yes,” Emlyn answered without hesitation.

He had previously made a fortune due to a particular detective’s purchase of Beyonder ingredients; therefore, at every Sanguine gathering, he would pay attention to such information.

Without waiting for Miss Justice’s exuberant pressing, he continued on, “The price of the fruit of the Tree of Elders is between 600 and 700 pounds, and the blood of a Mirror Dragon doesn’t exceed 100 pounds. I don’t remember the exact amount.”

He quoted her the original price and frankly added, “But you’ll have to pay me an extra fifty, no—one hundred pounds. As you know, I’ll have to take on a risk and waste my time.”

This was what Emlyn learned from Sherlock Moriarty. He felt that this was very good and reasonable, because a middleman needed to be paid!

“Deal!” Audrey happily chose to accept as soon as he finished speaking.

She knew such matters could still be negotiable, but she didn’t think it was necessary. She was afraid that the deal was off if she angered the other party.

To me, the most important thing is to advance to Sequence 7… Emperor Roselle once said that any problem that can be solved with money isn’t a problem… Audrey’s recently heavy mood

improved.

After the New Year Ball, she had received control of her fortune worth 40,000 pounds. She just needed to hire some accountants and management staff sent by her father.

At the same time, she received gifts of more than 20,000 pounds in jewelry, horses, hounds, paintings, etc. Most of them came from her mother, two elder brothers, and other members of the Hall family.

As for the cash, she didn't have much. It was only 5,000 pounds.

Her contribution to the Backlund's great haze had been turned into Earl Hall's political resources by her own request to be kept anonymous, so there was no reward. For this, the great aristocratic banker offered to pay for any expenses his little angel had in the field of mysticism.

Of course, Audrey didn't dare reveal her intention to aim for Sequence 7. She could still only use her pocket money and savings.

Well, I'll be able to pay off my debt to Glaint by this month. Next month, I can pay 2,000 pounds to Mr. Fool's Blessed... I won't be tight at all... Audrey thought in a good mood.

...Very rich... Emlyn almost failed to react before asking, puzzled, "How do we complete the deal?"

Audrey explained with a faint smile, "By making a sacrifice to Mr. Fool."

She was very proactive in obtaining The Fool's consent, conjuring the corresponding ritual requirements.

When Emlyn received the two goatskin parchments, he stared at them in a daze. The way they traded was beyond his imagination.

Only then did he deeply understand how the Tarot Club was different from a normal secret organization.

Watching the transactions between the members, Klein was very pleased. This was because with the passage of time, the channels and resources that were open to the Tarot Club would continue to increase. Everyone's goals and items that they wanted would be much simpler to obtain than in the past. It would no longer be in a state of having no response when making requests.

Miss Justice represents the Psychology Alchemists, the Loen aristocrats, and the power of money... Mr. Hanged Man represents the Church of Storms and the resources at sea. Mr. Sun represents the Forsaken Land of God and the City of Silver. Miss Magician represents the Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonders in Backlund and the Abraham family. The Moon represents the Sanguine. All of them will perfect the Tarot Club's trading resources and news gathering capabilities... They're all about to advance... While he was thinking, Klein controlled The World and said in a hoarse voice, "I have a clue to a characteristic left behind by a Psychiatrist. Miss Justice, would you have any need for it?"

Klein hadn't chosen to snatch Emlyn's business because he knew Miss Justice also reared a pet of the same pathway. He wasn't afraid that there wouldn't be any demand.

"Of course." Audrey hardly hesitated.

Her idea was very simple. If met with an enemy attack, it might not be enough to just rely on herself to provide a surprise. Adding on Susie, who would be even more surprising, it would make things more assuring.

"This will take a certain amount of time, perhaps a month, or even two months," The World added in a low voice.

"No problem." Audrey was under no psychological pressure.

She knew that Susie hadn't finished digesting the Telepathist potion.

Phew, as long as this deal is closed. I hope I can release the Psychiatrist as soon as possible... Miss Justice didn't seem to ask about the price. To her, with The Fool's supervision, the price wouldn't be too outrageous. She would accept it as long as it isn't too outrageous? Her finances have improved a lot recently... Klein made The World look at The Hanged Man and give a low chuckle.

"Are you interested in helping me sell an item?

"The price isn't less than 3,500 pounds. You'll be given a 15% commission fee."

"Pleasure to work with you," Alger first agreed to it before asking with interest, "What is the item?"

He was rather curious about The World. He felt that the other party knew a lot and had no lack of good things.

"A characteristic left behind by a Beyonder and is equal to a

Sequence 6. The main purpose is to allow a person to change their appearance and build. There's the addition of powers such as close combat and control over fire. Of course, the effects that can be produced will depend on the Artisan's ideas and standard." The World chuckled.

Changing appearance and build... I really want it... Audrey and Fors had the same idea at the same time.

The only difference was that the latter was only entertaining the thought, but Audrey opened her mouth and asked with sparkling eyes, "Mr. Hanged Man, can I preorder the mystical item produced by the Artisan using this characteristic? As long as the effect of changing one's appearance remains!"

Father will definitely agree to me buying a mystical item that has tolerable side effects! Audrey added, in an exceptionally relaxed manner, in her heart.

Chapter 488: Living Expenses

Preordering a mystical item? Alger was stunned for a second before he realized what Miss Justice was talking about.

The limits of his mind were widened, and he felt that there was room for exploitation.

In a particular sense, the Beyonder characteristic The World has entrusted to me has been sold. There is a definite destination to the item... I can easily simplify the process and make things benefit me more easily. That is to say, I don't have to sell it to the Artisan again. Instead, I should choose to entrust the work. This way, I don't have to worry about whether the characteristic can be sold. I can receive the commission from The World and also obtain more profit from Miss Justice's side. The only capital I need to put up is the fabrication fees for entrusting the job. Of course, I have to consider if the Artisan will be willing to promise to take the risk...

Many thoughts flashed through his mind as he quickly weighed the pros and cons and finally came to a decision.

"No problem, I'll take care of this matter." He looked at Miss Justice and felt that she was emitting a blinding light of gold.

Even after joining the Church of Storms and drifting out at sea for so many years, he had never encountered someone like that anywhere else.

There were plenty of sea merchants, and even more wealthy people, but none of them really didn't care about money.

Has Miss Justice's financial situation improved to this extent? Klein was shocked too.

For a moment, he wanted to speak out to urge her to pay the 2,000 pounds she owed to his Blessed as soon as possible, but, considering that he had already agreed to Miss Justice postponing her repayment until February or March, he could only keep silent and not ruin his image as The Fool.

At the very least, the money for the Faceless Beyonder characteristic would be available soon. The speed only depends on how Mr. Hanged Man contacts that particular Artisan and the speed at which the Artisan can produce the mystical item... Unfortunately, I can only rely on Mr. Hanged Man to contact an Artisan for the time being. Otherwise, I can directly sell the special characteristic to Miss Justice without having to pay a commission... With this in mind, Klein's mood became mixed.

After finalizing a big deal, Alger heaved a silent sigh of relief, feeling his financial situation slowly improve.

After thinking for a few seconds, he asked, "Ladies and gentlemen, which one of you has a way or item to make everyone on board a ship sleep at the same time?"

The reason why Alger still hasn't gone to that primitive island to hunt down the Blue Shadow Falcon was that he hadn't thought of a method of leaving the Blue Avenger, as well as the ten or so sailors and crew members of the Church without garnering any suspicion.

Let everyone on a boat fall into a deep sleep? The first thing Klein thought of was the Biological Poison Bottle, but the effect of this thing was completely uncontrollable, so he was afraid that the outcome wouldn't look too good.

Then, he remembered the Nightmare soul in Creeping Hunger. Making people fall into a deep sleep and dragging them into dreams were specialties of this Beyonder job.

But the problem lies in the fact that a Nightmare is unable to make that many people fall asleep at the same time. The limit to its influence doesn't exceed ten. To satisfy Mr. Hanged Man's request, it needs to be a Sequence 5 of the corresponding pathway or even that of a demigod… Klein struck down the thought and didn't let The World speak.

At the same time, Audrey, Fors, and Derrick either shook their heads in response or answered with "no."

Emlyn tried to recall and said, "I can help you ask. Perhaps us Sanguine have some mystical items that have a similar effect in the clan."

Always saying "us Sanguine"… In the future, I can convince him by targeting this angle… Alger noticed this and nodded with a smile.

"I'll have to trouble you."

Seeing that the transactions were coming to an end, Klein quickly got The World to bring up his latest necessities.

"Everyone, help me keep an eye out on the remnant spirituality of ancient wraiths and a pair of eyes from a six-winged gargoyle."

Other than that, the supplementary ingredients weren't too hard to purchase. He didn't think it was necessary to go through the

Tarot Club.

“Alright.” Derrick was the first to respond. Then, he added, feeling somewhat embarrassed, “Mr. World, the method for removing the mental corruption of a Beyonder characteristic will still require some time. I should be able to advance to Sequence 7 soon.”

With that said, he looked to his side.

“Mr. Hanged Man, once I return to the City of Silver, I’ll make a list of the commonly seen monsters in the vicinity.”

He had kept everything he owed others and every promise he made without fulfilling them in mind. These plagued him to the point that he couldn’t even sleep in peace.

“No problem,” the gloomy World indifferently said.

Klein really wasn’t in a hurry. He hadn’t finished concluding his Faceless principles, and his digestion of the potion had only just begun. It would still take several months.

Therefore, his plan wasn’t to head straight for the Gargas Archipelago. Instead, he would act as an adventurer and a traveler as he worked his way through the colonial islands. From time to time, he would change his identity and experience life in order to extract the Faceless principles.

During this process, he would inquire more about mermaids in detail. After knowing that the Church of the Goddess reared such spiritual creatures and that they possessed High-Sequence potion formulas of the Seer pathway, Klein kept feeling worried about

traps placed against every Faceless in the Gargas Archipelago who sought advancement.

In other words, Klein had to spend two to three months or more time traveling and adventuring on the Sonia Sea. This long period of time was long enough for The Sun to obtain a potion formula, gather the corresponding ingredients, and ascend to the Sequence 7 Solar High Priest.

With the conclusion of the transaction portion of the gathering, the Tarot Club members entered the period for free communication.

Audrey didn't disappoint The Hanged Man's expectations by standing up first and raising the ends of her skirt, bowing towards the very end of the long bronze table.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, I would like to know the hidden truth behind Backlund's Great Smog. Is it purely a result of those cultists' bid to awaken the Primordial Demoness and to allow the True Creator's descent? Why did Prince Edessak choose to cooperate with them?

"According to your principle of equivalent exchange that was set by you, what do I need to pay in order to obtain the relevant information?"

If I knew, things would've been completely resolved now... The experienced Klein maintained his relaxed posture, chuckled and said, "There's no need.

"The root of the problem hasn't been discovered yet, but there are enough clues. I hope the members of the three Churches aren't too stupid."

The root of the problem hasn't been discovered yet? Mr. Fool has made his Blessed give the Churches and the military a certain amount of clues? Audrey was rather shocked when she heard this, but she felt that this wasn't too surprising within her previous concerns and worries.

"Thank you for your answer." She sincerely bowed once more.

"Is Backlund still in danger?" Fors suddenly felt uneasy.

After Miss Justice sat down, Klein controlled The World to chuckle and say, "Mr. Hanged Man, I discovered the Baelen person you mentioned."

"The Baelen who was involved in the escape of many slaves from the colonial islands?" The Hanged Man replied with disbelief.

"Yes, reddish-brown skin, of Southern Continent descent, Backlund accent, and the third tooth on his left fake," The World answered hoarsely.

"...It should be him." Alger recalled for two seconds before saying, "Where is he? What's his present identity? Also, Mr. World, do you wish to receive 100 pounds in cash directly or an item of equivalent worth."

This was the mission of the Church of Storms, and purchasing clues was a reimbursable act; therefore, The Hanged Man wasn't pressured at all.

Of course money! Klein, who was vexing over his living expenses, controlled The World to say, "100 pounds in cash.

“Baelen is in Backlund. He was seen meeting a member of MI9 who was loyal to the royal family. I don’t know who it was exactly, because he was wearing a mask.”

A member of MI9 who was loyal to the royal family… The Hanged Man ruminated over the words, and then he remembered Miss Justice’s question: Why did Prince Edessak work with the Aurora Order and the Demoness Sect?

It also points to the royal family… Can the two cases be one and the same? The truth behind all this involves the disappearance of the slaves? Alger felt that he could vaguely see some key points.

“You really are a well-informed and well-connected person. The 100 pounds in cash will be paid tomorrow,” Alger calmly said his thanks.

“Heh.” The World laughed and turned to look at The Sun.

“Kid, do you know ancient Hermes?”

Derrick didn’t try to hide anything as he replied honestly, “I’ve heard of the Hermes language, but the City of Silver doesn’t have that kind of knowledge.”

During the Second Epoch, there was no distinction between Hermes and ancient Hermes. It was only some time during the Fourth Epoch that ancient Hermes was simplified accordingly, making it easier to be used, taught, and disseminated for daily use. However, it no longer had such a strong and direct effect on rituals. That is to say, the Hermes spoken by Little Sun is equal to ancient Hermes… There really is a person known as Hermes in the history of the City of Silver… Klein secretly nodded and said, “A pity; I wanted to ask you for a favor.”

At this moment, Audrey remembered something from their conversation. It was something that originated from the Psychology Alchemists.

She had intended to communicate directly, but after looking at the new member, Mr. Moon, she felt that she didn't understand him too well, so she raised her hand slightly and said, "Honorable Mr. Fool, I have something to report to you."

Klein nodded slightly and isolated the senses of everyone else.

"What is it?" he asked in a calm manner.

Audrey said, honestly, "I got some information from the Psychology Alchemists. The most important thing is that they were founded after excavating the ruins of Hermes, who was the master who created ancient Hermes."

The ruins of Hermes? This old gentleman was still alive a hundred or two hundred years ago... Had he deliberately guided the Psychology Alchemists to discover the relics, or had he perished in the Roselle incident? Klein was stunned for a moment. After deliberating for a moment, he smiled and reminded her, "Hermes is a member of the Twilight Hermit Order."

He didn't mention that Hermes could still be alive, because it was impossible to confirm.

Hermes is a member of the Twilight Hermit Order? The Psychology Alchemists might have something to do with this mysterious organization? Audrey was stunned before she let out a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, I have the Tarot Club and Mr. Fool backing me. Otherwise, I would have no way of knowing and no way to guard against... Once again, she gratefully praised The Fool.

At this point, Klein wanted to comfort Miss Justice, so that she wouldn't be too distressed and worried about the Backlund incident. Maturing didn't mean that she had to give up positive moods and smiles. It wouldn't affect her ability to take things seriously and would instead help her persevere for a longer period of time. However, after consideration, in order to maintain his image as The Fool, he had to give up this advice he gained from being a former Clown.

He then removed the isolation barriers around the other members, waiting for the end of the exchange and for the end of this Tarot Gathering.

Chapter 489: Held Up Suggestion

After another round of conversations, Derrick suddenly asked a question, “Honorable Mr. Fool, what kind of hand gesture should we use when we would like to thank you usually?”

Hand gesture? Klein was momentarily stumped by Little Sun’s question.

It had never occurred to him to imitate the gesture of drawing a clockwise circle from the Church of the Goddess, nor the Church of Storms’s prayer gesture of striking the left of one’s chest with their right fist.

This is probably the last bottom line of a fake god… He lampooned inwardly.

Seeing Mr. Fool smile without a word as though he was waiting for her and others to make suggestions, Audrey suddenly had a lot of inspiration and came up with a new question.

Her eyes sparkled as she looked around and said, “Everyone, should we design a secret gesture to indicate our identity? Our Tarot Club doesn’t have many members at present, so there’s no need to worry about us appearing at the same spot and ending up opposing each other due to various reasons. But in the future, it might be very difficult to avoid that. We need a set of unique ‘signals,’ so as to identify friend from foe.”

I have an idea for that… Klein suddenly remembered the secret hand gestures he knew from his previous life, such as the hand-in-waistcoat.

Just as he was about to manipulate The World to make a suggestion, The Hanged Man opened his mouth.

"No, Miss Justice, I don't think it's a good idea.

"Compared to other secret organizations, our Tarot Club's most striking characteristic is that the members do not know each other. Even if… Uh—Let me raise an extreme example. Even if one of our members are captured and interrogated, they wouldn't be able to affect the others unless there's someone who can resist Mr. Fool and enter this place directly. And that is clearly impossible.

"Once we have a full set of signals and passcodes, traitors can allow the opposing faction to use these means to fish us out one by one.

"Are you that eager to flaunt your identities as Tarot Club members?"

"…" Audrey temporarily failed to provide a rejoinder as she stammered, "But…"

"It's reasonable to worry about the situation you mentioned, but this can be avoided through our fixed interaction every week and creating a temporary gesture ahead of time, as well as praying to Mr. Fool." In consideration that she would be providing him large amounts of gold, Alger's tone gradually turned pleasant.

Audrey replied with some understanding, "The simplest example is that at the Tarot Gathering on Monday, we'll first understand if there's a possibility of us bumping into another member, to the point of entering a conflict. Hence, we'll design a set of temporary gestures to identify ourselves. After the matter is over, we would immediately abandon that gesture. Uh, if there's any

sudden situation and we're unable to communicate in time, or if there's some suspicion, we can seek an opportunity to pray to Mr. Fool to confirm if another member is participating in the same event?"

"Something like that." Alger let out a silent breath.

At that moment, Derrick suddenly said in enlightenment, "Sorry, I asked a foolish question. Mr. Fool never mentioned any gestures to thank 'Him' because he was worried about us exposing ourselves."

He immediately looked to the end of the long bronze table.

"Your wish steers our path."

I just thought of a special hand gesture... Klein chuckled and replied, "That's right."

He cast his gaze towards the other members and said in a composed manner, "Let us end today's gathering here."

"By your will!" All the members apart from The Moon stood up at the same time.

Emlyn froze for a second before standing up in a flurry, mimicking the bows of the other members.

A deep red light immediately appeared in front of his eyes, and he felt his body plummet slightly.

Soon after, his vision returned to normal and he saw dolls of various sizes in his room.

Phew… Only until this moment did Emlyn White completely calm down as he recalled his first Tarot Gathering.

Apart from Mr. Fool, the other members don't seem too powerful. Could they be like me, chosen for various reasons? I have the Ancestor backing me, so who's backing them?

What a joke. I originally imagined The Sun to be a demigod who just escaped the pursuit of an angel. It turned out that he's only a Sequence 8 and seeking to advance to Sequence 7!

A child who doesn't know manners definitely isn't an adult yet! However, the City of Silver that he mentioned and the experiences that he had undergone are very strange. I have to find an opportunity to ask Lord Nibbs, no—I have to first ask Cosmi, as well as my parents. I'll see if they know anything about the City of Silver. Humph, how dare the history books of the City of Silver tamper with the feats of us Sanguine!

Miss Justice is from Backlund. She's very, very rich. Is she the daughter of some rich banker or the daughter of some noble? Perhaps she's a banker or noble herself…

Miss Magician looked at me very strangely. She must admire the lofty Sanguine. She doesn't speak much and didn't divulge much about herself. Yes, she's a quiet girl.

Mr. Hanged Man is a mature gentleman. He knows a lot and has a sublime character. He's willing to answer questions from new members and is willing to provide the corresponding help and information. It can be said that he's very popular. The Sun and The World are both willing to ask him questions and seek his help.

The World is quite an unlikeable person. When he speaks, it's like there's phlegm in his throat that he can't spit out. I would disdain even drinking such a person's blood. It has a dirty taste… He's very introverted and is good at hiding his emotions. Furthermore, he easily produced a Sequence 6 Beyonder characteristic and promised to provide a Psychiatrist Beyonder characteristic in two months… Very impressive!

As the details flashed through his mind, Emlyn discovered that the Tarot Club was simple, but also not very simple. Furthermore, Mr. Fool didn't interfere much with the development of the gathering.

"He" seems to only be interested in the so-called Roselle's diary… But "He" is willing to offer convenient services on the level of miracles to his members. At this thought, Emlyn couldn't help but feel a little proud of his identity as The Moon.

Surveying the room of dolls, he recalled his own problem.

A relic worth 4,000 to 5,000 pounds. A chance to become a baron in a short period of time. This is really putting me in a difficult position…

At this moment, although Emlyn hadn't made his final decision yet, he felt the room grow darker, as though he were shouldering a heavy debt.

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Klein pressed his thumb and middle finger of his right hand to

one temple and gently rubbed it.

He quickly sat up in the silent environment, allowing a small badge to fly out from the junk pile and land on the long bronze table in front of him. The badge was only the size of an eyeball. On the surface, there were symbols that symbolized “fate” and “concealment.” It was the item that Klein had found on Lanevus’s body.

On its back, it was inscribed with the words “You can join if you have this item” in ancient Hermes. It also provided the corresponding information for the gathering: “4 January 1350, 8 p.m. in Babur Valley.”

The question Klein needed to consider now was whether he should take the badge to the Babur Valley tomorrow night to try his luck.

Frankly speaking, he was inclined to not delving deeper. Even though he had already advanced to Faceless and was able to put on a perfect disguise, he didn’t want to take the risk, because he didn’t know anything about the gathering.

A Magician never performs unprepared… He muttered softly, took out a gold coin, and held it between his fingers.

He picked up the badge with his other hand and muttered to himself, “It’s risky to attend the gathering in Babur Valley.”

After repeating this a few times, he finally flicked the gold coin.

The gold coin tumbled down and stood upright in the palm of his hand.

This meant that the divination had failed.

"As expected..." Klein wasn't surprised.

This isn't a problem of insufficient information, but rather the complete absence of it.

He sat there in silence, letting the gold coin weave between his fingers.

In the end, Klein overcame his curiosity and adventurous spirit and decided not to go.

But that doesn't mean that I can't get involved. Tomorrow at 8 p.m., hmm... He smiled faintly and returned to the real world.

...

4th January, 10:35 a.m.

Klein stood in front of a mahogany table and picked up a stack of bills.

There were five ten-pound notes and ten five-pound for a total of one hundred pounds. This was the payment which The Hanged Man had just paid via a sacrifice.

The fifteen notes made Klein's wallet much fuller, and he was finally able to buy his ticket in peace.

Putting his wallet away, he picked up a thin human-skinned glove on the table and put it on his left hand.

One of the main features of “Creeping Hunger” was that it had a camouflage effect when it wasn’t in use and couldn’t be detected by most Beyonder means; therefore, Klein was able to switch between its original appearance, gloves of various colors, and camouflaging it as skin. This time, he chose black gloves.

To that end, Klein had specially prepared an individual black glove for his right hand.

Soon after, he placed the brown Biological Poison Bottle into a metal box, sealed it with a wall of spirituality, and stuffed it into the inside pocket of his clothes.

As for the Sun Brooch, as long as he wore it and carried it with him, it would create a hot summer feeling. Klein had no choice but to put it in his iron cigar case and hide it at the bottom of his suitcase.

9 purifying bullets, 15 demon-hunting bullets, 3 exorcism bullets… Klein took out his revolver and a cartridge box, silently counting as he loaded them.

Pa!

He closed the cylinder, inserted the revolver into his underarm holster, put on his black tweed coat and half top hat, picked up his cane and suitcase, and walked out of the hotel room.

Apart from the All-Black Eye and the other items that he couldn’t use still being above the gray fog, he was fully armed.

Taking a carriage, Klein arrived at the Pritz Harbor Ticket Company located in White Rose Borough.

This company was located in a rather old three-story building. There was a wooden notice board on the door.

Klein walked over and stopped there. He casually glanced at the board which said:

“Things to take note:

“1. Maintain order. Lines are strictly enforced;

“2. Do not urinate or defecate, as well as spitting;

“3. Find the guard in the lobby if there is a dispute;

“4. Do not open canned wolf-fish in any of the rooms!”

Canned wolf-fish? What’s that? Klein raised his eyebrows.

Chapter 490: Warning of a Former Sailor

The lobby of the Pritz Harbor Ticket Company was rather spacious, with seven ticketing windows, but there were already a dozen or so people lined up in front of each.

Klein took a glance and didn't directly go to the one with the fewest people. Instead, he took two steps to the right and arrived in front of an erected brown board.

There were many pieces of white paper pasted on the wooden board, announcing all the information about the recent week's passenger ships, including their destinations, the ports they passed, and the prices of the different cabins.

Before Klein could take a closer look, a staff member came over and drew a red circle on the second-class cabin of one line, marking it with a single phrase: "Sold out."

"So popular..." Klein sighed.

"Of course, Pritz Harbor is the kingdom's largest port. Countless people pass through here to the Southern Continent and the colonial islands to seek out opportunities," a middle-aged man who was standing next to the wooden board replied in a clearly boastful manner.

He was wearing a black bonnet and a black-and-white checkered uniform similar to that of the police, but he had no epaulets. All he had was a seagull badge hanging from his chest—exactly identical to the logo of the Pritz Harbor Ticket Company.

The middle-aged man's face, hands, and all of his exposed skin were bronze in color and rather rough. It was as if he had been exposed to the sea breeze and the sun for many years to the point of giving people the feeling that he had salt in his wrinkles.

Find the guard in the lobby if there's a dispute... This should be the guard... Klein remembered the things he had to pay attention to at the door. He didn't mind that the other party had taken the initiative to talk to him. He smiled and said, "You seem to understand this port very well?"

Hearing this question, the middle-aged man replied quite smugly, "I was once a sailor with the kingdom's navy, and their main base was located at Pritz Harbor's Oak Island. I served for fifteen years and spent a long time in the sea around here. If it wasn't for East Balam's war destroying my health, then I could be a sailor for another ten years! I know this port as well as I know my wife's body!"

A little cultured but also a little vulgar... Klein casually chatted with him, having the intention of asking about news on the sea.

"You became a guard here after retiring?"

"No, I was crammed into a night school for two whole years as a student and as a gatekeeper. Holy Lord of Storms, can you imagine the scene of someone my age reciting with a bunch of teenagers? And they know and remember words faster than I do!" The guard showed an expression that showed how unbearable it was to reflect on the past.

As he spoke, he patted his thigh and sighed.

"Unfortunately, my knees can't stand wet weather; otherwise, I

would be a part-time teacher at night. Those kids will make you feel young, but I won't deny that it's because I want to earn more money. When you have a wife and four children, you have to realize that you have to support your family."

Sir, you talk a little too much... Maybe that's why the ticket company hired you as a guard... Klein smiled and didn't continue with the man's topic.

"I just saw the things to take note of at the door and found that canned wolf-fish are not permitted to be opened here. Frankly speaking, I've never heard of such a thing."

The guard's expression suddenly became complicated.

He pinched his nose and said, "It's a food that's popular in places like the east coast of Feysac and the Gargas Archipelago. It's wolf-fish pickled in salt, but it retains the blood, and the smell—the smell is very, very stimulating. It stinks and it's disgusting!"

It turns out to be a food of unknown origins... Klein laughed and said, "But I don't think anyone would specially eat canned food while waiting in line to buy a ticket, right?"

"No, you don't understand that feeling. Perhaps, one day you will." The guard showed a look of lingering fear. "There was once a barbarian from the north who came here to buy a ticket. As there were already many people lined up in front, causing the hall to look like a barrel filled with fish, he became very anxious, so he opened a can of wolf-fish. In less than ten seconds, only he and a few guys were left in the lobby."

This... this is a biological weapon... An ordinary version of my Biological Poison Bottle... Klein laughed.

“In the end, he successfully bought a ticket, and a new point to take note of was added outside?”

“The result wasn’t as he expected. The lady and the gentleman in charge of ticket sales also escaped. Heh heh, as you know, the brains of barbarians are even worse than that of curly-haired baboons!” The guard chuckled. “When I was a sailor, there was a rumor at sea that a group of pirates controlled a merchant ship from Rolls. Ah, that’s a city on the east coast of Feysac. In short, the pirates eagerly opened their spoils, but who knew that they were barrels filled to the brim with wolf-fish. Can you guess the outcome? They fainted, vomited, and lost their fighting power, and the crew received their bounty reward.”

“Good story.” Klein tried not to laugh.

He returned his gaze to the pieces of paper on the wooden board and searched for information for a ship scheduled to depart on 5th January.

As a professional, he had previously divined which date was suitable for setting sail on this week. It came out to be the 5th and 8th. And among the passenger ships that headed to the Rorsted Archipelago, the Saint Havre and the White Agate suited him the most.

There are still tickets, and the prices are about the same: four pounds for third-class, ten pounds for second-class, and thirty-five pounds for first-class… People who depend on the sea for survival more or less believe in the Lord of the Storms. Even in countries like Intis and Feysac, there are fishermen and crew who secretly believe in this forbidden deity, in a bid to be safe out at sea… The name Saint Havre originates from the Church of Storms. It has a certain background… Klein thought it over. He was inclined to choose the White Agate.

Not in a rush to make a decision, he turned to look at the guard.

“Do you know anything about the White Agate?”

The guard immediately smiled.

“Sir, you have a good eye. The White Agate is a steam-powered ship, but it also retains a sail. Its maximum speed is 16 knots.

“Also, the captain is very experienced. He was once the boatswain of the Royal Navy’s William V. No—it should be the Imperial Navy. The king has always claimed that he obtained the title of Emperor in Balam. Heh, in the Imperial Navy, no matter how outstanding or excellent the average person is, he can at most become a boatswain. He cannot be an officer unless—unless you can satisfy your superior, regardless of what method is used! Only then can you be recommended to the Pritz Naval Academy as a reserve officer!

“This is how Elland was forced to leave the navy and ended up joining the White Agate where he slowly became Captain one step at a time.

“I suggest you choose a first-class cabin. That way, you’ll have rooms for three to four servants, an attendant who has received etiquette lessons, an appointed chef who has excellent culinary skills, a quiet restaurant where you can enjoy the scenery, a special room for smoking cigars, and a place where you can gather and play cards…”

Hearing the guard’s detailed explanation, Klein couldn’t help but feel suspicious.

Noticing his expression, the guard smiled in embarrassment.

"Elland was my boss in the past. He would often treat me to drinks and ask me to help him promote the first-class cabins. But you can rest assured that everything I say is true!"

This really isn't the problem; it's a problem with money... Klein silently said to himself.

Having made up his mind, he asked after some deliberation, "Sir, what advice do you have for a maritime adventurer?"

To suit Gehrman Sparrow's identity, Klein had modified his image slightly to make himself seem colder and sharper.

"Adventurer?" The guard unconsciously raised his voice.

Many people in the queue turned to look at Klein.

Based on his spiritual intuition, Klein instinctively traced a line of sight.

He saw a man in his thirties wearing a black top hat. He had a boorish face, weather-beaten wrinkles, a strong but not tall body, and pale blue eyes that had experienced a lot.

Another adventurer? Klein and the man looked away just as their eyes met.

At that moment, the guard squeezed out a smile and said, "I'm sorry, I'm a bit too sensitive on the term adventurer. In my

opinion, this is equivalent to a fugitive, a sea villain, and a person who goes against his pledges. No, I'm not talking about you.

"You want sincere advice? I... Uh, you have to remember three things.

"First, do not provoke pirates. Second, do not provoke pirates. Third, do not provoke pirates!

"Unless you're a member of the navy or the Church, do not go against the pirates!"

"Eh... Don't be fooled by the enthusiasm of the island girls. They're either pirates or want you to take them to Pritz, to Backlund. It's not entirely their fault. In order to cheat them of their bodies, many sailors, crew, and passengers paint them a very attractive metropolis and a very beautiful life, then kick them out of their beds and abandon them, leaving them in their original spots."

What a bunch of vile people... In this era, people who live on the sea can't be too kind... Is the order at sea that bad? Pirates are this rampant? Klein nodded and said, "Thank you, I know what to do now."

Saying this, he walked over to the line with the least number of people.

Behind him, the guard shouted, "And the legends of treasure at sea are all fake!"

...

After buying a second-class ticket for the White Agate, Klein returned to the hotel and waited patiently for the night to descend.

In the process, he had enjoyed the most famous fried fish in the Pritz Harbor. He thought that the taste was pretty good, but he definitely couldn't accept eating it all the time.

When it was close to eight o'clock, he went above the gray fog, holding the badge from Lanevus in one hand and writing the corresponding sentence in the other.

"The situation of the gathering this time."

Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. When his pocket watch struck eight, he closed his eyes, leaned back in his chair, and began to recite the divination statement.

He had reason to believe that when the door of the gathering opened, he would be able to divine something above the gray fog with the aid of this medium which had locked onto the location!

He had failed before because nothing had happened yet, but this was different. Things were happening now, and Klein had the right medium!

Soon, Klein entered a gray, blurry dream world.

He saw the Tussock River flowing quietly, a wide river valley on the two sides, and about a dozen people in different positions. They were shrouded in thin light, vanishing indistinctively or illusorily.

One of them had black hair and green eyes. He looked quite handsome, and he was a familiar face to Klein.

Leonard Mitchell!

Chapter 491: The Sherlock Moriarty in the Investigation Report

Leonard?

Klein thought for a moment that he was mistaken.

However, the blurring caused by the rays of light wasn't that serious. Being familiar with Leonard, he was able to quickly confirm his previous judgment.

In the time it took to take a breath, Leonard disappeared, the light dispersed, and the valley returned to its midwinter silence. The scene which Klein saw in the dream shattered as a result.

He opened his eyes and placed the badge he had obtained from Lanevus on the surface of the long bronze table.

Is it really Leonard, or a Faceless disguised as Leonard? Klein considered and flipped a gold coin.

His spirituality had told him through the medium that it was Leonard Mitchell, his teammate from the Tingen Nighthawks team!

Is he the "investigator" sent by the Church of the Goddess for the gathering, or is he risking his life to find an opportunity to find the revenge target while keeping the Nighthawks in the dark? Klein muttered to himself in suspicion. It was hard to make an accurate judgment.

And without any leads, his divination couldn't provide him with any revelations.

After a few seconds of silence, Klein gave a self-deprecating smile as he drew a crimson moon on his chest.

"I wish him the best of luck. May the Goddess watch over him."

Klein no longer bothered with the problem, and he planned on understanding more about the gathering before deciding whether or not to participate in the future or to warn Leonard Mitchell anonymously.

...

Backlund, in a secret room in the basement of the Steam Cathedral.

Ikanser took off his hat, pressed down his fluffy but not soft hair, and sat in the first seat on the left.

Then, he took out the ancient silver mirror of Arrodes from an inner custom-made pocket in his clothes and placed it in front of him.

To his right, across him, and diagonally across him, were the Machinery Hivemind deacons and captains, all of whom had been summoned by the member of the Divine Council, the Archbishop of Backlund, Horamick Haydn, for a meeting.

The white-robed archbishop looked like an ordinary old man, sitting calmly at the end.

Seeing that everyone had arrived, he looked around and softly said, “Let’s start with Ikanser. Tell me in sequence about the investigation over the past few days.”

Ikanser Bernard pushed his hair while flipping through the thick document file, and he reported in a concise manner, “Your Grace, we were in charge of Sherlock Moriarty. After a careful investigation, and with the aid of Beyonder means, we confirmed that he was pulled into the matter. Prior to the incident, there was no evidence that he knew of Prince Edessak’s problem.

“He and the dead Talim Dumont were friends, and he indirectly fulfilled some of the tasks entrusted to him by the prince, but there weren’t many problems. At most, he had falsely made some fraudulent claims for his expenses.”

At this point, Ikanser suddenly felt a little worried because Sherlock Moriarty was also an informant for the Machinery Hivemind, and his expenses here were likely to be somewhat exaggerated.

In any case, his job as an informant was very effective and very outstanding, enough to offset a lot of problems, and he hasn’t become our informant for long. The money involved was mostly just from commissions… Ikanser exhaled slowly and continued to report, “Our conclusion is that he’s considered an innocent party and that there is no hidden plot behind him. He once keenly noticed the danger of Red Rose Manor, but that is a typical example of coming to the correct conclusion from an incorrect deduction. He was afraid of the royal family’s internal strife, and for this reason, he had been slow in his work and didn’t do any substantial investigations. On this, he had reported it to us.

“Unfortunately, he still failed to avoid the matter, but he was lucky enough. He mentioned that the descendant of Death

happened to be monitoring the vicinity of Red Rose Manor at the time; hence, he was rescued from the perilous situation when the meteorite fell. The signs at the scene are ample proof of how terrifying that strike was. It's likely due to 0-08."

Klein mentioned the existence of Ince Zangwill and 0-08 in his letter. As for whether or not he knew the former archbishop and the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, no one was concerned about it, because he was with Azik Eggers for some time. It was entirely possible that he learned the information from him. This was also a conclusion that everyone subconsciously came up with.

As for matters regarding Grade 0 and Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts, the seven orthodox churches constantly shared information of the rough situation with each other—the numbers were shared, and there was no repetition.

"...However, we haven't been able to grasp the entire situation. There are three matters that aren't confirmed. First, 2-111 indicates that after Sherlock Moriarty fled into the forest, he didn't immediately escape far away. Instead, he stayed on the spot and prayed to someone. Second, it's still unknown when he and Azik Eggers got to know each other. Third, it's still unknown how he escaped the underground ruins. It's unlikely that he could've done so with his strength. And in this process, he had even destroyed the descent ritual of the Aurora Order," Ikanser finally concluded.

2-111 referred to the magic mirror, Arrodes.

Horamick laughed after he listened to the recount and muttered, "Fraudulent claims of expenses..."

He then cleared his throat.

“In any case, Sherlock Moriarty is a hero of Backlund.

“If he hadn’t stopped the ritual in time, and if he had been frightened at that moment and had chosen to flee, then most of us wouldn’t be alive sitting here.

“Moreover, he has also displayed his faith in God and his friendliness towards us. As long as there isn’t too much of a problem with him, then we can pretend that we don’t know anything about his tiny flaws and secrets.”

“Your Grace, this is what we were thinking as well.” Ikanser heaved a sigh of relief and said, “I guess his prayers in the woods, including the ritual of blowing the copper whistle, were to get in touch with Azik Eggers. But the effects and speed can be different. In such a critical situation, the only thing he could do was to try to save himself, which is something that we deduced from the follow-up process.”

“Apart from trying to save himself, he could write his will,” another Machinery Hivemind deacon quipped before he immediately reported the portion he was responsible for. “...We haven’t found the underground ruin which Sherlock Moriarty described, even with the help of 2-111. We’re still temporarily unable to grasp the locations of the royal family’s High-Sequence Beyonders on that very day.”

“...It can be confirmed that the Church of Evernight received the information first. This came from a special channel of Earl Hall, but the specific situation is unknown.”

“...Most of the forces of the Aurora Order in Backlund have been eliminated by us, the Nighthawks, and the Mandated Punishers. However, I suspect that they still have some hidden strength...”

"...At the time of the incident, Sherlock Moriarty mentioned that Trissy was heading to Backlund, but no one has seen her ever since. According to Sherlock Moriarty, she was a key figure and was renamed Trissy Cheek."

"...It cannot be determined what method the Church of Evernight used to capture the Demoness of Despair and the butler, Funkel. Results via divination tell me that they're still alive, but they aren't free."

...

One by one, the deacons and captains reported on their findings while Horamick half-closed his eyes, seemingly deep in thought.

After a few seconds of silence, he opened his eyes and slowly said, "Put all efforts into finding Trissy Cheek—if she's still alive.

"Pass me all the problems where divination has failed to provide any effective revelations. The Church has a Saint who is good at this, although it's not necessarily more effective than 2-111.

"As for the surveillance and investigation of the royal family's High-Sequence Beyonders, it can be tabled. There's no need to worry. They've always known what we've been doing. It's also a form of warning.

"Continue the search for the underground ruins and report it to the Evernight and Storm Churches.

"Ikanser, ask 2-111 how Sherlock Moriarty escaped the ruins, as well as when he got to know Azik Eggers."

Ikanser looked at the archbishop, then at his colleagues before gritting his teeth and said, “Yes, Your Grace.”

He was sadly convinced that his legends were about to spread from just a few Machinery Hiveminds teams that he was in charge of to all the Beyonders of the Church of the God of Steam in Backlund.

After a very well-rehearsed process, he opened his mouth and said, “Honorable Arrodes, my question is: ‘when did Sherlock Moriarty get to know Azik Eggers?’”

The silver mirror which seemed to have eyes on both sides suddenly started to glow with an aqueous light, quickly forming a scene:

Sherlock Moriarty stood in a room, watching a rat with a rotting belly burrow into a hole a wall. Behind him was Old Kohler and the owner of a budget hotel.

“He got to know Azik Eggers while completing the bounty mission for him. That mission was issued by MI9, which originated from a coincidental conflict.” Ikanser interpreted the scene.

With that, he chose to answer the corresponding question. He held his breath as he waited for Arrodes to give the soul-piercing question.

As expected, he saw the bright red words: “Do you know the feeling of trying your best to win the favor of someone, but only to end up being abandoned without any progress?”

Th-this question isn't sharp enough; it's unlike Arrodes's usual style... Ikanser suddenly felt that the blood on the mirror seemed to lack its usual horror and bloody sense. It appeared somewhat weak.

He didn't bother to think about why and immediately opened his mouth to answer, "Yes."

"Congratulations, you got it right." A new line of text appeared on the surface of the silver mirror, its color was somewhat pale.

...

5th January, 9:00 a.m.

With a gray scarf around his neck, Klein arrived at Rose Wharf with his suitcase and cane.

The White Agate was docked there, unusually large compared to the height of a human. It was said to be capable of ferrying hundreds of passengers.

It had the rich characteristics of the age, with its chimneys, sails, and its twelve cannons on both sides of the ship—necessary for defending against pirates and other peers.

Under Captain Elland Kag's arrangement, the chosen stocky sailors and crew lined up at the mouth of the gangway, some even deliberately revealing their legitimate revolvers, rifles, and knives.

This gave the passengers on board the boat a greater sense of

security. They were no longer afraid of the journey that would take them nine days to complete.

Klein stood below, looked up, and climbed up the hanging ladder in the undulating blue water.

My travels begin... He took a step forward and sighed silently.

Chapter 492: Adventurer

As soon he stepped onto the deck and before he could enter the cabin, Klein saw a figure moving through the crowd towards him through the corner of his eye.

He looked over his shoulder with an air of indifference but hidden vigilance, and he saw a man in his thirties wearing a black half top hat and a trench coat of the same color.

The other party had a weathered face, looking boorish but extremely masculine. His light blue eyes didn't contain a smile, as if they were immersed in many past events.

He looks a little familiar... Right, he's that guy I noticed at the ticket office yesterday. He seems to be an adventurer as well... He's actually wearing a trench coat at sea in January. He's quite strong... While lifting his cane with ease and pointing diagonally downwards, Klein said with a smile, "Good morning, we meet again."

It was like he was greeting an old friend.

The boorish man, however, wasn't surprised. He stopped and nodded in a somewhat reserved manner, saying, "Cleves, a former adventurer.

"Mate, are you in the same trade?"

"I thought you knew yesterday. Gehrman Sparrow," Klein responded with a smile.

He didn't pass his cane to his left hand, because he didn't intend to shake Cleves's hand.

"I can tell." Cleves maintained two seconds of silence and said, "Being an adventurer isn't a beautiful profession. I've already switched careers and have become a bodyguard. This time, I'm accompanying my employer's family to the capital of the Rorsted Archipelago."

He half-turned and pointed to another spot on the deck.

Klein traced where he was pointing and saw nearly ten people gathered together. They were led by a plump middle-aged gentleman with ruddy cheeks and spirited eyes. On his double-breasted suit, Klein could see the gold chain from his pocket watch and a jeweled collar brooch.

Next to him was a lady in a wide-brimmed hat, her face completely hidden by the dark-blue muslin that hung down, and her figure wasn't too bad.

Standing in front of the couple were two children. The younger one was a boy who wasn't even ten years old. He was wearing a child's version of a tailcoat. The older one was 15 or 16 years old and was a lively and energetic teenage girl. Her looks couldn't be considered outstanding, but her pair of brown eyes were quite bright and intelligent. Her faint freckles and puffy dress added to her playfulness.

Around them were three people carrying suitcases and all sorts of items—a man and two women, all dressed as servants. One of the maids had brownish skin, clearly of Southern Continent heritage.

The bodyguards protecting the seven people were a man and a

woman. They were dressed simply and neatly in white shirts, light sweaters, black coats, dark trousers, and sturdy leather boots.

The two bodyguards deliberately didn't hide the outlines created made by the gun holsters by their waists. They didn't relax as they inspected the approaching passersby. Their eyes were sharp and they were composed.

"Three servants and three bodyguards?" Klein asked casually.

This is quite an extravagant setup, which means that their employer is a rich person... Instinctively, he made his judgment.

"Yes." Cleves nodded.

Without another word, he quickly turned around and walked towards his employer's family.

"..."

Klein was stunned. He didn't know why Cleves had specially come to greet him for.

After recalling the novels, movies, and television dramas he had seen in his previous life, he gradually understood what Cleves was implying.

He's a little wary of me, or should I say of someone who claims to be an adventurer while not looking like someone to mess with, so he introduced himself in advance to indicate his identity and what his job is. It's to tell me to not have any plans regarding his

employer's family. In short, "you do what you do, I do what I do, and we stay out of each other's business"... Is this the tacit understanding between experienced adventurers and veteran bounty hunters? Interesting... Klein chuckled. He carried his suitcase and black cane as he went into the cabin. With the help of his ticket, he found his own room.

With a creak, he pushed open the wooden door and walked in.

The room wasn't very spacious, just large enough to fit a bed, a table, and a cupboard. There weren't even any chairs.

Its greatest advantage was that it came with windows, The wharf's sunlight shone in, illuminating the table and bedside with pure golden spots.

A member of the crew mentioned that the washroom and bathroom are for public use, with about eight rooms sharing one. If someone urgently needs one, then they can provide a wooden toilet, but one must pay the cleaning fee of three pence each time... I have to be grateful that after the White Agate was renovated, it has many metal pipelines laid. Boilers are burning and hot water is being supplied, providing a relatively convenient way of life. Otherwise, my travels wouldn't be a pleasant one... Klein silently sighed.

He quickly took out his necessities and placed them on the table for daily use.

When he was tidying up the place, he sat down on the edge of the bed which wasn't too high, and he listened to the long whistle of the steam whistle. He felt the power that stemmed from steam and machinery contained within it.

When the ship began to set sail, Klein looked out the window at

the sea and gradually withdrew his thoughts. He began to think about the most important thing that would happen next—the problem of how to act as a Faceless.

While facing the True Creator's descent ritual and the powerful Mr. A, the decision to give up trying to escape and attempt a sabotage act had allowed his potion to be digested a little. Based on this feedback, he gained some new insights into the acting requirements of a Faceless.

"You can disguise yourself into anyone, but you are ultimately yourself." This is the principle which Marionettist Rosago was made to remember... I originally imagined that "yourself" refers to my original identity, but from the looks of it, that's not the complete picture. What is considered as "yourself" requires serious thought... Klein leaned forward and bathed in the sunlight as though he was a thinking statue.

After a while, he came up with an idea.

Does this correspond to the spirit of one's identity, to their true identity deep down?

Even back on Earth, Zhou Mingrui had worn a lot of facades, which formed a social persona. In a sense, this was a big part of what wasn't real.

Yes... When I become someone else, I take over their identity. In order to not be discovered, I have to disguise myself socially, which is the same as wearing a different mask.

When all the masks are taken down, there will be none left. What kind of "yourself" does a Faceless see at the end of the day?

Is this the deeper meaning behind "yourself" in that principle?

When I face my inner thoughts, overcome my fear, and challenge the impossible without reasons stemming from society, am I really acting as myself?

This is to be explored and verified...

At this thought, Klein changed his position, trying to sit more comfortably.

Remembering everything that had happened before, he found another question regarding acting.

In the underground ruins, I disguised myself as Ince Zangwill and successfully escaped from my predicament, but why didn't I feel any signs of digesting the potion at all?

Does this imply that to digest the Faceless potion, a superficial disguise such as that isn't enough?

Yes, this is closer to the use of Beyonder powers and not acting!

What can stimulate the digestion of the potion is a disguise on a deeper level. Is it being a true substitute for a person, becoming that person on a social level? Only when his relatives and friends are unable to find him for a long period of time does it prove that his disguise was a success?

In that case, the reason why I feel harmony with the Faceless potion is because I had previously disguised myself as Klein Moretti?

The first principle of Faceless is that you can disguise yourself as anyone, but you are ultimately yourself… The second principle is to have a disguise on a deeper level that fools everyone?

But to replace a person and become that person in a societal sense is quite evil just thinking about it…

Don't tell me that I have to find those kinds of people who have died in a foreign land but have a wish that has yet to be fulfilled?

Klein eased his baffling horror, and he drew up an initial direction for his acting attempts.

The higher the Sequence, the more difficult it is to act… He sighed, took out his pocket watch, and checked the time.

Since it was still too early for lunch and the room was too small and cramped, he decided to take a walk on the deck and enjoy the scenery amidst the sea breeze.

After the excitement of the first hour of the voyage, there weren't many people left on deck. Klein walked along the side of the ship, arriving at a secluded area with large shadows.

It's a warm, sunny day… Other than the strong winds which might steal my hat, there are no shortcomings… He pressed the half top hat on his head and leisurely surveyed the cabin, listening to the faint sounds of music coming from inside.

Suddenly, he saw the former adventurer, Cleves, busying himself around the corner. In front of him seemed to be a triangular blade, a dagger, and a short knife.

Cleves sensed this and raised his head to look at him. Keeping a well-seasoned demeanor, he said in a taciturn manner, “We’re all old mates, and we have to maintain them frequently.”

At this point, he added, “There are children in the cabin.”

“Understood.” Klein smiled in response.

Cleves lowered his head and continued to busy himself. He casually asked, “You don’t seem to have these things with you?”

“I’m used to using weapons that keep abreast with the times,” Klein said vaguely. “And I frequently do maintenance.”

Cleves silently raised his dagger, looked at it against the sunlight, and said to himself, “At sea, guns alone aren’t enough.

“Pirates will board ships, and there will be a lot of people. After you finish shooting your bullets, you won’t have the opportunity to reload again. Although these guys no longer keep abreast with the times, they’re still useful enough.”

Very professional… As expected of a former adventurer… Klein leaned against the side of the boat and said half-jokingly, “If there really are pirates boarding the ship, I’m more likely to choose not to fight back.”

Cleves turned his head and stared at him for a good three seconds before retracting his gaze. Then, as he packed up his things, he said in a low voice, “It seems that you don’t need me to remind you. You’ve already understood the rules of the sea.

“The bounty hunters who travel the earth are often unable to be adventurers at sea.”

He skillfully hid the dagger, short knife, and triangular blade under his clothes, which dazzled Klein.

“Thank you.” Klein smiled and nodded.

Without speaking any further, Cleves turned around and returned to the cabin, leaving behind only his broad and deep back.

Klein smirked, shook his head, and turned his gaze to the side of the ship.

Blue waves gently rose up and down, and silvery-white flying fish occasionally leaped out of the water and soared in the air.

This fish can “fly” and swim. They’re considered the family of the Lord of Storms by fishermen and sailors, so even if they were caught by nets, they’re returned to the sea… Klein was leisurely admiring the surface of the sea under the sunlight, as well as the flying fishes above the surface of the sea. An uncontrollable thought flashed through his mind.

Hmm, I wonder how good their meat is…

Chapter 493: Hunting

“Honorable Arrodes, my second question is: ‘How did Sherlock Moriarty escape from the ruins?’” Ikanser’s mood was a lot more relaxed than before.

The surface of the silver mirror shimmered, rapidly outlining Sherlock Moriarty leaning his back against the wall, his fists clenching and tightening.

Then, Ikanser Bernard and the surrounding Machinery Hivemind deacons and captains saw the private detective’s exaggerated smile before turning around and dashing out with his gun drawn.

At this moment, under the influence of the composed scene, they all felt an inexplicable sense of sadness and excitement.

The image in the mirror jumped, revealing Sherlock Moriarty wielding his revolver as he shot at the altar to no avail. The scene of those disintegrating bullets caused everyone present to be a little worried.

Then, Sherlock Moriarty threw out a brass key, and the altar showed signs of instability due to corruption.

With the erupting air blast, Mr. A fell to the ground and Sherlock Moriarty pathetically fled out of the temple building.

At this point, the image changed to have the slightly turbid Tussock River as the main background. Sherlock Moriarty and Mr. A floated in the water, looking up into the sky where there

were no clouds or fog.

Almost instantly, Mr. A. became transparent and disappeared, leaving only Sherlock Moriarty looking around in astonishment.

"...The Church of Evernight's reinforcements?" Ikanser said with a frown. "Unfortunately, he didn't mention what appeared in his letter. We have no way of guessing. Was he trying to sell this secret for a good price, or was he simply affected by it and lost the relevant memories? Also, his experience of escaping from the underground ruins doesn't show anything. It seems like the corresponding clues have been concealed at the same time..."

He analyzed it quickly, in procedural sentences, and then without too great a psychological burden, he chose to answer with reciprocity instead of taking a risk.

Arrodes doesn't seem to be in the mood to be a prankster today. I can make the most of it... In his self-consolation, Ikanser saw bloody words appear on the surface of the mirror.

With a skip of his heartbeat, he had a bad premonition, suspecting that Arrodes had already recovered to his usual "state."

The blood-like words wiggled and quickly formed into a question:

"Who was the person you gave your all to while trying your best to win the favor of, only to end up being abandoned?"

With his head buzzing, Ikanser's face drained of all its color before flushing red.

The question pierced a deep wound in him while leaving him at a loss as to what to do.

If I mention who he is, then his reputation would be ruined before tonight... I've already become a kind of "legend" in some sense... Ikanser swallowed his saliva with great difficulty and bitterly said, "I choose punishment."

A bolt of lightning immediately descended. However, it was different from before. It was no longer silvery-white and had been dyed with slight green.

It hit him right on the head, causing his hair to stand on end and flash with the color of lightning.

He shook violently like shaking dice, as though he had been drugged with a hallucinogenic drug.

Archbishop Horamick sighed, closed his eyes, and muttered to himself, "A Grade 0 Sealed Artifact?"

When Ikanser recovered, he looked around and said, "There's one more question. Where did the key that Sherlock Moriarty used to destroy the descent ritual come from?

"Which one of you is going to use 2-111?"

All the Machinery Hivemind deacons and captains looked at each other. For a moment, no one responded.

...

The sound of water splashing against the ship's hold seemed to be the only sound left in the world. The sea at night was both noisy and quiet.

Klein suddenly woke up and opened his eyes. He saw the wooden ceiling covered with a crimson moon veil.

His spiritual intuition told him that there was something happening outside.

Is someone having a rendezvous? He tilted his head to listen, vaguely able to hear some unnatural sounds.

He sat up, put on his gloves, and put on his coat.

His eyes turned dark as he took out a gold coin, flipped it, and quickly performed a divination.

After receiving no revelations of danger, he took out the revolver under his pillow and put it in his pocket.

After making the appropriate preparations, Klein opened the door and walked out of the room, following the sound to the upper deck.

At this moment, at sea, away from the industrial pollution, the crimson moon quietly hung there, mysterious and dreamy.

After carefully bypassing a few patrolling crew members, Klein arrived at the area where there was a commotion. He could smell the faint scent of blood.

With the help of the moonlight, he looked over and saw the former adventurer, Cleves, squatting to the side of the ship and setting up something.

There were three people hiding in the shadows of the cabin about a dozen meters away from this gentleman. One of them was a companion of Cleves, the female bodyguard in the black coat, and the remaining two were the children of their employer, a girl of fourteen or fifteen years of age and a young gentleman of no more than ten years of age.

The two youngsters wore thick cotton nightgowns and outer coats. It was obvious that they had come out in a hurry.

They trembled amidst the chilling night wind, but they still squatted there full of energy and vigor, looking at Cleves with their bright eyes.

Playing hide and seek? Klein joked inwardly.

He purposely increased the volume of his footsteps, causing Cleves and the others to turn their gaze towards him.

“Friend, what happened?” Klein recalled the expressions of some bounty hunters he knew in East Borough.

But he still maintained Gehrman Sparrow’s unique identity of being cold and sharp.

Cleves replied, unperturbed, “A private job, a hunt that came by accident, but one that’s worth looking forward to.”

A Hunt? Klein's interest was suddenly piqued.

The reason he had named himself Gehrman was that it represented the first hunter of a game he had played in his previous life, and it suited his idea of hunting evil at sea.

Klein was in no hurry to inquire about the reason. Using his left hand which wore Creeping Hunger, he pointed at the shadow next to him with his left finger, "Private job? Doing a private job in front of your employer?"

Cleves, who was squatting there, glanced at the boy and the girl and said, without changing his tone, "Cecile wasn't careful enough and ended up waking Donna and Denton up. She had no choice but to let them follow."

The girl called Donna wrinkled her nose when she heard her name mentioned. She curiously looked up and asked Klein, "Uncle, are you also an adventurer?"

Uncle? Even if it's the me from Earth, I'm at most 10 years older than you! Klein said in amusement, "No, you can't use the word 'also.' Strictly speaking, I'm the only adventurer here; they're just bodyguards right now."

He turned to Cleves and said, "Hey. Mate, what prey did you discover?"

Cleves looked into the faint crimson waters and said, "A murloc."

Murloc? That's a Beyonder creature! Even though it's of the lowest grade, it's still quite difficult for ordinary people to deal with them. They would need at least five to six people and four to five

spears to have a chance... That's right, the scales on a murloc's body are very hard. Revolvers can only deal a little damage. They need to have a rifle... Klein raised his eyebrows and asked, "What do you plan on doing? And how are you sure it's a murloc?"

Cleves pointed to the edge of the ship and said, "There are traces of its body's mucus here. One to two hours ago, it tried to climb onto the ship to attack the passengers, but the deck was still bustling with activity and there were lots of sailors and crew."

Klein took a few steps forward and saw that there were some traces of green corrosion on the side of the ship.

He recalled the information he had come into contact with in Tingen City, and it coincided with the content in the books. He asked with great interest, "Why must it be one, and not a group?"

He remembered that murlocs had a tendency to live together.

"If it's a group, then they'll directly destroy the ship's hull and let everyone sink. Moreover, the area around this channel and the surrounding sea have already been cleared of murlocs. The Church of Storms really enjoy hunting them," Cleves solemnly explained.

That's because murlocs are probably one of the main ingredients of the Sequence 9 Sailor potion... Klein stroked the revolver in his pocket and asked with a smile, "Are you confident?"

Cleves didn't directly answer him and instead opened a paper bag beside him. Inside the bag were some pig organs still stained with blood. This was the source of the smell of blood that Klein noticed.

“All murlocs like this kind of food and are unable to resist its allure. Of course, these monsters love human organs the most, so in many sea legends, it’s emphasized to prepare some pig or beef organs from the ship’s kitchen or canned organs,” Cleves said as he sprinkled some granules. “Pepper granules can cause the murlocs to feel the excitement of smoking marijuana and lose some of their sense of balance. This can last for about a minute, and after that, the murlocs will be exhausted after the high state of excitement has subsided.”

He then took out a wooden box from his clothes and placed the dark green paste on the tip of the triangular blade, dagger, and short knife.

“The mint cream that’s popular in Pritz Harbor is a unique sweetener for humans, but in the eyes of the murlocs, it’s a deadly blood toxin.

“In addition, I borrowed two rifles from the sailors. I got an agreement to not disturb this area for twenty minutes, and I spent a sizable sum of money. However, as long as I can successfully kill a murloc, then I’ll be able to reap ten, twenty, or even thirty times the cost.”

As expected of an experienced adventurer, he’s exceptionally aware about the weaknesses and problems of his prey… Listening to him speak, I feel like they have a chance of successfully hunting the murloc, even if they aren’t Beyonders… In the face of traps and firearms, Low-Sequence Beyonders really aren’t much stronger than the average person… It’s not like there are no Low-Sequence Beyonders who die in gang wars… However, murlocs are creatures that seem to wear full-body armor. It’s not easy to kill them. They would be injured, but it’s not like they can’t escape… Klein curiously asked, “You seem to have killed quite a number of murlocs?”

“Understanding the characteristics of common sea monsters is a

prerequisite for an adventurer's survival." Cleves didn't show the joy of being praised as he remained calm and silent.

As they conversed, the girl, Donna, and the boy, Denton, squatted in the shadows and listened with relish. They found all of this to be the most interesting thing in the world.

Yes, I also need to brush up on my studies in this area... Klein smiled and said, "So that's how it is. I didn't disturb you, did I?"

Cleves pierced a portion of organs on a rod and said with a deep voice, "If you want to participate, take care of Donna and Denton so that Cecile won't be distracted."

"Sure." Klein, who wanted to watch from the sidelines, smiled and agreed.

Chapter 494: A Bite of Murloc

The red moon hung high in the sky as Klein walked over to Donna and Denton and squatted down beside them.

Cecile, the female comrade of Cleves, let out a sigh of relief. She picked up the rifle on the deck, bent down, and quickly walked in another direction. She opened up a distance of about ten meters from the peppered pig's organs.

"Uncle, is it starting?..." The mischievous, freckled teenage girl, Donna, suddenly felt a little nervous. However, her face was filled with curiosity and anticipation.

Klein raised his left index finger to his mouth, motioning for the two young ones to be quiet.

At times like this, he couldn't help but thank Roselle. It was because of the efforts of this transmigration senior that some of his habitual gestures had become common body language in the Northern Continent, so it wouldn't lead to misunderstandings.

It was said that in the early part of the Fifth Epoch, this "don't talk" gesture was an insult in Loen. But in certain parts of the Southern Continent, it means "kiss me"... Klein's mind was a little distracted for a moment.

Donna and Denton didn't dare to say anything else. They just squatted there quietly, watching with rapt attention as Cleves prepared for the battle.

The former adventurer picked up a rod and threw the thread

with some pig organs hanging from it over the side of the ship.

With a splash, the bait entered the water.

Calmly dispersing the remaining organs, Cleves wielded his weapon and retreated, step by step, to hide in the shadows opposite Cecile. The two of them formed an angle of about 60 degrees to the side of the ship where the rod was being supported.

Leaning his triangular blade and other weapons, he raised his rifle and tried to take in the feeling of aiming.

The deck had completely quietened down, leaving only the operating sound of the steam engine and the crashing of waves against the ship.

As the minutes ticked by, Donna and Denton couldn't help but switch from squatting to sitting, with their backs against the planks of the cabin, trying to soothe the paralysis in their legs.

At that moment, they saw the rod on the side of the boat sink a little.

The muffled sound of friction rapidly grew closer and closer. Suddenly, a figure jumped onto the deck.

It was a monster bathed in crimson moonlight. Its entire body was covered in dark green scales, and there was a green slime flowing around it.

It didn't have much in common with humans. It was like a giant

fish that had grown four strong limbs, and there was obvious webbing in the cracks of its limbs.

The murloc was more than 1.9 meters tall, with round eyes and gills on its cheeks. It looked like demons from legends, making Donna cover her mouth to prevent herself from screaming.

At the same time, she covered the mouth of her brother, Denton, as well.

Good thinking... Klein smiled to himself as he carefully examined the murloc.

Unlike the Sailor Rampager he had seen before, real murlocs didn't have human-like brains. They were pure monsters.

The murloc vigilantly scanned the surroundings before squatting down. It picked up the scattered pig organs, quickly stuffed them into its mouth, and produced clear chewing sounds.

The light in its mainly white eyes gradually faded, as if it had fallen into a dream.

It's of low intellect... Klein shook his head and made his judgment.

Bang!

Cleves pulled the trigger, and a bullet flew out from the rifle. It instantly struck the murloc's chest, causing its scales to shatter and blood to splatter.

“Wa!” The merman let out a cry which sounded like a child, and it threw itself at Cleves, who was hidden in the shadows. It was as fast as a steam train.

At this moment, Cecile, who was in another position, opened fire as well.

Bang!

The bullet from the rifle struck the murloc’s ribs, causing many scales to scatter and the tall figure to stagger.

The murloc, who had eaten the pepper granules, became visibly sluggish. It stopped, unsure of which enemy to attack first.

And this gave Cleves and Cecile a chance to calmly reload.

They took aim again and pulled their triggers.

Bang! Bang!

The sprays of blood bloomed in succession, the pain caused the murloc’s eyes to regain its lucidity.

It flipped and pounced, dodging the follow-up shots, and closed in on Cleves as if it were unhurt.

Cleves methodically put down the rifle in his hand and picked up the triangular blade that was leaning to his side.

Instead of dodging, he leaped forward and rolled to the side of the murloc. The triangular blade in his hand ruthlessly and accurately pierced into the area where the scales on the side of his prey were shattered.

The murloc spun around abruptly, bringing with it a gust of wind. It forcefully threw the triangular blade along with Cleves out, causing the former adventurer to crash onto the deck.

The murloc shook its head, as though sensing an intense discomfort. It didn't attack Cleves and Cecile again, but instead, took large strides to the side of the ship in an attempt to jump into the sea.

Bang!

Cecile's bullet hit it again, creating blood to blossom again, but it still didn't make it become immobile.

With two steps, the murloc reached a suitable spot. It bent its knees and prepared to jump up.

However, its body was too weak to exert its full strength. The distance it had jumped was obviously not enough, so it could only land on the inner side of the ship.

Bang!

The murloc bore the brunt of the damage and tried to flip over the side of the ship.

Seeing it almost escaping, Klein took out his revolver.

Just then, a loud bang came from another direction!

The murloc's left eye turned into a bloody hole, and one could vaguely see a pale gelatinous substance squirming inside.

It wasn't dead yet. It lay on the floor of the deck, trying its best to crawl and get up again.

After a few seconds, the poison took effect and it twitched to its death.

Klein traced the sound and saw a middle-aged man step out of the shadows on the other side of the cabin.

The middle-aged man was wearing a thick dark red coat and white slacks. He was wearing the standard ship-shaped hat of this era.

He was holding an iron-colored musket that was a relic of the times as white smoke billowed out of its thick black muzzle.

Klein had heard the attendant introduce the man before, and he knew the man. He was the captain of the White Agate, Elland Kag.

With obvious wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, his forehead, and the corners of his mouth, Elland walked towards Cleves and said with a smile, "As a captain, I must ensure that no accidents happen.

"Forgive me for watching by the side all this time."

Cleves had already stood up. He didn't betray his emotions.

"This is your ship.

"According to convention, you have the right to share in the spoils."

Elland turned his head to look at Klein and others and said with a smile, "The next resupply of water and food is in two days time. You'll have to think of a way to preserve the murloc's corpse.

"How about this, sell it to me at a cheaper price; the difference is the reward I deserve."

"This is the best solution." Cleves and Cecile exchanged glances and agreed to Elland's request. "For 130 pounds, it's all yours."

The murloc Beyonder ingredient has a market price of 150 to 200 pounds. Considering the other parts with spirituality, 130 pounds is indeed cheap... However, this is the only thing Cleves and Cecile can do. This is Elland's ship, and he had a large group of armed sailors and crew to help him. If the negotiations break down, they could sink everyone here into the sea within minutes... Of course, that's under the premise that I don't involve myself... Yes, it can be seen that Cleves and Cecile aren't Beyonders, at least not Beyonders of the combat and shooting domains. As for Elland, I find it suspect... Klein stood up and listened to the deal.

"No, you seem to have misunderstood something. I'm not threatening you. 150 pounds. That's a fair price." Elland Kag called for a sailor and gave him the key to the safe.

“You are the ‘Just Elland’?” Only then did Cecile seem to recall his title on the sea.

Elland laughed and said, “Yes.”

At this moment, Donna and Denton, stunned by the intense battle and the living monster, jumped to their feet and ran over to the murloc in excitement and fear.

“Is… is it really dead?” Donna kicked the murloc’s body with her toe, then she jumped away and hid behind her younger brother as if she were afraid it would revive.

“It really is a monster!” Denton took a deep breath and opened his eyes wide.

“There are many monsters at sea. Apart from having four limbs and being able to stand, murlocs have no similarities to humans.” Elland smiled gently.

He squatted down and took out a knife, slicing the cheek beneath the murloc’s eye, revealing white, tender skin that was tainted with some red.

“The most delicious part of a murloc’s body is suitable for eating it raw.” Elland carefully sliced a piece of flesh and handed it to Donna. “You remind me of my daughter. Unfortunately, she’s grown up and has a family of her own.”

“I-I don’t dare to eat it…” Donna said, looking at the thin sliver of flesh held at the tip of the knife.

“Haha, which one of you wants to try?” Elland laughed and looked around.

After confirming that there were no warnings from his spiritual intuition, Klein nodded.

“I’m very curious.”

Elland immediately handed him the knife.

“Give it a try. On land, even nobles may not necessarily have a chance to eat it.

“These murlocs are fish monsters. They can be understood as a mutated type of fish.”

He was trying to dispel the siblings’ fears.

Klein wanted to ask if there was any wasabi, soy sauce, or any other condiments, but seeing that the other party didn’t mention it, he was afraid to appear ignorant.

He took the knife, bit into the bloody flesh, and swallowed it.

It was a feeling of flesh that instantly melted in his mouth. The taste of blood was very faint, giving it an appropriate salty taste. It perfectly set off the fresh and sweet taste of the meat.

Klein chewed twice, taking in the deliciousness of the tenderness and freshness of the fish meat. It was the first time in his life that he was experiencing something like that.

“Excellent.” He wasn’t stingy with his praises as he gave a thumbs up.

Donna watched the whole thing with curiosity, suddenly interested in the flesh on the murloc’s cheek.

This overwhelmed her fear and disgust, and she suggested the idea of trying.

Elland fulfilled her request and smiled as he watched her tightly close her eyes as her face scrunched into a grimace as she bit into the meat.

Donna’s expression gradually relaxed, and she quickly opened her eyes. She excitedly praised, “An indescribable delicacy!”

She spurred things into action as Denton, Cecile, and the others shared the little chunk of cheek meat. Eating it satisfied them, but it also made them dissatisfied. They were satisfied with the taste, but were dissatisfied with the quantity.

Seeing that Elland had eaten the last piece, Cleves pointed at the murloc’s body and said, “The meat around the ribs is suitable for frying, while the belly meat should be roasted. The other parts taste bad.”

“I share your thoughts,” Elland said with a chuckle. “I’ll have the chef prepare it immediately. On such a night, we should enjoy good food and wine together and exchange the legends at sea. It’s a very enjoyable matter.”

I’m looking forward to it… However, why did a perfectly fine hunt turn into a delicacy exchange… Klein swallowed his saliva.

Chapter 495: Legend of Treasure

Above the deck, there was an extra layer of asbestos beneath the grill to prevent the coal sparks from being blown out by the wind and scorching the surface of the ship.

The fat cook, wearing an apron and a tall white hat invented by Roselle, used a fine brush to constantly apply a seasoning created from a secret recipe—basil, fennel, sea salt, pepper, and lemon juice—to the long, white strips of fish, and frequently flipped them over to ensure that both sides were evenly heated.

The flesh of the murloc's belly was fatty, dripping with drops of oil and causing the coal beneath the iron mesh to sizzle and flare up.

An enticing aroma began to fill the air, and Klein inhaled again and again.

In front of him was a round table and a chair. On top of the table was a unique looking bottle of wine. The wine was golden red in color and seemed slightly sticky as it swirled about.

"Sonia blood wine is brewed from the sugar-wood juice found in the surrounding areas of Golden Spring. It tastes like thin honey mixed with blood. It's sweet and smooth, but it's very easy to get drunk on. If you fancy any lady and want to treat her to a drink, you can consider this. It will make her drink more without realizing it. Haha, that's under the premise that you're able to handle the amount of alcohol she's drinking." Noticing Klein's scrutiny, Captain Elland Kag introduced in a half-joking manner.

As expected of a former boatswain, he's accomplished when it

comes to self-deprecation... Klein sat down and maintained a cold attitude as he asked, "A qualified adventurer wouldn't indulge in alcohol."

Cleves, who was beside him, nodded.

"Only when they return home will adventurers allow themselves to drink."

"What a pity." Elland turned to look at Donna and Denton who were staring curiously at the blood wine. He laughed and said, "This isn't something that underaged children should experience."

"I've had it before, it tastes really good!" Donna retorted immediately. "It's just... It's just that I fell asleep without realizing it and slept an entire afternoon..."

"I remember that you drank two cups that time!" the little gentlemen, Denton, said enviously.

Elland didn't satisfy their cravings and instead ordered a cup of sweet iced tea for each of the siblings and casually explained, "There are a lot of Southerners on this ship."

Denton retracted his disappointed gaze and looked at the murloc which had its valuable materials taken away. He said rather innocently, "Actually... Actually, it's not that scary. It's just a bigger, uglier fish with four limbs!"

Donna shot a glance at her younger brother.

“Congratulations, you’ve finally recognized the essence of it.”

She then looked eagerly at Cleves and Elland.

“Uncle, Uncle, are there many of these monsters in the sea?”

Murlocs didn’t possess Beyonder powers which were beyond one’s imagination. In the eyes of ordinary people, they were akin to ferocious beasts at sea or a living example of legendary monsters.

Elland chuckled and said, “No, in the main sea route and the surrounding seas, there are very few monsters like this. They’ve been cleared out a long time ago. You must be lucky enough to meet a murloc.

“Think about it, if I can often kill monsters worth 200 pounds or more, then I certainly wouldn’t be the captain of a passenger ship. I’d organize my own hunting boat to chase down these gold pounds!”

That makes a lot of sense! Klein secretly cheered him on.

According to his observation, the Beyonder ingredient from a murloc was its bladder. That azure aqueous light made one feel like they were looking at a gem.

Cleves raised the black tea which a sailor had just delivered. He first smelled it before taking a sip.

“Only by leaving the main sea route and going deep into the ocean, which is often shrouded in fog or storms, will there be a

good chance of encountering such monsters, but that would be very dangerous.

"Apart from scaly murlocs who can climb, there are also legends at sea of Nagas that have the upper body of a human while their bottom half is that of a snake. They have six arms and are very agile."

Elland continued on the topic.

"There are also giant octopuses which can spit out juices that can corrode a lot of people, terrifying sea monsters that can flip a boat with a gentle blow, mermaids with intoxicating songs that make one unwilling to leave, blue giant dragons that can produce lightning, giant birds with wings that can cause hurricanes. Heh heh, I've never seen any of these before. They're all legends of the sea, and no one knows whether they're real or fake."

Mermaids… Klein's expression didn't change.

"Very interesting," Donna exclaimed, fascinated with a look of longing.

Denton looked around, and seeing that Klein hadn't spoken, he curiously asked, "Uncle, you're an adventurer too. Have you seen such monsters before?"

Klein was stunned for a moment and then gave a faint smile.

"Once. Back then, there were five of us, and we chanced upon a… a single murloc. After an intense fight, we finally finished it."

This was a real experience of his in Tingen City; it was also his first encounter with an official Beyonder who had lost control.

At that time, he and Old Neil had helped to eliminate a mutated Sailor at the request of Swain, the old owner of the Evil Dragon Bar.

Thinking of this, Klein felt nostalgic and wistful. The cold and sharp expression on his face couldn't help but soften significantly.

"Five people?" While asking, Donna secretly counted the number of people who had been involved in the battle.

1, *2*, *3*... She discovered that only three people had taken action to kill the murloc.

Without waiting for Klein's response, Elland said with a hint of surprise, "A chance encounter?"

"Yes," Klein answered frankly.

"Were there any casualties?" Elland pressed.

Klein shook his head.

"A few minor injuries"

"A chance encounter and you only took five people to finish a murloc... All of you are very powerful." Cleves gave his own evaluation.

His companion, Cecile, nodded to express her astonishment.

The battle that had happened just now was brief and quick, and the murloc seemed easy and vulnerable, but she and Cleves both knew very well that without the pre-prepared bait, the hallucinatory effects of the pepper granules and the subsequent fatigue, the murloc's fatal weakness of mint cream, and the two borrowed rifles, it was impossible to imagine how many people would die in order to kill a murloc.

"Indeed, very powerful." Elland looked thoughtfully at Klein.

It was a team formed of four Sequence 9s and a Sequence 8... Klein said with a half-smile and a half-sigh, "At that time, I was still very young, and I didn't even have any experience in combat. I was purely support."

"Uncle, you're still very young!" Donna nodded her head vigorously.

I like what you said... Klein keenly noticed that Captain Elland had relaxed a lot from what he had just said.

At this moment, several crew members had brought over a large ceramic plate. On top of it were pieces of meat that had been fried to a golden hue. The basil leaves were sprinkled with color, and a captivating fragrance assaulted their noses.

Elland raised his glass of Sonia blood wine and offered a toast.

"To a beautiful night. May the Storm be with us!"

“To a beautiful night!” Donna and Denton cheered and sipped their sweet iced tea.

Klein chose to clink glasses with a cup of black tea.

He forked a piece of meat from the murloc’s ribs, finding it firm and without fat. However, after absorbing the vegetable oil, its flaw of being too dry was remedied. As he chewed, it emanated an limitlessly chewy consistency and fragrance.

It’s really inferior to the cheek meat, but it’s already good enough. It’s better than all the fish I’ve eaten while in Backlund and Pritz Harbor… Klein praised in satisfaction.

Elland put down the knife and fork in his hands, took a sip of Sonia blood wine, and sighed at the topic.

“At sea, the greatest danger doesn’t stem from the monsters but those pirates.

“They helm their ships, going wherever they please. No one can defend against them in advance.”

“Uncle Captain, will we encounter pirates?” Denton asked with concern as he swallowed the fried fish.

Elland laughed.

“The route to the Rorsted Archipelago is the safest in the world, with colonial islands en route every two to three days, allowing us to dock. The route is also patrolled by ships from the Imperial Navy and the Church of Storms.

“Even if pirates come wandering here, they wouldn’t do anything too excessive. After seeing our cannons, they would at most extort some compensation.”

Seeing that the two underaged children had calmed down, Elland added, “But from the south of the Rorsted Archipelago, or as we continue east, we’ll have to rely on the Lord’s blessing.

“Many pirates are active in these areas, playing hide and seek with the ships of the navy and Church. If we’re lucky, we’ll be able to reach the Southern Continent and every destination very smoothly. But if we aren’t lucky, we’ll encounter some relatively powerful pirates, including the fleet of the Seven Pirate Admirals and even the Four Kings.

“However, you don’t have to be too worried. Ever since Nast became the King of the Five Seas and enacted the rules of sea passage, most pirates will only rob you clean of your wealth, without doing anything too overboard.

“Around this area, we’re most afraid of encountering the captain of the Black Tulip, Admiral Hell Ludwell. He’ll get his subordinates to kill everyone on board, throwing the innocents into hell. Next would be Admiral of Blood Senor. He loves blood, and he allows his subordinates to partake in heinous acts. Many girls have suffered under them before being sold to different islands…”

Donna trembled as she subconsciously changed the topic.

“I heard that there are a lot of treasures at sea!”

“There are legends of treasures, but most of them are fake.” Elland glanced at Cleves and said, “There are six stories which are the most famous. Ranked first is the Death’s Key. Rumor has

it that at the end of the Fourth Epoch, Death, who had caused the Pale Disaster, was attacked by the seven gods and ended up perishing. 'He' attempted to return to the Southern Continent and created a raging stormy wave, an impassable barrier. It completely obstructed the sea route between the Northern and Southern Continents. This is the origin legend of the Berserk Sea. However, 'He' eventually failed to return to the Southern Continent and ended up vanishing in the sea."

When he said this, Elland sighed with pangs of yearning.

"It's said that in some secret place in the Berserk Sea, the treasure left behind by Death is waiting for the person holding the specific key to find it and open it, but no one knows what the key looks like, or where it will appear.

"Ranked second is the Fountain of Unaging. It's deep in the Sonia Sea. Rumor has it that one of the four kings, King of Immortality, Agalito, had drunk the waters of the Fountain of Unaging."

Chapter 496: The Promising Sea

“Fountain of Unaging? Will you really gain eternal youth if you drink it?” Donna widened her eyes and asked curiously.

She didn’t have any feelings of anticipation, because she was still young enough.

Elland didn’t answer at once, and instead, he forked a piece of fried murloc rib meat, tore into it in two bites, and took a sip of Sonia wine.

The sweet and smooth taste has completely nullified the cloyed taste of fried oil… His eyes were half-closed, and he looked like a gourmet.

After pondering for a few seconds, he slowly answered Donna’s question, “I don’t know if there’s a Fountain of Unaging, nor am I certain if the King of Immortality, Agalito, drank its waters. I only know one thing, and that is, that when I was very young, I heard the legend of this pirate king. It’s just like how King of the Five Seas, Nast, seems to live forever.”

“Their beards must be very long, extending beyond than their chests!” Denton gave his opinion.

“In fact, the King of the Five Seas, Nast, has a beard that only reaches below his neck. He sits on the deck, draped in a black splendid robe with silver ends. He wears a crown that’s two times taller than his head and overlooks everything like a deity…” Elland’s tone gradually lowered as though his memories had entered a quagmire, and he was unable to extricate himself.

“Uncle Captain, have you ever met the King of the Five Seas?” Donna asked excitedly.

This was the most legendary pirate. His name traveled through the sea, and even the children of the port cities knew his name.

Whole generations of people grew up listening to stories about him!

In a sense, many people view Nast as the true pirate king… I remember one of the conditions for advancement for Black Emperor is to equate one’s name with “emperor,” entrenching it deep in the hearts of the people… Is this an early or simplified version of an attempt? I wonder what Sequence the King of the Five Seas is at now… Although Klein was focused on sampling the murloc meat, his mind whirled as a result of the group’s discussion.

Faced with Donna’s question, Elland said with a sigh, “At that time, I was still very young and serving on the William V. Once, our fleet tried to cross the Strait of Calamity in the Berserk Sea and encountered the Black Emperor’s ship there.

“In those few minutes, everyone, including the fleet Captain, lost the will to fight. Fortunately, Nast didn’t give the order to attack us.”

“Very cool!” the boy Denton cheered, his eyes shining.

Elland didn’t continue the topic. He smiled and said, “As for King of Immortality, Agalito, I’ve never met him in real life. I only know that his bounty notice depicts a pale middle-aged man. How pale? Let me give an example you can understand. It’s like he’s been dead for some time, a corpse which is just beginning to rot.”

When Donna and Denton heard this analogy, they subconsciously looked at the badly mutilated murloc's corpse and involuntarily quivered their throats.

"Of course, the most important thing in a bounty notice isn't the looks. It's the bounty reward. In Loen alone, Agalito is worth 100,000 pounds. And his bounty is the lowest among the four kings." Elland diverted the topic and said, "Let's continue the stories about treasure. Ranked third is the inheritance of the Solomon Empire. In the Fourth Epoch, when that massive empire was dissolved and destroyed, the royalty brought treasures that even the gods would be jealous of onto a ship. They steered it deep into the Fog Sea, awaiting the opportunity to rebuild their dynasty. However, five hundred years passed, a thousand years passed, and fifteen hundred years passed, but it ultimately didn't appear."

"Rumor has it that the King of the Five Seas, Nast, inherited parts of the Solomon Empire's inheritance. No one knows if he's a descendant of the real Black Emperor," Cecile added with interest.

"Fog Sea? Western shore of the Northern Continent?" Donna thought back to her geography.

"Right," Cleves responded simply.

West of the Northern Continent was the Fog Sea; to its east was the Sonia Sea, south was the Berserk Sea, and north was the North Sea. The east and west sides of the Southern Continent were similar to the Northern Continent, while south of it was the Polar Sea. Together, they formed the Five Seas.

The Loen Kingdom was backed by the Hornacis mountain range and the inland Midseashire. Its eastern face was the Sonia Sea, and it stretched south to Desi Bay. It occupied several of the

excellent entrances to the Berserk Sea, but it didn't involve the Fog Sea.

"Is that so..." Donna didn't have much interest in the faraway treasure, so she switched focus and asked, "What about the fourth treasure?"

"It belongs to the last empire of the Fourth Epoch, Trunsoest. Rumor has it that they built a huge ship the size of a city, and they transferred all their treasures onto it. Funny enough, their escape was of no use. Although the predetermined passengers and crew didn't fail to arrive at the port in time, none of them survived.

"However, that ship vanished by itself. Up to this day, people often claim to see a gigantic ship sail by them silently in a foggy night. It's been called the Specter Empire, and it appears across the Sonia Sea. Heh, this is the conclusion from all those stories." Elland looked up at the red moon hanging high in the sky as he said with a tone of mockery, without any disguise of his longing.

Perhaps we will see it pass us by tomorrow night, no—tonight! Donna thought with anticipation and excitement.

Klein finished up the rest of his food, drank his black tea, and listened with interest to what Elland had to say about the rest of the treasures.

"The fifth is the Lost City of Newins. Rumor has it that at the bottom of the Fog Sea, there's a civilization with intelligent creatures. Around that patch of sea, seafarers and adventurers often find special items which all point to the Newins of ancient times. However, the members of this civilization have yet to appear. It's like it has been lost to this world." Elland drank the remaining of his Sonia blood wine and said, "That is an inheritance left behind by a civilization. The magnitude of its

wealth is absolutely unimaginable."

After pausing for two seconds, Elland put down his glass and laughed.

"In fact, the treasure I look forward to the most is one which has more accounts than legends, the Sunken Laurel. More than a century ago, it carried gold, jewelry, and various valuable items that the kingdom obtained from East Balam. As it steered away from the sea route, it sunk in an unknown area somewhere between the Berserk Sea and Sonia Sea. It hasn't been found to this day.

"It's said that the items onboard are worth millions of pounds!"

"Millions of pounds?" The number caused Donna to blurt out in astonishment.

As a merchant's daughter who had been educated for many years, she had a vague understanding as to what this number represented.

In Loen, a millionaire was a genuinely rich person, second only to the top noble families and tycoons!

Millions of pounds? As a member of the National Atmospheric Pollution Council, a major shareholder in the Coim Company, Mrs. Mary, who allowed me to join the Quelaag Club for free, is only worth a few hundred thousand pounds, and even so, she's rich enough even in the circle of aristocrats and merchants. She's a popular divorced lady, and there are even aristocratic children who proposed to her... Klein quickly found a target for comparison.

Elland sighed with a smile.

"If I can find the Sunken Laurel, then I don't have to be a captain anymore. I'll head to Backlund and become a philanthropist. I'll purchase land and donate to political parties and get a hereditary aristocratic title!"

I've heard Talim mention before that a baronet costs about 300,000 pounds and about 800,000 pounds for a baron… If you manage to get your hands on the treasure, the titles of viscount and even earl is something within the limits of imagination… Millions of pounds! Klein helped Elland perfect his plan.

"If it were me, I wouldn't do that. I'll buy a huge manor." Cecile also began to imagine her life after finding the treasure. "I want to hire many servants and helpers, plant large tracts of wheat, build vineyards, make wine for myself… Also, I want to have a room where I can sunbathe; have leisurely moving cows, sheep, and horses; and have bread from my own mill, just like a beautiful picturesque scene…"

Elland laughed when he heard that.

"Ma'am, do you know how much a manor like this is worth?"

"No, I don't." Cecile shook her head.

"It's only a few thousand pounds. If you find the Sunken Laurel, you can buy a thousand of those manors!" Elland used exact numbers to illustrate the value of the treasure.

A thousand manors? Cecile couldn't help but raise her cup and drink a mouthful of black tea.

Before this, she had known that several million pounds was a lot of money, but she hadn't expected it to be this much!

In order to alleviate the shock in her heart, she looked at Cleves and said, "Boss, if you find the Sunken Laurel, what do you plan on buying. No, what sort of life do you wish to have?"

Cleves fell silent for a moment before saying, "Return home. I'll hug my wife and children, telling them that I no longer need to go on an adventure out at sea again."

Not a bad guy… Klein nodded slightly.

Donna looked at him curiously.

"Uncle Adventurer, what about you?"

Klein replied expressionlessly, "Tell myself not to sleep anymore. Hurry up and wake up."

Pfft… Donna spat out the sweet iced tea she'd just drunk, but fortunately, the fried fish on the table had already been eaten.

At this moment, Klein sighed inwardly.

Even though I know it's basically impossible to find the treasure; otherwise, the various churches would've already done it with all the powerhouses they have. But when discussing such topics, I couldn't help but get excited. This is the charm of treasure! Even if it was just a legend, it can attract many adventurers!

Donna wiped her mouth and sat down like a lady, as though she wasn't the one who had lost her composure.

The little boy, Denton, asked, still eager for more, "Are there any other legends of treasure?"

Elland looked at Cleves, indicating that he should answer.

Cleves calmly drank a mouthful of black tea and said in a deep voice, "There are countless treasures at sea. The hidden lands of the elves, the missing pirate ships in the depths of the fog, the underwater city sealed with powerful monsters, the last secret trove of Emperor Roselle, and so on."

Ah? The Emperor had already reached the level of leaving treasures and legends for others... If it's true, would there be Cards of Blasphemy in it? How many would there be? The legend of the Key of Death might help Mr. Azik regain more of his memories... Klein thought with curiosity and anticipation.

Chapter 497: The Wall of Rewards

After the talk about the legends of treasures that had inspired generations of adventurers to go to sea came to an end, the cook had also finished roasting the flesh of the murloc's belly.

They were white after being cooked, charred a little black, and covered with tiny brown particles that glistened with a moist, oily glow.

The repeated smearing of seasonings had already seeped into the texture of the meat, effusing it with a tantalizing visual effect.

"Desi grilled fish, it's different from how you usually eat it." Elland pointed at the white porcelain plate the cook lowered.

Donna held her fork and knife and eagerly said, "I love honey-roasted fish!

"But this is also very appetizing."

Honey-roasted fish... How much honey would that take... If I have a chance to try it, the taste should be pretty good... Klein allowed his imagination to run wild.

With a chef, there was no need for them to serve themselves. They could only look on expectantly as pieces of fish were sliced, placed on different plates, and served in front of them.

Klein was very serious when it came to tasting delicacies, so he was in no hurry to deal with the fish. Instead, he took a sip of

black tea and used the slightly sour liquid to clear his mouth of any remaining flavors.

After doing all of this, he forked a piece of fish and stuffed it into his mouth.

In a split-second, he felt the slightly stimulating flavors of fennel, basil, and other spices. They were sufficient enough to help him open up one taste bud after another.

Immediately after, the delicious juices of the meat, the slightly astringent taste of the sea salt and the refreshing, sour, and sweet taste of lemon all burst out at the same time, filling his oral cavity and making his mouth water.

As he chewed, the last bit of the fish meat's stubbornness was broken off one by one after having its fat roasted out of it, fully presenting the splendor of the meat, as well as its faint sweetness.

Swallowing the fish in his mouth, Klein recalled a delicacy program he had watched in his previous life and chose the evaluation line that matched what he just felt: "The layered flavors are very clear, excellent!"

"Haha, your tone and words make you sound like a gourmet," Elland joked.

Donna waved her fork and echoed, "Uncle, perhaps you should write a column in the newspaper about different restaurants and different cuisines."

Eh, why didn't I think of this idea... This is a good job that can

earn me money, as well as allowing me to taste delicacies! The only problem is that an obese man can't be a flexible clown... Use the great art of spewing vomit? What a waste of food! Klein seriously considered Donna's suggestion.

"To a beautiful night!"

When there was very little food left, Elland poured himself some more of the Sonia blood wine and raised his glass with a ruddy face.

Klein and the others echoed in similarly good moods, "To a beautiful night."

They drank the rest of the liquids from their glasses and watched the waiter clear the table and clean the deck.

They talked for a while more amidst the cold wind, talking about the mermaids that Donna was most interested in.

Cleves told the young lady that, in some legends, mermaids were also called Sirens, and they used their songs to confuse humans not for entertainment but for hunting. Aside from the possibility of encountering these creatures on the sea route from the Gargas Archipelago to the depths of the Sonia Sea, there was a certain chance of discovering it in dangerous seas that haven't been explored by humans. However, all of this stemmed from the drunken boasting of certain pirates, and they all avoided the question of how they escaped from the mermaids' songs, which made it highly suspicious.

No matter what, this at least points me in a possible direction... Klein took note of what they had discussed.

“Donna, Denton, it’s time to go back. You’ll have to get up early tomorrow and have breakfast with your parents.” Cecile looked at the moon’s position.

“Fine.” Donna stood up reluctantly.

Denton hurriedly asked, “D-do I have a chance at becoming an adventurer?”

His mind had been captivated by the previous hunt and the legends.

Cleves walked to his side, patted his shoulder, and said, “Before you ask this question, you need at least five years of combat training and studying. I think your father will hire a good tutor for you.”

“Yeah!” Denton’s eyes lit up, and he nodded vigorously.

After five years, the adult you probably won’t want to be an adventurer who can find himself buried at the bottom of the sea at any time… Cleves’s handling of the situation was very shrewd. He didn’t immediately refuse him, but rather he gave him hope and let time wash away his interest. This prevents the child from becoming suddenly rebellious… Regardless, mastering a fighting technique is always beneficial for anyone… Klein put his hands in his pockets and thought with appreciation.

On the way back to the interior of the cabin, Cleves handed two five-pound notes to Klein.

“Your payment.”

He had just received 150 pounds from Elland's purchase of the whole murloc.

"I didn't do anything," Klein instinctively refused.

Cleves glanced at him with his pale blue eyes and said in a low voice, "You freed up Cecile and took good care of the children."

Took good care of the children? Klein was somewhat amused, but he finally took the two bills and drew a triangle on his chest.

"You're more generous than I thought. Thank you."

He stopped declining because he suddenly figured out something. If he hadn't accepted the ten pounds, then in the eyes of a veteran adventurer like Cleves, it would appear as though he was dissatisfied with the price and was attempting to get more, making it possible that he would attack them at any time. Among self-proclaimed adventurers, there was definitely no lack of greedy madmen!

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow pocket the money, Cleves looked away and said flatly, "This is a rule of the sea."

Without another word, he followed Cecile, Donna, and company into the cabin.

If I could get such rewards with every single mission and job of this difficulty, then I would've long made a fortune with my job as a private detective... Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh and turned his head to look at the red moon hanging high in the sky.

It still shone quietly and gently in the night.

Legends of the sea, different monsters… I've finally found the slight feeling of being an adventurer. Klein turned around and walked to the edge of the ship. Bathing in the crimson veil, he admired the waves that were growing darker. Gradually, his mood settled as he walked out bit by bit from the gloom of Backlund's Great Smog.

The cold, damp wind slapped his face, and the vast, endless ocean caught his eye, opening up his heart.

For a moment, Klein felt the urge to sing, but when he opened his mouth, he found that he couldn't remember the corresponding modern verses.

I can't just end up saying, "Oh sea, you're all water"… The Emperor's Savant Sequence is really well suited to doing such things. When I have the time, I should read through his poems so as to not look like illiterate… Klein lampooned as he looked at the red moon and the ocean before sighing.

"What a beautiful night."

…

After an accidental episode of getting lost, the exploratory team returned to the City of Silver.

Looking at the wall's cracks filled with weeds, Derrick found himself in a trance, as if he had been gone for many years.

Diagonally behind him, Demon Hunter Colin's eyes suddenly wore a lost look as he raised his hand to press on his right temple.

The rest of the team members were filled with joy and relief from the bottom of their hearts.

After a difficult exploration, having a home waiting for them was the happiest thing in their hearts.

Collin's gaze returned to normal as he turned his head to the side and looked diagonally ahead.

...

Backlund, the White family.

After some thought, the confident Emlyn came up to his parents and asked, "If I wanted to delve into the history of us Sanguine, who would I look for?"

If I were to ask about the City of Silver directly, it's very likely that I'll be exposed for being problematic. Although I'm not afraid and very calm, for the Ancestor and in order to save the entire Sanguine race, I have no choice but to hide it... I've always been interested in the history of Sanguine. I've collected a lot of information, and Father and Mother know that, so I wouldn't be suspected in any way... This excuse is perfect! Emlyn praised himself inwardly.

He resembled his father to a certain extent. He wore gold-rimmed glasses that made him look very professional.

The gentleman, who had gotten his doctorate in medicine, put down the thick "Anatomy" book in his hands, nudged his glasses, and said, "No one in Backlund knows more than Lord Nibbs."

...If I dared to seek Lord Nibbs, I would've long done so... Emlyn thought of Mr. Fool's description of him being a messiah, that had to bear the burden of a secret while being misunderstood, as he pressed with a solemn expression, "Aside from Lord Nibbs?

"He's sleeping underground, so it's not convenient for him to be disturbed."

Emlyn's father pulled up the collar of his thick cotton pajamas and thought for a moment.

"Waymandy. He always thinks of himself as a historian."

Emlyn heaved a sigh of relief and smiled.

"I wish to visit him."

...

Woo!

The whistle sounded and the White Agate sailed into Damir Harbor.

It would replenish fresh food and water on the colonial island and set sail again the next morning.

After hunting the murloc, Klein spent the next two days of what could be described as a leisurely or boring life. He was completely bored by the scenery of the sea, and he decided to head to the harbor's bar to look around that very night, hoping to get more information on mermaids and inspiration for acting.

If I were to come across a pirate whose hands are stained with blood onshore, I wouldn't mind teaching him a lesson. There are still souls waiting to be released from Creeping Hunger... Klein's forehead sweated as he equipped himself with all his mystical items as he left his cabin before heading down to the harbor.

During this process, he met Donna, Cleves, and the others. They seemed to be heading over to a port restaurant to taste Damir's most famous cured meat.

Donna and Denton greeted the adventurer, whom they had just gotten to know, without their parents noticing, and seemed curious as to where he was going.

Klein smiled back, pulled up his collar, and, following the directions of the sign, found the nearest bar.

Flying Fish & Wine... Klein looked at the signboard and saw that the outside of the bar was plastered with bounty notices.

Among them were the 800,000 pounds belonging to the King of the Five Seas, and more than a hundred pounds for the common pirate captain. This formed a unique landscape that ranged from the highest to the lowest.

It's all money... Klein stood on the spot and looked at it for a long time.

He withdrew his gaze, pushed open the door, and entered the bar, only to find that it was abnormally quiet. It didn't have the din that such places came equipped with.

What happened? Klein looked around and saw Captain Elland, in a dark red coat, sitting at the bar, as well as two large men in the middle of the room, facing each other.

Chapter 498: Persona

The standoff was between a brawny man in a blue white-striped shirt, a symbol of the navy. Despite the weather being at near zero temperatures, he had his arms bare.

He held a dagger against the throat of the man opposite him, but his glabella was being pointed at by an ancient musket, one which could've been placed in a museum.

The musket's owner was also more than 1.8 meters tall, with strong muscles and an oily face. He had shaved his hair, and with a sea eagle tattoo, he cursed, "Dogsh*t Navy sailor!

"No one in Damir Harbor would dare slander me as a pirate's informant!"

The Navy sailor didn't yield to him, and both sides fully illustrated the rich profanities of the sea.

Klein observed for a few seconds, then he walked around the edge to Captain Elland, who had a straight sword at his waist and a hidden musket on his body. He asked in a calm and casual manner, "What happened?"

"A quarrel between two drunkards. In Damir Harbor and in the surrounding waters, there's always been such rumors that Sea Eagle Logan is in service of the master of the Black Tulip. The Navy sailor had mentioned this a moment ago, and Sea Eagle just happened to hear that."

The master of the Black Tulip? Isn't that Admiral Hell Ludwell?

Klein turned and sat down on the high stool in front of the bar counter. He tapped the wooden countertop.

“One glass of Southville beer.”

“Six pence.” A bronze-skinned bartender with pearly-white teeth wiped the cups as he said with zero passion.

When it comes to continental specialties, the prices are much higher than Backlund and Tingen... Klein fished out a handful of copper pence, counted six pence and gave it to him.

At this moment, Logan and the Navy sailor were stopped by the bar’s bouncer. After they each spoke harshly to each other, they retreated to different corners.

Perhaps it was due to him losing his dignity, the Navy sailor hurriedly left after about ten seconds. The atmosphere in the bar became lively once again.

“Want to play some cards?” Captain Elland pointed to the stairs by the side of the bar.

“No.” Klein’s main purpose for coming was to gather information.

Elland subconsciously wanted to pat him on the shoulder, but his cold and sharp demeanor stopped him. He could only pull back his hand and pretend to adjust his dark red coat and remind him, “Don’t get the women here.”

Klein nodded, picked up the glass of Southville beer, and took a

swig.

“Also, don’t trust anyone here. Only a small portion of what they say is true.” Elland carried his Lanti Proof and stepped onto the stairs that led to the second floor.

Klein turned his head to glance at him and asked without a change in expression, “Including you?”

“...Perhaps.” Elland was taken aback at first before he laughed out loud. “At least my reminder just now was real. Oh, and me being a man is true as well!”

Not necessarily... There’s a potion called Witch in this world... Klein looked away, drinking slowly and listening to the surrounding drinkers boasting.

Two or three minutes later, a short, thin man sat down next to Klein with his drink.

“Mate, you look like an adventurer.” He tilted his head and smiled.

The man who greeted him had black hair, blue eyes, and aged facial features. His temperament was rather wretched.

“You could say that,” Klein replied coldly.

“I can tell you’re a hunter, a hunter that chases after bounties and riches.” The short man looked around and lowered his head, suppressing his voice while he said, “Have you heard of the Specter Empire?”

I've heard of Amway, and I've also heard of the Father in Heaven and the Messiah being sealed at the bottom of the sea… Using the power of Faceless, Klein sent out a signal not to approach him.

"Yes, a huge, ancient ghost ship full of treasures."

"We have clues to it!" the short man said in an infectious tone. "We found some information about where it will appear next! We don't want the pirates or the Navy to benefit from it, and we don't want to be robbed of our wealth, so we've decided to hire our own armed merchant ships to wait in that area, which would probably cost about 1,000 pounds. I've already found 15 companions and raised 720 pounds. Are you interested in participating?"

Without waiting for Klein to speak, he fumbled for a stack of brownish-yellow letters.

"I know you won't believe it so easily. In fact, no one will, but after the fifteen friends who read through this information, all of them decided to join in on our plan."

…Do I have a such a gullible face? Or would any bumpkin end up in this situation without slipping away from this sort of thing? While Klein was considering whether to appraise the letters, from the corner of his eye, he saw that Sea Eagle Logan, who was previously squabbling, was walking towards him.

"Woody, you're trying to scam someone again! You damn sewer rat!" Logan picked up the short man and threw him into the open space in the middle of the bar, where he landed on the ground, sprawling.

The muscular man, with the bluish-green tattoo on his head, sat in the same position as Woody and guffawed.

“Sorry, these are the rats of our Damir Harbor. They always do things that ruin our reputation.

“In fact, we’re all very friendly. If you have anything you want to ask about, don’t hesitate to ask me.

“Heh heh, don’t believe what they say about me. I’m an upright person, and I have nothing to do with Admiral Hell!”

The more you emphasize that, the more suspicious it becomes... Klein’s expression didn’t change as he calmly said, “I want to know the latest rumors.”

“No problem.” Sea Eagle Logan slammed the bar top and said to the bartender, “Give me a plate of special cured meat. I’ll be treating this mate to our most famous delicacy in Damir.”

The bartender, while still maintaining his cold expression, pushed open the door and entered the kitchen. Soon, he brought out a plate of red and white, finely cut cured meat.

“Five pounds.” He didn’t look at Sea Eagle Logan, and he instead looked straight at Klein.

“Five pounds.” Sea Eagle Logan turned his head to the side, smiling warmly as he raised his arm to show his muscles. “Everyone just heard it. In order to thank me, you offered to treat me to some special cured meat.

For a moment, Klein didn’t realize what had happened. It was only when the bartender urged him a second time that he realized he was being blackmailed. Furthermore, their scam was rather well-planned.

First they used an easily seen through farce to let Sea Eagle Logan appear, thereby winning a good impression with the target, then, with the excuse of treating the target, order an especially expensive special cured meat, and then finally, he goes back on his word and turns matters upside down and forcing a sale… It's no wonder that when Rat Woody was thrown out, those drunkards didn't make a sound… They were all afraid of this Logan whose rumored to be in the service of Admiral Hell… How should I deal with this? My present persona is Gehrman Sparrow, a somewhat crazy adventurer and bounty hunter… Klein raised his cup and drank a mouthful of the rich malt-flavored beer and said with his usual tone, "Why don't you just rob me?"

"Why don't I just rob you?" Logan was a little stunned by the question.

Soon after, he saw a fist expanding before his face.

Thump!

Klein's left fist landed on Sea Eagle Logan's chin, knocking him backwards toward the bar counter.

With a push of his right palm, Klein nimbly left his chair and approached Logan's falling body.

His legs tensed, and his knees jerked upward, slamming into Logan's lower abdomen.

Pfft! Logan threw back his head, his eyes bulging while his mouth hung half open.

Klein drew his gun, shoved the revolver into the man's mouth,

and pulled the hammer back.

“I… I am…” Logan shouted indistinctly.

Klein looked him in the eye, pulled out his revolver, and swung it, striking the side of Logan’s face with the butt of the gun.

Logan’s teeth fell out one after another, and his mouth was stained with blood.

Faced with such a heavy blow and a pain that exceeded his limits, his eyes rolled back, and he fainted.

Klein propped him up and pulled a handful of loose bills and coins out of his pocket.

Since he estimated that there wasn’t more than five pounds with just a glance, Klein threw them on the bar and calmly said, “Keep the change.”

The bartender’s bronze face turned slightly pale as he shouted in panic, “My boss is White Shark!”

Without looking at him, Klein released his hand and allowed Sea Eagle Logan to fall to the ground. Then he sat down again, forked up a piece of cured meat, and stuffed it in his mouth to taste it. He found it rather unique as the flavors of the condiments spread out in wisps, scratching at his belly and throat.

After eating two pieces, he looked up and asked, “Does your boss know that you’re colluding with Sea Eagle?”

“No, he… No…” the bartender mumbled an answer.

Seeing that Klein had no intention of continuing his attacks and had paid the bill so quickly, the bouncers who had gathered nearby silently retreated.

Klein took a sip of his wine, glanced at Sea Eagle Logan on the ground, and calmly said to the bartender, “He’s Ludwell’s informant. How much is his bounty worth?”

“No, he’s not.” The bartender shook his head and said, “This is just something he says about himself—the information he spread himself. That Navy sailor from before was hired by him! That’s the only way to make everyone here afraid of him…”

Upon hearing this answer, the drinkers at the bar all put down their glasses in surprise. Some of the drunkards even staggered over to Logan and spat in his face.

Pui! Pui! Pui! Many drinkers followed suit.

Klein lowered his head again and said while eating the special cured meat, “Tell me about the recent rumors.”

The bartender breathed a sigh of relief as he wiped his glass and gave an intermittent account of the rumors in the past two months. Some of them were what Klein had heard before, and there were also things he just learned.

The Imperial Navy’s ironclad warship, Pritz, had destroyed a passing pirate crew during routine training… Panic over the behemoth’s cannons has begun to spread among the small and medium-sized pirate powers… Some of them even wished to take

advantage of the ironclad warship fleet's inchoate form to madly commit crimes before withdrawing from this trade with a sum of money... The sea wouldn't be peaceful for the next six months to a year... Admiral of Blood Senor and Vice Admiral Dusk Bulatov Ivan had a conflict in the southern waters of Sonia Island, and each of them lost two ships in the massive skirmish... Klein listened without asking questions, and he gradually filled his stomach.

Seeing that the plate containing the special cured meat had been emptied and having finished the rest of his beer, he slowly stood up.

"Remember today's lesson." Klein handed the plate to the bartender.

The bartender was about to reach out when the hair at the back of his head was grabbed.

Bang!

Klein shoved him down hard, knocking the bartender's head against the bar top, sending splinters flying and blood gushing. The customers all tried to avoid the impact, and the bouncers rushed over quickly.

After doing all of this, Klein clapped his hands and picked up his own glass, trying to pour the rest of the beer onto the bartender's head.

One drop, two drops, three drops...

Klein silently gave up. He turned around and bent down, grabbed Sea Eagle Logan, and threw him to the bouncers who were

rushing over.

Taking advantage of the moment when the bouncers were dodging and the bar being in chaos, Klein quickly ran, agilely circling around them, and easily left Flying Fish & Wine.

He pushed down his hat and quickly proceeded forward, turning towards a neighboring street.

After continuously changing directions, he suddenly slowed down his pace, and a gold coin appeared in his hand.

The gold coin kept weaving around in his fingers as if it was scouting something.

Chapter 499: Solicitation

Ding!

The gold coin quietly flipped up, tumbled down, and firmly lay in the palm of Klein's hand.

Lowering his head to glance if it was heads or tails, Klein spun his heel and smoothly turned into a quiet, dark alley.

The wind by the sea was cold and strong, and it caused a convection in the area, propelling his coat up without him realizing it and causing his half top hat to almost fall off.

Suddenly, Klein stopped, turned around, and said in a deep voice, "Come out."

His eyes were sharp as he stared at the shadow around the corner.

After four or five seconds of silence, a figure emerged from the shadows. He chuckled and said, "Very sharp."

It was a man in a black cloak, approximately thirty years of age, and his eyebrows were charred yellow while his dark blue eyes were bright. His face wasn't too chiseled, as though he was from the area south of Intis, Lenburg, and Segar.

As soon as he saw him, a picture flashed in Klein's mind.

As he entered the Flying Fish & Wine, he had professionally looked around for anyone he needed to pay attention to.

The answer at the time was no. The man had been drinking like a sailor and watching curiously from the side. He was no different from the other guests, and his appearance wasn't distinctive, but his black cloak had left a certain impression on Klein, allowing him to recognize the person who tailed him in an instant.

"What do you want?" Klein, who was maintaining his persona, bent down slightly, like a huge feline ready to pounce.

The man in the black cloak laughed once again.

"The fighting technique and handling method that you displayed just now was very consistent with my taste. I chased after you to ask if you're interested in joining us

"Although that guy named Logan was indeed pretending to be an informant of Ludwell, White Shark Hamilton does have connections with many pirates. He's a character with a shady background, so he'll definitely take your act of beating up one of his men at the bar to heart. There will definitely be problems for you in the future, and I can help you resolve this problem.

"You're an adventurer, so it's necessary for you to have dreams of treasure. As for us, we're people who banded together in a bid to seek treasure such as the Specter Empire, Solomon's inheritance, the secret of the Fountain of Unaging, the Death's Key, the Sunken Laurel, and Roselle's Treasure while traveling the Five Seas. Today, although we haven't accomplished any of our main goals, we've found many missing pirate ships. Heh heh, what I said does sound like what that rat had said, right?"

He cleared his throat and said, “Frankly speaking, we’re a band of pirates formed from a group of adventurers, but we only plunder merchant and passenger ships when we’re especially poor, and we don’t harm the innocent. Our main focus is on finding treasures, and we often reap harvests. And I kid you not, I once slept on a bed formed of gold coins. If we run into any other pirate ships, just showing them our prowess wins us some compensation.

“By the way, our Captain has decreed that before we recruit new people, we have to explain our creed and remuneration.”

Creed? Your captain is a little interesting… Klein deliberately softened his tension to see if the enemy would take the opportunity to attack.

The black-cloaked man smiled in a relaxed manner.

“What I said previously was our creed, and now, let me talk about the remuneration.”

This fellow is quite confident… Although he wasn’t a Spectator, Klein could tell that he was very confident and that he was completely unfazed by the scene in front of him.

“We don’t have any weekly salaries or annuity, but once we find treasure, or obtain riches from plundering, they’ll be distributed according to our ranks. Under normal circumstances, when our luck is still pretty good, the lowest ranking sailor can earn about two to three hundred pounds a year. I heard that this would make one a member of the middle-class on land? Heh heh, if we find the Sunken Laurel, all of us will become tycoons!” the black-cloaked man casually introduced. “According to our ranks, we would get different days off every month, but they can only be accumulated together and done in a staggered fashion.”

As he spoke, he suddenly cursed softly.

“Dogsh*t, just the year before, we missed a good chance of finding the Specter Empire because Captain was on holiday!”

Pirates have annual leave? Klein found it somewhat surprising.

He could only feel the pirate crew’s comedic intensity from the man’s description, reminding him of the humorous Somali pirate recruitment advertisements he had seen in his previous life.

Seeing that Klein appeared shocked by his words, the black cloaked man added with a smile, “As an adventurer, are you still chasing after the powers that transcend nature as told in legends?

“As long as you join us, you’ll have a chance to possess them!”

Having said that, he coughed and said, “I forgot to introduce myself.”

His expression turned solemn, no longer looking as jocular as he was before.

“Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards’s subordinate, fourth boatswain of the Golden Dream, Blazing Danitz.”

After reporting his title, real name, and identity, Danitz waited patiently for the look of panic and fear to appear on Klein’s face.

After a second, he heard the adventurer, who acted somewhat crazily despite looking refined and polite, say in a low voice, “Blazing Danitz with a bounty of 3,000 pounds?”

Danitz was about to reply when he had the illusion that the man standing in the dark alley had turned into an indescribable, hungry monster, salivating over his soul and flesh.

He suddenly clenched his fists; his body no longer as relaxed as it had been earlier. He was so tense that he was trembling slightly.

His intuition told him that he was facing an abyss filled with madness and bloodlust!

In this state, Danitz had no idea how much time had passed until the other party spoke again, “Why are you here?”

“I-I’m on vacation…” Blazing Danitz’s dignity made him scorn to answer this question, but his instinct made him spit out the reason.

As soon as he finished speaking, he felt the man retract his gaze, the hunger to gnaw on his flesh and soul disappearing.

He stood where he was and watched as the young adventurer in a black coat and a silk half top hat turn around and walk to the other end of the alley. He stopped when he was about to turn the corner, and turning his head, he asking, “Where’s White Shark?”

“H-he lives at 1 Sea Wall Avenue, but he spends most of his time on the second floor of the Flying Fish & Wine. It’s no different today,” Blazing Danitz answered truthfully.

Only when the figure disappeared into the distance did Danitz straighten his back and take off his cloak.

"What a terrifying fellow..." He sighed silently.

Following that, he found his thoughts and muttered to himself, *I have to inform Captain that there's another terrifying person at sea.*

This is a guy who looks like a gentleman on the outside, but he has a heart like a lunatic's. If one doesn't have the determination and confidence to kill him, it's best not to deal with him.

Danitz pulled up his black cloak's hood and decided to return to the hotel for some sleep. He planned to wait until the telegraph office opened the next morning before relaying the message to his middleman contact in the Rorsted Archipelago.

As for what would happen to White Shark, he didn't care at all.

...

In the corner of another quiet street, Klein stood in the shadows, looking down at the black glove on his left hand.

He found that, although Creeping Hunger had been sealed by Mr. Azik, its thirst for flesh and souls still intrinsically existed and was trying to manifest itself.

Under normal circumstances, Klein wasn't worried that the sealed item would produce any problems, but when he had the urge to kill someone, the corresponding influence he would

receive was enough to let that hunger which could lash back at him emanate.

Earlier, when he heard that Danitz was a famous pirate on the bounty list, killing intent instantly rose inwardly out of his yearning desire, causing Creeping Hunger to become as active as a fish in water.

Fortunately, Klein always had good self-control in this aspect. From his words, he was able to judge that he wasn't a pirate who was riddled with sin, so he easily restrained his impulse.

With Creeping Hunger, Gehrman Sparrow's persona will be flawless... Klein paused for a few seconds, took out a gold coin and performed two divinations. First, he divined if Blazing Danitz was lying, and second, if White Shark Hamilton was able to cause harm to him.

The first revelation showed that there was no need for Blazing Danitz to lie, and the second one showed that White Shark Hamilton was unable to cause harm to him.

Klein put away the gold coin, pressed down his hat, and while doing so, he swept his palm down and touched his face.

He instantly changed his appearance—blond hair, blue eyes, and ordinary facial features!

Then, Klein unbuttoned his overcoat and pulled up the inner shirt so that it was no longer stuffed into his trousers.

After a simple change of his attire, Klein, who didn't carry a cane, began sweating. His lips were dry as he identified the

direction and headed back to the Flying Fish & Wine bar!

On the way, he met Blazing Danitz again. The man only glanced at him once before withdrawing his gaze and headed for the hotel opposite the bar.

After inspecting the bounty wall, Klein calmly reached out with his hand, pushed open the door and walked in.

At this moment, it had been less than ten minutes since he escaped.

In the bar, most of the customers had dispersed, but there were still a lot of drunkards gathered here to watch the show.

Their eyes swept over the new guest, but they all withdrew it soon after, and Klein made his way unimpeded to the bar counter.

He saw the bartender standing with frightened eyes beside a fat man; his forehead heavily bandaged with white bandages, his nostrils stuffed with tissue paper, and his face was bruised.

The fatty was tall and big. His skin was fair and he looked like a big white shark that had swam itself ashore.

He touched his shiny bald head and said to Elland, who was wearing a dark red jacket and a straight sword, “Someone told me that you know that guy?

“There are only three passenger ships that docked today, so there won’t be many unfamiliar outsiders. Don’t try to lie!”

Elland patted the hilt of his sword and smiled casually.

“Yes, he is my passenger.

“But the problem today clearly stemmed from your people.”

“So I just want him to come back here, apologize to me, and compensate me for the damage done to the bar,” the tall, big-sized white fatty said with a frown.

Elland laughed and said, “White Shark, I have a proverb from my hometown: ‘don’t hate wild dogs that pass by just because of the rats in the storehouse.’”

“...Just Elland, is this your answer?” White Shark Hamilton narrowed his eyes.

Elland gripped the wooden handle of the musket, took a step forward, and said with a deep voice, “Yes, this is my answer!”

Captain sure has his way of doing things... Klein was slightly surprised at Elland’s response.

After staring at each other for a few seconds, White Shark Hamilton took in a deep breath.

“You’ve helped me before, so I don’t need an apology. However, he must compensate half of my losses, and you will be the one to pass them on.”

“Good suggestion.” Elland smiled.

White Shark Hamilton's face darkened as he looked around.

He suddenly threw out his hand, slapping the bartender in the face.

The bartender flew out, all his teeth dropping to the floor.

Klein quietly watched from five meters away, as if none of this had anything to do with him.

Chapter 500: Interrogating White Shark

Bam!

The bartender fell to the ground, writhing in pain.

White Shark Hamilton snorted and didn't say anything. He turned around and walked towards the second floor, stepping on the creaking wooden stairs.

After the excitement was over, the drunkards dispersed one by one. Unaffected, Captain Elland and the others returned upstairs to continue playing cards.

Klein took the opportunity to follow.

He returned to Flying Fish & Wine, not to deal with White Shark who didn't pose any threat to him but rather to simply get more information from the owner of the bar, who was connected to many pirate factions. After all, he had named his new identity Gehrman, which secretly implied hunting pirates whose hands were stained with blood. He planned on using their souls, flesh, and Beyonder characteristics to replace the souls in Creeping Hunger who were awaiting their release.

There was no gas in Damir Harbor, and the corridor on the second floor was relatively dark. The brass candle stands that were inlaid into each wall flickered and dimmed.

Klein observed the surroundings as he wiped his face, silently transforming into one of the bouncers on the first floor.

He used Illusion Creation to compensate for his mismatched attire.

After finishing his preparations, he walked towards the room that his spiritual intuition identified as belonging to White Shark Hamilton.

He first passed the card room, but he didn't attract anyone's attention.

He stopped in front of the bouncers who were guarding the corridor and said in a low voice, "There's something going on downstairs again."

"Holy Lord of Storms, what's happening tonight?" A bouncer sighed.

"I hope those beautiful people don't get hurt," another guard said worriedly.

He was referring to the whores who got their business in the bar.

"They're fine." Klein stepped past the bouncers and knocked on White Shark's door.

"Who is it?" Hamilton warily asked.

"Boss, it's me. Something happened downstairs again!" Klein remembered the information he gleaned while watching the commotion and deliberately hoarsened his voice.

“Damn it!” Hamilton bellowed, “Come in and explain to me what happened!”

Klein turned the doorknob and walked in.

When he closed the door, he dispelled the illusion, and the muscles on his face rapidly squirmed, returning to his previous identity—a new customer with blond hair, blue eyes, and ordinary facial features.

“You…” Hamilton was stunned for a moment before he immediately opened his mouth wide in an attempt to shout loudly.

At the same time, many illusory fish scales surfaced on the back of his hand, his originally large and fat body burgeoning.

Suddenly, his heart began to beat faster, and a strong instinctive fear seized him by the throat.

At this moment, he felt that the stranger standing by the door was a demon that had been starved for many days, repeatedly examining his flesh and soul with an ice-cold, craving look in his eyes.

All of a sudden, White Shark Hamilton was gripped by an extreme panic, and he failed to effectively respond.

Klein slowly walked to the sofa and sat down. He politely smiled.

“Now, can we talk calmly?”

The feeling of being stared at by a horrifying monster suddenly disappeared. Hamilton relaxed all of a sudden while his body shriveled up a lot like a punctured balloon.

He didn't rashly cry for help as he asked with beads of sweat lining his forehead, "Who are you? What do you want?"

"A hunter," Klein answered casually, "I heard that you're connected to a number of pirate factions. I would like to know their respective situations."

"No, I'm not…" White Shark Hamilton subconsciously denied.

He immediately felt the extreme hunger again, and he felt as if the man's eyes were dyed with a dark red layer.

Klein inwardly deliberated over his persona and said with a gentlemanly smile, "You have two choices.

"One is to answer frankly. The second is to be killed by me and then answer honestly."

Killing to channel my spirit? White Shark Hamilton had heard of similar rumors. He swallowed hard and asked, "Why do you want to know about any of this?"

Klein smiled and answered, "I'm a hunter, so I'm chasing after bounties."

Hamilton suddenly felt that the man's polite smile was tinged with an indescribable madness, and he couldn't help but blurt out, "Are… Are you mad?

“I’ve seen many similar adventurers, but all of them have been buried at the bottom of the sea!

“It’s not hard to kill a lone pirate, but can you defend against any further retaliation? The whores in the bar or the seemingly ordinary customers might all be pirate informants! Your friendly accomplice could be bribed at any moment and you’ll be shot in the back! The pirates will gather information in advance and surround your ship. Can you protect all the passengers? Can you survive a cannon bombardment? On the sea where there’s no room to run, how are you going to survive?”

After venting the horror in his heart in one breath, he saw the man, who called himself a hunter, reveal a gentle and kind smile.

“Just have them all killed, and then there won’t be such a problem.”

A true madman… White Shark Hamilton immediately took a deep breath and said, “I’m in contact with many pirates, but it’s a passive relationship. They need to sell the cash, jewelry, and goods that they plundered in exchange for alcohol, food, fresh water, weapons, and women’s comfort. This has to happen through me, but I can only wait here for them. I don’t know where their ships pass or where they’re going.”

“What else?” Klein asked calmly.

His reply just now was mainly to scare White Shark. As for having revenge sought on him by the pirates, he wasn’t worried at all. As a Faceless, he might as well find a place to drown himself at the bottom of the sea if they could find him so easily.

And… White Shark Hamilton’s throat moved, without

immediately giving an affirmative or negative description.

He tightly closed his mouth and looked at the gentleman in the half top hat. The gentleman's eyes were calm and reserved, as though madness was brewing within him.

The uneasy silence was like the calm sea surface before a storm, gently resounding, colliding, and fermenting.

Finally, Hamilton shifted his gaze away and placed his hand on the desk in frustration.

"Yes, I'm still gathering information for them. If there's any urgent information, I'll use the radio transceiver they gave me to alert them."

White Shark didn't dare to take the risk and was afraid that the man possessed unique Beyonder powers that could determine if he was speaking the truth or if he was saying the whole truth.

"Radio transceiver?" Klein, who had succeeded in laying his bets, sharply caught onto a noun.

"That's what they call it when speaking to me. It's like a telegram, but it doesn't require a wire." Hamilton turned and walked over to the gray safe and squatted down.

A wireless telegraph? The pirates possess such advanced technology? Klein could vaguely guess what the radio transceiver was.

He had previously thought of inventing something like this, but

when he flipped through relevant magazines, he realized that wireless telegrams had long since appeared. However, it hadn't found its place in the commercial world. The Berserk Sea, which separated the Northern and Southern Continents with its constant thunder and lightning, the chaotic magnetic field, and violent storms, made only a few sea routes accessible. Even if one was equipped with wireless telegraphs, they were almost useless. Similarly, the weather in the Fog Sea and the Sonia Sea had changed drastically, and there were a number of factors that affected electromagnetic transmission. The use of wireless telegrams had been severely restricted.

Could it be that there's an enhanced model that can solve some of those problems? Klein watched as White Shark pried open the floor plank in front of the safe and twisted a mechanism to reveal a secret door in the wall.

Behind the secret door was a hidden cabinet with three levels. On the top level were some documents and bills, a revolver, a new type of half-arm gun, and other weapons, while the bottom layer was filled with complicated black machinery.

With just a glance, Klein deduced from his previous life's impression and the information he had gathered previously, that the mechanical construct belonged to a radio transceiver.

"That's what they call it. It's called a radio transceiver. The news it transmits can be received by similar items as far as the Rorsted Archipelago. Any further and it'll depend on the weather and one's luck. Usually, it's very troublesome and limited." Hamilton didn't know much about the machine, and he was vaguely describing the corresponding situation based on his experiences using it and what he had been taught.

It's better than the new radio transceivers that are now being commercialized… I wonder who invented it… Klein quietly listened and asked, "Who are they?"

He made himself look like a bounty hunter who didn't understand technology.

White Shark Hamilton wiped the cold sweat off his forehead and said, "Silver Coin Viper Oder who claims to serve the owner of the Dawn, as well as the intelligence officer of Admiral of Blood, Old Quinn. They appeared together, and I can't be certain if they're working together. Of course, Oder has always only made claims."

The owner of the Dawn, that Queen Mystic? Klein looked away, a gold coin appearing in his hand.

The gold coin kept weaving between his fingers before finally leaping into the air and landing. It left White Shark puzzled as he trembled in fear and trepidation.

Lowering his head to take a glance, Klein slowly stood up.

At this moment, he suddenly asked, "Who gave you the potion?"

"O-Old Quinn..." Hamilton hesitated but still chose to answer honestly.

Klein nodded and no longer asked. He turned and walked towards the door.

Thud! The wooden door opened and closed. The figure wearing a black coat disappeared from White Shark's room.

Hamilton held his breath, waited for more than ten seconds, and finally let out a long sigh.

He quickly wiped the sweat from his face, placed the radio receiver on the desk, flipped through a codebook, and hurriedly sent a telegram into the distance:

"I was targeted!

"By an unfamiliar fellow!"

Beside the completely engrossed Hamilton, Klein had his hands in his pockets as he quietly watched, taking in the entire frequency spectrum and the passcodes.

His departure just now was just a large-scale magic show, more than enough to deal with a Low-Sequence Beyonder like White Shark's Sailor pathway.

As for the question of whether or not he would be able to remember the details later, a Seer didn't need to worry over it. A dream divination was enough to recall everything.

Admiral of Blood and his men enjoy killing and love blood. They're passionate about enacting violence against women. Every time they rob a passenger ship, they would always cause a tragedy... This is public information known by everyone, and they themselves were proud of it. They're never stingy with their proclamations... The target of the hunt and the risk involved—

I'll give priority to them... Klein thought for a moment and then prepared to leave the room while Hamilton tidied and put away the radio transceiver.

He didn't plan on dealing with White Shark for the time being, as he was afraid of disturbing the real prey. Anyways, this kind of

fellow who was on land with a fixed territory could be easily dealt with in a letter later since he had dirt on him.

Klein's soundless footsteps caused the door to slowly open and then quietly close, bringing in a slight cool breeze.

Chapter 501: Bait

After sending out the telegram and cleaning up the desk, White Shark Hamilton relaxed completely. He was finally in the mood and had the ability to think about the details of what had happened to him.

The first question that popped into his mind was: *What about the bouncers outside?*

He propped himself up with both hands and walked heavily to the door. When he opened it to take a look, he found that several of his men were standing there unsteadily, telling each other jokes involving women.

Hamilton's anger rushed to his head, but he soon calmed down. The muscles on his face twitched slightly as he pounded on the open door.

Thump!

The bouncers were startled and instinctively turned to look at the door.

"Boss..."

"Boss..."

Seeing who was making the sound, they hurriedly stood there and stammered.

White Shark took a deep breath and asked, “Did you see anyone enter my room?”

“Yes, Lardero. He said that there was a situation downstairs.” The bouncers were confused by the question. “Boss, you were the one who let him in…”

As soon as they finished talking, they suddenly thought of other explanations and asked, “Boss, was something inside stolen?”

Hamilton’s expression sank, and he shook his head.

“Don’t doze off!”

Thud! He drew back and closed the door, leaving the few bouncers puzzled as they exchanged looks, suspecting that their boss was drunk.

In the room, the tall and fat Hamilton frowned and started pacing back and forth.

“Lardero, Lardero, they saw Lardero… That guy, that guy, can he change into someone else’s appearance?” As a collaborator who helped pirates sell their loot and gather intelligence, White Shark Hamilton was no stranger to all sorts of sea rumors. The first thing he thought of was the former Pirate Admiral Qilangos who was said to be capable of turning into anyone.

However, he quickly made more connections.

It might not be this mystical ability. If it’s really close to the description in the rumors, illusions, cues, and mental

manipulation can all do similar things.

Hmm, there's something amiss. That fellow appeared refined and gentle on the outside, but he's inwardly mad and has terrifying strength. With the character he showcased, he should've knocked unconscious or killed anyone who had seen him, before strolling to the door and very politely knocking on the door!

If it's to avoid creating a huge commotion so as to not leave behind too much information or exposing secrets related to his Sequence, then he could've used a more covert method, like climbing through the window…

Very contradictory… There's only one explanation for this contradiction. He was putting on an act!

Was he disguising his personality or disguising his strength? Or both?

When he thought of this, Hamilton suddenly stopped and put all the details together.

That guy is a novice! His madness is a disguise! His strength is demonstrated by relying on some mystical item!

Yes, that must be it!

This can explain the contradictions. He didn't climb up the walls and enter through the window, because he's a Low-Sequence Beyonder, and he isn't good in such aspects. The focus of his mystical item isn't in this domain… In order to successfully enter my room, he was willing to lower his head and address me as "boss" because he was purely relying on the mystical item. He

wasn't too confident about himself and doesn't have enough pride and madness... He acted like a madman so as to match the mystical item's effects of generating horror in others. He created pressure to ask for information.

This can also perfectly explain why he left just like that. The reason why he came to find me is because he obtained such a powerful mystical item. With his elevated ambition, he wants to capture and kill some pirates to make a fortune. Once he knew that I'm serving Silver Coin Viper Oder and Admiral of Blood's intelligence officer, Old Quinn, to the point of being involved with the Queen Mystic, he got scared and fearful, so he chose to leave after acting perfunctorily. He didn't dare to kill anyone!

The more Hamilton thought, the closer he felt to the truth. He hurriedly set up the radio transceiver again and flipped through the passcodes and added a telegram to concisely describe his theories.

He didn't believe that he was being targeted by a hunter, because everything that had happened was a result of the inflated ambition of a young man who simply had a fortuitous encounter. He also gave the corresponding characteristics of the target.

"Blond, blue eyes, not crazy, and even a little timid.

"Possesses a rather mystical item that might allow one to change their appearance and create illusions. In consideration of the sense of horror, the latter is more likely to be true.

"He's just a novice who doesn't have much experience. He specializes in mimicking a powerful aura with the help of the item!

“He knows a thing or two about me, and he doesn’t look like an outsider who’s here in Damir Harbor for the first time.”

Tap. *Tap*. *Tap*. Hamilton stopped his finger and leaned back in satisfaction, his chair creaking under his weight.

The corners of his mouth curled up a little, as though he had already seen the ending of that bastard from just now.

“It wouldn’t end well for a fellow with a very low Sequence despite possessing a powerful mystical item at sea. Many greedy sharks would rush towards him!

“When the time comes, I’ll no longer have to worry about my problems being exposed!”

…

Under the night sky, the harbor was rather quiet. After leaving the Flying Fish & Wine, Klein made a detour in the distance. He first walked quickly before moving slowly, his pace gradually turning into a stroll.

When he was sure that no one was following him, he turned his face back to Gehrman Sparrow as he passed through the shadows. He stuffed the hem of his shirt into his trousers.

He adjusted his sideburns and took out his gold-rimmed glasses, placing them on the bridge of his nose. It gave him a coldness despite his refined appearance.

He began to rely on the stars to find his way back to the White

Agate.

As he walked, he let out a soft chuckle. Amidst the cold wind, he leisurely thought, *I hope White Shark isn't that foolish and is able to see the flaws I left behind…*

The persona he had set up tonight was of a new adventurer who lacked experience and made mistakes. And this person, on the other hand, knew a lot about Damir Harbor and White Shark. He had a tempting mystical item on him which had messed with his mind, making him a little crazy deep down.

Klein's initial idea was that pirates would wander around the ocean, and even the navy would have a hard time finding them. If he could get more accurate information from White Shark, he could of course go straight to them. If that didn't work, his identity could be used as a bait to lure some knowledgeable pirates to a predetermined location to complete the initial hunt.

When it was discovered that White Shark could contact Old Quinn, the intelligence officer of Admiral of Blood, Klein's plan was completed. His acquisition of the passcodes and the frequency spectrum had allowed him to monitor the corresponding situation and grasp the target's movement. Then, by interfering with the divination of others, he could, at the most appropriate time, use the combination of having a powerful mystical item and being a weak adventurer as bait, to catch a number of big fish.

Now, the problem I have is that I don't have the equipment to monitor their communications… It's basically impossible to buy it at sea… I'll have to use The World's identity to get Miss Justice or Miss Magician to buy one in Backlund. I'll receive the delivery via a sacrificial ritual… This is the advantage of the Tarot Club! With this in mind, Klein sighed.

Seeing the White Agate in sight, he quickened his pace a little and found that Donna's family and Cleves were returning from another street.

Cleves greeted him by nodding his head. Just like when they officially met, he said in a low voice, "I heard there was trouble at Flying Fish & Wine?"

Very well-informed and rather familiar with Damir Harbor... Klein smiled and replied, "I only taught two cheats a lesson."

Cleves's brows twitched slightly, suddenly feeling that his impression of Gehrman Sparrow was a little wrong.

After his previous observation and interaction, he felt that, although this young adventurer was a bit sharp, a bit reserved, and a bit cold, he could still be considered someone who smiled, was polite, and knew when to advance or retreat. But now, he was a bit uncertain. He felt that there might be a hidden flame of madness hidden in the recesses of his heart.

At this moment, Donna's father interrupted, "Mr. Cleves, who is this?"

"A colleague, Gehrman Sparrow," Cleves introduced in a very simple manner.

With a polite smile, Klein extended his right palm.

"It's my honor to meet you. In the future, if you need anyone, and if you can't find Cleves and the others, you can consider me."

“No problem. I hope you’re as strong and professional as them!” Donna’s father shook hands with Klein with apparent warmth and introduced himself, “Urdi Branch.”

Klein had just released his grip on the box when his spiritual perception was triggered. He felt that there was something strange inside the gift boxes the Branch servants were holding.

He quietly activated his Spirit Vision and discovered that the gift box contained strips of cured meat. However, the surface of the cured meat had very rich colors at the red, white, and black spots. They looked they were things from the spirit world.

There’s the aura of the spirit world, but they’re practically harmless… This cured meat is very special… Klein was surprised.

Noticing his gaze, Donna’s father laughed and said, “This is a specialty of Damir Harbor. In the center of the island, there’s an extinct volcano. There are a few cracks in the surrounding underground caves where a natural hot wind blows. Curing meat there allows the meat to gain a wonderful and unique flavor. It can be used as gifts for friends.

“Mr. Sparrow, if you wish to buy some, it’s not too late.”

Unique flavor? The taste of the spirit world? Klein had a rough idea of what was going on.

According to theories in mysticism, the spirit world completely overlapped with reality without interfering with it. One had to rely on the strength of a Beyonder to open up a gap, but this wasn’t an absolute situation. There were places in the world, which had the spirit world being strong enough to slightly influence reality.

In such regions, it was very easy for the dead to turn into water ghosts, zombies, and the like. There was also a non-trivial possibility that residences in such areas would have paranormal activity.

A similar situation should've occurred in the interior of Damir Harbor's underground caves, but it's not serious and doesn't cause any abnormalities, only giving the cured meat a unique flavor... There wouldn't be any problems if one doesn't eat too much of this in one sitting... Klein responded with a smile.

"I'm not interested in cured meat."

Only at this moment did he finally confirm that the cured meat that the bartender had previously served him was ordinary and nothing special.

At this moment, the little boy, Denton, pointed at the moon in the sky and said, "It's so very red!"

"Yeah!" Donna nodded in agreement.

Very red? Klein looked up and saw that the red moon was no different than usual.

Because a child's spirit is relatively pure, he temporarily possesses certain Spirit Vision powers after being tainted with the spirit world's aura from eating such cured meat? Would the children on this island be in a similar situation? Heh heh, this might be the source of Damir Harbor's folklore... Klein observed for a moment and found the answer.

The group strolled back to the ship, moving up the gangway and

arriving on the deck.

Klein bade them farewell and went to the second-class cabin.

Suddenly, his mind stirred and he once again activated his Spirit Vision.

He saw the huge skeleton messenger appear in front of him and drop a letter.

Chapter 502: The Scene in Azik's Memories

Pa!

Klein stretched out his hand and caught the slightly heavy letter.

The large skeleton messenger didn't stay, and it immediately disintegrated into a fountain of bones. One bone after another fell to the deck and disappeared, as though it didn't want to stay a second longer.

With the letter firmly in his hand, Klein didn't lower his head to examine it. Instead, he instinctively turned around and looked at the wooden staircase leading to the first-class cabins.

He saw Donna and Denton with their eyes wide and mouths agape, as though they wanted to scream at the sight of the scene, but everything they saw was over before they could make a sound. As a result, they even wondered if they were hallucinating.

The children who eat the special cured meat in Damir Harbor gain temporary Spirit Vision to a certain degree... Klein's brows twitched slightly as he raised his left hand's index finger vertically and placed it against his mouth to silence the two young ones, just like he did while the murloc hunt was happening.

The already rather tall Donna immediately raised her hand and covered her mouth. She nodded in fear and excitement, indicating that she understood.

When she looked diagonally down, she saw that her brother was still in a daze. She quickly grabbed his arm and pushed his hand against his mouth.

Cleves and Cecile sensed that something was wrong with them. They stopped and looked at Klein, but they discovered nothing.

Facing their stares, Klein calmly nodded and continued walking to his room.

A gold coin had appeared in his hand without anyone realizing. It was tossed up, and it tumbled around as though it possessed life.

Ding!

The gold coin landed with a number facing up, indicating a negative result.

This meant that the tiny episode wouldn't be detrimental to Klein.

Seriously, the current messenger isn't polite at all. It's not like the previous one who would tap my shoulder or nudge my body to give an advance warning, or just convert my surroundings into a spiritual world to prevent ordinary people from seeing him... Klein lampooned as he took out his key and opened the door.

He sat down on the edge of the low bed, lit a candle with only half its length remaining, and opened Mr. Azik's response letter.

As he pulled out the items inside, the first one that caught his

eye was the Black Emperor card.

Looking at that face which pissed him off, Klein let out a breath of relief and eased his worries.

He wasn't afraid that Mr. Azik wouldn't return it to him, as he had that minimum level of trust. After all, the potion formula and corresponding rituals could be copied, and only the convergence properties of high-level materials couldn't be imitated. And since this was clearly not Azik's pathway, nor was it one of the switchable paths available to him, so a powerhouse like him had no need for it.

Klein was worried that the messenger would be robbed, losing the Card of Blasphemy which would help him tremendously while in his Spirit Body state.

This wasn't impossible. The number of strange creatures in the spirit world was hard to count, so it isn't hard to end up having a few who were good at locating messengers and robbing them.

The Black Emperor card was returned along with the copper whistle from the Numinous Episcopate.

After temporarily putting away these two items, Klein unfolded the important letter and read Azik's reply.

"...That card that depicts the Black Emperor reminds me of certain scenes. The tall-as-a-mountain Blood Emperor who wore a red cape with 'His' eyes being abnormally crazy, containing almost zero reasoning. He was on the brink of losing control. There was the true Black Emperor who had revived. 'He' sat on a gigantic throne, overlooking the land.

“When I looked up at them, I lost consciousness when the Blood Emperor looked at me.

“I should have, in some form, participated in the War of the Four Emperors, but the exact details still require me to recall them. Perhaps it was because of an injury from back then that caused me to lose my memories again and again as I repeatedly died and reawakened.

“The legend of Death’s treasure trove in the Berserk Sea doesn’t ring any bells. Perhaps I’ll be able to sense something and be naturally attracted to it when I travel to the Southern Continent by boat and pass through that sea.

“The experiences of the owner of that copper whistle resemble that of an Undying’s ritual, but there are also clear differences. I can sense evil auras and the premonition of danger. I believe the owner of the copper whistle is in a strange and terrifying state.

“It’s best that you don’t blow that copper whistle and summon the messenger. This will bring extreme danger. We can make further attempts when I fully recover my memories and figure out what that experience really means.

“The feather left behind by the copper whistle’s owner that you mentioned can be used in the domain of the undead. It’s a unique material that’s rich in spirituality. When I recall more, I’ll organize the knowledge of some rituals and charms you can use with it for you. Speaking of this matter, I recall that you’d asked me about the method for ridding the mental corruption of a Beyonder characteristic. This will likely need more time. At the very least, I’m still a blank slate in this aspect.

“Also, I vaguely remember that in the Southern Continent, there are strange creatures called Feathermen.

“It’s best to seal that card; otherwise, it might attract powerful enemies and many disasters. I can give you some techniques. This isn’t too difficult. First, an improved wall of spirituality…”

As expected, the Card of Blasphemy has a convergence effect upon activation… It’s a good thing that I’ve left it above the gray fog in the past… According to Mr. Azik’s descriptions, he shouldn’t be an amnesiac Death. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have looked up to the Blood Emperor and the Black Emperor… It’s likely that he’s a son of Death, participating in the War of the Four Emperors by accompanying that deity. Unfortunately, he suffered from severe injuries… As he thought, Klein produced a flame and burned the letter.

Then, he tried the sealing technique and practiced what Azik had taught him in the letter.

After doing all of this, he held a ritual and brought the Black Emperor card and the Numinous Episcopate’s copper whistle into the mysterious space above the gray fog, eliminating all possibilities of any accidents.

There was no doubt that Klein had no wish to suddenly meet the King of the Five Seas, Nast, at sea.

…

Early in the morning, the sun rose above the horizon and dyed it golden.

Klein went to the not-so-well-stocked second-class buffet cafeteria and ate two slices of toast with bacon and butter and drank a cup of lemon tea.

After filling his stomach, he went to the deck to breathe in the fresh air and enjoy the beautiful early-morning scenery.

Then, he saw a drunk Captain Elland returning, his straight sword swaying.

Thinking back to last night's incident, Klein came over and said without a smile, "Good morning.

"White Shark didn't cause you any trouble, right?

"He should be able to determine that I'm a passenger of the White Agate."

Dressed in a dark red coat, Elland took off his ship-shaped hat and laughed.

"This is his own problem.

"Actually, he wanted you to pay half the repair fees for the bar counter, but that isn't much. It's just a few soli. I happened to win six pounds last night and gave him some extra tips, and that was the end of it."

Captain, are you afraid that a crazy adventurer like me will blow the whole thing up just for the sake of face, so you ended up choosing to bear the compensation? Klein was silent for a few seconds.

"I understand."

Then, he turned and walked back to the bow, leaving two soft words: “Thank you.”

When Klein returned to his original position, he felt the sea breeze blowing against his face. He slowly let out a breath, feeling that it was too goddamn hard to force a persona.

After enjoying the wind for a while, he was about to return to the cabin when two figures suddenly appeared beside him. They were Donna and Denton.

Cecile, who was in charge of protecting them, was a few paces away.

Donna had obviously not slept well last night. Her eyes were puffy, and her face was gloomy, but she was in high spirits. She was obviously imitating Klein’s taking in of the scenery, but her eyes were darting around nimbly.

Just as Denton, who was in a similar state as her, wanted to speak, she spoke first.

“Uncle, who was that last-last night?”

As she spoke, she looked ahead without turning her head, but her body was trembling slightly, as though she was recalling the scene she had seen.

“It was a messenger. You can think of him as a postman.” Klein also didn’t look at the two little kids, as though he was talking about what he had for breakfast.

“Messenger?” Denton almost lost control of the volume of his voice.

“The world is so huge, so there’s bound to be some strange creatures in this world. Trust me, although this creature looks very ferocious and terrifying, it’s actually very gentle and professional… It just sent me a letter on behalf of a friend who’s far away,” Klein explained slightly, trying to describe the four-meter-tall messenger as pitiful, weak, and helpless.

After a night of panic, and because she hadn’t been harmed in any way, Donna was much calmer. Her eyes lit up as she said, “Well, that’s amazing!

“It’s like listening to a story!”

“Very cool!” Denton also expressed his opinion.

Then, he puzzledly asked, “But why didn’t anyone else see it? No one had any response!”

“That’s because your hearts are pure.” Klein smiled.

This was a white lie. After all, he couldn’t just say that it was a problem with the special cured meat. That would only make the two curious little fellows fail to resist making attempts.

This way, ignoring the fact that ingesting large amounts of it would cause one to fall ill, just randomly having Spirit Vision activated was a very dangerous matter. Even though Klein could now sustain the consumption of his Spirit Vision for a long period of time, he ultimately didn’t dare keep it open. Sometimes, seeing things he shouldn’t have seen could lead to

madness or death!

"C-can we have a messenger of our own?" Donna asked, curious and excited.

"That will depend on luck," Klein answered simply and calmly.

He couldn't help but lampoon inwardly, *I don't even have a messenger of my own!*

In order to obtain a messenger, he had to design an accurate summoning ritual and prepare the corresponding spirit world creature contract. This was a specialized field of knowledge, and randomly doing so could easily summon something bad, so Klein didn't dare to recklessly try it.

"Yeah. Yeah." Donna looked forward to it.

Then, she said in a tiny voice, "Uncle, we'll keep this a secret for you."

Beside her, Denton nodded solemnly.

At this moment, a new passenger that intended to board in Damir Harbor carried his suitcase as he walked onto the deck.

After sending the telegram, Blazing Danitz considered that the Captain might instruct him on certain matters. So he decided to cut the holiday short and await orders at the capital of the Rorsted Archipelago.

Through his own channels, he had obtained a ticket, put on a wig, blackened his eyebrows, and easily boarded the White Agate, waiting for the liner to blow its whistle.

Sigh, as Emperor Roselle said, capable people always have to do a little bit more work... As Danitz walked towards the cabin, he looked around leisurely. Suddenly, he saw a familiar figure.

It was a young adventurer in a black coat, gentle in appearance and mad in nature. He was standing at the bow of the ship, beaming at him like a gentleman.

The muscles in Danitz's face began to stiffen.

Author's Notes:

Still no change... However, apart from the rest at the end of this section, the rest of the time has been kept stable updated, which is worthy of praise (myself).

Well, let's say the mystery itself. The third "Traveler" has been written for almost 10 days, and the plot has been progressing slowly. This is actually the effect I want to achieve. Klein broke away from the monster room and entered an ocean where there are not so many bosses, so he doesn't always alert and dangerous all the time. He doesn't need to be so depressed any more, and the rhythm will definitely be relatively slow.

With the title of "Traveler", I hope to show you the local customs, interesting folk customs, extraordinary creatures, and more sequence performances in different parts of the mysterious world, so as to make the whole world fuller and more real. Of

course, there will certainly be conflicts in the plot, and there will be dangers and excitement, but they will not be so dense. They will be reasonably distributed in Klein to look for the mermaids. During the journey of the Faceless, the cooperation and conflicts with the Seven Pirate Admirals and Four Pirate Kings, and the legend of the treasure will also be embedded in such experiences like pearls. In short, the name of Gehrman Sparrow will be spread on the sea.

In fact, it's the most difficult to write a plain and soothing plot. It's necessary to consider the rhythm before and after. It's necessary to ensure that it's interesting, not boring, and not lacking. Recently, my typewriting speed has slow down a lot. Plus exercise three times a week, I really have no ability to add more in a short time.

Finally, the new month is coming, please encourage me to write the third volume better and better~

In fact, I have no interest in the competition. A small part of it is my laziness. Most of it is my love for everyone's money. No one's money comes from the strong wind. Reading the books, collect some monthly tickets, and vote for them. Well, no more money needs to be wasted. Only when I have enough spare capacity can I consider the reward. I don't want to burden the book lovers who like me to support me. Isn't its better for everyone to read quietly and happily?

If one day I won the first place in the competition, I hope that because we have a lot of good people, we have a deep foundation. We eats hot pot, sings songs and takes the first place easily. Well, dreams are still needed, right? And for such a dream, I must write better and never satisfied. I will always challenge!

OK, then ask for a monthly ticket again, We can do what we can. The main thing is to put it in the front. The recommendation effect is good. There will be more subscriptions. That's all small

money!

Well, today's update is still the same, 12:30 at noon and 7:00 at night.

Chapter 503: Hostage

Discovering a pirate who was worth 3,000 pounds board the ship in disguise, Klein immediately felt wary. He smiled to Denton and Donna who were beside him and said, “I’ve got a friend.”

He calmly walked towards the Vice Admiral Iceberg’s fourth boatswain, locking his eyes on the other party.

The smile on Blazing Danitz froze when he saw the young adventurer, with crazy blood flowing through his veins, slowly approach. He suddenly had a thought, *Run! Run as fast as you can! Do your best to escape! Even if I have to use Beyonder powers and expose my identity, I have to flee immediately!*

In his eyes, the reserved and stern adventurer was a genuine monster draped in human skin!

Just as Danitz was about to make his move, he suddenly calmed down because he remembered what happened last night: the adventurer hadn’t attacked him and had allowed him to leave!

That is to say, he doesn’t necessarily have the hostile intention of hunting me down. He can be reasoned with to resolve this crisis... Directly running away would only lead to conflict... Thoughts ran through Blazing Danitz’s mind. Relying on his rich experience, he forcefully controlled his legs and appeared to wait in place.

Klein walked over, one step at a time, and smiled.

“Good morning, we meet again.”

That gentle and courteous smile of his made Danitz shudder for some inexplicable reason. He pursed his lips and said, “Good morning.”

Klein maintained his persona, his expression turning cold.

“What are you doing on the ship?”

“Heading to the Rorsted Archipelago,” Blazing Danitz, who was also considered a famous pirate, answered honestly.

“Why are you heading there?” Klein calmly asked.

Danitz forced a smile and said, “Waiting for our Captain’s orders. Perhaps there will be a mission arranged for me.”

He’s probably going to chase me off the ship. In any case, there’s a potential risk to have a pirate board a ship… After he finished speaking, Danitz speculated about the possible developments.

For him, this was considered a pretty good result. At most, he would waste a ticket.

Klein fell silent, so silent that Danitz’s hair stood on end.

It was a full five or six seconds before he spoke again.

“Which cabin do you live in?”

“First-class, Room 312.” Danitz raised the ticket in his hand to eye level.

He didn’t dare to look down for fear that the enemy would seize the opportunity to launch a surprise attack.

Klein nodded indiscernibly.

“Is there a servant room?”

“Yes,” Blazing Danitz subconsciously answered, but his heart was at a loss. He had no idea why the man was posing such a question at him.

Then, he heard the man say to him in a flat tone like he was speaking to a subordinate,

“You’ll sleep there.”

Ah? Where? I’ll be sleeping in the servant’s room? Aren’t you going to chase me off the ship? Danitz was somewhat stunned as he blurted out, “Why?”

Klein glanced at him and said one word in a faint voice, “Hostage.”

*Hostage? He’s worried that I’m a planted agent on the ship, making it easier for the pirate fleet to plunder the White Agate, so he plans to use me as a hostage? That’s reasonable. If it really is as he suspects, then it wouldn’t stop the pirate fleet’s attack even if I’m chased off the ship. It’s better to hold me hostage to aid in the negotiations… Dogsh*t. I hate this kind of arrogant, cold person*

who doesn't say much. They always only say a word or two, or even just an utterance, leaving me to guess the rest! I-if I'm really not his match, then I wouldn't even mix with such company! Why did I previously think that his temper matched my tastes? I must've been mad… Danitz gritted his teeth as he thought.

"Fine." He exhaled helplessly.

"To your cabin." Klein maintained the perfect Gehrman Sparrow persona.

Phew… Blazing Danitz carried his suitcase, reluctantly leading the monster draped in human skin to the cabin. They went to the upper deck and arrived at Room 312.

After opening the door, Klein took a quick look and found the place several times better than second class.

The living room was about thirty square meters and was connected to a master bedroom and three servant rooms. It had a separate bathroom, a standard wardrobe, and a mahogany desk.

Danitz put down his suitcase and glanced at the servant rooms. He suddenly thought of an important question.

"Is the master bedroom going to be left empty just like that?"

The moment he finished speaking, he already knew the answer.

"It's mine." Klein smiled in a gentleman-like fashion.

As expected, to watch over me... Danitz felt depressed.

Klein paced on the carpet in the room and said while pointing to the door, “Come with me downstairs.”

“...Alright.” Danitz was a little lost, unsure what the man was up to.

The adventurer and famous pirate duo soon arrived at the second-class cabins and found Klein’s original room.

After opening the door, Klein didn’t enter. He pointed inside and said to Danitz, “Tidy the things on the desk and put them in the suitcase.”

What? Tidy things? You want me to help tidy things up? Danitz was almost stunned.

In a blink of an eye, he felt a surge of anger rush to the top of his head.

How can I, Blazing Danitz, Vice Admiral Iceberg’s fourth boatswain, a famous pirate with a bounty of 3,000 pounds, be driven like a servant!

My dignity and my reputation won’t allow me to accept such humiliation!

Klein gave him a cold look when he saw that Blazing Danitz was standing motionless like a petrified statue.

Danitz's body suddenly trembled.

He took a deep breath and replied with a smile which looked worse than crying, "Alright."

Aggrieved, he bent over and entered the cabin that didn't have a very high ceiling, swiftly putting the items that were scattered outside into the suitcase.

Without needing Klein to remind him, he placed the things in order, even more carefully than how he dealt with his own luggage.

After doing all this, he carried the suitcase and followed Klein upstairs.

Along the way, he always had the impulse to sneak attack the man's back, but in the end, he held back.

After returning to Room 312, Danitz clenched his teeth, swallowed his saliva, and said, "How should I address you?"

"Gehrman Sparrow," Klein responded succinctly.

Gehrman Sparrow... Danitz ruminated over the name inwardly, swearing that he would definitely not forget what had happened today. He vowed to let the man before him have a taste of something similar in the future!

Captain will definitely help me! he thought with anticipation.

For the sake of his persona, Klein didn't choose the reclining chair. Instead, he randomly chose a hard wooden chair to sit down on.

He leaned back in his chair, his body slightly hunched as he clasped his hands together, and said to Blazing Danitz, "Tell me about the famous pirates you know of."

"There are a lot of them," Danitz replied, feeling somewhat stumped.

He stood where he was, afraid to move, like a servant.

Klein slowly curled his lips up and said, "Do it in accordance with the bounties."

With that, he pointed to the chair opposite him.

"Have a seat."

With a sigh of relief, Danitz hurriedly sat down.

He suddenly felt that the man wasn't too bad; he was at least willing to give him a seat.

...

Woo!

The White Agate sailed out into the open sea and moved at a speed of 13 knots until noon.

Blazing Danitz, whose mouth was going dry from all the talk, was finally permitted to stop. He took his ticket and led Klein to the first-class dining restaurant.

The restaurant was decorated elegantly, with violinists playing in the corner and barriers separating the tables to ensure the privacy of one's dining environment.

After walking a few steps, Klein met Donna's family and Cleves. They occupied a large table and were waiting for the waiter to serve the dishes.

"Uncle Sparrow!" Because of their shared secret, the little boy, Denton, had changed the way he addressed him.

Donna blinked, fully expressing her doubts.

She clearly remembered that Uncle Sparrow lived in a second-class cabin and wasn't supposed to be in this restaurant.

Klein waved his hand with a smile as a greeting, then he pointed at Danitz and said, "He's treating."

"Is that so..." Donna sized up Danitz curiously, and they felt that the gentleman looked odd, especially his eyebrows which looked extremely unnatural.

Cleves put down his fork and knife, and, after two seconds of silence, he asked, "Your friend?"

Klein chuckled and turned his head to Danitz.

“What do you think the answer should be?”

Danitz gritted his teeth, then he forced a smile.

“Gehrman once saved me.”

Yes, that’s right. Otherwise, I might’ve already been killed by him for the sake of claiming the bounty… Danitz consoled himself.

Cleves looked Danitz up and down a few times and said nothing more.

Passing the Donna family, Klein found a table by the window.

The waiter came with great enthusiasm and handed over the menu.

“Charcoal steak, red wine foie gras, vegetable salad…” Danitz scanned the menu and couldn’t help but sigh. “Ships that dock for resupplying every two to three days are better. There’s plenty of fresh food. When you encounter a ship that floats on the sea for one to two weeks, you can only cycle between beer, cured meat, and various canned goods. It’s so monotonous that it drives you crazy. However, the sea itself will also provide fresh food. Heh heh, but this requires one to have sufficient judgment. We had a sailor on our ship who once had a beautiful lobster, only to suffer diarrhea until his ass nearly…”

As a pirate, he had the habit of using vulgar language for descriptions, but after he looked at Gehrman Sparrow’s

expression, he changed his vocabulary.

“Suffer diarrhea until his ass nearly fell off.”

I have reason to suspect that there were other factors. Although your captain is a woman, there should be very few women in the crew. Furthermore, with the sailors unable to get ashore for a long period of time, they must be thirsty… Klein silently lampooned, took the menu, and drew a line according to the price.

“All of these.”

“Alright.” The waiter’s expression didn’t change at all.

At that moment, Klein saw Captain Elland enter the dining room and pass by, so he simply greeted him.

When he looked back, he saw that Blazing Danitz was already looking out the window, as if he was watching the scenery.

“The Captain knows you?” Klein asked in a tone close to a statement.

Danitz let out a hollow chuckle.

“We fought his crew back when he was the boatswain of the Wilhelm V.

“Besides, I’m also considered quite a famous pirate…”

At this point, Danitz recalled his current situation and suddenly became depressed. Hence, he changed the topic.

“I’ve always wondered why Just Elland would suddenly quit the Navy. By then, he was already an Arbiter.”

Chapter 504: Red Skull Pirate Crew

A Beyonder was allowed to leave the fleet? Without Danitz's deliberate explanation, Klein easily understood why he found it strange.

In a Nighthawks team, even the civilian staff would experience strict restrictions. Even a normal resignation would require them to sign a life-long confidentiality agreement. They weren't allowed to leave the Nighthawks team's area that they originally belonged to, and once they were approved to move to another city, they had to immediately register at the local Evernight Church.

From such rules, it could be seen how the officials treated Beyonders powers and related matters. A Beyonder who had drunk a potion wouldn't be able to leave their organization so easily.

Klein clearly remembered that Miss Justice initially had the means and channels to become a Beyonder, but she didn't attempt them. The reason given was that she didn't want to lose her freedom.

Similar thoughts ran through his mind, but they didn't become words, because the polite but cold Gehrman Sparrow wouldn't be interested in such rumors.

"So what?" Klein looked at the tableware on the table and calmly asked.

Do you know how to make conversation!? Blazing Danitz secretly drew a breath and squeezed out a smile.

“Haha, I just found it strange. We all suspected that he had joined MI9, and that he was using his identity as a captain to monitor the sea routes.”

It’s possible… Klein picked up a glass of water and took a sip.

The dishes he ordered were served one by one according to their type. The restaurant even gave him two complimentary cups of sweet, bubbling, and light gold pre-meal wine.

Klein stopped talking and concentrated on enjoying the food, feeling that it was indeed much better than the second-class dining room.

The melodious tunes of a violin resonated amidst the sounds produced from the slight contact between the cutlery and plates. The blue and open sea outside the window rippled quietly, and everything seemed perfect.

As Klein was about to be served dessert, a crewman came stomping in and ran to the table where Elland was sitting.

“Captain, there’s a pirate ship!” He didn’t suppress his voice.

Most of the passengers were shocked and stopped eating.

Klein looked up, looking across him at Danitz with his eyes dark and cold.

Blazing Danitz stiffened for a second, then he smiled bitterly. He lowered his voice and said, “If I were to say that this has nothing to do with me, will you believe me?”

Klein's eyelids twitched as he slowly smiled.

"Guess."

*Guess? You son of a b*tch!* Danitz was so furious that he almost cursed.

He maintained his smile and said, "Your wisdom is enough to judge everything."

At that moment, Elland quickly asked about the situation. He stood up and said to the panicking first-class passengers, "There's only one pirate ship. We have enough power to deal with it.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please return to your rooms in an orderly manner and await the arrival of good news. Believe me, the damage caused by chaos far exceeds whatever damage those pirates can do. I don't wish to hear rumors in the future that although we, the White Agate, had succeeded in repelling the pirates, a handful of passengers had fallen and injured themselves."

Under his arrangements, and with the support of the crew, Donna and the others left the dining room and returned to their own cabins, which included Klein and Blazing Danitz.

"I thought you were going to temporarily take over the White Agate and try to keep it safe from harm," Danitz commented inside room 312 as he closed the door, as though he was watching a play.

To be able to immediately throw out an olive branch and talk

about creeds and remuneration after finding a suitable candidate showed that he was an extroverted boatswain who liked to talk with others.

Klein glanced at him, then went to the window, and looked out. He saw a large ship with a red skull flag fluttering as it cruised towards them. There were chimneys and sails.

“Know them?” Klein held his hands in his pocket and stood behind a thick glass window.

Danitz walked to a spot diagonally behind him. After looking into the distance for two seconds, he said, “Red Skull. A small-medium band of pirates.

“The captain is Sea Wolf Johnson with a bounty of 900 pounds. The first mate is One-Eyed Anderson with a bounty of 500 pounds.”

In the pirate world, a bounty was an important reference point that determined one’s status and standing.

Considering that he didn’t have the ability to move underwater adeptly, it would be easy to have innocents die if he allowed the pirates to board the ship. Klein was silent for a few seconds before asking, “Do they know you?”

“Of course!” Danitz instantly straightened his back. “They’re qualified to participate in distinguished gatherings between pirates. I once kicked them in the ass.”

As expected of a famous pirate worth 3,000 pounds… Klein’s asked without a change in expression, “Do they have binoculars?”

“That’s an essential item. Even if a ship is placed under control, there will be sailors standing on the observation deck, using binoculars to observe the surroundings to prevent any surprise attacks,” Danitz replied scornfully.

He could finally tell that this dangerous fellow was a new adventurer, and it was very likely that this was his first time at sea.

Was he a famous bounty hunter? A member of a secret organization? Danitz subconsciously guessed Gehrman Sparrow’s past.

“During such times, will the captain and the first mate use their binoculars to observe us?” Klein originally wanted to address them as 900 pounds and 500 pounds, but he found it a bit impolite.

“Definitely, they have to keep track of their target,” Danitz replied, slightly puzzled.

He didn’t understand Gehrman Sparrow’s goal for asking such questions. From his point of view, if he had his powerful strength, he definitely would’ve allowed the Red Skull pirates to approach, find an opportunity to board their ship, and then eliminate everyone.

Klein tilted his head and looked at Danitz before revealing a gentlemanly and warm smile.

“That’s good.”

What do you want to do? Don’t smile like that! Danitz suddenly

panicked and summoned the courage to fight back.

"Take off your wig," Klein calmly ordered.

Ah? Danitz was puzzled as he slowly removed the wig from his head.

Klein took out a special bottle of extract from his secret pocket and handed it over.

"Wipe your eyebrows and face clean."

This was a mystical "Makeup Removal Extract" he had prepared before advancing to Faceless. He had used it when attacking the Wraith from the Rose School of Thought.

Although Klein no longer needed it anymore, he had been reluctant to throw it away.

"..." Danitz was even more confused. However, he was unwilling to throw himself into an irreversible situation unless he was really attacked, physically. He had no choice but to do as he was told, removing the disguise on his face and restoring his original appearance.

Putting away the small metal bottle, Klein opened the window and let the sea breeze pour in.

"Stand here and look outside," he pointed directly behind the window and said to Blazing Danitz.

Danitz warily walked over in a daze and stood firmly behind the window.

Klein observed for a few seconds, then he calmly said, “You have two choices. One, crawl out and hang there in an eye-catching manner. Two, you get held by the collar by me and hung there in an eye-catching manner.”

“What do you want to do?” Danitz blurted out.

Klein revealed his amiable smile again.

“Show you to the pirates. I believe Vice Admiral Iceberg’s fourth boatswain holds sufficient weight to persuade them to retreat.”

“No, don’t do that!” Danitz subconsciously rejected the notion.

He could imagine what the people from the Red Skull pirate crew would think when they discovered him. Either Blazing Danitz had been captured, and there was a very terrifying powerhouse on the ship, or the ship was already being targeted by Vice Admiral Iceberg, and that other pirates were to immediately keep their distance.

And the way I’m hung up decides which thought they would have… Danitz thought sadly.

Klein smiled even more genially.

“I’m a very easy person to get along with, really—as long as you do as I tell you.”

At this moment, Danitz once again felt the indescribable sense of hunger. He felt as if his flesh and soul could be torn from his body at any moment.

After weighing the pros and cons for a second, he half raised his hands, gritted his teeth, and smiled.

“I’ll do it myself.”

Holding back his anger and grievances, Danitz turned and climbed out of the window. Using his balance and strength from years of experience, he hung himself off the cabin with his forearm.

“Don’t try to escape. I’m not a patient man.” Klein’s face turned cold as he gently reminded.

Phew… Danitz resisted the urge to release his forearm and jump straight down.

On the pirate ship in the distance, the crew responsible for observing the White Agate sent a message to Sea Wolf Johnson.

“Boss, there’s a weird guy hanging out the window over there!”

Johnson was stunned for a second. He raised his binoculars and placed it in front of his eyes.

He quickly discovered the strange fellow who his subordinate was talking about. The man’s position was simply too eye-catching.

Isn't that Blazing Danitz? Johnson's brows twitched as he recognized the man.

How did he get on the White Agate? What's the meaning of him hanging outside? This is Vice Admiral Iceberg's prey? After a series of questions, Sea Wolf came to a conclusion.

He raised his right hand and said, "Everyone take note; stay far away from this area immediately!"

...

In room 305, Cleves stood by the window with the revolver gripped tightly in his hand as a precaution against the potential sea skirmish.

Donna's family was a little frightened. They didn't return to their respective bedrooms, but they instead sat in the living room, waiting for the bombardment to begin. Cecile and the other bodyguard, Teague, stood guard beside them, fully alert.

At this moment, a look of confusion appeared in Cleves's slightly-aged eyes.

After a few minutes, he took a step back, lowered his muzzle, and said to the people, "The pirates have left."

"What?" This development left Urdi Branch and the others surprised and confused. They had no idea what the pirates were thinking.

...

Room 312.

Blazing Danitz crawled back and couldn't help but give a snort.

"You're borrowing my captain's reputation! She really hates these kinds of things!"

Just wait for Vice Admiral Iceberg to teach you a lesson! Danitz thought angrily.

Klein quietly listened and asked, "I remember her reward in Loen was 26,000 pounds?"

...*This madman*... Danitz couldn't find the words to respond.

Chapter 505: A Servant Worth 3,000 Pounds

"Captain, the Red Skull pirates have fled!"

A sailor rushed into the captain's quarters.

"They fled?" Elland lifted his telescope and looked quizzically at the calm sea, just in time to see the Red Skull disappear into the horizon.

He frowned, completely unable to understand how such a development could've occurred.

From his point of view, the White Agate's armaments definitely weren't capable of scaring off the Red Skull pirates. It was guaranteed that both parties would have to circle around each other dozens of times during the skirmish and fire multiple shots in order to ensure that the other party found them a tough nut to crack. Without daring to engage in a prolonged, they would then rationally choose to retreat.

Could it be that the Red Skull was just passing by and had no intention of plundering us? However, if they weren't here to plunder, why would they enter this sea route? This is the easiest place to be stopped by the naval fleet and the Church's ships. Even the Four Kings and Seven Admirals would still try their best to keep a low profile when they pass by the surrounding seas... Elland was filled with doubts, and he felt that things weren't that simple.

Being careful keeps one away from disaster, I mustn't be carelessness... Elland put away his yellow-brown telescope and paced back and forth.

He half raised his hand and said to the navigator, “We shall dock at Bansy Harbor tonight.

“Report our encounter with the pirates to the Navy and the Church.”

According to their usual plan, the next stop for the White Agate would be the Tiana Port, and it would probably take three days at 13 knots to reach it. From Tiana Port, it would finally reach the capital of the Rorsted Archipelago, the City of Generosity, Bayam.

And there was a faster way to sail from Pritz Harbor to Bayam, which was to stop only once in the middle of the voyage, at Bansy Harbor, about 120 nautical miles from Damir Harbor.

...

“The Red Skull really left?” Donna’s father, Urdi Branch, walked to the window and looked out into the distance.

Cleves calmly nodded and said, “Yes.”

Just as he finished his sentence, a sailor’s shout sounded from outside.

“The danger has been averted! The danger has been averted!”

Upon receiving official confirmation, Donna and Denton finally relaxed and had the courage to approach the window and look outside.

“Are the Red Skull pirates that powerful?” Donna’s eyes widened as she searched for a ship that had already gone far away.

“Very powerful.” Cleves gave his answer.

“How powerful are they?” Denton immediately pressed.

On the other side, the bodyguard, Teague, straightened his hair and chuckled.

“Even if we don’t include the cannons and hundreds of pirates on the ship, just Captain Johnson and the first mate Anderson are extremely powerful on their own.

“Anderson’s nickname is One-Eyed. The bounty reward for him in the kingdom is 500 pounds. All of us in this room added together, together with the help of a few sailors, might be able to defeat him in battle. As for Johnson, who’s nicknamed Sea Wolf, he can easily finish such an opponent. If he were to board the ship, no one would be able to stop him. His bounty is worth 900 pounds, nearly 1,000 pounds!”

“Is that a lot?” Donna was surprised at the potency of Sea Wolf and One-Eyed, as well as their bounty.

In her memory, her father earned a total of 1,500 a year!

“A lot, this is a reward that they or their heads could directly be exchanged for. The items they have on them and the things they’ve plundered will also belong to you. The kingdom will buy it at the market price, and you will still have the chance to obtain the bounties from other countries,” Cecile explained. “On the sea, pirates with a bounty of more than 300 pounds are

rather powerful. For those who are close to or above 1,000 pounds, they'll be rather famous in the sea they plow. And I mean vast sea expanses like the Sonia Sea or the Fog Sea."

"Therefore, the Four Kings and Seven Admirals are considered famous throughout the Five Seas?" Donna innocently asked.

Cleves replied seriously, "Yes."

"In that case, are the Red Skull pirates very famous in the entire Sonia Sea?" Donna asked with concise logic.

"Yes." Teague nodded.

"But why did they flee?" Donna blinked.

"It might not have been them fleeing..." Cecile didn't know the reason either.

Cleves looked out the window again as he knitted his brows.

"Maybe there's another reason. Maybe they had no plans to plunder us at all. They just came across us."

Other reasons? Donna suddenly had a guess.

Could it be Uncle Sparrow's tall-as-a-house, gentle messenger that scared them away? Yeah, it's really scary! Donna's mind bubbled like boiling water.

She turned her head excitedly and looked down to realize her brother's eyes were shining as well.

The two of them pursed their lips and immediately realized that their thoughts were the same.

"Let's go out and get some air on this level." Donna found a reason to drag her brother out of Room 305.

Outside, Denton said in a suppressed voice, "Are we going to find Uncle Sparrow?"

"Exactly!" Donna smiled with a spirited look. "I saw him enter Room 312."

...

Inside Room 312.

Blazing Danitz, who no longer mentioned Vice Admiral Iceberg, looked at the Red Skull which had turned its bow around and tsked with laughter.

"They must've been frightened by the declaration of the Navy's cannons and the news that a pirate crew had been destroyed recently. They actually took the risk of raiding this sea route in order to earn enough money before leaving the sea.

"Heh, so what if there are giant ship cannons? The Navy and the Church have a lot of powerful things, and they've always existed. But never have they made it impossible for us to continue being pirates. We can't beat them head-on, but we can always escape,

right? They can't possibly stay with the merchant ships forever, can they?

"I know, the ironclad warship is getting bigger and bigger, and the steam engine installed in it will also become stronger. One day, the speed will break through 18 knots, 20 knots, and once they're on your tail, one can only wait to be caught. However, the sea is so vast. Tens of thousands of ships can't even fill a corner even if they were all thrown there. There are also a lot of unexplored areas at sea. One can hide in those places after doing something. Although it's dangerous, there are still opportunities."

This fellow is indeed the talkative type... Don't you think that a crazy adventurer wouldn't care about these things? Klein looked away and scanned the room.

His gaze finally fell on his leather suitcase. He then raised his chin and said, "Wash the dirty clothes inside."

The expression on the garrulous Danitz's face froze. He yearned to burn the entire ship down.

He felt that his anger was like gushing steam that had lifted the gate of reason.

Danitz opened his mouth and took a breath before repeating it again.

His flushed face softened as he asked without a smile on his face, "Is that all?"

"Only the dirty ones. The coat just needs to be brushed." Klein

was almost amused by the man's show of anger, and he felt that this was what Danitz deserved from robbing the innocent.

The clothes in his suitcase were the ones he changed out of last night after a shower. As he felt a little lazy, he had only washed his underwear.

Calm down, don't lose control. Calm down, don't lose control... After admonishing himself several times, Danitz walked over to Gehrman Sparrow's suitcase, opened it, and took out the clothes that needed cleaning.

Just as he was getting busy in the bathroom, he heard the doorbell jingle.

Klein opened the door to find Donna and Denton.

"Uncle Sparrow, I hope I didn't disturb you?" Donna's eyes darted left and right.

"No." Klein stepped aside.

The two little fellows entered the room and were surprised to see Danitz doing the laundry.

"Where are the servants?" Denton asked subconsciously.

"Didn't bring them along," Klein answered for Danitz.

Donna asked, in apparent confusion, "But there are laundresses attached to first-class cabins. They're charged by the barrel."

Before she could finish, Danitz froze.

He had been so angry that he had forgotten about it.

Danitz shook the water from his hand, turned, and forced a smile at Gehrman Sparrow.

“Can I hire the laundresses for help?”

Klein didn’t insist on seeing the pirate make a fool of himself, so he smiled and said, “I only care about the results.”

Phew. Danitz heaved a sigh of relief.

Their back and forth question and answer exchange made Donna realize that something was wrong. The young lady asked in suspicion, “Uncle Sparrow, aren’t you two friends? W-why does he look different from before!?”

Klein found a chair and sat down. Without hiding anything, he calmly said, “To be exact, he’s my prisoner of war.”

“Prisoner of war?” Denton looked around in a daze, not remembering when the two uncles had a conflict.

At first, Donna was puzzled, but then her heart skipped a beat. She cheerfully asked, “Is he… is he a pirate?”

“Yeah.” Klein nodded gently.

“The Red Skull pirates were also scared off by you, Uncle Sparrow?” Donna pressed in excitement.

Klein shot a glance at Danitz and replied without an expression, “In a way.”

Having all her questions answered, Donna felt abnormally pleased. She glanced at Danitz and unknowingly lowered her voice.

“Uncle Sparrow, does he have a name? No, does he have a bounty on him?”

No! I mustn’t let anyone know of what happened to me! Danitz opened his mouth in a bid to answer before Klein.

“I’m Sieg!”

At this moment, Klein said with a fleeting voice, “Danitz.”

“Danitz…” Donna and Denton looked at each other without asking any more questions.

The siblings didn’t stay long and soon took their leave. They kept feeling that the pirate’s eyes were fierce.

When they returned to Room 305, they saw that her father and Uncle Cleves were still in the midst of their discussion. Donna deliberately interjected innocently with a question.

“A lot of people were talking about pirates just now. Someone

mentioned Danitz. Is he very powerful?"

"Danitz... Blazing Danitz. He's Vice Admiral Iceberg's subordinate, the fourth boatswain of the Golden Dream..." Cleves answered simply.

Upon saying this, he suddenly turned silent as he retracted his gaze, seemingly in recall.

A Pirate Admiral's subordinate... Donna pressed out of curiously, "How much is his bounty?"

Cleves returned to normal and said in a deep voice, "3,000 pounds."

Th-three thousand pounds? Donna and Denton opened their mouths, little by little, almost forgetting to close them.

The captain of the Red Skull pirates only has a bounty of 900 pounds, but the man who looks like a servant is worth 3,000 pounds? The siblings looked at each other, unable to utter a single word.

...

At 6 p.m., the White Agate entered a harbor again.

"Bansy Harbor? Elland is very cautious..." Danitz stood by the window, looking out at the darkened harbor and the tall lighthouse.

Without waiting for Klein's response, he laughed and said, "It seems like there are some nasty legends here."

Chapter 506: The Weather Museum

Klein already had a basic understanding of Danitz's character, so he didn't take the initiative to ask about the legends. He continued sitting in his chair and calmly looked at him.

Danitz, who hadn't been interrupted, shook his head.

"Legend has it that 300 years ago when the Loen army first occupied this island, more than 500 soldiers mysteriously disappeared after a fog. Not long after that, a lot of bones appeared by the beach and on the mountain, and similar incidents happened several times. This continued until the Church of Storms built a cathedral here and sent a bishop."

Although historians accredited the official start of the colonial era to when Roselle sent a fleet to find a safe route to the Southern Continent, in reality, for a long period of time before that, the countries of the Northern Continent had explored the surrounding seas and gradually colonized a few islands. The only difference was that these operations weren't systematic or wide-scale enough.

Disappearing mysterious in the fog... Bones appearing by the beach and on the mountains... Klein thought of the Forsaken Land of God for some baffling reason. According to Little Sun's description, there was no sun there, with only lightning and the night. Furthermore, when humans were "surrounded" by darkness without a sliver of light, they would encounter strange or terrifying events.

Looking at the lighthouse that stood out in the setting sun, Danitz continued, "And according to the tombs and murals excavated on the island, the natives here seem to have a

tradition of cannibalism.

"This island experiences intense weather changes, making it often encounter earthquakes, storms, and heavy fog; thus, the natives experience disasters time and time again. In order to survive, they began worshiping a God of Weather they created for themselves. Every year, they would hold four rituals. Heh, the rituals involve killing chosen worshippers as they shared in the blood and flesh before burying the worshippers' heads in the sacrificial altar.

"However, a similar tradition has long since been replaced by the Storm's sacrificial ritual, and the original language of the natives has also disappeared."

God of Weather... A conquered island that had once retained the tradition of live sacrifices... Klein made his preliminary judgment.

Danitz retracted his gaze and casually said, "Because of these legends, there are two unique customs in Bansy Harbor. One is to close the door tightly on nights with heavy fog or huge changes in weather. They don't head out or respond to any knocking.

"The other is that they love the blood of all kinds of animals and have learned from migrating elves to add salt, solidifying the blood into strange lumps which are tender and fragrant when matched with the acrid condiments native to this land."

Isn't that blood cake? Klein was stunned for a second, his eyebrows furrowing in puzzlement.

"Elves?"

According to the stereotypes he had formed in his previous life, elves were supposed to be elegant vegetarians. How could they research the correct method for eating blood, as well as the hundred methods involved in making blood cakes?

"That's right. Rumor has it that many elves like solidified blood." Danitz spread out his hands in response. "Unfortunately, it's already very difficult to find such creatures who have good culinary skills."

...Little Sun previously mentioned that the ancient god of the Elves, Elf King, Soniathrym, wielded the authority of the storm. In that case, the elves should be a race equivalent to Beyonders of the Sailor pathway... Hmm, so it's not inconceivable that elves enjoy blood-related food... Perhaps, they even possess the attribute of being irritable as well... That's quite a scene to behold... Klein's thoughts raced, and he gradually turned his attention to blood cakes.

It's been a while since I ate that... He suddenly had the urge to alight from the ship and taste the delicacy.

At this moment, Danitz took the initiative to suggest.

"There's a Green Lemon Restaurant here that's very famous. Pig blood is especially delicious. Do you... Do you want to try it out?"

He kept having the feeling that being alone in the same room with Gehrman Sparrow was very dangerous. He was worried that this monster in human skin would suddenly go crazy.

He should be more restrained in places with more people... Holy Lord of Storms, I hope this trip comes to an end as soon as possible! Danitz prayed without confidence.

As a pirate, he also believed in the Lord of Storms, but he didn't have enough respect for the Church.

After hearing Blazing's suggestion, Klein, who already had such intentions, was immediately moved.

However, the legends and customs Danitz had told him of made him feel a little uncomfortable. Thus, he took out a gold coin and performed a divination right in front of Danitz.

The result was that there were no dormant dangers in Bansy Harbor for him.

Hmm... Klein looked at the gold coin in his hand without moving his eyes away for a few seconds. He still felt uneasy.

As Danitz watched this scene, he suddenly understood that this monster in front of him was skilled in divination.

This... Even if I were to secretly flee, it would still be very easy for him to find me... Blazing felt a wave of depression as a faint sadness welled up in his heart.

He had just recovered from his disconsolate mood when Klein suddenly stood up and walked over to the washroom.

Before closing the door, Klein expressionlessly turned his head around and said, "You can use this opportunity to escape."

With that, Klein slammed the washroom's door.

Danitz spread his hands open and clenched them tightly, took two steps towards the door before coming to a halt.

The unknown was the scariest. He didn't dare take the risk of creating conflict before he had any clear understanding of Gehrman Sparrow's Beyonder powers.

At-at least he's kind enough to me and hasn't actually hurt me… He'll likely let me go when we get to Bayam… Danitz's hopes of him getting lucky had taken hold of his mind.

In the washroom.

Klein pulled out a paper figurine, disguised it, and took four steps counterclockwise to head above the gray fog.

He sat down at the end of the long bronze table, removed the pendulum from his left wrist, and wrote the corresponding divination statement: "There is danger dormant in Bansy Harbor."

He hung his spirit pendulum and adjusted his posture. After muttering a few times, Klein opened his eyes and saw the topaz pendant rotating clockwise. Furthermore, it was with a high amplitude and frequency!

This meant that for Klein, there was a great danger lurking in Bansy Harbor!

How could this be? This place was colonized by the kingdom for more than three hundred years, and it has become an important port on the main trading route for over a hundred years. There have never been any rumors of danger being spread… Could it be

that several powerful pirates are cooperating to sack this port? No, those cannons defending the port aren't for show… Klein frowned, performing another divination on whether he would encounter any pirate-related mishaps, but the answer was no.

Hmm… He fell silent for a few seconds, then he allowed his spirituality to envelop his body before plummeting through the gray fog.

Returning to the real world, Klein pressed the mechanical button on the toilet, put away the paper figurine double, and went to the nearby washing basin to wet his hands with water.

In this short period of time, he quickly sorted out his thoughts and decided to do his best to hide. His priority was to stay safe.

Pulling out a tissue and wiping his hands, Klein opened the door and saw that Danitz was still standing in the middle of the living room.

A pirate who's cautious to the point of being a little cowardly… In a sense, Vice Admiral Iceberg's subordinates are all adventurers who are part-time pirates… Klein looked at him and calmly said, "To the first-class dining room"

"…Alright." Danitz didn't understand why Gehrman Sparrow had suddenly changed his mind, but in the end, he chose to not raise any disputes.

…

Walking down the gangway, Cleves suddenly said to Donna and the others, "Head to the Green Lemon Restaurant first.

“I have some matters to do with Captain Elland. I’ll join you soon.”

“Alright.” Although Urdi Branch was surprised, he wasn’t too puzzled.

Cleves was halfway aboard the ship when he met Elland with his straight sword at his waist.

“I’m going to visit Gehrman Sparrow.” Cleves turned around for the first-class cabins after saying that.

Elland was momentarily dazed, unable to understand his out-of-the-blue intentions.

There’s no need to inform me that you’re visiting Gehrman Sparrow… Elland was startled for two seconds before he vaguely grasped the true meaning behind Cleves’s words.

He’s telling me so that if—if anything happens to him, it would be because of his visit to Gehrman Sparrow… But if nothing happens to him, it means that his suspicions were incorrect and there’s no need to further disturb Gehrman Sparrow any further… Elland stopped in his footsteps and said to the first mate beside him, “Wait fifteen minutes.”

…

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Klein and Danitz, who were on their way out, heard a rhythmic knock on the door.

Danitz, who received a signal, hurried over and opened the door.

It was Cleves outside. He looked at Danitz, who had disguised himself again, before turning to Klein and said, “Blazing Danitz?”

At lunchtime, he had found Gehrman Sparrow’s friend somewhat odd and familiar, but he hadn’t connected the face to the picture on the bounty notice. It was only when Donna mentioned Danitz that the inspiration struck him, making him realize that the two were very similar.

As expected… Klein was about to nod and answer when Danitz said with a laugh, “My friend, you have the wrong person. Although I look like the famous pirate who’s worth 3000 pounds, I’m really not him. People have always had misunderstandings, bringing me a great deal of trouble.”

Klein raised his hand and covered his mouth. He almost laughed out loud and destroyed his persona.

He restrained his expression and calmly replied, “Yes.”

Sigh… My reputation… Danitz stretched his neck and looked at the ceiling.

“What are the two of you planning?” Cleves drew in a silent breath and asked directly.

Klein jerked his chin towards Danitz.

“Watching over him.”

“Watching over?” Cleves couldn’t understand Gehrman Sparrow’s words.

Sir, you must learn to make associations by yourself. Learn to infer on your own. You can’t have me explain in detail. That doesn’t match my persona! Confronted with the doubtful look in Cleves’s eyes, Klein casually said, “He boarded at Damir Harbor and I recognized him, so I decided to watch over him to prevent any accidents.”

After looking at Klein for a few seconds, Cleves nodded his head and said, “Will you be fine?

“Do you need any help?

“No,” Klein replied quietly.

Cleves glanced at the depressed Danitz and took a step back.

“Then, I’ll take my leave.”

Just as he was about to leave, he was suddenly stopped by Gehrman Sparrow. He heard the mysterious young adventurer say, with some solemnity, “Return to the ship as soon as possible.

“There is danger dormant in Bansy Harbor.”

…

In the Green Lemon Restaurant, Donna had just laid out her

napkin when she saw through the window that Uncle Cleves had arrived hurriedly downstairs.

At this moment, the weather in the port suddenly changed. Strong gales rose up from all directions, causing the trees to sway back and forth.

As expected of Bansy Harbor, the Weather Museum... Donna studied the outside scenery with interest.

She saw a man in a black cloak trudging through the wind with a lantern in his hand.

Seemingly sensing that he was being watched, that person turned his body sideways and looked up at the second floor of the restaurant.

Then, Donna discerned his appearance and saw that the area where the person's head was supposed to be was empty inside the black cloak. There was only a bare neck with bright red blood spewing out of it.

The person slunk his body back down, pulled at his cloak before continuing forward.

Chapter 507: Bansy Harbor in the Wind

Donna jerked back, her pupils constricting, her mouth half-open as her scream reached her lips.

If she hadn't seen the messenger before, then she would've long lost control of herself and staggered to her feet in terror, unconcerned whether she would flip over the tables or chairs.

Fortunately, she was no longer the young lady who was completely ignorant of the matters of the sea when she first boarded the White Agate. Her voice had only become slightly sharper as she pointed outside the window and stammered, "Th-there's a zombie!

"A headless zombie!"

She used the most commonly seen zombie in folklore to describe the terrifying thing she had just seen.

Cecile shot to her feet and rushed to Donna's side. She looked curiously out of the window where the raging wind was blowing and observed for a few seconds.

"There's nothing," she said truthfully.

Donna shrank back, mustered her courage, and cautiously leaned forward only to see the trees outside swaying, with random clutter flying everywhere. There wasn't a single pedestrian.

“Th-there really was someone there. H-he was wearing a black cloak, and he had no head. His neck was bleeding!” Donna said while gesturing in an attempt to convince the adults in the room.

Her father, Urdi Branch, propped himself up from the table, went to the window, and looked out for a moment.

“Donna, you aren’t allowed to read that ‘Fonce’s Horror Stories Anthology’ anymore tonight!”

“B-but…” Donna felt aggrieved and wanted to defend herself.

At this moment, Cleves came up to the second floor and approached, asking, “What happened?”

“Donna said she saw a zombie, a headless zombie,” the other bodyguard, Teague, explained with a chuckle.

Cleves was silent for two seconds, then he nodded at Donna.

“It’s okay, this shall pass.

“The wind outside is very strong and dangerous. We’ll leave when things calm down.”

In the eyes of Donna, Uncle Cleves’s words indicated that he believed her and had chosen the safest solution. But in the eyes of Urdi, Teague, and the others, this was merely a clumsy tactic to comfort a child.

Seeing that Donna was still a little nervous and that his real employer wasn't too satisfied, Cleves pulled out a chair and sat down as he calmly said, "There's a strange tradition in Bansy Harbor. They don't leave the buildings or respond to any knocks on the door when the weather turns stormy at night."

"If you open the door, will you be taken away by the zombie?" Denton suddenly asked in enlightenment, having seen the messenger with his sister.

"You can think of it that way." Cleves picked up a glass of water and took a sip.

So that's how it is... Donna calmed down, believing that she wouldn't encounter that horrible zombie as long as she didn't leave the restaurant.

It was only then that she noticed that the surrounding customers had all cast their gazes over due to the commotion.

Being stared at by so many people, Donna felt uncomfortable from head to toe. She instinctively wanted to lower her head to avoid everything.

I didn't do anything wrong! I really saw it! Donna obstinately straightened her neck and looked around.

She saw the gentlemen in tailcoats and the ladies in their beautiful dresses retract their gazes. She saw them lower their heads, pick up their spoons, and scoop the dark red blood blocks in their bowls to stuff into their mouths.

Their lips were stained with a tinge of red. Their faces appeared

pale under the light of the crystal chandelier. The contrast between the two made Donna feel an inexplicable sense of fear.

She turned her head back and waited for dinner, secretly praying to the Goddess that the gale would cease as soon as possible.

...

Bansy Harbor Telegraph Office.

As soon as Elland and his first mate finished sending their report to the Navy, they realized that the wind outside was howling and that the nearby doors and windows were rattling.

“Really, the weather here is always so unstable.” Elland put on his boat-shaped hat and sighed with a laugh.

His first mate, Harris, laughed out loud.

“Otherwise, how could they call themselves the ‘Weather Museum’?”

“It’s best if you don’t head out. Legends say that you’ll lose your head because of that.” the telegraph office’s staff, a young lady with curly brown hair, reminded them in a slow voice.

“I know, but I’ve tried a few times and nothing happened.” Without a care, Harris opened the door to leave.

Elland stopped him and thought for a moment.

“Will it be okay to go to the cathedral next door?

“Your telegraph office will be closing, right?”

“No problem.” The lady with the curly brown hair was still as slow as ever.

Elland nodded, opened the telegraph office’s door, and trudged toward the Storm cathedral, dozens of meters away, against the gusts of wind that seemed to be capable of sweeping away a child.

First Mate Harris, who was holding onto his hat, followed the captain as if to express his desire to rush directly back to the White Agate.

However, the moment he opened his mouth, strong gales gushed into his mouth and his whole voice was miserably stuffed back into his mouth.

After croaking for a while, he wisely shut his mouth and stopped making obviously unrealistic proposals.

It was still fifteen minutes to seven, and even in the evening, the main doors of the Storm cathedral were still open for its congregation.

The gale weakened significantly when it reached the area. At the very least, Elland and Harris no longer had to worry about their hats abandoning them.

Upon entering the cathedral, they walked down the dark and

solemn aisle. They stepped into the prayer hall and saw a man in a dark blue priest robe sitting in the front pew. He was quietly gazing at the huge Storm Sacred Emblem, made up of the symbols of the wind, waves, and lightning, on the altar.

Elland smiled as he moved closer, patting the familiar figure on the shoulder.

“Jayce, where’s your bishop?”

With that pat, the priest’s head wobbled.

Then, it fell forward, and with a loud thud, it fell to the ground, continuously rolling about.

Blood gushed out of the priest’s neck like a fountain, soaking Elland’s face.

A cold and damp feeling reached his heart, and Elland’s eyes were blinded with a rich red color.

All that was left in his line of sight was a world of blood, as well as a head that had finally stopped rolling and was staring upwards with a glazed look in its eyes.

…

At 7:15 p.m., Klein and Danitz, who came out of the first-class restaurant, noticed that the wind which had been shaking the boat had calmed down considerably.

After thinking for two seconds, Klein walked all the way to the entrance of the cabin and asked the crew, “Who else isn’t back?”

The crew member had seen this passenger enjoy the delicious murloc meat with the Captain, so he didn’t hide anything as he said, “Other than the Branch family and the Timothy family at the Green Lemon Restaurant, all the other passengers have returned before the gale started. Heh heh, that place is quite far away, and it also takes quite a long time to dine there.

“Oh right, Captain and First Mate went to the telegraph office, but they haven’t returned yet.”

Klein nodded indiscernibly and returned to Room 312 in silence.

He stood by the window, looking at the waves that were stirred by the wind. Even without using the mysterious space above the gray fog to divine, his own spiritual intuition made him vaguely sense that something bad was brewing and happening.

After waiting another five minutes, he still didn’t see Captain Elland and Donna’s family return.

Klein glanced sideways at Danitz, making the famous pirate slouching in the reclining chair sit up straight.

Klein looked away, said nothing, and went into the washroom.

He closed the door behind him, took out the paper figurine, disguised himself, and went above the gray fog, ready to make another divination.

Before, he had considered the potential risks of Bansy Harbor, but now, after the wind had picked up, he intended to confirm the current level of danger.

"Bansy Harbor is dangerous."

Klein held the spirit pendulum and began to recite the statement in a low voice.

After repeating this over and over again, he opened his eyes and discovered that, although the topaz pendant was rotating clockwise, it wasn't spinning at a fast frequency or with large amplitudes.

There's danger, but it's within acceptable limits... This is in contradiction to the revelation from before... Klein whispered to himself as he leaned his elbows on the edge of the long bronze table.

He quickly thought of one possibility, and that was that the current danger wasn't equal to the dormant danger. Only by triggering something or investigating it thoroughly would the iceberg hidden beneath the sea appear.

This dormant danger might've existed for three or four hundred years, or perhaps even longer, and not because of my arrival... Hmm, the current danger might even have nothing to do with the dormant danger. It's a pity that I don't have the necessary information to make a divination based on this conjecture... After interpreting, Klein quickly returned to the real world, left the washroom, and found a chair to sit on.

He was silent, hesitant, and didn't move for a long time, which made Blazing Danitz feel strangely uneasy.

Ever since Gehrman Sparrow mentioned that there was danger lurking in Bansy Harbor, this infamous pirate had been constantly worried.

To be able to make this monster change his mind and avoid the danger at Green Lemon Restaurant, it must be very terrifying... Why is my vacation so miserable? I'm plagued with bad luck! The atmosphere was so stifling that Danitz had to get up and pace back and forth.

It was then that he saw the monster, Gehrman Sparrow, suddenly stand up, button his double-breasted frock coat, and walk over to the coat rack by the door.

After taking his silk hat, Klein looked at Blazing and said without any expression, "You're free."

"Huh?" Danitz only found it surreal.

He suddenly understood what the monster was thinking of doing, and he blurted out in shock, "You want to save the captain and those ordinary people?

"Y-you were the one who said it's dangerous outside!"

Klein put on his half top hat, picked up his black wooden cane, twisted the door handle, and replied calmly, "They cooperated with me.

"They kept my secret for me.

"He treated me to murloc meat.

“He helped me pay compensation for White Shark’s loss.”

“…”

Danitz didn’t react for a moment. Subconsciously, he asked, “How much was the compensation?”

“A few soli.” Klein opened the door and walked out.

Madman! This fellow is completely mad! Be it his treatment to others or himself, he’s a madman! Danitz’s mouth was half-open as he felt speechless.

Luckily, I’m a normal person! I’ll stay in a safe place! Danitz retracted his gaze and thought in mockery and amusement.

Just as this thought came to him, the wind howled again, rattling the windows and causing the candles in the room to flicker.

Looking at this dark and turbulent scene, Danitz suddenly thought of a problem.

The ship is anchored in the harbor, which was also part of Bansy Harbor. It’s not safe either, and it could also be in danger!

If I were to stay here on my own, then I might as well follow that monster. At least… At least, he’s very strong! He ran out of Room 312 and caught up with Klein just as he was about to leave the cabin.

Klein turned his head to glance at him. Although he didn't say anything, his puzzlement was very evident.

Danitz hurriedly laughed.

"If I were to choose to retreat in the face of such trivial risks, I'll be mocked by all the pirates of the Sonia Sea!"

An excuse... Without exposing him, Klein borrowed a lantern from the crew.

Carrying the dim yellow lantern and holding his hard wooden cane, he walked alongside the boat and entered the dim port in his black suit.

As Danitz lamented, he followed closely beside him.

Chapter 508: Don't Go Out

Unlike mainland cities such as Backlund, Tingen, and Pritz Harbor, colonial islands such as Bansy Harbor lacked gas. The lamps lining the two sides of the street were sparse. They had candles caged in glass, waiting to be lit.

Unfortunately, the wind had picked up early, so no one went out in the evening. The candles didn't shine at the predetermined time, and the road was pitch black. The faint outline of the crimson moon shone through the clouds.

Compared to before, the wind was much calmer. At the very least, Klein didn't need to be distracted keeping his hat on.

The thin fog gradually pervaded the air, and the doors and windows of the mainly two-story houses were shut tight. It was pitch black and devoid of any light, as though no one had lived in the area for a long time.

With a yellow lantern in one hand and a hard wooden cane in the other, Klein walked quickly down the quiet street in the direction of the Green Lemon Restaurant which Blazing Danitz had pointed out.

Woosh!

Amidst the fog, the wind began to swirl as Klein felt a baffling chill down his neck.

He lifted his right hand, which held the cane, and propped up the collar of his double-breasted frock coat, completely covering his

neck.

It was at this moment that a scene suddenly appeared in his mind!

In the scene, a black shadow the size of a watermelon appeared from the fog and lunged for his ear.

Without thinking, Klein swung his arm and forearm and struck out with his cane.

Bam!

Just as the black shadow came close, it was struck head-on and sent flying a long distance away.

With the help of the lantern's light, Klein finally recognized the thing that had attacked him.

It was a head!

It was a head that had lost its body, a head that had its esophagus hanging down!

The head floated in midair, its face resembling dried cheese with mildew all over it. There was a yellowish-green liquid flowing down its skin as it outlined the face's contours.

There were only two black holes left where its nose was supposed to be. Its bulging eyes were mostly white without much black. Its lips were mostly rotten, revealing sharpened teeth

mixed with blood!

*Dogsh*t!* Blazing Danitz silently cursed when he saw this scene, his heart trembling.

Even though he had embarked on many treasure hunts and had fought many monsters, such a disgusting and horrifying thing was still rare.

At some point in time, a classic revolver had appeared in his hand, and he was about to fire it with his elbow held down.

At this moment, he saw a pure ray of light descend from the sky, landing on the somewhat stiff head.

Ah!

A blood-curdling screech rang out, and the shriveled and hideous head was quickly vaporized before dissolving into ashes. It didn't leave a single trace behind.

How weak! Danitz subconsciously commented.

Is this monster, Gehrman Sparrow, from the Sun pathway? Doesn't look like it... He likely relied on what should be some sort of mystical item... I didn't even realize it just now, but Gehrman Sparrow had already discovered the enemy and attacked. He really is very strong... Danitz quickly turned his attention to something else.

Just as his thoughts were settling down, he saw a similar head fly out from the fog to his side from the corner of his eye. It was

trying to bite his neck.

Bang!

Danitz calmly pulled the trigger.

The brass bullet accurately hit the head covered in mold, shattering the head's glabella as it fell backwards and stopped in midair.

Soon after, a crimson ball quickly expanded above Danitz's empty left palm, and a fiery light began to swirl.

He leaned forward and dragged his arm before "throwing" the fire ball, causing it to crash into the stiff head.

Flames soared up as the head burned red. The skin on the head quickly charred, emitting a sizzling sound.

However, it lunged forward with its mouth wide open, ready to bite Danitz's neck as though it wasn't affected.

This turn of events was somewhat out of Danitz's expectations. He nearly failed to dodge in time, and he hurriedly rolled forward, barely dodging fatal damage.

A bright scarlet color appeared on his left palm once again, but the flame didn't expand this time. Instead, it shrunk, layer by layer.

Within a second, Danitz threw out the orange fireball, which

was only the size of an eye, while dodging.

The fireball was controlled by his spirituality. It drew an arc in the air and accurately flew into the mouth of the shriveled head.

Boom!

The fiery light flashed, and the explosion splintered the flying head from the inside out. Countless pieces of it, along with its blood, splashed everywhere.

I've finally finished it... Danitz rolled to his feet and breathed a sigh of relief.

Only then did he realize that this monster which only had a head wasn't easy to deal with. Yet, Gehrman Sparrow had killed one with ease.

It's mainly because the Beyonder powers in the Sun domain restrains such things! Danitz added scornfully in his heart.

As he thought of this, he turned his head to the side and realized that Gehrman Sparrow hadn't waited for him. With his cane and lantern, he was jogging into the distance, his black coat fluttering behind him slightly.

*...Dogsh*t! Wait for me... Wait for me!* Danitz's pupils contracted as he widened his pace to chase after the man. He didn't dare to stay on his own in the thin fog and dim surroundings.

...

Inside the Green Lemon Restaurant.

Donna looked at the white porcelain bowl in front of her and the dark red blood cakes in it. She thought of the strange horror she felt when seeing the customers eating just now, as well as the blood oozing out of the headless cloaked man's neck.

Her throat moved and she almost vomited.

Donna decided to give up the delicacy, even though the fragrance had already seeped into her nose.

She ate some salad and mashed potatoes without much thought and waited for the wind outside to die down. She felt the clock on the wall moving ever so slowly.

Time passed by the second. The customers at the table paid their bills and left the second floor. The second floor became quieter and quieter as it turned emptier and emptier.

Thud! Thud! Thud! Donna felt that the sound of feet on the wooden steps as they descended were frustrating.

Finally, she noticed that the trees outside were no longer swaying, and the ground was littered with all sorts of junk.

"The wind has stopped!" Donna said, pointing excitedly to the window.

Her father, an import and export merchant, Urdi Branch, pinched his forehead and growled, "Where's your table manners, Donna?"

“But…” Just as Donna was about to argue, Cleves raised his palm and pressed it down.

“It’s 7:40 p.m. and we’re almost done with dinner. Let’s head back as soon as possible. There are many nasty legends about the night in Bansy Harbor.”

Every merchant who depended on the sea for a living was more or less superstitious, especially when it came to the legends of the natives. Therefore, Urdi fell silent and agreed with Cleves’s suggestion.

He quickly foot the bill and led his family and bodyguards down to the first floor.

Cleves was about to open the door to find his way when a creaking sound came from a nearby room. Donna almost screamed out in fright and gripped Denton’s hand tightly.

A figure walked out, glanced at them, and calmly said, “It’s fogged up. It’s best not to go out.”

The figure wore a black tailcoat without a hat. There was a pair of glasses on the bridge of his nose. His face was fleshy and almost circular.

“What are you trying to convey, Mr. Fox?” Cleves recognized him to be the owner of the Green Lemon Restaurant.

Fox said without much of an expression, “In Bansy, during the nights when the fog and weather drastically changes, it’s best not to go out or respond to any knockings. Otherwise, one might encounter… bad things.”

The more Donna listened, the more scared she became. She loudly emphasized, “People have already left ahead of us!”

Fox pointed to the rooms on the first floor.

“They chose to stay.”

Creak! Thud!

As soon as Fox’s voice fell, the doors to the various rooms opened either softly or heavily. The gentlemen and ladies from before came to the doors and quietly watched Donna and her family, who were considering to leave.

“Perhaps we should respect the customs here,” Urdi Branch said in deliberation. “Staying a night here won’t affect our boarding of the ship.”

According to the experience Cleves was equipped with, he should’ve followed Fox’s advice and stayed at the Green Lemon Restaurant, but he remembered Gehrman Sparrow’s reminder. It was a reminder of a powerful adventurer who was watching Blazing Danitz!

There is danger dormant in Bansy Harbor... It doesn’t refer to it being indoors or outdoors... Cleves quickly made his decision and said to Urdi, “Mr. Branch, please trust in my profession.”

“Yeah, I’ve seen a lot of folklore, but none of them are pragmatic,” another bodyguard agreed.

Before he finished his sentence, knocking sounds came from the

restaurant's door and a series of screams could be heard from afar.

"Look, there are knocking sounds. Don't respond," Fox said slowly.

Urdi's heart palpitated as he was about to choose to stay the night.

Donna looked at the gentlemen and ladies standing at their doorways, and she felt that their gazes looked abnormally weird.

"No, we have to return!" the young lady stressed, almost screaming.

Cleves could also feel the indescribable pressure and the coldness that seeped through his bones, and he once again stressed his opinion.

"If there are any problems, then it'll be more dangerous staying here. There are cannons on the ship, as well as sailors with guns and sabers."

This reason convinced Urdi, who motioned for Cleves to open the door.

Cleves waited for the knocking to subside, then with one hand holding a gun, he pulled open the door with the other.

The wind's howling had quietened and the darkness was deep amidst the spreading fog. It was as if there were many monsters hidden within.

Donna held her younger brother, Denton, and, hiding behind Cecile, left the restaurant one step at a time.

Creak!

The door to the restaurant suddenly closed, preventing them from returning.

At this moment, they were like ships stranded in a storm, as though they were the only ones left in this world.

With the lantern in hand, Cleves walked in front when he suddenly saw something fly over and crash into the ground, rolling a few times.

Donna and the others subconsciously looked over and immediately let out cries of terror.

It was a shriveled, rotting head!

Then they saw light.

Light fell from the sky, and the disgusting head melted into nothingness.

“This…” Urdi and the others swallowed hard, their bodies trembling.

At that moment, they saw a faint yellow light approaching from the depths of the fog.

It was a figure holding a lantern, wearing a half top hat and a double-breasted frock coat which shared the same color as the night. The lines of his face were distinct, and there was an obvious sharpness in the coldness.

“Uncle Sparrow!” Donna and Denton cried out.

They felt their hearts settle down.

Klein tossed the lantern to Danitz beside him, and he walked over with his cane in hand before calmly saying to Cleves and the others as if nothing was out of the ordinary, “Let’s go to the telegraph office first.

“What about the Timothys?”

Chapter 509: Request

“Timothys?”

“They’re still in the restaurant,” Urdi Branch subconsciously replied.

He then pointed to the area where the moldy head had been purified and anxiously asked, “What was that just now?”

Maintaining Gehrman Sparrow’s persona, Klein didn’t answer and glanced at Danitz before walking directly past Donna’s family to the tightly closed door of the Green Lemon Restaurant.

Blazing Danitz held his lantern and was relieved having finally completed a goal. He straightened his back, looked at Urdi and the others, and scoffed.

“You don’t have to worry about what that was. Just know that it’s a monster that will harm you.”

If Gehrman Sparrow wasn’t only a few meters away, he even wanted to proclaim: Only I, Lord Blazing Danitz, can protect you!

Cleves exchanged glances with Cecile and Teague before taking the initiative to step forward. He comforted his employers and said, “Leave your questions to after we get back to the White Agate.”

Frankly speaking, the three bodyguards had all been adventurers for varying periods of time. However, their understanding of

monsters was still stuck at the level of folklore or stories of their drunken peers. They still found it rather surreal, as though they were in a dream.

However, since they had seen creatures like murlocs before, it wasn't that hard to accept other things. At most, they were a little weirder and uglier than murlocs.

When they thought of this, their hearts calmed significantly, and the guns in their hands seemed to regain their strength.

However, the pure light that descended from the sky still exceeded their scope of understanding. They only felt that their world view, outlook on life, and values that had long been formed had begun wavering. All they could do was temporarily ignore it, suppressing all their emotions to the bottom of their hearts.

Klein stopped at the door of the Green Lemon Restaurant, raised his right hand, and tapped it with his fingers.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

After he knocked three times in a rhythmic fashion, no one answered and there was silence.

If not for the candlelight shining through the windows and the cracks in the door, Klein would've thought it was an empty building that had long been abandoned.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

He knocked three more times.

Within the restaurant, the silence continued. Everyone seemed to be abiding by the custom of not responding to any knocking in foggy weather.

Klein retracted his right hand and patted the hem of his double-breasted frock coat.

Suddenly, he leaned back, lifted his knees, and kicked his right foot forward.

With a bang, the restaurant's door suddenly opened wide, and all the nails that had fixed the copper lock popped out.

Wearing a tailcoat, the boss, Fox, with his pudgy, nearly-round face was still standing in his original position. The ladies and gentlemen who had chosen to stay the night all opened the doors one by one and stood quietly at the door, looking over without a word.

"What... do you want?" Fox didn't flare up; his tone the same as before. However, he had a revolver in his hand.

With his Spirit Vision activated, Klein turned his head and looked around. He didn't find any traces of evil on any of the humans present.

His gaze landed on the boss of the restaurant, and his gaze turned heavy. He looked into the owner's eyes and asked, "Where's the Timothy family?"

Fox repressed his emotions, as though a storm was brewing in his dark brown eyes while he looked at the man for two seconds. Finally, he unnaturally turned his head and said, “There’s another table. Foreigners. Upstairs.”

“Get them to come down,” Klein ordered coldly.

Fox was silent for a few seconds, until the man quickly drew his gun and aimed it at his head.

He took a deep breath and sent a waiter up to the second floor, leading the Timothy family down the stairs.

“What happened?” Timothy was a man who was more than thirty years of age. He was on vacation with his newly wedded wife.

Klein lowered his gun and flatly said, “Something unexpected has happened in Bansy Harbor.

“Are you coming back with me to the ship or staying here?”

“Something unexpected?” While Timothy ruminated over the words, he saw Urdi Branch outside nodding at him solemnly.

He knew that the other party was a very rich import and export merchant who had three bodyguards with him. He believed that if there were any unexpected circumstances, then it would be safer to stay with them, so the answer was obvious.

As for the unique customs of Bansy Harbor, it was just a custom! He held his wife’s hand and walked towards the door, politely

smiling as he said, “All our things are on the ship. Of course we’ll stick with you.”

“Thank you,” he and his new wife expressed their gratitude in unison, walked past Klein, and joined with the Branch family outside.

Klein withdrew his revolver, politely bowed at Fox and said, “Excuse us.”

With that, he turned around and walked towards Cleves and company, who were illuminated by the light leaking out from the restaurant.

With a thud, the door of the Green Lemon Restaurant closed once again, swaying slightly in the wind.

Klein had actually noticed an unusual, subtle atmosphere just now, but since his Spirit Vision failed to obtain anything, he didn’t wish to investigate it too deeply, lest he ignite the huge danger lurking in Bansy Harbor.

He returned to Danitz’s side and did a headcount with the light of the lantern.

Donna’s family of four, *their three bodyguards*, *the Timothy couple*, *and several servants are all present*... Klein switched the hands in which he held his revolver and cane with, lifted his gun-wielding right hand, slipped it deep into the double-breasted frock coat, and rubbed the Sun Brooch.

With a flash of dark golden light, an invisible force quickly spread outwards, flooding everyone present like a wave.

Instantly, Donna and the others felt as if they had arrived in the south, like they were bathing in warm sunlight that dispersed the cold chill within their bodies.

They were no longer as nervous and worried, as if they had found their courage again. The remnant black colors obtained from the special cured meat from Damir Harbor quickly disappeared along with the extremely minute amounts of wicked feelings.

Sun Halo was able to enhance the courage of one's companions within a twenty meter radius and purify any evil forces within them!

With the help of the brooch and while under the control of Klein's spirituality and psyche, he could use the power of the sun to bypass any targets he didn't wish to help.

"Let's head to the telegraph office first." Klein repeated himself as he held his cane in his left hand and his revolver in his right. After getting his bearings, he proceeded forward.

Danitz followed his directions and walked diagonally to the side. Cleves, Cecile, and Teague very professionally took charge of security for the other two flanks.

With a party of more than 15 people, it's easy for us to suffer losses once we're attacked. Moreover, only Blazing can truly be considered a helper... What should I do? Thinking back to the monsters he had encountered, Klein suddenly slipped the revolver back into his underarm holster and handed the cane to his right palm.

He reached into his pocket with his left hand and removed the wall of spirituality around an iron cigar case. He took out Azik's

copper whistle and held it in his hand, occasionally tossing it up.

He believed that such an action would divert the attention of the undead monsters which only had one head left from the others, leaving the copper, ancient whistle as the only thing in their "eyes!"

This way, I don't have to worry about not being able to rescue them in time. That's the effect of an MT [1]*!* Klein sighed and quickened his pace.

At this moment, three shriveled heads covered in mold flew out from the thin fog in front of him. They charged towards Klein from different directions like arrows, completely ignoring the existence of the other delicious meat.

Three! Danitz's pupils contracted, a little worried that Gehrman Sparrow would end up flustered, but he also looked forward to seeing his true strength.

Three... Klein calmly shook his left hand and threw Azik's whistle into the air.

The heads with esophaguses hanging down from them immediately drew an arc and headed for their primary target.

Klein took a step back and, without any expression, raised his hand and squeezed the Sun Brooch.

All of a sudden, dense golden flames were produced where the copper whistle was as a holy aura was emanated.

Fire of Light!

The three skinny heads let out miserable shrieks at the same time, turning into dust under the golden light.

Klein took two steps forward and reached out to catch Azik's copper whistle.

...That can actually work? Another mystical item? Danitz froze for two seconds, flabbergasted at how easily the assault had been resolved.

At that moment, Timothy and his wife also clearly saw what the things which were attacking them looked like. One of them turned pale from fright while the other asked, flustered, "W-what was that?

Donna immediately turned around and nodded seriously.

"Leave your questions to after we get back to the White Agate."

With that said, she put her finger to her lips, mimicking Uncle Sparrow's meaning of "silence."

Remembering the holy aura displayed by the young man in front of him, Timothy swallowed hard and pulled at his wife's hand. He fell silent while remaining alert, and his servants had no choice but to obey upon seeing this.

The group continued on through the moonlit streets. The lights of the houses on either side of the streets were extinguished, leaving only darkness behind the oriel windows.

Donna felt as if pairs of eyes were following her and the others, but for some reason no one showed up.

They must all be afraid of Uncle Sparrow! She held her brother's hand tight and walked amidst the protective circle of her parents.

Suddenly, a figure appeared at the side of the street. He wore a black cloak and leaned forward, revealing a neck that was still bleeding. There was nothing above the neck, with the interior of the cloak reflecting the moonlight.

Gasp!

The headless figure let out a beast-like growl that sounded like gasping as it rushed towards Klein, stomping on the street to the point that the ground slightly shook.

A spot it passed by just happened to be in Danitz's path. This infamous pirate cursed and flung an orange-yellow fireball which had been repeatedly compressed from his hand.

Boom!

The fireball exploded, causing the headless man to retreat several steps.

His clothes were tattered, and his skin quickly charred while his cloak was set on fire.

However, to the monsters that had already lost their lives, this wasn't a serious injury.

And in that instant, with a crisp crack, the scarlet flame on the black cloak suddenly soared into the air, as if it were blooming.

Klein, in his coat, jumped out of the flames, borrowing the momentum from his fall and his own strength in order to stab the cane he held in both hands directly into the headless man's neck.

Splat!

The cane sank into the headless man's body and emerged from his crotch.

Bam! Klein's back muscles bulged, forcefully throwing the headless monster to the ground!

Taking advantage of this opportunity, he stood behind the monster and continued to grip the cane tightly while he poured his spirituality into the Sun Brooch.

He had already used his Spirit Vision to determine that Holy Light Summoning, Cleave of Purification, and Fire of Light were all unable to deal with this blackish-green monster in a short amount of time, so he could only use another method.

Five seconds, four seconds, three seconds. The headless man struggled with all his might, but like a snake, he fell to his knees and was firmly nailed to the ground by the cane.

Two seconds, one second!

Klein opened his mouth and spat out a word in ancient Hermes.

“Sun!”

Specks of radiance appeared and turned into water droplets that sprinkled over the headless man’s body.

Sizzle! When the blackish-green gas was emitted, Klein let go of his cane and took two steps to the side.

Within the sparse “rain,” the headless man continuously twitched before finally calming down, eventually melting into a pool of blood.

No Beyonder characteristics… This means it’s not the real enemy. At most, it can be considered as a created “servant”… Klein withdrew his cane, turned, and walked back to the group.

“So cool!” Denton let out a belated cheer.

Donna’s eyes sparkled.

He was still borrowing the powers of a mystical item… However, his phasing away during the flames has indicated his true strength. He really isn’t easy to deal with… Blazing Danitz retracted his gaze, feeling that his decision not to mindlessly run off had been extremely wise.

Seven or eight minutes later, the group that cleared out two more waves of monsters arrived at the Bansy Port’s telegraph office.

Cleves took the initiative and knocked on the door.

“Who is it?” A gentle female voice came from inside.

“We’re looking for the captain of the White Agate, Mr. Elland,” Cleves answered through the door.

In the quiet night, the woman’s voice spoke at a moderate pace.

“He and his first mate went next door to the cathedral.”

The person speaking sounds odd, or is she like that only on similar nights? Klein flicked a gold coin and confirmed that she wasn’t lying.

As they were preparing to leave, the female voice in the telegraph office hesitated and said, “Can… Can you guys… help me… take note of someone?

“He’s my… colleague. He went out before the wind started tonight… and never came back.

“His name… is Paavo Court.”

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1. Main Tank. A term used in gaming for a character that takes on all the aggro and damage.

Chapter 510: The Returning Bishop

Paavo Court... Cleves didn't directly answer the woman behind the telegraph office's door. He turned to glance at Gehrman Sparrow, waiting for his decision.

In the eyes of this former adventurer, it was a difficult task for fifteen people to get back to the White Agate safely. They couldn't and shouldn't be distracted by helping her search for someone. However, he was well aware that the current pillar of support was Gehrman Sparrow and Blazing Danitz. They were the only ones who had the right to decide on the matter.

Klein remained silent for two seconds, then he spoke in a measured voice.

"What does he look like?"

He believed that having more information would help him escape this strange, foggy city, so he casually asked in passing. As for whether he would help take note of the person's whereabouts, it all depended on what happened next.

While inquiring, Klein also warned himself not to pursue the matter too deeply or else it might risk triggering the danger dormant in Bansy Harbor.

Between understanding the situation and avoiding the risks, he had to engage in a balancing act—no more, no less, without leaning too far left or right.

This might be an easy or difficult feat, because no one knew

what would happen once he took the step. He could only judge based on his experience and intuition, and he could fall into a pit at any time. This left Klein highly stressed as his mind whirled at an unprecedented speed.

In the dense darkness and thin fog, the telegraph office's door remained tightly shut. The woman inside paused and said, "He's... a very handsome... man.

"He has two eyes, two ears, a nose, and a mouth."

Why does this answer sound so scary.... Is there something wrong with this woman? According to the customs of Bansy Harbor, she shouldn't have even responded! Blazing Danitz had the urge to kick open the door, rush into the telegraph office, and check the situation inside.

It was at this moment that he saw Gehrman Sparrow put his hand on his hat and turn to the side.

"Storm cathedral," Klein briefly stated their destination.

He didn't bother with whether there was anything wrong with the woman at the telegraph office. It was just like how he didn't delve into the secrets of the owner of the Green Lemon Restaurant or the customers who had chosen to stay the night.

The wind was getting lighter, and the fog was thinning. The candlelight from the cathedral was shining through the narrow windows high above, like a beacon in a storm.

After Klein used Sun Halo again, Donna and the others regained some of their courage, like people who had fallen into the water

and desperately grabbed onto the last straw. They hurriedly walked on the empty streets in silence.

Soon they arrived outside the Storm cathedral, but the doors were shut tight.

Glancing at the Storm Sacred Emblem on the door, Klein raised his hand and knocked three times.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

A vigilant male voice immediately came from behind the door.

“Who is it?”

“Gehrman Sparrow,” Klein replied straight away.

He could already tell that it was Captain Elland.

“Why are you here?” Elland asked again without opening the door.

Klein raised his cane and calmly said, “You helped me pay White Shark’s compensation.”

After a moment of surprise and amusement, Elland made an initial confirmation that it was the real Gehrman Sparrow outside. At the very least, even a monster adept at disguising wouldn’t have known something that was privy only to the two of them.

He still felt hesitant until Cleves, Urdi Branch, Donna, and company sounded out in succession. Only then did he relax and allow his first mate, Harris, to unlock and open the door.

A heavy clunking sound rang out, and Klein saw Elland in his boat-shaped hat, sword in one hand, and musket in the other.

"Something happened here too?" he keenly asked, based on his conclusion from the situations from before.

Elland stepped aside to let Donna and the others in. Then he pointed at the prayer hall and said, "The priest I knew, Jayce, died in there. He was decapitated, and Bishop Millet is nowhere to be found. Same for the other priests. Also, the servants in the church are all gone."

A dead priest with a missing bishop? The whole cathedral is devoid of the living? This is a little problematic... Klein gripped the cold Azik's copper whistle, his heart sinking.

Of course, he was very clear that the priest and the bishop weren't the main force of the Church of Storm that managed Beyonder matters in Bansy Harbor. Underneath this cathedral, there was definitely a Mandated Punisher team formed out of 6–8 Beyonders, as well as an indefinite number of Sealed Artifacts. Even High-Sequence Beyonders wouldn't be able to wipe out this force in a short span of time without causing a stir.

As long as they're alive and able to use Sealed Artifacts, the problem shouldn't be too terrible... So, at this point in time, what is the Mandated Punisher team doing? Based on his previous experience as a Nighthawk, Klein made a guess of the standard operating procedures.

In the process, he followed Elland to the prayer hall and

examined the body of the deceased priest.

Jayce died a tragic death, as if his head had been decapitated while he was still alive. Unlike the monsters outside, his esophagus and head were separated.

With Klein's Spirit Vision, this priest no longer had any remnant spirit. It would be very difficult to have a successful spirit channeling ritual.

Is it due to a unique killing technique, or has it been dealt with accordingly... It's different from the monsters outside. Was it because the operation happened in a rush? Combining all that he knew, Klein concluded his previous speculation.

He felt that there were two possibilities. One, there was something of local origins, perhaps a living Sealed Artifact or a Mid-Sequence Beyonder, who had lost control underground. It escaped the cathedral and killed Jayce while fleeing, causing the abnormal changes in Bansy Harbor. The bishop, priests, and Mandated Punishers were in desperate pursuit, attempting to form a seal again or get rid the perpetrator. The servants had been led underground and were under the protection of the remaining Mandated Punishers.

But this didn't explain the strange behavior of the residents of Bansy Harbor.

The second possibility was that the primitive sacrificial ritual to the God of Weather had been resurrected in a number of people in Bansy Harbor, and that the flying heads and headless monsters were in adherence with the descriptions of flesh and blood consumption in the sacrificial rituals and the burying of heads in the altar. And due to some unknown reason, this group of people had raided the cathedral and killed Reverend Jess. The rest of the population had more or less understood the situation,

but they had opted for silence.

They might've already assaulted the area underground and are currently engaged in an intense battle with the Mandated Punishers, priests, and the bishop, who are aided by Sealed Artifacts. They might've transformed all the servants into monsters or thrown them out. It can also be that they're under pursuit from the Beyonders of the Church of Storms, and the servants have been sent underground to receive protection to prevent any accidents... From the fact that Jayce's corpse hasn't been used, there's a possibility that it's the latter development... If I were to head underground to confirm the situation, I'll definitely be attacked since we're unfamiliar Beyonders... Besides, the remnant strength might not be sufficient... Klein looked at the priest on the ground and realized that his Beyonder characteristic had condensed into a blue sapphire by his neck.

He retracted his gaze and didn't pick up the item. He didn't want to attract the violent retaliation from the short-tempered Church of Storms so he turned to Elland and Harris.

"Let's return to the ship first."

He casually tossed the gold coin and confirmed that there was no battle currently going on underground.

In any case, regardless of whether there were any Mandated Punishers present, the cathedral grounds were no longer suitable for prolonged stays. After all, Klein wasn't sure if his guess was right, and he could only make the safest choice.

"Alright!" Elland had no desire to stay here either, being in a situation where he waited nervously for any changes to befall him.

As long as he returned to the White Agate, he would have many cannons and many sailors that could withstand accidents to a certain extent.

After a short rest, the group left the cathedral.

With the addition of Elland and Harris, the team's defense clearly became much tighter. Klein no longer needed to toss the copper whistle to attract the monsters, so he stuffed it back into his pocket.

"Shall we send a telegram to the Church of Storms's headquarters to report on Bansy Harbor?" After a few steps, Elland made a cautious suggestion.

This way, even if there were major unforeseen events, as long as they held on, they would eventually be saved.

Klein didn't object. Walking through the thin fog ahead of him, he calmly said, "We'll pass by the telegraph office."

Phew. Blazing Danitz breathed a sigh of relief, then his heart skipped a beat.

He was afraid that the Church of Storms would perform investigations and discover that an infamous pirate had played an important role in this matter, and by then, he would probably still be trapped on the White Agate.

Although I saved people, the Mandated Punishers aren't friendly to those who don't belong to them, especially when I'm a pirate... Stumped for a moment, Danitz decided to get over the immediate danger before considering other matters.

After walking for a while, they saw the telegraph office in sight. A faint yellow light suddenly emerged from the side street and approached them from the depths of the fog.

It was a middle-aged man carrying a lantern.It was a middle-aged man carrying a hurricane lamp.

He wore a dark blue bishop robe embroidered with the symbol of the storm. His head was bowed and his face was pale. He was wheezing as he staggered while walking.

Elland focused and blurted out, “Bishop Millet?”

The middle-aged man looked up, raised his hurricane lamp and said,”Elland, is it?”

At this moment, Klein took a step back, letting Elland stand out. He didn’t wish for the bishop of the Church of Storms to pay notice to him.

Danitz even shrunk his neck back, using Urdi’s plump body to block himself.

“Yes, Your Excellency. Jayce is dead. What happened?” Elland wasn’t a novice, so he didn’t directly step forward.

Bishop Millet coughed and said, “An old custom has been revived, and a group of heathens with dirty blood running through their veins are beginning to offer live sacrifices and are consuming their flesh and blood.

“Jayce noticed that they were problematic and ended up being

killed by them.

“The matter can no longer be covered up. They used the sacrificial ritual to change the weather and tried to attack the cathedral. They were defeated by the Mandated Punisher and fled to the mountain. They escaped to the cave where the altar is.

“I was injured in combat. Without being able to hold out much longer, all I could do was slowly make my way back.”

Just as he finished speaking, a bright ball of light burst out of the distant fog, as if countless bolts of lightning were striking down.

With the help of this light, Klein and the others could see the fog-covered mountain range by the shore, as well as the peak which was connected to thunderstorms.

To a certain extent, this confirmed Bishop Millet’s claim.

Elland was about to step forward to support the Storm bishop when he saw Gehrman Sparrow take out a gold coin and mutter in a low voice, “He has ill intentions.”

Ding!

The gold coin flew up and then tumbled in the air before landing in Klein’s palm, heads facing up.

It meant a positive result!

Bishop Millet stared straight at this scene, his light brown eyes

suddenly flashing with a dark red light.

Chapter 511: "Snitch Halo"

Woosh!

A strong gale blew out from Bishop Millet's body, lifting up his dark blue bishop robes.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! The branches of the nearby trees snapped as they flew into the air.

Donna's body involuntarily rose a few meters into the air before being thrown out several meters. Her body ached all over when she fell to the ground.

It wasn't just her; Cecile, Denton, Timothy, Harris, and the others were all blown up by the wind and landed in different spots. Only Cleves, Teague, and Urdi, either because of their training or abnormally heavy weight, staggered to the ground and tumbled a few times.

Elland, who was facing Bishop Millet directly, did a series of retreating and backward somersaulting actions, dodging the incoming blow from the wind.

Klein and Danitz didn't attempt to resist it head-on; instead, they flew backward like kites. Although they looked like they were about to collapse to the ground, they ultimately managed to keep their balance.

As soon as the hurricane stopped, six figures emerged from the dispersing fog. They were all wearing black cloaks and were headless. Left with only bleeding necks, their hoods were

supported up by the eddies of the hurricane.

Gasp! Gasp!

Their throats emitted the low grunts of a beast like the moment before they were ready to attack.

Sou! Sou! Sou!

A series of thin and sharp wind blades shot out, leaving a clear and deep rift where Klein was somersaulting.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

From both sides of the lantern wielding Bishop Millet, whose dark blue bishop robe had flared up slightly, six headless men rushed at Klein, Elland, and the others, stomping on the ground until it trembled.

One headless monster is already hard enough to deal with, but now there are six of them... And there's even a bishop who's obviously corrupted! When Blazing Danitz saw this scene, he couldn't help but feel his scalp tingle.

At this moment, a bronze beam streaked past his eyes and shot into the distance.

Dang! Dang! Dang! Azik's copper whistle dropped to the ground and bounced a few times.

With a whoosh, the six headless men changed direction at the

same time, rushing towards the location where Azik's copper whistle came to a stop, leaving Bishop Millet standing alone in his original spot.

Klein seized the opportunity, lifted his left hand, tearing off the Sun Brooch inside his coat, and threw it to Captain Elland who was closest to him. He shouted succinctly, "Inject your spirituality. Five seconds. Holy water."

After saying this, he ignored his silk top hat that had been blown away, and instead, he bent his body, dashing towards Bishop Millet in a zigzag manner.

Sou! Sou! Sou!

One after another, wind blades were shot out in close succession, all of them aimed at Klein.

In a flash, the ground showed signs of being cut and slashed. Klein either somersaulted, lunging forward, or jumping up by supporting his body with his hands to avoid the first round of concentrated fire.

The dark red light in Bishop Millet's eyes grew brighter as he raised his hands.

Sou! Sou! Sou! Sou! Sou!

At this moment, the wind blades inundated him like a machine gun. Klein only had enough time to dodge half of it before his body was torn apart, turning into thin and light shreds of paper that flew into the air.

Klein appeared in another direction and continued to charge at Bishop Millet, trying to close the distance between them to an effective distance!

...

After catching the Sun Brooch, Elland immediately felt the heat. He wished that he could take off his clothes and jump into freezing water.

He thought for a moment about the words Gehrman Sparrow had left him before taking out a tin-colored alcohol flask from the inside of his clothes, unscrewed the lid, and poured out all of the Lanti Proof inside. The strong aroma of the wine rapidly spread in all directions.

Blazing Danitz looked around, feeling certain of the situation.

With a grimace, he genuflected and suddenly pressed both his palms onto the ground.

Two scarlet fire serpents appeared out of thin air, clinging to the ground as they spread towards Azik's copper whistle and created four burning walls of fire.

His original plan had been to throw a fireball at Bishop Millet and let Gehrman Sparrow use the flames to easily jump towards the bishop and launch an attack. However, after seeing that the area around the bishop was filled with freezing gales, he rationally gave up on the idea. He was prepared to first clean up the headless monsters to prevent them from disturbing Gehrman Sparrow ability to use his true strength.

Cleves, Cecile, Teague, and Harris had already stood up again and had drawn their guns. They surrounded Urdi, Donna, and Timothy in the middle, guarding them against any other monsters that might appear.

Their experience taught them that, without any prior teamwork training, it was best not to interfere in a battle that was beyond that of ordinary humans.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The six headless men, oblivious to the burning flames, burst through the scarlet walls of fire and began to pounce onto Azik's copper whistle like ravenous dogs.

This gave Elland time to inject his spirituality into the Sun Brooch with composure. After the holy water condensed, he dripped them into the alcohol flask.

Seeing the headless people in a frenzied bunch, Danitz's heart skipped a beat. He bent down halfway and, with a flushed face, condensed a scorching-white flaming spear in his right palm.

Taking a step forward, he twisted his waist and swung his arm, throwing out the flaming spear. It whistled as it hit a headless man and nailed it to the ground.

A blazing white light soared, and the headless man's body was reduced to ashes. The remaining half of his body was also burning, continuously releasing blackish-green gases.

Seeing that his attack had succeeded, Danitz was about to continue this attack method when he suddenly sensed a

particular kind of crazy, terrifying hunger.

At this moment, he felt as though he had arrived in front of a deep abyss, just one step short from falling in.

He knew that Gehrman Sparrow was no longer suppressing the crazy soul inside him.

After using Paper Figurine Substitutes three times, Klein finally entered a predetermined distance.

The glove on his left palm suddenly exploded with a hunger that had been suppressed for a long time, and dark golden scales began sprouting from it as it squirmed.

Klein's pupils faded away, as if they had turned vertical.

Immediately after, his pupils reflected Bishop Millet's fluttering dark blue robes.

Without a sound, the middle-aged man who was about to produce a large number of wind blades suddenly tilted his head backwards, and his body froze for a second.

His eyes, which were glowing with a dark red light, lost their rationality as they were filled with a sense of madness. His skin became smooth and colorful, like the skin of some aquatic creatures.

He let out a panting sound, as though it had come from the depths of the ocean, as slippery, disgusting tentacles suddenly drilled out from under his dark blue robe!

Psychiatrist's Frenzy!

Klein originally only wanted to use this to interrupt the enemy's attack in order to create an opportunity for him later, but after going berserk, Bishop Millet immediately lost control!

The moment the fallen or corrupted man lost his final shackles of reasoning, he immediately stepped into the abyss of losing control!

Klein's pupils shrank as he saw the situation. He no longer hesitated, and he switched the soul he was driving.

In the midst of his frenzy, the glove on his left palm became stained with a gold color. His expression became dignified as his gaze once again locked onto Bishop Millet.

In an instant, his eyes lit up like two bolts of lightning.

All of a sudden, Bishop Millet let out a blood-curdling screech, his palms and tentacles retracted as he covered his head.

His psyche had been penetrated, causing him indescribable pain.

Interrogator!

Klein pushed himself up with his right hand, and his left hand lit up with a resplendent brilliance.

Right on the heels of that, he leaned back and opened his arms as if to embrace the sun.

A thick, pure, and blazing brilliance descended from the sky, landing on Bishop Millet and enveloping him within it.

The surroundings changed as though it was daytime. The strong gales came to an abrupt halt.

Sequence 5 Priest of Light!

Bishop Millet's body began to evaporate, first his skin, then his tentacles, and finally his flesh.

By the time the brilliant pillar of light disappeared, he no longer looked human. Instead, he had turned into a monster made of bones and flesh. Whatever was left of his aura was rather weak.

However, he wasn't dead!

The vitality of a Rampager was stronger than ever before!

Klein's expression didn't change. He took a few steps forward and rushed to the battered body of Bishop Millet. He genuflected, leaned forward, and pressed his left palm against the flesh.

He stopped using the power of the Priest of Light because he wanted to leave some food for Creeping Hunger!

A small crack silently appeared in the palm region of the glove as two rows of illusory, white, and eerie teeth grew out from it as it madly devoured any flesh, bones, and spirituality.

However, Bishop Millet continued struggling. He steadied his

flesh and grew new tentacles, trying to entangle Klein and pull him into his embrace.

Klein threw his cane, pulled out his revolver, and fired five shots in quick succession at the monster.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Bullets ranging from pale gold, brass, and silver colors struck Bishop Millet, igniting patches of different colored flames.

Bishop Millet let out a blood-curdling screech once more, one that came from his soul. He finally wasn't able to resist Creeping Hunger. Even his flesh and soul were transformed into a torrent that poured into the insatiable mouth.

In just two or three seconds, all that was left on the ground were clothes, money, and specks of dark blue and green light blobs.

This was the difference between "Devouring" and "Grazing."

Klein wanted the latter more, but there was no other food around.

Meanwhile, Captain Elland had already created two rounds of holy water inside his alcohol flask.

Danitz hurriedly shouted at him, "Throw it over!"

Without hesitation, Elland threw the alcohol flask towards the headless men who were still vying for the copper whistle.

Ahem. Danitz cleared his throat and stood up straight.

He leisurely inserted his left palm into his pocket and pushed forward with his right hand, quickly forming many scarlet Fire Ravens around him.

These half-illusionary Fire Ravens flapped their wings and flew out, following different trajectories of attack. At the same time, they collided with the alcohol flask which happened to be right on top of the group of headless people.

Rumble!

The alcohol flask shattered as Sun Holy Water splattered everywhere.

Sizzle! The remaining headless people were all drenched as they screamed and twitched in pain before falling to the ground.

They melted away quickly into blood as Azik's copper whistle lay still in the middle of the purified area.

It's resolved... Gehrman Sparrow is really strong. Even if he encounters Captain, he'll have the ability to resist her... It's a pity that I didn't get to see what Beyonder powers he had used... Danitz turned his head to look at Klein, who was standing in front of the remains of Bishop Millet, and silently sighed.

Then he saw Gehrman Sparrow glance at him coldly.

Subconsciously, Danitz dejectedly ran out and picked up Azik's copper whistle.

Donna rubbed her bruised arm and saw Uncle Sparrow in his long black coat walking back a few steps before stooping to pick up his half top hat, silently dust it off, and put it back on.

Chapter 512: The End of Things?

After Klein retrieved his hat, Bishop Millet's Beyonder characteristic had already been fully condensed. It was only the size of a thumb and was translucent and light blue in color. However, from time to time, green streaks would appear like a tidal wave that approached a black hue.

Opening the revolver's cylinder, Klein shook it, dropping the empty shells that were either gold, silver, or brass in color to the ground, creating crisp tinkling sounds.

Then, he calmly took out a speedloader he had prepared earlier and loaded other Beyonder rounds bullet into the gun.

After doing all this, he put away the revolver, bent over to pick up Bishop Millet's Beyonder characteristic, and stuffed it into his pocket without paying too much attention to it.

Klein picked up his cane and turned back to the group after taking a few steps. He pulled out a paper figurine and flicked it like he was lashing a whip.

Pa!

The paper figurine was quickly ignited. It flew out of his hand and turned into specks of scarlet light that fell to the ground, extinguishing into dust.

"How cool..." Denton forgot the pain from his fall and stared intently.

It's like Uncle Sparrow is setting off fireworks... Donna nodded in agreement with her brother's words.

After using Paper Figurine Substitutes to interfere with the information and traces in the area, Klein looked in the direction of the way back and said calmly and concisely, "Leave this area."

With that, he turned around and walked away at a leisurely pace. He took the Sun Brooch and Azik's copper whistle from Elland and Danitz respectively.

Urdi and the others didn't make useless comments, nor did they cry out in pain. They followed quietly behind.

In the battle just now, they had fully witnessed the uniqueness of Beyonders, especially Danitz's flaming powers. It was the most eye-catching and obvious. It left them a deep impression, making them fully realize that this wasn't something ordinary people could intervene in. All they could do was abide by the instructions and follow closely behind.

Only by doing so could they guarantee their survival!

Compared to Danitz, the battle between Klein and Bishop Millet mainly involved invisible wind blades and the truly intangible psyche domain. Other than the holy light that seemed to descend from the gods and the frightening sight of Bishop Millet's loss of control, the entire battle seemed completely calm, so it didn't deliver a shock to the onlookers.

As they passed by the area they had just been in, Cleves, Cecile, and the others suddenly stopped in their tracks. They saw the ground covered with dense cracks everywhere.

This... They instantly understood one thing, and that was that Gehrman Sparrow's battle with the fallen bishop was many times more harrowing than the other performance.

A sense of horror and security arose at the same time as all of them quickened their pace.

Twenty or thirty seconds later, Klein stopped on the street outside the telegraph office. He said to Captain Elland in a deadpan manner, "Do you want to send a telegram?"

After saying that, he couldn't help but remind him, "Do not force your way in."

"Alright." On this strange night, Elland was just as cautious.

He took a few brisk steps to the telegraph office and knocked on the door three times.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Amidst a slightly muffled sound, someone from inside asked, "Who is it?"

Klein, who was already on guard, suddenly frowned, because the one who spoke was a man!

Elland was also puzzled.

"I want to send a telegram.

“Who are you? I remember the person on duty was a lady before.”

The man inside replied calmly, “I’m… Paavo Court, Melanie’s colleague.

“She’s right… next to me. She’s fine.”

Just as Paavo Court finished speaking, the female voice from before immediately followed up, “Yes… I’m doing very well.

“You don’t… need to take note anymore. Paavo Court… is back.”

Pal, doesn’t your folklore say not to answer or open the door? How did Paavo Court get in? Klein resisted the urge to question her.

Elland took a step back and cleared his throat.

“I’d like to send a telegram to the headquarters of the Church of Storms.”

“I’m sorry… But… we can’t open the door,” Paavo Court replied without emotion.

Elland also felt the strangeness of the matter and didn’t dare to force it. Instead, he proposed an alternative plan.

“Can you send it for me and pass the draft to me through the crack in the door?

“The content is about the abnormal changes in Bansy Harbor, and the death of Bishop Millet and Priest Jayce. It shall be signed off with Elland.”

“Alright.” Melanie’s voice trailed off, as if she’d returned to the telegraph machine.

After waiting for a while, he heard tapping sounds, and before long, a copy of the telegram draft was extended out from the gap under the door.

Elland bent down to pick it up, resisting the urge to peek through the cracks.

He looked at the telegram draft, and his nose suddenly twitched. He smelled a faint scent of blood on the paper!

He tilted his head and looked at Gehrman Sparrow, using his eyes to inform him that there was a problem with the telegraph office.

However, he was met with a deep and unperturbed gaze, as well as words that were said in a calm and indifferent tone.

“Return to the ship.”

After throwing this sentence out, Klein turned around immediately and walked towards the end of the street, his figure gradually blending into the thin fog.

Carrying a broken lantern, Danitz immediately followed after him. Without any hesitation, Donna and the others did the

same.

After pondering in silence for two seconds, Elland took the telegram draft and ran after the group.

No other sounds came out from the telegraph office anymore. It was unusually quiet.

…

Perhaps due to the extermination of the fallen Bishop Millet, Klein and the others didn't meet any more headless people in black cloaks on their way back. Moldy heads were only seen twice, and they were easily dealt with.

After walking for an unknown length of time, they finally saw the dock and the White Agate which had candlelight seeping out.

This sight made Urdi and the others regain their strength. They transitioned from a brisk walk to a jog, all the way until they reached the bottom of the gangway.

Klein stood guard below them with his bloodstained cane until everyone was on board, then with a tug, he jumped and arrived on the deck with just a few steps.

At that moment, Elland had already begun to gather his first mate, second mate, boatswain, gunner commander, and other subordinates. He got them to gather the sailors, adjust the cannons, and prepare to depart at any moment. Although leaving the port at night had nontrivial security risks, it would be the best way to avoid danger if the situation worsened!

“Uncle Sparrow…” Donna held her brother by the hand and trotted to Klein’s side, plagued by a bellyful of questions.

Klein nodded, pointed to the cabin, and said, “Go back to your room first.

“We’ll talk about it tomorrow.”

The danger hasn’t been averted!

Donna nodded obediently. Together with Denton, she put her index finger to her lips.

“Shh!”

After the Branch family and the Timothy family entered the cabin, Klein walked over to Elland, took out Bishop Millet’s Beyonder characteristic, and threw it to him.

“If there are still Mandated Punishers alive, return this to them.”

The Beyonder characteristic left behind by a bishop who might’ve been a Sequence 6 would definitely be pursued by the Church of Storms, and everyone on the White Agate would be a target of suspicion. Klein didn’t want to be wanted by the number one power at sea as soon as he set sail.

If none of the Mandated Punishers in Bansy Harbor survived, and if reinforcements from headquarters would take a while to arrive, leaving Klein plenty of time to deal with the matter and leave, then he would surely be reluctant to return it and would find a reason to get it back.

Elland caught the thumb-sized object, glancing at it doubtfully.

He didn't ask what it could be used for, and he chuckled.

"Don't worry about the Church of Storms's investigation. I'll hint to them that you're with me."

So, I'll be considered a member of MI9 by the Church of Storms? Klein nodded without saying anything else.

Elland looked at Danitz and probingly asked, "Blazing?"

"Haha." Danitz chuckled dryly and took a leaf out of someone's book. "Guess."

"I don't think so then," Elland replied with tacit understanding.

With the simple matters dealt with, Klein returned to the side of the ship and looked at the fog-shrouded Bansy Harbor, prepared against any hidden dangers.

Time ticked by, and the peak of the mountain next to the shore lit up once again with the lights of a thunderstorm.

Streaks of silver and violent bolts of lightning swept the area without restraint before they gradually calmed down.

The fog in Bansy Harbor began to dissipate, and the light of the crimson moon became clearer.

It's over? Even after seeing this, Klein still didn't dare to completely relax.

Half an hour later, three men who claimed to be Mandated Punishers came to the dock to see Captain Elland.

After Gehrman Sparrow confirmed it with a divination and a round of questioning, Elland allowed the sailors to lower the gangway.

The three Mandated Punishers motioned for the surrounding crew to leave, then they lowered their voices and informed the captain of the situation.

Klein didn't move closer to listen, but instead he waited patiently for the matter to end.

A few minutes later, Elland returned Bishop Millet's remaining characteristic to the Mandated Punishers and watched them leave the White Agate to deal with the rest of the mess.

Phew... Elland exhaled and came to Klein's and Danitz's side. He casually said with a tinge of lingering fear, "The matter has been resolved. There aren't any problems."

Has it really been solved... Klein suddenly thought of Paavo Court and Melanie behind the telegraph office door. He recalled Fox, the owner of the Green Lemon Restaurant, and the many lodgers who had watched them silently.

Elland continued, "To be specific, Jayce discovered the revival of ancient customs—cannibalism and live sacrifice, confirming that a small number of people in Bansy Harbor had become

heretics.

“He hurried back to the church and reported this to Bishop Millet, but unbeknownst to him, the person before him was the leader of the heretics, a true fallen one. He had his neck cut off by Millet’s wind blade and died in the cathedral of the Lord.

“Millet was about to dispose of the body, but he was discovered by the servants; hence, things spiraled out of control.

“Some of the servants were turned into monsters, while some were led by the priests to hide underground.

“Without any means to hide himself, Millet quickly left the cathedral, gathered the heretics, and headed for the altar at the mountaintop. The weather changed as a result. After the Mandated Punishers retrieved three Sealed Artifacts, they rushed over and engaged in an intense battle.

“In the process, Millet was injured and escaped, while the rest of the heretics remained to defend the altar which was eventually overrun.

“The Church’s headquarters has already replied, and they’ll be sending people to investigate the cause of Bishop Millet’s fall. Heh, I told them that we were only able to kill Bishop Millet by joining forces because he was heavily injured. By the way, the Mandated Punishers have gotten me to get the Branch and Timothy families to sign a confidential agreement.”

After giving a general account of the situation, Elland let out a long sigh of relief and busied himself with the remaining matters.

Klein didn't dare to completely relax. He stayed on deck until the clouds appeared to burn when the sun slowly rose, illuminating the entire port.

He saw the residents leave their houses one by one, basking in the golden sunlight, chatting and laughing as they headed for their respective jobs.

Bansy Harbor finally had the breath of human life again.

...

It's really over... Klein turned around, slightly puzzled. He had planned to catch up on his sleep, but only after the ship had departed. As for Danitz, although he had long been yawning, he remained motionless when he saw Gehrman Sparrow being motionless.

On the way into the cabin, Klein met Elland, who had also not slept the entire night.

"Good morning. We're about to leave the port. There's nothing to worry about," Elland greeted with a smile.

As he spoke, the White Agate's whistle sounded.

Upon hearing the sound, Klein secretly exhaled, deciding to put all his doubts behind him. He didn't want to think about Bansy Harbor anymore, so he nodded in response.

Elland stretched his neck and commented with a sigh, "Last night, I had a mystical feeling that the old Binsy and the modern

Bansy Harbor overlapped."

Klein had intended to walk past him when he suddenly grasped a word and asked with a grave expression, "Binsy?"

"Heh heh, that's the ancient name of Bansy Harbor. Three or four hundred years ago, it was called Binsy Town. Later, due to its pronunciation and other factors, it gradually evolved into Bansy," Elland introduced in passing.

Klein's pupils shrank when he heard the answer.

He remembered very clearly that the evil spirit in Backlund's underground relic had once mentioned that if one wanted to find one of the founders of Rose Redemption, the former King of Angels, Medici, and his descendants, one could go to Binsy Town to try their luck!

Binsy! Klein's heart seemed to freeze over, inch by inch. A chill radiated from the depths of his bone marrow.

He jerked his gaze back to the harbor, to the scenes of the telegraph office with its tightly closed doors and the lodgers in Green Lemon Restaurant who were silently staring at him.

Chapter 513: Intimidation

If I had probed deeper, then there might be a high probability that I would've attracted the Rose Redemption or even a hidden Red Angel... There were several times where I danced at the edge of a cliff... Luckily, I managed to restrain my impulse and curiosity about the weird situation at Green Lemon Restaurant and the telegraph office... Klein retracted his gaze, finding the Sun Brooch inadequate in keeping his back from oozing with a layer of cold sweat.

Compared to the arrival of the True Creator, this unknown and undetonated situation was much more horrifying. At least, Klein couldn't help but imagine what would've happened if he kicked the telegraph office's door open, or if he went around to the back, flipped the window, and entered the room.

He constantly imagined all sorts of strange and terrifying scenes, which frightened himself quite a bit.

At the same time, he decided to produce Sun Holy Water for the passengers who had eaten at Bansy Harbor last night, in order to avoid any remaining dormant dangers.

"What's wrong?" Elland sensed Gehrman Sparrow's abnormality.

"I just remembered something." Klein used his Clown's powers to keep his facial expression normal, but inside he was glad that he didn't take the risk last night and had now successfully left Bansy Harbor.

As for the secrets of Rose Redemption and the King of Angels, he only had one thought in mind: *Quickly report it!*

If he didn't report it, was he allowing them to usher in 1351's new year?

If he chose to hide the truth and wait until he had a sufficiently high Sequence or enough strength to explore and reap the corresponding benefits, then Klein felt that he would feel very guilty and end up carrying a heavy burden if something happened during that time, causing the danger to be triggered prematurely, or if the remnant heretics would cause the death of one innocent passenger after another. That would only push him closer to losing control.

Of course, reporting the matter needed to be done in a correct and astute manner. Klein wasn't foolish enough to tell Elland directly or write an anonymous letter to the Church of Storms, which would then lead to a lot of trouble. First, the authorities would definitely investigate Gehrman Sparrow's background, and things could be easily exposed if thorough investigations were made. Secondly, this identity might be exposed to the Rose Redemption, which might attract a King of Angels's pursuit.

What Klein intended to do was to use The World to mention the anomaly in Bansy Harbor when the Tarot Gathering was held in two days. He would then have The Fool to lightly allude to Rose Redemption and a King of Angels. As a member of the Church of Storms, The Hanged Man would naturally know what to do next.

This would be a chance for him to perform a deed of merit!

As for the blood of the direct descendants of the Medici family, Klein didn't even consider it, because neither he nor Miss Sharron had the intention of rescuing the evil spirit in the underground relic.

Noticing that Gehrman Sparrow obviously didn't want to mention his past, Elland chuckled, took out a small black

wooden box, and tossed it over.

Klein reached out and caught it, using his eyes to express his puzzlement.

“The bladder of the murloc. It can be used to make items. It’s very useful at sea.”

The Beyonder ingredient of a murloc… Worth more than 150 pounds… The captain sure is generous… Klein had almost forgotten how Gehrman Sparrow should react.

Fortunately, he had a lot of experience in acting. He immediately sank his face and said, “I didn’t save you for a reward.”

Elland laughed and said, “I’m not giving you this in return for saving me.

“Aren’t we friends now? Isn’t it normal to help a friend make up for his shortcomings when he doesn’t have such items?”

What he said makes sense. There’s no way to refute him at all… Klein held onto the small black box and remained silent for a few seconds. Finally, he nodded.

Elland covered his mouth as he yawned before taking off his boat-shaped hat.

“I need to return to my room to catch up on my sleep. See you at noon.”

Klein waved politely and led Danitz towards Room 312.

He saw that Donna and Denton were up early and waiting at the door.

“Uncle Sparrow, what’s that in your hand?” Donna asked curiously.

Klein didn’t say anything and directly opened the lid of the small black box.

The interior was lined with a layer of black velvet, and sitting in the middle was a round, gem-like, transparent object. It had a blue, aqueous luster that swirled outwards.

“That day, the murloc’s….” Denton thought for a moment. “Bladder!”

At this moment, at Klein’s signal, Danitz opened the door.

Donna walked in briskly while stretching out her hand from behind her.

She held a thick wad of cash that were a mix of ten-pound and five-pound notes.

“My father, my mother, Uncle Cleves, and Uncle Timothy’s family asked me to pass this to you. A total of 150 pounds!” Donna smiled sweetly. “They said that this isn’t enough to express their gratitude; it’s just to replenish the supplies you used, uh… Those things are expensive, right?”

“Still alright.” Klein thought for a moment, then he accepted the 150-pound gratuity so that Urdi and other ordinary people wouldn’t feel uneasy.

Seeing Uncle Gehrman Sparrow put the cash and the small black wooden box into his pocket, Donna was relieved that she had finally completed the task her parents had handed her.

She quickly got into character and found her true intention for visiting. She asked curiously and fearfully, “Uncle Sparrow, what kind of monsters were those last night? Are ghost stories true? Were you born with the ability to jump out of the flames and let light descend? Is this magic, or witchcraft?”

Stop, *stop*, *stop*, *you have too many questions*... Klein, who couldn’t stand the heat any longer, took off the Sun Brooch and threw it on the desk in the living room. He casually replied at the same time.

“They’re called Beyonder powers; those that are obtained through certain rituals and potions.

“A lot of ghost stories have archetypes, and last night’s monsters were created by an evil ritual.

“Ask him about the rest.”

Klein glanced sideways at Danitz.

“How magical...” Denton and Donna sighed.

Then Donna said, her eyes shining, “Uncle Sparrow, you’re just

like the ‘Superman’ described by Emperor Roselle!

“Can we… can we also become people like you through rituals and potions?”

Denton nodded heavily, echoing his sister’s words, and both of them felt a surge of strong anticipation.

At that moment, Donna noticed Gehrman Sparrow’s eyes turn melancholic.

Soon after, she saw the mouth of this magical uncle open up, revealing a somewhat strange smile.

Klein said in a low voice, “This isn’t something to be envied or anticipated.

“As long as you choose this path, you’ll constantly be accompanied by threats and madness.

“You can beat them a hundred times, a thousand times, but as long as you lose once, you’ll end up like that fallen bishop.”

As he spoke, he leaned on his cane, took off his suit, and rolled up the sleeves of his shirt.

One of his arms was shriveled and wrinkled, as though he were a centenarian. The other was translucent and colorless, with a direct view of the blood vessels, muscles, and aponeurosis beneath the skin.

At the same time, his face grew dense pale flesh granules that made Donna and Denton fall backward in terror and slam into the door.

With thin flesh granules growing on his face, Klein maintained his smile.

“See this?

“This is madness.”

No... Donna and Denton almost lost their minds, stumbled through the door, and ran out.

After a few steps, they fell to the ground, unable to keep their balance.

“How terrifying...” Denton kept crying in a low voice.

At that moment, they heard the door to Room 312 clang shut.

Donna gradually calmed down, not daring to think of Gehrman Sparrow’s appearance again. The way Uncle Sparrow looked—the flesh granules had occupied every inch of his face. The way his arms were shriveled and translucent wasn’t much better than the monsters of the night before.

For some reason, she recalled his eyes and the words, “this is madness.”

Her vision suddenly blurred, and she couldn’t stop the tears from

rolling down her cheeks.

“Donna, Donna, what’s the matter with you?” Denton was so frightened by her reaction that he forgot his fear.

Donna sobbed and said, “I don’t know…

“I j-just feel very, very sad all of a sudden.”

Inside Room 312.

Seeing that Klein had returned to normal, Danitz couldn’t help but click his tongue.

“Actually, there’s no need to scare the children like this. They’ll have nightmares. Just tell them that taking potions is dangerous.”

Just as he finished his sentence, he saw a hard wooden cane covered in blood and dirt flying over, accompanied by a sentence that wasn’t in the least bit emotional.

“Wash it clean.”

Danitz reached out to grab the cane as the smile on his face froze.

…

Backlund, Empress Borough, Inside the Hall family's luxurious mansion.

Audrey stood behind the white and gold railings on the second floor, watching the servants on the first floor come and go, bustling with activity.

According to the customs of the Loen Kingdom, the nobles with fiefs would leave Backlund one week after the New Year Ball, and they would return to their own fiefs, where they would enjoy a pleasant life in the countryside or in a castle. In June, they would return to the capital, where they would socialize day after day. Of course, a banker with actual power and wealth like Earl Hall definitely needed to make trips between the two places to handle many matters.

However, "moving" wasn't an easy task. Many things had to be tidied up beforehand, and some of the servants would bring them back to the manor or castle. Only after everything was ready would the masters begin their journey.

After this Tarot Gathering ends, I should be sitting in a steam train back to East Chester County. I hope that vampire gentleman really can get the fruit of the Tree of Elders and the blood of the Mirror Dragon so that I can become a Psychiatrist before I leave Backlund... Audrey allowed her thoughts to wander.

Just then, Lady Caitlyn came over and asked with a smile, "Penny for your thoughts? Well... You're already an adult. When you get back to Backlund in June, you'll be able to find something to do. Do you have any plans?"

Audrey didn't think further and directly replied, "Mother, I want to like to join the Church's charity organizations."

I want to get to know this world… she added silently in her heart.

"Good idea," the countess agreed.

After giving her some advice, she walked down to the second floor and began to inspect the affairs of the family.

Audrey withdrew her emotions and turned her head to the side. With a faint smile, she said to the large golden retriever that was sitting to her side, "Susie, are you looking forward to it? You can run as much as you want in the green pastures and in the lush woods."

She was making fun of Susie because she had only become a gift because she wasn't a qualified foxhound.

Susie instinctively wanted to stick her tongue out, but she stopped herself like a cultured lady.

She answered without hiding her emotions, "Of course, I like to run, but I hate those barbaric fellows."

Are you referring to the foxhounds that Father and the others rear? Audrey pursed her lips to stop herself from smiling.

She looked up at the wall clock and saw that it was almost time for the Tarot Gathering.

Chapter 514: Legends of Ancient Gods

Above the endless gray fog, the majestic palace stood still.

Just as Emlyn White, who had arrived here once again, regained his vision, he saw Miss Justice opposite him looking at the end of the mottled long table before greeting cheerfully, “Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~”

Audrey greeted everyone, one person at a time, starting with The Fool and ending with The World.

This order wasn’t according to the seating arrangement, but by the order of the tarot cards—The Fool was the beginning that contained all possibilities, and The World was the end that represented perfect sublimation.

This was a little obsessive-compulsive disorder on Miss Audrey’s part, a mysticism enthusiast. It started to appear with the increasing number of Tarot Club members.

She really is a carefree girl of stately birth... Emlyn deliberately passed a deep judgment and politely responded to the greeting.

During this process, he caught sight of The Sun through the corner of his eye. He couldn’t help but think of the recent days when he had been studying the detailed history of the Sanguine at the home of Baron Waymandy.

There are a lot of details that I don’t know about. There are indeed differences between professional researchers and amateur enthusiasts, but from this week onwards, I, Emlyn White, would

be a professional researcher... Baron Waymandy has never mentioned anything related to the City of Silver, so I can't ask him directly. As the secret messiah of the Sanguine who is burdened with secrets, I have to be careful in such matters... Attending class for half a day and going to the cathedral for half a day before accompanying the dolls at night seems to be a pretty good life... Emlyn's thoughts gradually dispersed.

Suddenly, he frowned and realized a very important question.

Why do I still go to the Harvest Church every day?

Yes, as a noble Sanguine, I must put an end to the things I start. There have been a lot of patients recently. Sigh, having your reputation spread isn't a good thing... Emlyn's brow gradually relaxed into a softer frown.

He saw that Miss Justice had completed her greetings. He raised his hand to knock on the table and looked at her.

"The things you need..."

Audrey pressed her right hand down and made a gesture to stop him before saying with a faint smile, "We'll talk about this during the transaction period.

"This is Mr. Fool's reading time."

Based on Mr. Vampire's tone, there must be at least one of the fruits of the Tree of Elders and the blood of a Mirror Dragon... Audrey, you're going to be a Psychiatrist soon! You're about to become a Mid-Sequence Beyonder! Audrey's mood became increasingly cheerful, the corners of her eyes filled with smiles.

She looked towards the figure amidst the thick fog and said with an uplifted tone towards the end, “Honorable Mr. Fool, I’ve gotten another three Roselle diary pages~”

Just short of four pages… She pursed her lips while in thought.

With Miss Justice setting an example, Fors also said, “Mr. Fool, I also have three new pages of Roselle’s diary.”

She was also full of anticipation for this Tarot Gathering because her second Apprentice potion had been digested much faster than expected. The dormant dangers had already been completely eliminated the day before yesterday.

Derrick followed immediately, “Honorable Mr. Fool, I’ve copied some legends of ancient gods.”

Then, he said to The Hanged Man, “I’ve also tabulated the list of monsters around the area.”

He really is a good child who doesn’t need anyone to remind him… Klein, who had a rich harvest, sighed with emotion.

Seriously, he hasn’t improved at all… Even though this will lower the difficulty of me obtaining benefits, it also conceals the risk of me losing the resources from the City of Silver… Exposure is a problem that requires constant vigilance… Alger shook his head indiscernibly.

Roselle’s diary and the legend of the ancient gods soon appeared in the palm of Klein’s hand.

He skimmed through it quickly and found that two of the six pages in the diary were repetitions of the past. For example, one of Miss Justice's contributed pages matched a page which The Hanged Man had handed over last year.

That's inevitable unless I can really teach them Simplified Chinese... Klein sighed and willed the two diary pages to the back.

The remaining four pages didn't contain very valuable information. Most of them belonged to the period when Roselle had lost his ideals and was obsessed with money, and the text was filled with sentences such as "What did I invent today," "What will I invent tomorrow," "How many gold coins can it be sold for," or "how much investment I received." It nearly made Klein lose control of his expression, wishing to smack these diary pages in Roselle's face.

At this moment, Audrey keenly discovered that the Black Emperor card had returned to the side of Mr. Fool 's hand and was placed face down.

So it really was bestowed to his Blessed! Was it to help him complete a mission? Hmm... or is there another possibility, that this is a new Card of Blasphemy, and not the original one! Audrey guessed with interest.

After flipping through the diary pages, Klein resisted the urge to take a deep breath to calm his heart, and he looked at the legends of the ancient god provided by Little Sun.

It was quite a rough description. It divided the eight ancient gods of the Second Epoch into three camps. The Giant King, Aurmir; the Elf King, Soniathrym; and the Vampire Ancestor, Lilith, were allies who fought against the Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt; the Phoenix Ancestor, Gregrace, and the Mutant King, Kvastir. As

for the Devil Monarch, Farbauti and the Annihilation Demonic Wolf, Flegrea, they were the ones who wanted to subvert all order and corrupt all living beings.

In the records of the City of Silver, the eight ancient gods were described as violent, evil, cruel, and terrifying. Even the Ancestor Vampire, Lilith, who superficially looked the most normal and was described as the Embodiment of Beauty, had a disgusting and ferocious side. For instance, she would manifest into a mountain range of flesh. On top of it grew all kinds of reproductive organs as they spewed out thick black fog while constantly producing all sorts of strange creatures. All powerhouses who approached "Her" would be overwhelmed by the desire to mate and reproduce, becoming a walking organ.

And all living beings who saw this scene—other than the other ancient gods—would lose their minds without exception or mutate on the spot, while others became crazy. The records of the City of Silver originated from the ancient texts of the Giant King's Court. Of course, that was what they claimed.

I cannot eliminate the possibility that this is to discredit an ally… This aspect is rather similar to the loss of control of the Primordial Moon who the Sanguine pray to… Is this one of the traits when one follows the Moon pathway to the end? At this thought, Klein almost raised his head to sweep his glance at Emlyn White.

In the legends of the City of Silver, the Vampire Ancestor, Lilith, really did control the crimson moon. As long as "She" wanted, "She" could make the Blood Moon appear every day for three hundred and sixty-five days a year, allowing the negative energy to rampage through the lands and the spirit world to interact with reality for an extended period of time, releasing countless unspeakable monsters and evil spirits.

This is the power of a deity… I wonder what the difference is between the ancient gods and the current true gods. Why do all of

them look like evil gods... In the legends of the Sanguine, Lilith isn't like that. One of them is lying between the two of them? Or could it be that there was a change midway, from the one recorded in the City of Silver to the one depicted in the legends of the Sanguine? Klein looked away and took note of the details.

He made the paper in his hands vanish and leaned back slightly.

"You may begin."

With her bright eyes, Audrey looked at Emlyn White and immediately said, "Mr. Moon, do you have news of the fruit of the Tree of Elders and the blood of a Mirror Dragon?"

Emlyn nodded his chin and said, "A total of 750 pounds.

"Just pay this amount and they'll be yours.

"And of course, there's my payment. 100 pounds."

Audrey didn't bother with the total price at all and happily responded, "Deal!

"I hope that the deal will be completed today or tomorrow."

"No problem." Emlyn, who was about to make 100 pounds, couldn't refuse Miss Justice's request.

Awesome! Audrey lowered her right hand, clenched it into a fist, and lightly pumped it twice.

At that moment, Alger, turned his head to look at Mr. Vampire.

"Do you still want the inheritance of that Sanguine baron? 4,500 pounds, that's the best price I managed to get for you."

In fact, the pirate was willing to give it up for 3,200 pounds.

Emlyn's expression twisted.

If it's only 1,000 pounds, then I'll definitely take it, but... he replied inwardly.

Although their family members were pretty good apothecaries and doctors, with a modest annual income and long lives that allowed them to save a fortune, Emlyn had been unable to save any money since he became infatuated with dolls. From time to time, he would order some custom dolls.

Even if the 100 pounds which he hadn't received yet was counted, his personal savings didn't even reach 500 pounds, of which, 150 pounds had been contributed by Detective Sherlock Moriarty.

"I... I'll think about it again," Emlyn said with difficulty, suddenly feeling that he had to find some way to quickly save up money.

This fellow, Emlyn, just made the sound of poverty... Upon seeing this scene, Klein happily quipped inwardly.

Being friends with Mr. Vampire in reality, Klein had heard him mention that over the years, he had spent more than 7,000 pounds on dolls, which made Klein marvel at the price of

puppets and how extravagant Emlyn was.

"No problem." The Hanged Man didn't press further.

He turned to Audrey.

"My fair lady, the Artisan has completed the work and has obtained a rather mystical item.

"It allows you to truly change your appearance while also providing you with three Beyonder powers—Flame Controlling, Damage Transfer, and Danger Intuition. It improves your balance and agility. It's a silver mask, but it can also be a hat or an earring; it can change its appearance, and you can name it.

"Of course, it also has its own minor flaws. When you wear it, your emotions will be amplified, and you must learn how to control yourself.

"It costs 5,500 pounds."

At this point, The Hanged Man chuckled and said to The World, "The Beyonder characteristic you provided earns you 4,500 pounds, and the Artisan's workmanship is worth 1,000 pounds."

4,500 pounds, much better than I had expected, even though there's a 15% commission, that is to say, 675 pounds for Mr. Hanged Man… Klein immediately controlled The World and nodded in agreement, "That wouldn't be an issue."

Emotions would be amplified? According to Miss Escalante, I'll have the ability to influence the moods and mental states of other

people when I advance to Psychiatrist. I should be able to do the same for myself... Yes, that flaw isn't a problem! Audrey nodded lightly.

"I will pay within two days of receiving the mystical item."

In order to not reveal the secret of the Tarot Club, she had to wait until she had received the item before she could claim reimbursement from her father.

"Sure." The Hanged Man wasn't the least bit worried about Miss Justice's credibility.

So rich... Both Emlyn and Fors felt agitated at the same time.

Phew... Klein breathed a quiet sigh of relief. This meant that more than three thousand pounds of his would be available soon.

Thank you, Miss Justice! He silently drew a crimson moon inwardly.

Chapter 515: Harvests for Everyone

Frankly speaking, although Alger had predicted that Miss Justice wouldn't bargain, and the fact that the mystical item was indeed worth about 5,500 pounds, he still felt a strong sense of discomfort over such actions. It felt like after all the hard work he had put in to make a killing, the money he earned wasn't even more than her pocket money.

675 pounds split from The World, and the Artisan's fee is only 600 pounds. I'll earn a net profit of 400 pounds... I've made a total of 1,075 pounds in this transaction, but The World isn't a simple figure. He has a great deal of Beyonder characteristics and potion formulas, and he's involved in a great number of events. He's in the know of relatively important information. It's not worth it to get into a conflict with him over a few hundred pounds. Otherwise, I could've pushed the price of his Beyonder characteristic to below 4,000 pounds... The Hanged Man thought wistfully.

As The Fool rejoiced at the prospect of receiving 3,825 pounds, Derrick looked at the lady across him and earnestly said, "Miss Magician, your Spirit Eater's stomach pouch is ready."

"Excellent!" Fors heaved a sigh of relief. "I'll pay 300 pounds in cash to Mr. Hanged Man."

Upon hearing this, Alger's spirit was also lifted. He hurriedly requested The Fool sitting at the end of the long bronze table for permission to conjure the potion formula.

A few seconds later, he wrote the Solar High Priest formula onto the yellowish-brown goatskin parchment in front of him.

“Sequence 7. Solar High Priest. Main ingredients: one red comb of a Dawn Rooster, one fruit of a Radiance Spirit Pact Tree. Supplementary ingredients: 100 ml of a Dawn Rooster, 10 drops of Sun essential oil, 8 grams of fingered citron powder, and 5 grams of solidified lava.”

Although Klein didn’t deliberately pry into this potion formula, the content which was conjured thanks to him was still reflected in his mind. As long as he was willing to use dream divination to recall, he would immediately get the corresponding knowledge.

He couldn’t help but exclaim, *Indeed, being a platform is most profitable!*

Derrick received the piece of parchment expectantly, glancing at it with relief and excitement.

Then, he conjured the list of monsters which were found in the area surrounding the City of Silver, letting The Hanged Man pick out the Beyonder ingredients that would be used to level the difference in prices.

Alger calmly and carefully checked the list, gaining a precise understanding of the situation around the City of Silver. After that, he selected three ingredients that he knew had buyers and prices.

After that, I’ll be able to sell them within two days, earning me about 1,000 pounds. Counting the 300 pounds from Miss Magician and the previous 1,075 pounds, I’ll finally have enough money for the Dragon-Eyed Sea Condor’s eyeballs… Feeling exhausted, Alger turned his head to the side and said to Fors, “Miss Magician, you can prepare the transaction for the Dragon-Eyed Sea Condor eyeballs.”

The Hanged Man had less than twenty pounds on him at present, and even the Artisan fees he had paid in advance was borrowed thanks to his wide network of contacts. However, by the end of the transaction, his cash assets would reach 2,375 pounds, sufficient enough to cover the 2,000 pounds required for the main ingredient.

Fors thought of the loss she had suffered last week at the hands of Mr. Hanged Man and responded, feeling slight grievance, “Alright.”

For her, how much this deal would eventually earn her would depend on her teacher, Dorian Gray. She wouldn’t earn anything extra beyond what he was willing to share with her.

At the end of the transaction segment, Klein manipulated The World to seek to purchase the remnant spirituality of ancient wraiths and a pair of eyes from a six-winged gargoyle. As for the sale or process of making the murloc bladder into a mystical item, he temporarily didn’t intend to do it through the Tarot Club. He wished to use it as a catalyst to expand his social connections and resource channels at sea.

After today’s Tarot Gathering, Miss Justice will finish gathering her Psychiatrist potion’s ingredients, and the same is true for Miss Magician’s Trickmaster potion… Now that Little Sun has the formula, he can finally work towards Sequence 7. He’s one step closer to providing me with a way to remove the mental corruption inside a Beyonder characteristic… Mr. Hanged Man is about to receive one of the main ingredients of Wind-blessed, so there’s only one last obstacle in his way before reaching Sequence 6… Only Emlyn hasn’t yet made up his mind or found a solution. There’s no hope of him advancing in the near future… Klein looked around and said with a chuckle, “Continue your free exchange.”

Audrey was about to say something out of habit, but when she

thought about it carefully, she felt that there was no news to share this week.

Apart from the numerous balls I've attended and the two psychology classes, there are only matters regarding my return to East Chester County that can be talked about, but there's no need to... She pursed her lips and remained silent.

Fors, who was still in her languid state from the New Year's holidays, continued having a blank mind. She commented, feeling rather guiltily, "Backlund is still under the same kind of high pressure as before. Don't take any risks unless you're an official Beyonder."

Is that so? Emlyn, who had been behaving well during this time, frowned doubtfully.

A vampire like him who led a routine lifestyle couldn't experience the pain of having all the Beyonder gatherings stopped.

The Hanged Man nodded and thought for a while. Then, he said to The Sun, "Don't be careless.

"Before holding a sacrificial ritual, it's best if you confirm that the chief who led the exploratory team isn't in the City of Silver, or if he's busy with other matters."

"Mr. Hanged Man, do you mean that the Chief could've noticed the repeated cycle of fate?" Derrick asked in astonishment.

The Hanged Man replied solemnly, "That possibility can't be ruled out.

“However, I can’t be sure since I don’t know enough about your City of Silver.”

Having said that, he hid his smile and presented a serious expression.

Derrick said with chagrin, “There are many things I’m not sure of either…”

Alger sighed inwardly, eliminating his disappointed emotions. “In short, caution and carefulness will allow you to live longer.”

“Thank you for your reminder,” The Sun said sincerely.

The Hanged Man withdrew his gaze and said with a smile, “Recently, the sea has been relatively calm.”

No, that’s just what you think… Klein silently retorted, manipulating The World to speak with a hoarse voice, “I just happened to hear about something at sea.”

Without waiting for The Hanged Man to ask, he looked at Justice and The Magician.

“Ladies, can you buy me a radio transceiver?”

“I… can give it a try.” Fors agreed without paying too much attention.

As she was about to leave Backlund, Audrey could only say “sorry.”

After negotiating this deal, The World cleared his throat and said, “That matter has something to do with the Church of Storms.”

Something to do with the Church? Why didn’t I receive any notice? Is it not required for them to pass it down to people at my level? The Hanged Man frowned and waited patiently for The World to speak in detail.

The World originally wanted to sweep The Hanged Man with a teasing look, but due to the difficulty of those sequence of actions, he could only regretfully give up. With a heavy and hoarse laugh, he said, “An old custom in Bansy Harbor was revived. Some of the inhabitants became heretics, and even a bishop of the Church of Storms was corrupted.

“I heard that the matter has been resolved, but quite a few people died.”

Bansy Harbor… Alger recalled the situation of the area and explained to Miss Justice and the others who remained confused, “There’s a custom of living sacrifices there, and the target is an evil spirit called the God of Weather.

“Overseas, in the Southern Continent, there are quite a number of such evil spirits. On the surface, it seems like they’ve been cleared away, but in reality, they continue living in a strange state. Many people have suddenly died in those places. Heh heh, it isn’t necessarily because of an illness. If you guys have similar travel or adventure plans, don’t be careless.”

Alger tried to describe what had happened in Bansy Harbor as an accident, one that was within the realm of understanding.

Suddenly, he heard rather deep laughter.

This laughter came from the end of the mottled long table!

Mr. Fool… The Hanged Man suddenly turned his head.

Mr. Fool! Bansy Harbor isn't as simple as it seems! Audrey immediately looked at Mr. Fool who was sitting upright on his high back chair.

Noticing looks of puzzlement, curiosity, or excitement, Klein laughed leisurely with a hint of reminiscence in his voice.

"This reminds me of a King of Angels."

A King of Angels! The matter of Bansy Harbor involves a King of Angels! Audrey's eyes widened in anticipation of what Mr. Fool was to say next.

A King of Angels… Fors took a deep breath, her expression somewhat bitter.

Why is it that all we talk about at the Tarot Club is the descent of the True Creator, the awakening of the Primordial Demoness, and the reappearance of a King of Angels? I'm only a Sequence 9! She wanted to look up at the sky and sigh.

Emlyn, on the other hand, felt a baffling sense of excitement, having found another reason for why his Ancestor had gotten him to pray to The Fool.

As expected, this is a gathering of messiahs in preparation for the apocalypse. We are the chosen ones who will gradually face evil existences such as the King of Angels, the Primordial Demoness,

the True Creator, and so on! Emlyn had an impulse to immediately agree to the deal proposed by The Hanged Man, but the fact that he had no money had ruthlessly crushed the fantasy in his mind.

Which King of Angels will it be? In a rare occasion, Derrick joined in with the conversation with Miss Justice and the rest.

A King of Angels... What secret is Bansy Harbor hiding? Alger was waiting for the answer with rapt attention.

Seeing that Mr. Fool didn't plan on continuing, Audrey couldn't help but ask, "Honorable Mr. Fool, which King of Angels is it?"

Klein leaned back in his chair, chuckled and said, "Medici, who established the Rose Redemption. 'His' descendants live in Binsy."

Rose Redemption! The King of Angels related to the True Creator? Audrey didn't expect that the matter would be multi-layered, with each layer more serious than the last. She subconsciously asked, "Binsy?"

"That's the old name of Bansy," Alger replied in a low voice as he clenched his hands.

He could no longer imagine the truth behind this matter. He only knew that the unforeseen event in Bansy Harbor might not be over yet. The danger that could devour people remained lurking in the shadows!

He didn't know much about the phrase Rose Redemption, only knowing that it had something to do with the temple of the True Creator and the Angel of Fate, Ouroboros, but was unable to

confirm exactly what it represented.

In short, the level of this matter is beyond my imagination! Alger looked at the end of the long, mottled table, and suddenly the thought flashed through his mind that Mr. Fool really did know the eight Kings of Angels and that he knew many secrets.

At that moment, he thought of something.

Just last week at the Gathering, Miss Justice had inquired about the other Kings of Angels, and Mr. Fool's answer was that we will come into contact with them in the future.

And just a week later, we really have come into contact with a new King of Angels!

Mr. Fool had foreseen this! Alger's pupils shrank as he lowered his gaze in fear.

Chapter 516: The Hanged Man's Guess

Amidst his shock, another doubt surfaced in Alger's mind.

If Mr. Fool had foreseen this, why did he mention that Bansy Harbor's matter is related to Rose Redemption and the King of Angels, Medici?

Did "He" tell us on purpose?

"He" hopes to spread this matter through us?

The target is the King of Angels, Medici? No, it's more likely to be the True Creator!

Mr. Fool has repeatedly thwarted the plans of the True Creator before, so it should be no exception this time... The term Rose Redemption appeared in the abandoned temple of the True Creator, and it's established by the King of Angels, Medici, and Ouroboros. Clearly, they share a deep connection with the True Creator.

Bansy Harbor only has our Church of Storms, so the person Mr. Fool is really informing is actually me?

Alger vaguely understood something.

Then, he became acutely aware of another problem.

The last time The World mentioned that something major was about to happen in Backlund, it was immediately confirmed by Mr. Fool, and it later involved the awakening of the Primordial Demoness and the descent of the True Creator. This time, the abnormality at Bansy Harbor also received a response from Mr. Fool. He revealed the secret hidden in ancient Binsy and has brought the Rose Redemption and the King of Angels to the forefront of all the members of the Tarot Club... Isn't this t-too coincidental?

Yes, news provided by The World previously had to do with Backlund, and this is the first time it involves the sea. Furthermore, Mr. Fool had mentioned last week that his Blessed has been forced to leave Backlund because of the Great Smog. They match perfectly.

So, The World is actually Mr. Fool's Blessed? No, he should be a representative among all his Blessed in the Tarot Club. He's to do things that Mr. Fool finds inconvenient. Of course, through this gathering, the Blessed will also trade goods and knowledge in order to advance himself. This is also considered a form of Mr. Fool's nurturing of him.

On careful thought, this theory is probably correct. At least, The World has never collected Roselle's diary in exchange for knowledge or intelligence from Mr. Fool. As his Blessed, it's his duty, so he has probably submitted them in private!

From this conclusion, some deliberate questions or contradictions on The World's part are meant to conceal his identity as a Blessed. This is consistent with his experienced, skilled, and cunning character.

In addition to the hidden attempt to awaken as he slowly lifts the seal, Mr. Fool holds the Tarot Gathering to also use us to interfere in certain events. This is evident from the composition of the members—a high noble, a Beyonder at the bishop level of the

Church, a survivor of the Forsaken Land of God, a student of the Abraham family, an adult vampire. Each of us represents a faction or a particular circle or resource channel.

Many thoughts flashed through Alger's mind. Not only was he not repressed by his own guesses, but he was also excited. To him, Mr. Fool's unknown purpose was the most frightening thing. Having an initial understanding of what he wanted to do allowed him to effectively avoid any risks and improve himself by doing so.

As long as The Fool wants to use us to do things, he'll definitely give us some benefits. This is exactly what I was hoping for... Otherwise, I don't know when I'll be able to see the hope of becoming a demigod... Heh, The World, you definitely didn't expect that I would see through your disguise... Alger's fear subsided, and he began to think about how to use the information about Bansy Harbor.

He couldn't report the matter just like that, as it would arouse suspicion, and he had to patiently wait for an opportunity to let the higher-ups appreciate him and reward him, without ending up being monitored.

Audrey could tell that Mr. Hanged Man was undergoing a mental exercise, but she didn't expect him to come up with so many guesses in such a short period of time.

And from the words of Mr. Fool, she was delighted to learn that Rose Redemption was a secret organization established by a number of Kings of Angels, which was also related to the True Creator.

At the same time, she vaguely sensed the strangeness of The World. She realized that this member of the organization, who was the most difficult to read, was always involved in important

matters and could always obtain important information. Furthermore, he constantly produced formulas, ingredients, and Beyonder characteristics, as if he could successfully hunt down a Beyonder within one to two weeks!

He left Backlund and went to sea? Or was it a rumor he heard in Backlund? Should I tell this information to the Church? Well, Mr. Hanged Man has a close relationship with the Church of Storms, so it's better for him to do it, and there wouldn't be any problems... Audrey suppressed the thought of probing and only curiously asked, "Honorable Mr. Fool, what's the title of the King of Angels, Medici? Or should I say, what is 'His' pathway?"

Klein leaned back into his chair and said with a deep chuckle, "Red Priest."

Red Priest? Which pathway is that? It sounds very similar to the Black Emperor. Could it be that it's another Sequence 0 title? Audrey thought with excitement and joy.

Red Priest... Derrick silently muttered the words, realizing that there was no corresponding record in the City of Silver's history.

Perhaps I haven't read enough, having only received a general education... he thought regretfully.

Fors and Emlyn listened as if they were listening to a story and were equally interested in similar information.

The only problem is that I can't brag about it or write it into my novels! Fors felt a pang of regret.

Mr. Hanged Man will likely report it to his superiors. Let's hope he

doesn't delay it for too long... With his shrewdness, he may have already figured out some of the problems regarding The World and has grasped the relationship between "Him" and The Fool. Fortunately, I've deliberately set up The World to be Sherlock Moriarty since a long time ago, giving him the identity of a Blessed. Mr. Hanged Man can at best detect it up to this point, unable to imagine that The World is actually a dummy... Klein raised his hand to his chin, smiled, and said, "Continue."

Seeing that Mr. Fool was no longer talking about the subject, Emlyn, who had freed himself from his emotions as a messiah, began to face the difficult problems of reality.

That was his lack of money!

Regardless, he had never considered selling off his dolls. He only told himself that he needed to be frugal in the future. Only after half a year or even a year could he get himself a new doll, or he could buy a new set of clothes for the dolls he already had.

In addition, the only way he could think of making money was to sell some potions that had a miraculous effect, but that could easily bring hidden danger to his clansmen in Backlund.

This is an arrangement by the Ancestor. Logically speaking, Lord Nibbs should provide me help, but Mr. Fool wishes for me to keep it a secret, to be the messiah in the shadows who's burdened with responsibility. I'm not to reveal it on my own accord... After thinking for a few seconds, Emlyn pumped himself up, cleared his throat, and said, "Everyone, I have a question.

"Here's the matter. Suppose there's a powerhouse who has arranged for you to investigate something. Although you have successfully obtained the information, you are unable to report it to the person due to certain reasons. Then, how can you continue to get support from this powerhouse?"

Having said this, Emlyn suddenly felt that this act was somewhat shameful.

Th-this makes me appear like a traitor and a spy… No, I'm doing this for the sake of the Sanguine's continuation. For this, I have to give up my reputation and bear the burden of being misunderstood. When this is over, and when the truth is revealed, they'll be moved by me… Emlyn quickly eased his prior feelings.

At this moment, Audrey, Fors, and Derrick cast their eyes towards Alger. In their eyes, Mr. Hanged Man was the most experienced and the best teacher in this field.

Klein also thought so too.

Alger glanced at The Moon and chuckled.

"It's simple, but you have to take some risks."

Emlyn subconsciously denied, "It's not me!"

The Hanged Man replied with a chuckle, "Let's assume that it's you."

He continued his description.

"You will slowly display a certain level of abnormalities in your daily life, allowing that powerhouse to see that you have a problem.

"He will have two choices. One is to interrogate you directly, but

it will be very easy to end up losing a lead for clues. The second is to inadvertently provide you with help so that you can investigate more thoroughly and then send people to monitor you.

"I think the second possibility is the most likely. The risk you have to take is how to not reveal the information you want to hide while under surveillance."

That works? In fact, I won't be exposed either. Every Tarot Gathering, I'll be resting in the Harvest Church, looking normal on the outside. As for the sacrifice of items and the receiving of bestowments, they're things that can be shown to Lord Nibbs and the others. It will allow them to guess that I have formed some sort of connection with Mr. Fool, but they can't imagine that I've already joined a secret gathering... Very well, while I'm studying history, I'll take the initiative to ask Baron Waymandy about the City of Silver! Emlyn's eyes lit up as he had an idea.

He then thought of something and turned to The Hanged Man.

"Last week, didn't you ask about a way to make everyone on board a ship sleep at the same time?

"It's very simple, I can provide you with a magical anesthetic gas that can effectively spread without any irritating smells. Even on the deck, one will fall unconscious once they catch a whiff of it. Of course, it's best if you choose a windless night, and that the targets are unable to sense danger, and their physiques cannot be too strong. Those Beyonders that are well known for their physiques in Sequence 9 are the limit.

"It can cause deep slumber that lasts for more than three hours. The effects will constantly decline after that.

“A hundred pounds a can, and an extra thirty pounds for me.”

The Hanged Man thought about the situation of the sailors on the ghost ship and didn’t haggle.

“Okay.”

He wanted to erect a certain image in front of The Moon, to prepare for the big transaction that would follow. He had thought of using a Slumber Charm, but that would require him to chant the incantation. It would make the sailors notice that something was wrong and suspect something afterward.

At the end of the exchange, Klein tapped the surface of the long, mottled table with his finger, and he said with a leisurely smile, “I can foresee that everyone will present a new appearance of themselves next week.

“Let us end today’s gathering here.”

“Thank you for your blessings.” Audrey was the first to stand up. She took her leave, expressing her gratitude.

With Mr. Fool saying those words, she felt more confident in consuming the Psychiatrist potion.

As The Magician and the others repeated the same words, one figure after another disappeared from the palace. The area above the gray fog returned to its eternal silence.

Chapter 517: City of Generosity

Backlund, Cherwood Borough.

As the crimson glow faded from her eyes, Fors saw the familiar desk and open notebook which she used to jot down her inspirations.

To her, this experience was no longer anything new, but it still evoked reverence from the bottom of her heart.

This was a power that didn't belong to humans, something that even demigods were incapable of!

I'll receive the stomach pouch of a Spirit Eater in two days. My Apprentice potion has already been digested... Finally, I'll become a Trickmaster. I wonder what Beyonder powers I'll receive... By advancing by my own abilities, Teacher will definitely place greater importance on me. Apart from potion formulas in the future, perhaps I might be provided with some Beyonder ingredients... How I look forward to that very much. I don't even know the corresponding names of Sequence 6 and 5. I only know that Sequence 7 is Astrologer. After I become a Trickmaster, I'll immediately write to Teacher... Fors felt like she was one step closer to ridding herself from the curse of the full moon.

At this moment, she heard the sound of hurried footsteps approaching. Finally, it turned into the slam of the door.

Xio is out again. She's so busy. Fors sighed silently. *If not for the 400 pounds debt that she owes Viscount Glaint, we would probably be vacationing at Desi Bay now.*

After a long period of hard work, and thanks to the enhancement of her strength, certain tasks that were previously impossible for her to complete have become simple. Moreover, from time to time, Xio would receive small tasks that pay well from the golden-masked man. Xio has already raised her savings from 110 pounds to 320 pounds, leaving her with only 80 pounds left to pay off her debt.

In fact, I could spot her 80 pounds, but unfortunately, although she isn't tall, she still has a lot of pride in her... Fors withdrew her thoughts and thought about the matter Mr. World had entrusted her.

As a doctor and a writer, she didn't know much about radios or anything about the entire field of machinery. She didn't usually pay attention to such information when reading the newspapers, so she didn't know where she could buy the kind of transceiver The World wanted.

A department store? It probably doesn't sell one... Ah right, Aville writes science fiction, so he should know a lot about such matters. Fors quickly found the right person to consult.

However, she immediately had a new problem. Was she to visit him directly, or was she to write him a letter of inquiry?

Glancing at the chair covered in a thick, soft blanket, and smelling the fragrance of coffee and tobacco emanating the room, she felt a warmth slowly creeping through her body. Bit by bit, her motivation to leave the house crumbled.

I'm not familiar with him, so I shouldn't rashly pay him a visit. She sat down with a grunt and unfolded a piece of paper.

...

In the Berg household in the City of Silver.

Derrick opened his eyes and woke up from feigning sleep.

According to his original plan, he would've immediately held a sacrificial ritual to send out the stomach pouch of the Spirit Eater. However, the words of The Hanged Man reminded him to be more cautious and make more observations.

Uh... I'll gather the ingredients Mr. Hanged Man require first, and then I'll do the sacrificial ritual all at once... Derrick remained silent for a few seconds, then he attached his Axe of Hurricane to his body and headed for the steeple.

He first checked the items available for exchanging using merit points, but he wasn't in a hurry to complete the transaction. He planned to go to the underground market to take a look once the lightning in the sky subsided.

Derrick went up to the third floor and headed straight for the library section that dealt with mythology and ancient classics, hungering for valuable information he hadn't learned yet.

Suddenly, he saw a hard and yellowed book with a cover: "Giant King's Court—Book of Blackrock, Hand-copied Edition."

It's a record passed down from the Giant King's Court? I wonder if there's anything related to the Kings of Angels... Derrick reached for the book, pulled it out, and saw that it was bound in a brown monster hide.

At that moment, on the upper level of the library, Colin Iliad was wearing a flaxen-colored linen shirt and a brown coat and

standing there quietly, looking down.

His unkempt grizzled hair flailed in the breeze from the window, and his pale blue eyes were deep and reserved...

...

Wednesday, 12 January. 5:40 p.m.

The sky was dark and cloudy, with deep blue waves undulating across the sea.

The White Agate bobbed up and down in this storm, like a toy in the palm of a giant.

“This is the sea. No matter how powerful one is, one will appear insignificant in front of it.” Danitz stood by the window and enjoyed the scenery outside. “Fortunately, we’re almost at the City of Generosity.”

From the moment they left Bansy Harbor, the White Agate’s journey had been smooth-sailing. With the help of the wind, it reached a stable speed of 15 knots. Hence, even though they arrived at Tiana Port a little later than scheduled, they completed the entire journey half a day earlier.

That is to say, the White Agate, which was scheduled to arrive at the City of Generosity on the morning of the 13th, arrived on the evening of the 12th.

Hearing Danitz’s reflections, Klein just glanced up at him, then looked away and continued his contemplation.

The more he played the part of Gehrman Sparrow, and the more he had to force himself to behave in accordance with his persona, the more deeply he realized what kind of person he was. When faced with different situations, he realized that the choices he really wanted to make were different from Gehrman Sparrow's.

For example, he would've responded to Danitz by idly chatting with him about the weather at sea and the disasters caused by those terrible storms, but Gehrman Sparrow wouldn't. He had to be cold and reserved.

The more there are such differences, the more I recognize myself. Klein sighed inwardly.

This was something he hadn't experienced when he moved about with his identity as the private detective, Sherlock Moriarty. Back then, he didn't have to disguise his personality and had just been himself.

I feel like I've digested my potion a little... However, Gehrman Sparrow has traits that are similar to myself. At the very least, when choosing to disembark and entering Bansy Harbor to save the others, I overlapped with this identity of mine, and there was no difference... Of course, it could also be said that I was adding a certain kind of persona into the mix. Beneath Gehrman Sparrow's gentleness and madness, he has a kind, brave, and compassionate heart that values relationships. Heh heh, I can't boast about myself. If I had known earlier that Bansy was Binsy, I-I would've most likely been terrified... Not necessarily. At the very least, the danger which was divined was within an acceptable range... Klein thought, summing things up as he engaged in self-deprecation.

This made him more aware of a problem; although playing the role of a purely fictional person could help him digest the potion, he needed to replace an existing identity to speed up and improve his progress. He needed to gain the affirmation of

people from the other person's interpersonal relationships, feel the corresponding emotions of joy, anger, sadness, and immersing himself in them, but not getting obsessed.

Become anyone, but ultimately become yourself in the end? And get feedback from the people involved? Klein looked at the pale yellow carpet, his mind racing.

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow without a response, Danitz spread his hands helplessly, feeling bored out of his mind.

This crazy guy is good in every way other than making me do what servants do. There's only one thing, he doesn't like to talk. There's a communication barrier with him. If this goes on, I'll definitely go crazy.... Fortunately, I'm finally at Bayam. I can finally be free! Danitz felt that he would sooner or later develop a habit of talking to himself when faced with a similar silence.

After a while he saw Gehrman Sparrow look up, smile, and say, "You can tell me about the pirate point of contacts in Bayam."

...Dogshit! It's better if you don't say anything! Danitz's expression twisted.

Woosh!

At 6:15 p.m., just before the storm arrived, the White Agate docked smoothly and arrived at the capital of the Rorsted Archipelago, Bayam, the City of Generosity.

It was also known as the Spice Archipelago, and it was home to a variety of exotic spices, with the plantations of these produce being mainstays of the economy.

The Blue Mountain Island, where Bayam was located, occupied more than half of the archipelago which was mostly covered in forest. It had gold, silver, copper, coal, iron, and other minerals, as well as a plentiful variety of fruits due to the particularly fertile land. For these reasons, the first batch of colonists named the seaside city they built the "City of Generosity." They believed it was a land of treasure promised by the gods, where it flowed with milk and honey.

Klein picked up his suitcase which Danitz packed, and he left Room 312, entering the corridor that led to the deck.

Without any surprises, he met Donna's family, Cleves, and others.

The two siblings were still a little afraid of Klein after the fright he gave them. They hid behind their parents and bodyguards and didn't dare to speak, appearing like deflated balloons.

Klein nodded slightly as a form of greeting.

At this moment, Urdi Branch hesitated for a second and then took a half step forward.

"Mr. Sparrow, will you be staying in Bayam?

"If I wish to hire—no, request for your help, how can I contact you?"

He's indeed a businessman with a spirit of adventure. Even if he's afraid, he still wishes to befriend someone with Beyonder powers... Klein thought for a moment.

“What newspapers are in circulation over here?”

“The Sonia Morning Post and the News Report are popular in the archipelago,” Urdi said without any thought.

“Put an advertisement in the Sonia Morning Post for three days in a row asking to buy Damir’s special cured meat, and leave an address. I’ll go look for you, and if I don’t show up three days later, it means I’m at sea again.” Klein was careful to give a one-way method of contact.

“Alright.” Urdi exhaled and smiled.

Cleves and the others expressed their gratitude once again and left the cabin in an orderly manner.

Noticing the gangway in sight, Donna suddenly slowed her pace and stepped back next to Klein, raised her face, and bit her lip.

“Uncle Sparrow, s-since that kind of power definitely brings about threats and madness, w-why did you choose to have it?”

She had thought about this question for a long time before finally mustering the courage to ask.

Klein was startled, and he instinctively formed a smile.

“For my dream.”

Then he lowered his voice and said two words, “And… protect.”

Protect... Donna mumbled the word in a slightly lost voice, picked up her pace, and caught up with her parents.

After watching the Branch family leave the White Agate, Klein retracted his gaze and said to Danitz, “You’re free.”

Ah? For a moment, Danitz wasn’t used to it.

Chapter 518: On the Brink of Death

Without another word or care for Danitz, Klein pressed his top hat and carried his suitcase down the gangway.

Are you really going to let me go? Blazing Danitz stood on the deck, his face filled with suspicion.

Although he had expected such an outcome, with Gehrman Sparrow directly letting him go while in Damir Harbor, making him capable of imagining today's scene, he still couldn't believe it. He felt that everything that befell him came too simply and easily.

Regardless, I'm worth 3,000 pounds. No, this is the bounty offered only by Loen! Isn't this madman, Gehrman Sparrow, an adventurer? How can he let go of a huge amount of wealth in front of him? It's incomprehensible... Heh, it's true that normal people can't understand the mindset of lunatics... Danitz gradually snapped back to his senses. With his luggage in hand, he carefully descended the gangway and stepped onto the concrete ground of the dock.

He straightened his back, lifted his head, and gave Gehrman Sparrow's back a glance. He realized that he really wasn't turning back and was following the path straight for Coastal Street.

Danitz didn't dare delay a second longer. He immediately turned around and left through another path, occasionally changing directions and using obstacles to look back, in order to ensure that he wasn't followed.

Soon, he arrived at a row of houses near the warehouse at the dock.

Gehrman Sparrow really didn't use me as bait… After triple-checking, Danitz finally relaxed completely.

At this moment, he finally felt like he was liberated. A dignified boatswain of a Pirate Admiral like him no longer had to be bullied and be ordered around like a servant!

I can already foresee that tomorrow will be incomparably beautiful. There will be a group of people vying to flatter me, wanting to become my servants! Danitz knocked happily on the door—three long and three short—rhythmically.

Hehe, Gehrman Sparrow asked me to give him the pirate point of contacts in Bayam. I obviously only told him the ones that don't have a good relationship with us. There's no way he could guess that our Golden Dream point of contact is right at the dock… Danitz picked at his nose and breathed in the fresh sea breeze before a looming rain.

Bayam was a pivotal location of the Loen Kingdom's Central Sonia Sea colonies. It was one of the largest cities in the region. There were many powerful official Beyonders, and no matter how rampant the pirates were, they didn't dare to openly show their faces here. Most of the time, they had to rely on the local gangs or people with backgrounds to handle the loot and purchase any necessities.

Of course, this didn't mean that they wouldn't come to Bayam. The Red Theater here was the most famous brothel in the surrounding seas, and countless pirates came to patronize this famous place. Even if one or two of their peers were caught every once in a while, it didn't stop them from rushing over.

In addition to the spice trade, the brothel industry was another major pillar of the Rorsted Archipelago. Apart from the Red Theater, there were many big or small brothels, out in the open or hidden all over the place. They fully satisfied the desires of the seamen with ample energy. As for the female pirates, they didn't have to worry about this problem. As long as they were willing, they could always be satisfied. After all, there was more demand than supply. At sea, where faith in the Lord of Storms was mainstream, there had always been few females.

Similarly, the underground trade related to Beyonder ingredients and mysticism was quite frequent here, and there were many circles.

Those smaller ports are still better. We don't have to be afraid of being discovered at all, and we can just openly sit in a bar, engage in disputes with adventurers, and even fight them. As long as we don't cause any trouble or cause any deaths, the local official Beyonders will turn a blind eye. Heh, with their strength, they typically have to take on tremendous risks if they wish to interfere... Danitz thought mockingly.

At that moment, he heard footsteps and saw the door creak open. A familiar face entered his sight.

"Old man, did you not drink today?" Danitz smiled and greeted.

Standing at the door was one of the Golden Dream's contacts in the Rorsted Archipelago, Old Rinn.

Old Rinn coughed twice and made way.

Danitz stepped into the dim room, his nose twitching suddenly.

He caught a whiff of Lanti Proof.

No, Old Rinn likes to drink locally-produced Bayam Black Rand! As this thought flashed through his mind, Danitz was terrified.

Immediately following that, he saw a man with his back to him rise to his feet. He was tall, dark, and muscular, and his hair was curled like marbles.

"*Steel*" *Maveti!* Danitz's pupils contracted sharply.

This was the second mate of the Admiral of Blood, a great pirate with a bounty of 6,000 pounds!

...

Waves of the sea breeze blew, swaying the thin, sharp leaves of the tree in a precarious manner.

Klein was walking along Coastal Street at an adequate speed. In contrast, the people around him were hurrying and walking quickly.

His spiritual intuition told him that it would take some time before the storm would arrive, and that he had plenty of time to find a hotel.

Woosh!

The sound of the wind grew louder and louder. Tree branches fell to the ground, and there weren't many people left on the street.

Klein was about to turn into another alley when he heard the sound of hasty but disorderly running.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Danitz was running with all his might, but the scene in front of him began to rock.

He felt an abnormal pain from his wound as he felt his vitality rapidly sapping away. His Spirit Body had partially left his body, approaching the legendary Underworld. As for the surrounding sounds, he could only vaguely hear them, and everything in his line of sight looked like it wasn't real.

If it wasn't for having Shadow Cloak, the ambush would've killed him. But even so, he was still severely injured and could die on the streets at any moment.

He was forced to run towards Coastal Street because of his will to warn the captain that their point of contact had been compromised by the Admiral of Blood, as well as the glimmer of hope brought by that crazy but powerful figure.

If it's him, then he would definitely be able to escape from the hands of "Steel" Maveti's henchmen... Danitz began to stagger, and his body gradually grew cold.

Just as he was about to collapse, he saw Gehrman Sparrow standing by a street corner. His refined face that hid madness appeared so genial at that moment.

Plop!

Danitz fell on his back, his hands hanging limply over his chest, revealing a hideous, exaggerated wound that was inflicted to his organs.

"Tell Captain that Old Rinn has been discovered. Steel Maveti did it for that treasure!" Danitz saw Gehrman Sparrow kneel to his side as he hurriedly spoke.

Klein recalled the bounty offered for Steel Maveti and asked in return, "Admiral of Blood?"

"Yes, tell Captain! T-tell Captain!" Danitz gasped as he said.

After saying all that, he revealed a mournful smile.

"Don't worry about me. I'm a-about to die soon.

"Tell the Captain that all the money I've saved up has been turned into real estate. Units 12 to 16 on Bayam's Amyris Avenue. The title deeds a-are hidden in the wall of Unit 13's basement. H-help me sell them. T-take the money to South Intis's Elema Town. G-give the money to my parents. S-say that I've really made a fortune..."

Danitz paused, then he said with great difficulty, "S-say that I've become an out-outstanding adventurer.

"Also... Help me s-say I'm sorry..."

His eyes suddenly became moist, as if he was recalling that rebellious youth from back then.

I'm sorry, Old Man, Mother. I'm unable to return home… Danitz's vision darkened, and he felt that his life was coming to an end.

It was at this moment that he saw Gehrman Sparrow reach out and press his hand to his wound and then swipe it.

Danitz's sorrow came to a sudden halt as he felt the already numb pain in his chest and abdomen suddenly disappear as his left hand seemed to suffer a fracture.

He looked at Klein blankly, and Klein looked back at him quietly. None of them spoke for two seconds.

Finally, he looked down in astonishment and discovered that his lethal wound had strangely healed. His left arm was badly mutilated, and even his bones protruded out.

I-I'm fine now? Danitz blinked, still immersed in the sadness and frustration of his brush with death.

"Why didn't you treat me first?" he asked blankly.

Klein looked back at the empty area on the other side of Coastal Street and said in a calm tone, "Waiting for you to finish.

"That's basic courtesy.

*Courtesy you son of a b*tch! I was really saying my last words!* With a sudden jerk of his back, Danitz rolled to his feet.

He warily looked towards the dock, where a thick cloud of smoke

was rising. It was none other than the result of the battle he had just been engaged in.

Because the house was set on fire by me, Steel Maveti was afraid that it would catch the attention of the official Beyonders. As he was confused by that shadow, he didn't chase after me... Danitz instantly understood the sequence of events.

"Let's find a place to stay first." Klein spread his hands and caught a drop of rain.

Not knowing whether or not he had completely escaped danger, Danitz immediately nodded.

"Okay."

I can tell that this madman, Gehrman Sparrow, isn't afraid of Steel Maveti at all. He's not even afraid of Admiral of Blood... At such times, I especially admire his craziness... Damn, I exposed my wealth to him. Danitz had just exhaled when his body froze.

Klein walked silently ahead with his suitcase and cane with only one thought echoing in his head.

*Godd*mmit, a pirate is richer than I am...*

...

Empress Borough.

Audrey, who was about to leave Backlund, hid in her chemistry

laboratory and concocted the Psychiatrist potion with the ingredients she received from Mr. Vampire—the fruit of the Tree of Elders, the blood of a Mirror Dragon—and the other ingredients she had collected previously.

This time, she didn't get Susie to guard the door. Instead, she was to sit inside and observe the whole process from the sidelines. Earl Hall had already instructed everyone to not approach the young lady during her experiments, but they had to pay attention to any unusual changes.

Phew... Audrey let out a small sigh of relief, pouring the completed potion into a prepared glass bottle.

The slightly golden liquid rippled like a deformed, gigantic pupil. Its gaze seemed to shine right into the eyes of anyone's heart.

"Susie, did you remember the process? You are a mature, no—you are a mature Beyonder. In the future, you'll have to learn how to concoct your own potion. No, it's not that I'm not helping you; it's just that I'm pointing out a possibility. Sometimes, I might not be by your side, and you just happen to need a potion bottle," Audrey said happily to the huge golden retriever.

Susie was so confused by what she was taught, and she could only open her mouth to reply with a single word, "Woof!"

Converging her emotions, Audrey raised her head and downed the Psychiatrist potion bottle.

Chapter 519: Naming

The golden liquid was cool and refreshing, making Audrey feel as if she was enjoying a delicious ice cream. She then took a sip of champagne. Tiny bubbles of air continuously rose, silently bursting as they brought a tingling sensation with them.

Suddenly, her sense of hearing reached out, and she could hear the conversation of the two maids at the end of the corridor as they lamented at how they had no chance of going to the Hall family's castle and manor in East Chester County.

At this moment, Audrey felt as if she had dissolved into an illusory gas and was rapidly expanding. It filled the entire room, overlapping with a sea formed from everyone's sea of consciousness.

Her vision also changed. Everything she saw was abnormally smooth, turning into a mirror that reflected her current appearance.

Possessing a beauty described by pure, exquisite, grand, and witty, golden scales that were slowly growing out of her exposed skin, her emerald-green irises contracted and were dyed in a faint golden color, as if they had turned vertical.

Audrey suddenly felt fear from the bottom of her heart when she saw herself like this. She didn't want or wish to become an inhuman monster!

With a hum, her mind began to turn into a blur, as if something was slowly and painfully drilling out from the surface of her body.

Just then, she heard the gentle voice of her huge golden retriever, Susie.

“Don’t be afraid, calm down.

“Don’t be afraid, calm down.”

Audrey recovered her thoughts and tried to get herself into a Spectator state.

Her undulating emotions quickly calmed down, and her spirit seemed to leave her body. She then looked down at herself like a Spectator.

Audrey saw the golden scales on the surface of her body visibly recede and her emerald-like eyes return to normal.

It didn’t take her long to regain control of her body and understand what Beyonder powers were available to a Psychiatrist and how they were used.

I-it was so dangerous just now... Audrey raised her hand in fear. Her skin was fair and delicate, completely unlike the abnormal condition she had been in a moment ago.

After this incident, she truly understood how terrifying the danger of losing control which Mr. Fool would occasionally bring up was. She gained a deep understanding of how difficult it was to go down the Beyonder path.

Even with the acting method, it was impossible to completely remove the latent risks!

At one gathering, Mr. World said that Beyonders are a bunch of miserable wretches that are constantly fighting against threats and madness... Previously, I could only understand it literally. Now, I can finally feel the weight behind this sentence... Audrey, don't be discouraged, don't be afraid. Father, Mother, and Brother are still waiting for your protection. With this experience, you won't be frightened by yourself in the future or so easily lose control. You can do it! Audrey clenched her fists and encouraged herself.

She calmed down for two seconds, walked up to Susie, squatted down, and hugged the golden retriever. As she combed its fur, she put her head against the side of the dog's face and muttered in its warmth, "Thank you, thank you..."

Susie rubbed against her twice and asked seriously, "Audrey, is this how a Psychiatrist feels like?

"I like it very much."

"..."

Audrey was suddenly at a loss on whether to laugh or cry. She immediately pursed her lips and promised, "Susie, we'll treat each other in the future. Yes, psychological problems!"

"Okay, Woof!" Susie answered happily.

It was only now with Audrey truly recovering that she was in the mood to examine her own advancement.

My body seems to have become healthier. Although I don't have any obvious muscles, my strength and speed have become much

stronger than before...

My eyesight has also improved. I can even clearly see items hidden in the dark...

My sense of smell is able to distinguish even more subtle smells, and thus being able to grasp a target's truest emotions and thoughts...

I finally have Beyonder powers in the truest sense of the word. Yes, there's also Awe. I can target a single person or apply it to a group of people within a certain range. They'll instantly panic and turn chaotic as though they're facing a dragon.

Another is Frenzy. It will trigger the emotions and mental state of a target, throwing the target into a frenzy. They'll suffer intense psychological damage and might even cause direct loss of control at times.

Another is Psychological Cue. Through specific methods, words, and a medium, I can cue a target, letting them abide by my arrangements without them realizing it. Or they might strongly abide by a particular promise from the bottom of their hearts.

Another is Placate, also known as Psychoanalysis. I can help Beyonders on the brink of losing control to regain their reason and escape danger. There's a certain chance of failure. The higher my Sequence, the more easily it will succeed. It can calm down various psychological instabilities and allow for communication.

Another is Telepathy. Through mediums like candlelight and extracts, it will put the target in a partially hypnotic state. I'll then be able to directly communicate with their Body of Heart and Mind, just like what Hilbert Alucard did to me. If not for the protection provided by Mr. Fool's angel, then I wouldn't have the

means to lie under such situations. Yes... I have to be on guard against such techniques. I can't be fooled by a target, and there should be quite a number of means to achieve this effect...

With Placate and Telepathy, together with certain psychology knowledge, I'll be able to act as a true psychiatrist, the kind that can open a clinic!

Audrey's mood rapidly improved. She finally had the feeling that she had matured and become a qualified Beyonder.

I'm a Mid-Sequence Beyonder! There really is a qualitative change! She stood up, lifted her skirt, and walked briskly around in a circle.

She quickly discovered that she was still lacking in direct offensive abilities as a Psychiatrist.

Fortunately, I have this... Audrey stopped in front of the experiment table and opened a plain brown box.

Inside the box was a silver mask that could only cover half a face. It was the mystical item that The Hanged Man had sold her.

Audrey picked it up, placed it in her palm, and observed it for a few seconds.

Then, she extended her spirituality and projected her thoughts just like how she did above the gray fog.

She saw the silver mask begin to warp inwards, turning into a

hollow, finely-patterned slightly large earring.

"It might be better to turn it into a necklace," Audrey whispered.

Afterward, she tried out the various abilities of this magical item. She was most satisfied with her ability to fine-tune her appearance.

It's a pity that other than Flame Controlling, it doesn't have any other more direct offensive powers. Perhaps I'll need to prepare a revolver, one that has Beyonder effects... Audrey thought with some regret.

She quickly collected her emotions and said to the mystical item in her hand with an uplifted tone towards the end, "From today, your name is Lie. The most beautiful lie~"

...

City of Generosity, Bayam. 48 Acid Lemon Street, Wind of Azure Inn.

It was raining heavily outside and the wind was raging, but inside the luxurious suite, the fireplace was warm and the environment peaceful.

Klein sat in his chair and watched silently as Blazing Danitz dealt with the severe fracture on his left arm.

He waited until Danitz was finished binding up his arm with shredded, old clothes before asking bluntly, "What treasure?"

According to Danitz, it was because of some treasure that Admiral of Blood Senor wanted to deal with Vice Admiral Edwina Edwards.

The sound of wind and rain came through the window. Danitz took a sip of the Lanti Proof on the table and then gave a bitter, angry laugh.

“Those a**holes who had their brains eaten by zombies!

“On our last expedition, we found a sunken ship. Although we didn’t find anything of great value, we discovered a gigantic black iron key that doesn’t look like the kind used by humans. Can you imagine? After being submerged under the sea for so many years, it hasn’t rusted at all.”

“Yes,” Klein replied in a concise manner.

In a world where extraordinariness and mystery intertwined, what wasn’t possible?

There were people who could be resurrected from the dead, not to mention others!

Danitz choked and paused for seven or eight seconds before he knew what to say next.

“Perhaps there’s a traitor among us, and the news has spread. Countless pirates believe that this is Death’s Key, a key that can open the treasure trove Death left behind.

“I thought that this problem would be cleared up very quickly

and happily applied for a vacation. In the end, the matter became more complicated. Even Admiral of Blood has joined the ranks of these mad pirates. I'm even beginning to suspect that it's Death's Key, a key that can turn one into a true god."

"Foolish." Klein calmly gave his evaluation.

Whether it was in the divination domain or dealing with deities, he could be considered experienced. Thus, he had his own understanding and confidence in the interpretation of Death's Key.

He believed that the "key" was a form of revelation, a symbol. The thing that opened Death's treasure trove was probably not in the shape of a key, but some kind of characteristic, bloodline, or even certain, specified people and their descendants.

Danitz was startled for two seconds, and then he exclaimed, "Your words are exactly the same as Captain's previous comments, and even your expressions are very similar.

"She suspects that the key belongs to an older era, an era not of humans.

"Before the Cataclysm, this world was still full of giants, dragons, elves, and demonic wolves. The shape of the key indirectly points to one of them."

Demonic wolves... Klein suddenly recalled the ravings he often heard during his past advancements. In it, the "Flegrea" he heard referred to the ancient god, Annihilation Demonic Wolf.

A treasure that involves the Second Epoch? He held back his

curiosity and switched to calmly saying, “Write down everything that Admiral of Blood has done, including Steel Maveti and his men.”

He remembered that Admiral of Blood and his pirate crew were the most notorious groups on the ocean. Their hands were stained with blood as they committed heinous sins.

“How can I remember? They aren’t beauties like Captain!” Danitz threw up his hands. “I can only list the most important things and some of the details that have left an impression on me. Wait, what do you want to do?”

Bit by bit, Klein revealed a smile, one that gave Danitz a fright.

He said in a deep voice, “If it’s appropriate, I want to hunt them.”

Chapter 520: Admiral of Blood

“Hunt them?” Danitz asked subconsciously.

When he truly understood the meaning behind Gehrman Sparrow’s words, he instantly became excited. He changed his seating posture and suppressed his voice.

“Is there anything I can help you with?”

As a qualified, part-time pirate, he had nothing to do with beautiful words such as tolerance, compassion, and love. Since he had nearly died at the hands of Steel Maveti and now had the chance to take revenge, he definitely wouldn’t miss it!

He believed that he could survive in the pirate industry by relying on an accurate grasp of the situation: knowing when to resist, when to fight for his life, when to feign ignorance when seeing his enemies, and when to settle old scores.

And now, this was an opportunity!

Danitz still couldn’t make an accurate judgment on how powerful Gehrman Sparrow was, but judging from how he had taken care of the fallen Bishop Millet within ten seconds, it was unlikely that it would be too difficult for him to deal with Steel Maveti. Even if he encountered the Admiral of Blood, Senor, it wasn’t impossible for him to win.

Of course, this is in a one-on-one situation, and pirates never talk about chivalry… Danitz thought to himself.

Klein leaned forward a little, placed his elbows on his knees, and clasped his hands.

"I've told you."

Ah? What? Danitz felt that he was often unable to keep up with Gehrman Sparrow's train of thought.

With regards to this, he could only console himself that a normal person and a madman were different.

Seeing that the other party had stopped talking, he thought for a while and finally remembered what he had to do.

Write down everything that Admiral of Blood and his pirate crew had done!

Hmm... Gehrman Sparrow definitely wants to know how many things they've plundered... Danitz quickly gathered his thoughts, rummaged around the room for a pen and paper, and scribbled a chunk of text.

During this process, he was exceptionally glad that it was his left arm that was injured.

When he was done writing, Klein reached out for it, read it carefully, and confirmed from the undetailed parts of Danitz's description that Admiral of Blood was the most typical and vile of pirates. Not only did they plunder, but they also abducted people, slaughtered crew members, and abused women.

A pirate like Danitz actually knows how to write Ancient Feysac...

He's also been educated... After muttering to himself, Klein took out a copper penny and used divination to confirm the authenticity of the material.

Then he said in a tone as though he was giving instructions on what was to be eaten tomorrow morning, "Tell me about the Admiral of Blood and his men."

He needs more detailed information... Is he preparing to hunt them? Danitz was delighted, hating himself for not knowing enough.

"Admiral of Blood Senor is suspected to be an evil spirit. Anyone who has encountered him has died a bizarre death. Either they strangle themselves to death, blow their mouths up, hug bombs, or slaughter their companions. Captain said that it's the possession of an evil spirit."

It's very similar to Miss Sharron's Beyonder powers... Wraith? Klein didn't speak as he listened to Danitz go on, in silence.

"Senor can make a terrible shriek. The last time I fought them, I was nearly knocked unconscious and fell off the deck and into the sea. Heh heh, I returned the favor and set one of their boats on fire.

"Senor knows a lot of undead magic. Cruel, bloodthirsty, and full of desire. His targets can be either male or female, and even humanoid creatures."

Consistent with the unrestrained nature of the Rose School of Thought. Yes, accurately speaking, it's a trait of the Prisoner pathway... The highest probability is that he's a Wraith... Klein nodded thoughtfully.

In response, Danitz became more active and spoke a little faster.

"Our Captain thinks that Senor has a very powerful mystical item on him, one that makes him very lucky. He always seems to gain the favor of the gods. For example, at a critical moment, his opponent would suddenly slip or have their powers fail. Another example is winning 21 bets in a row."

A mystical item that can make someone lucky? This is very rare... It's from the Monster pathway? Or is it connected to some other evil spirit? Klein guessed based on his own knowledge of mysticism.

"I've never directly fought Senor, so that's all I know." Danitz wanted to throw his hands up, but he was stopped by the pain in his left arm. "He has about seven or eight ships. His flagship is the Tree of Flesh and Blood. Heh heh, that's different from us. We mainly seek out treasure and wouldn't take in anyone. Therefore, we only have the Golden Dream."

It's no wonder the Admiral of Blood's bounty is much higher than Vice Admiral Iceberg, reaching 42,000 pounds... In terms of strength, he should be a bit stronger... Klein immediately gained an understanding.

He maintained the same posture as before, seemingly unaffected by the intelligence regarding the Admiral of Blood.

"What about his subordinates?"

Danitz was long prepared as he immediately said, "Senor has ten of his strongest men under his command; the first, second, third mates of the flagship; and the captain of each ship...

“Steel Maveti is the second mate of the flagship. We think that he’s a Sequence 6. His body is like steel and is able to withstand bullets and cannonballs. He isn’t afraid of fire, drowning, and various magic. He’s strong and fast. He can rip his opponent apart, and he grasps a certain level of undead-related spells. He can summon zombies and rear puppets…”

Zombie? Klein immediately thought of Maric who played cards with zombies.

Based on the Wraith traits of Admiral of Blood Senor, can it be assumed that these pirates are actually part of the outer circle of the Rose School of Thought, or perhaps they’re from an organization used to make money? It’s a pity that I don’t have a messenger, nor did I ask Miss Sharron if she had one. Otherwise, I could contact her and confirm the Admiral of Blood’s identity… Klein guessed with some regret.

He didn’t give up just because this matter might involve the Rose School of Thought. In any case, he could change his face and identity afterwards. In addition, he had involved himself with the Aurora Order, the Demoness Sect, Rose Redemption, and Twilight Hermit Order, so he wasn’t afraid of offending another entity.

Actually, it’s not like I’ve never fought against the Rose School of Thought. I’ve already killed a Wraith, a Zombie, and a Wraith, and I’ve robbed the Scarlet Lunar Corona and Biological Poison Bottle… Klein suddenly realized how much trouble he had been involved in.

“It’s unlikely that Maveti has any particularly powerful mystical items; otherwise, I might not have been able to escape before,” Danitz said, feeling somewhat relieved at his luck. “He has a bunch of puppets and zombies by his side, as well as several subordinates at Sequence 7 or 8. As the second mate of the flagship, he should be the leader of the crew in the vicinity since

he's here. We can consider hunting him first."

Below the high Sequences, once the number of Beyonders reaches a certain amount, a qualitative change will occur. With the combination of different abilities, it's possible for a group to defeat a Beyonder stronger than themselves. It's just like how a Nighthawks team can definitely take down a Sequence 6, or even a Sequence 5... Klein didn't underestimate Steel Maveti and his men just because he was stronger with Creeping Hunger. He was still as cautious as before.

I have to plan and prepare well. Well, the frequency bands and passcodes I received from White Shark will come in handy, and once Miss Magician's radio transceiver is delivered, I'll get Danitz to frequently monitor the frequency and see if we can glean any information, allowing me to go in quickly to reap the harvest... And I can take advantage of this period to explore the possibility of true acting... Soon, Klein formulated a plan as he continued to listen to Danitz tell him about the rest of Admiral of Blood's subordinates.

After a while, when Danitz was finally done, he summarized enthusiastically, "If Steel Maveti can be killed, leaving my name behind, this matter will definitely go on the papers. Once it's spread, I no longer need to worry about informing Captain!"

He was afraid that a traitor was among their ranks and that all the points of contact in the Rorsted Archipelago were under the enemy's control. Therefore, he didn't dare to rashly make contact. He was still vexed over the problem of alerting his captain.

He actually has a brain... Klein nodded and said, "You're in charge of gathering information on all aspects of Steel."

"Alright!" Danitz replied with a grim smile, thinking of the punch

that had nearly pierced his heart in the evening.

Klein slowly stood up and walked towards the window. It was dark outside with howling winds and pouring rain. It looked as if the end of the world had arrived.

Thinking of what he was going to do next, he couldn't help but feel like he was acting in a certain sense. Smiling, he muttered to himself in a low voice, "Tonight, Gehrman joins the hunt."

...

City of Generosity, Bayam, in the Cathedral of Waves.

Alger Wilson, who had received the Sanguine's anesthetic gas, was about to sail out to sea for another of the Wind-blessed's main ingredients, when he was summoned by the local diocese bishop.

"There have been rumors recently that Vice Admiral Iceberg received Death's Key. All the pirates in the Sonia Sea are roused by this," the bishop said in a heavy voice. "Investigate this matter."

He was an old man with a head full of white hair, but he was still as energetic as ever. His speech was even faster than a young man's, as though he could charge out at any moment and personally resolve all problems.

His body was strong, his muscles bulging with his bishop's robe. The wind howled around him as he breathed, and the air was moist.

There are similar rumors every year, but they all end up being fake... Such rumors are commonly spread across the sea... Even if it's true, I don't have the right to be involved. There's no need to take the risk. I'll just go through the motions and skirt the edge of this matter... Alger muttered inwardly.

He solemnly clenched his fist and struck his left breast.

"Yes, Your Excellency!

"May the Storm be with you!"

Diocese Bishop Chogo was very pleased with Alger's attitude and returned the same salute.

"May the Storm be with you!"

The encouraged Alger Wilson quickly left the cathedral and returned to the square outside.

The storm last night had subsided, and only the scattered leaves and water puddles on the ground remained as evidence of its coming.

After taking a breath of after-rain fresh air, Alger decided to visit the few places where pirates roamed. He planned to put on a show of working hard by trying to seek out information.

If he were to meet a fellow with a bounty of a few hundred pounds, he wouldn't mind apprehending the poor bastard. In his opinion, they were liquid cash flow that could be added to his savings.

Chapter 521: Bold Assumption

On the ocean, pirates had three iconic common interests—liquor, women, and gambling. Alger Wilson merely took out his silver pocket watch, flipped it open, and knew where he should go first.

At quarter past eleven, the brothels and bars hadn't opened. Only the gambling dens would have easily gathered a bunch of people who wanted to make a fortune.

Alger was more familiar with this port city than his tiny hometown. He proceeded without stopping at all while he navigated his way, smoothly turning at every corner until he arrived outside a casino that was located in a secluded alley.

According to what he knew, the owner of this casino was a gang leader with a deep background. He had an inexplicable but indistinct connection with the important figure at the governor-general's office. It was the first choice for many pirates to purchase and sell their stolen goods.

Because of this, pirates often appeared here. They might exchange their loot for gold pounds in the morning, but they would lose everything at night and get thrown out.

Alger pulled on his thick brown coat; pressed down his cap, a piece of fashion wear that came from the mainland; and pushed open the half-closed door. Under the watchful gaze of the bouncers, he entered the casino.

Casinos were prohibited within the Loen Kingdom. They could only be attached to bars as rooms, but in the kingdom's vast

overseas colonies, not only were they legal, but they were also a mainstay industry. Among them, Bayam of the Rorsted Archipelago and Alethe of East Balam were the most famous in the area. Many tycoons would specially visit them from Backlund or Midseashire's coast for a big day of gambling.

Surveying the area, Alger saw a variety of card games, as well as dice-derived turntable games.

As it was still early, there weren't many gamblers, and Alger quickly "scanned" them all.

Suddenly, his eyes lit up, and he instantly recognized the identity of a disguised person.

He took off his hat, walked up to a Texas Poker table, and patted his target's shoulder. He bent down and whispered into the man's ear, "Blazing."

Danitz happened to be flipping the corner of his card with his right hand, so he almost jumped out of his skin from the slap and nearly sent a fireball towards the guy behind him.

After he had been attacked by Steel Maveti, he knew that he shouldn't seek out information with his true appearance, as he could be targeted by greedy pirates.

Although most pirates weren't strong and didn't register as a threat to Danitz, he still didn't want to reveal himself, lest it set back the plan of hunting Steel Maveti.

However, to his surprise, the disguise he took great effort to don was exposed just an hour after he left home.

He turned his head quickly to the side and glanced through the corner of his eye at the person who had “greeted” him.

When he saw the signature seaweed-like dark blue hair, Danitz relaxed a little and turned to observe if the other players had heard the greeting.

The gamblers were all carefully studying their hidden card, either folding or continuing, with none of them paying attention to what was happening over at his side.

“Why are you here?” Danitz asked casually.

He and Alger had met at the previous private meet, and he knew that the other party had a ghost ship and a dozen sailors. He was quite a powerful but unknown fellow.

According to Vice Admiral Iceberg’s judgment, if such a small and weak pirate crew was able to retain an ancient ghost ship, it meant that they were backed by a powerful faction. Perhaps they were members of the Church of Storms, or perhaps they were related to a particular Pirate King or secret organization. They usually disguised themselves as ordinary pirates and gathered information for who they were really loyal to. It was easy to wipe any traces of themselves clean at scheduled times, and at times, do things inconvenient for the power backing them. For example, silencing others or plundering certain special items.

There were quite a few pirate crews like this, and no one would particularly be bothered about such matters.

Alger pulled over a nearby chair and sat down. He tilted his head and asked in a low voice, “I heard that your captain obtained Death’s Key?”

Danitz snorted with a laugh.

“I thought you had a brain, but you’ve disappointed me.

“How can such a thing be so easily obtainable?

“We’ll definitely sell it if you want it and offer a decent price!

“How about it? Do you want to consider this deal?”

Alger casually said, “Perhaps it has other secrets. Maybe someone wants to deal with your captain.”

“Who knows? Dogshit!” Annoyed by his new hand, Danitz cursed out loud.

Then, he suppressed his voice and said, “That thing doesn’t seem like a creation made by humans. It might belong to the giants or devils.”

“Creation? Your captain still insists on teaching language to all of you?” Alger asked with amusement.

The rumor was that Vice Admiral Iceberg was a woman who was very strict when it came to knowledge. She couldn’t stand the sight of a bunch of illiterates under her command, so every day on the Golden Dream, there was a class of general knowledge and reading, and every day she forced the crew to take turns participating.

Wishing he could forget it, Danitz said, “It’s much more difficult

than fighting!

“Because of this, we’re usually unable to recruit enough crew members. Every time we dock at the port to resupply, there will be people who resign…”

He didn’t continue with the topic. Looking at the dealer, he said to himself, “Help me keep an eye out for Steel’s whereabouts.”

“Steel Maveti? Admiral of Blood’s second mate?” Alger looked down at Blazing’s left arm, which was slightly propped up with a splint, and asked, “Were you attacked?

“For the key?”

“His brain has already been eaten by his zombies!” Danitz stressed.

“You want to seek revenge on him?” Alger guessed from the other’s tone and request.

“Hehe.” Danitz smiled without a reply, looking as though he was concentrating on his new hidden card.

Alger thought for a moment before saying, “The last time your captain appeared was seven days ago, near Sonia Island. This was confirmed by a telegram. The Golden Dream wouldn’t arrive in Bayam that quickly.

“Do you have a new helper? If it’s just you alone, then you aren’t a match for Steel even if he were alone. And as you know, he’s always attended to by a crowd.”

Towards Alger's question, Danitz's response was to throw out a chip.

"Call!"

"Who is it?" Alger first assumed that Danitz's attitude was a tacit agreement. He pinned his hopes by asking since it was a riskless endeavor.

Danitz stared at the exposed cards and answered simply, "You wouldn't know."

I wouldn't know? Someone who has the strength to deal with Steel Maveti should be someone with a little fame at sea regardless of if they're a pirate or an adventurer... Unless they belong to a specific secret organization, or it's their first time traveling the seas. Of course, it's also possible that Danitz doesn't wish to answer, for fear of exposing a secret. That's most probable... Someone belonging to a particular organization, first time traveling the seas, with the strength to deal with Steel Maveti... Alger looked up slightly as he suddenly had a bold guess.

He tapped on the edge of the table and asked, as if he were chatting about the weather, "Was Bansy Harbor fun?"

He emphasized the word "fun."

Danitz turned his head in surprise and blurted out, "How did you know?"

He believed that with the Church of Storms's style, it was impossible for it to air dirty linen. Furthermore, the passengers of the White Agate had just arrived last night. The people who

had witnessed the developments had all signed confidentiality agreements, so how could the news spread so quickly?

Alger smiled without answering.

At this moment, he understood the value of Emperor Roselle's words: Boldly hypothesize and carefully verify!

Danitz put away his winnings and muttered, "It's no big deal. There was a revival of some ancient customs that led to the fall of a Storm bishop."

As expected... Alger chuckled and said, "I'll help you keep an eye out for Steel.

"But how can I contact you?"

"Hmm... 15 Amyris Avenue is an unoccupied house. Write the information on a piece of paper and throw it in," Danitz answered hesitantly.

Alger nodded and stood up while patting Blazing Danitz on the shoulder.

"Don't forget my payment."

He turned around and walked towards the door.

Watching the captain of the ghost ship depart, Danitz couldn't help but grumble.

“This fellow isn’t bad.

“However, I have to leave this place too.”

He couldn’t quite trust Alger. Perhaps in a few minutes, he might lead Steel Maveti and his pirates to rush over.

After leaving the casino, Alger, who was wearing a pair of local baggy pantaloons, strolled down the street. He entered a department store and found a counter. He smiled and took out a handful of bronze pennies.

“Give me a deck of tarot cards.”

While he was waiting, he leisurely thought of a question:

What is the Blessed of Mr. The Fool doing at this time?

…

In Old John’s Restaurant.

Klein watched as the waiter placed a plate of grilled fish in front of him. It was wrapped with something that looked like straw and covered with all sorts of spices, some of which he didn’t recognize.

The strong aroma seeped into Klein’s nose and greatly enhanced his salivation.

As expected of the Spice Archipelago… Klein was about to pick up his knife and fork when he saw the waiter place two things resembling tree branches on his plate.

Chopsticks? Klein was shocked.

Then he quickly locked on to the suspect: Roselle Gustav!

"This is the kind of cutlery you have to use when eating grilled stickleback. It's said that Emperor Roselle gained inspiration from the customs of the elves," the waiter introduced.

The customs of the elves? They are indeed a race that likes cooking and eating delicacies… Or rather, it's purely an excuse Roselle came up with… Klein guessed, largely as a result of his understanding of that particular person's character.

In the morning, he had gone to a few church hospitals in Bayam to provide hospice care for some dying people, to help them fulfill their wishes, and to engage in a deeper level of acting, but he had failed to find a suitable target.

This wasn't to say that no one died in the hospital, but rather it was that they all had relatives who either accompanied them or had witnessed their deaths. There was no possibility of disguising himself as the deceased apart from giving people a fright.

I'll head to the bar where adventurers gather. There should be many foreigners who might die in a dark corner like stray dogs in order to pursue wealth at sea, while their families might never hear of them again… Klein suppressed his thoughts and focused on his delicious food.

Chapter 522: Colony

The quality of sickleback's meat was certainly not as good as that of murloc meat, but the spices synergized to form clear layered flavors which Klein was rather delighted to have tasted. He just couldn't stop himself from eating after the first bite.

Actually, there are some local Beyonders who wish to leave this dangerous circle and lead a normal life. It's completely possible for them to head to Backlund and open a Rorsted-cuisine restaurant, selling grilled fish as their specialty. With the city's acceptance for many things, their business definitely wouldn't be bad. The only problem is that many spices aren't as cheap as they are here. The cost will be very high, and a location has to be chosen to cater to the target group... Klein put down his rather crude chopsticks and wiped his mouth with a napkin, letting his mind wander.

In his view, commoners were unable to find the means to get rich, mostly because they didn't have enough vision. However, one's vision was also limited by the education they received and their daily experiences. Bound by social class, it was really hard to escape from it and break through this limitation. The most effective way was to strive for a higher level of education, and the second was to take risks and head out on an adventure. Of course, the risk was huge, and many people vanished silently while taking this path.

Klein spent 2 soli and 5 pence for this meal, which wasn't cheap, but he had always been willing to spend money on good food. Besides, his main expenses had been paid for by Danitz recently.

Pulling at his collar, putting on his hat, and holding his black cane, he walked out of Old John's Restaurant, just in time to see a police officer driving a tramp out of the street.

The natives of the Rorsted Archipelago had darker skin than the people of the Southern Continent. It was close to the kind of bronze which was often a result of exposure to the sun. Their hair was mostly dark and naturally curled ever so slightly. They were quite different from the colonists from the Loen Kingdom.

It had been less than fifty years since the place had been completely colonized. At first, Loen had worked with the local kings and chieftains, under the name of the Central Sonia Company to extract economic benefits, but later, the management of the company quickly fell into corruption as they fought for power, even provoking the enemy for personal gain by starting a war. Even what was even more absurd was that they would report each other, claiming that their competitors had received bribes. With regards to this, they would find a Member of Parliament backing them. During parliamentary hearings, they would attack each other, something that nearly resulted in suits [1].

The natives would never have imagined that the powerful figures, who could make their kings and chieftains bend over, kiss the soles of their shoes, and deliver carts and carts of gifts, were actually unimportant people who weren't even Members of Parliament in Backlund. Although most of them came from noble families, they were at the end of the line of any inheritance rights.

After that dispute, the King and the Prime Minister agreed to redeem the stock, shut down the Central Sonia Company, and to send their fleet and troops to take over the Rorsted Archipelago in full force, bringing them under true colonial rule.

At present, the archipelago was governed by the governor-general's office, Parliament, and the Courts. The upper echelons were all Loenese, and some of the middle-ranking personnel were Members of Parliament and court magistrates who were descendants of the original kings and chieftains. As for the low-ranking positions, they were opened to the educated natives of

the region. This included police officers below that of superintendents.

It was a native policeman who was driving off the tramp with a baton, and his target similarly was of distinct Rorsted descent.

As soon as the policeman saw Klein in his double-breasted frock coat, half top hat, and black, civilized cane, he immediately put away his baton, straightened up, held his feet together, and saluted.

“Good afternoon, sir.

“How may I help you?”

Klein felt mixed emotions as he gently nodded.

“Are there no carriages here?”

“According to the regulations of the governor-general’s office, carriages aren’t allowed to enter this street. You’ll have to walk to the street ahead,” the policeman explained with both fear and enthusiasm.

“Thank you.” Klein casually praised him, “You speak good Loenese.”

The policeman was so pleasantly surprised that he became excited.

“I think—I think that this is an essential quality that a good

policeman should possess."

He originally wanted to say that he felt that he too was Loenese, but he was afraid the gentleman across him would end up angry.

Klein secretly sighed and slowly walked to the corner of the street.

Along the way, he saw that the local style of clothing was very different from that of mainland cities such as Backlund and Tingen. It was even different from ports such as Damir and Bansy, which had been colonized for more than two hundred years.

A decent man from Loen, dressed in a formal suit, wearing a top hat and a tie, and holding onto a civilized cane. This made the people around him subservient, afraid to look him in the eye or touch him. The rest of the natives or mixed-bloods liked matching a thick jacket with baggy pants, along with a cap from the mainland. They didn't like black, and they preferred the colors: brown, tawny, and light gray. To Klein, this was indeed a little strange, but it also gave him a feeling of coming to a foreign country.

Of course, the natives of higher standing and those of mixed-blood also mimicked the dressing style of Loen, believing that this was a sign of civilization.

...

2 p.m., Swordfish Bar, an accepted gathering spot for adventurers.

There weren't many customers, so Klein easily made his way through the tables to the bar.

He discovered that what was different from the other places was that there were three blackboards on the side of the bar that were supported by wooden shelves. Sitting on them were yellowing notices in white, with a variety of content, strange and varied. Some were hiring bodyguards, some were seeking help in finding people, some were investigating the situation on a particular island, and some were offering a high reward for the head of a particular pirate, while others claimed that they had obtained a treasure map and wanted to form a team. In short, the affairs that had been divided up between the private detectives and security companies in the Loen Kingdom still belonged to the adventurers here.

"A glass of Zarhar." Klein tapped the surface of the bar counter.

It was a local malt beer, cheap and tasty, with a unique taste. It was loved by adventurers, something Klein had learned from Blazing Danitz.

"Three pence." The bartender casually glanced at the customer, not showing any change in his attitude because of the stranger's unfamiliar face.

With a beer in hand, Klein sat in a high chair in front of the bar, sipping bit by bit as he quietly listened to the drinkers around him. Through their conversations, he searched for a worthy target.

After nearly an hour, when the number of people in the bar increased, Klein finally heard something that might be useful.

His spirit was jolted and he became increasingly focused.

There were four people sitting at the table less than three meters away from him. They were feeling sorry for a man named Wendt.

"I always thought Wendt was out at sea. I didn't expect him to be at home. He's very sick."

"Sigh, if I had knocked on his door two days earlier, he wouldn't have died. You don't know how terrifying the room was. Mushrooms were growing on his body in huge swaths of white."

"Dogshit!" Stop it! Can't you see I'm eating sausages?"

"Yes, yes, yes. Wendt's room was filled with bugs, moths, flies, butterflies, bees, and cockroaches. Holy Lord of Storms, I couldn't believe this was a place where a human can live. Even the police who came later were stunned!"

...

As the conversation passed into his ears, Klein slightly frowned, feeling that Wendt's death wasn't normal. Within a few days of his death, his corpse was already filled with mushrooms, and insects were crawling all over the room.

Something Beyonder related? With such an anomaly, the police would definitely report the matter to the Mandated Punisher team... It sounds like it happened three or four days ago. The things that needed to be taken care of should've been dealt with already... Klein seriously considered whether he should pay a visit to take a look. At the very least, the man called Wendt was a lone adventurer in Bayam. None of his peers wished to help him transmit the news of his death.

After listening for a long time, he gained a rough idea of where the place Wendt rented was. It was at the nearby 47 Blackhorn Street.

Having finished drinking the last drop of the Zarhar beer, Klein put on his hat, left the bar, and headed for the apartment.

After entering the door, he half-closed his eyes and murmured to himself, “The room that recently had someone die in.”

He repeated the statement seven times in a row, used his cane to quickly and easily arrive outside the room where Wendt used to live.

It hadn’t been rented out yet, and the anomaly inside had already been dealt with. There seemed to be nothing wrong with it.

Klein put away the note he had used to open the door, locked the door behind him, and walked around carefully.

After confirming the situation, he took out extract, essential oils, herbs, powders, and special candles, and he quickly set up a spirit channeling ritual in front of the bed.

Although it had been several days, making it only possible for him to obtain the most superficial, disjointed, and remnant bits of information, Klein thought that it was better to have some than nothing.

Without a doubt, he prayed to himself and entered the space above the gray fog. He responded and gave himself the power to channel the spirit.

The flame of the candle suddenly soared, tinged with a ghostly blue as it swayed.

Klein only felt everything fall silent, as if he had entered a realm that didn't belong to reality.

His pupils were completely black, and even the whites of his eyes had been expelled.

He no longer needed to use the technique of dream divination. Having advanced to Faceless, with the help of the gray fog that made an initial entry into the real world, he was able to directly see the lingering spirituality of Wendt, a will that refused to dissipate.

There were three scenes. One was of a tall, thin, dark, curly-haired, sharp-featured Wendt coming to the body of a discarded corpse, astonished to see a glimmer from it before it condensed into a green gem filled with an aura of vitality. The second scene was of Wendt lying on his bed with his eyes closed, his mouth slightly open. His skin was covered with mushrooms of all kinds, the surrounding cockroaches and moths piled on top of each other, and on his chest, a silver necklace embedded with the same green gem from before. The third scene was of a pretty girl with flaxen-colored hair sitting at the edge of the sea with her eyes slightly moist. Lingering around her was Wendt's reluctant voice.

"Raine, I'm about to die. I'm really regretful, regretful that I never told you that I love you. I want you to marry me..."

The picture shattered, and the spirit channeling came to an end. Klein looked around and saw that the house was still dark and gloomy.

This fellow is truly unlucky… Klein shook his head and sighed.

He already had a rough idea of the cause of Wendt's death—his random act of picking up something.

The vast majority of Beyonders didn't know about the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Conservation and Indestructibility, and they had never thought that the deceased of their kind would be able to release a characteristic that could become an ingredient. As this process was relatively slow, it was easy for them to be missed. Therefore, after killing a Beyonder, they would usually search the corpse and throw it away, making passersby like Wendt to luck out or some other creatures at the bottom of the sea or in the wilderness.

Wendt didn't know that it was a Beyonder characteristic, and he had thought it to be a magical gem; thus, he made a necklace and kept it close to his body. Slowly, he was corrupted by the influence and died in agony.

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1. Author Note: This is what the British East India Company did in India. As expected of a bureaucratic empire, it has everything you need in this area. I nearly laughed myself to death when doing the research.

Chapter 523: Cooperation

By the time he left 47 Blackhorn Street, Klein had figured out Wendt's general situation.

He had disguised himself as a police officer and learned from Wendt's neighbors.

Symeem Island, the island at the farthest end of the Rorsted Archipelago. From Bayam, it'll take four to five hours to get there by liner, and there are only two trips a day, at 9 a.m. and 10 a.m., respectively. Wendt's parents are long dead and he has no relatives. The only person involved is a girl he just can't forget, Raine. She's the perfect target for my first performance of acting as someone else. But just thinking about how I need to confess on Wendt's behalf, it feels so awkward... If the girl agrees... Damn, how am I supposed to wrap things up... Klein thought with a troubled expression.

He tried to recall the novels he had read and the movies and TV dramas he had watched, hoping for the most perfect solution.

Soon, he had a general idea of what to do, stabilizing his mood in the process. His thoughts began to drift towards the matter regarding Steel Maveti.

I hope Miss Magician will get a radio transceiver as soon as possible... Klein sighed silently and got onto a rental carriage.

...

Backlund, Cherwood Borough.

Fors opened a letter Xio had brought back.

It came from the science fiction novelist, Aville, who was pleased to share with Ma'am Wall the future development and applications of radio technology.

Fors directly skipped over the beginning and middle content, her eyes sweeping over to the end.

He introduced three types, with detailed addresses and approximate prices. The most expensive is just twelve pounds. Fors nodded slightly, feeling that this wasn't a very important business transaction.

She suddenly felt her self-esteem was a little inflated. Perhaps because she had seen so many hundreds and thousands of pounds transactions in the Tarot Club, she no longer paid much notice to anything in the range of ten pounds.

Mr. World has the resources and finances. In the future, I might need to buy items from him or sell things I don't need. Yes, I'll just add postage, my transportation costs, and the price of the materials expended for the ritual to the original price... Fors made up her mind quickly, and she subconsciously looked out of the window.

Backlund was still gloomy and dark, with a light drizzle pattering down. However, the fog wasn't as thick as it was before.

I wonder when I'll receive the Spirit Eater's stomach pouch from The Sun... Fors couldn't wait to advance.

...

In the Berg household in the City of Silver.

Having already prepared the Spirit Eater's stomach pouch and the materials Mr. Hanged Man wished to acquire, Derrick was in no hurry to sacrifice them to Mr. Fool.

He planned to wait a little longer, until the Chief was leading an expedition team or was presiding over a particular sacrificial ritual, before making an attempt.

This is the safest and most reliable way... Yes, be careful, be cautious! Derrick reminded himself before flipping open the "Giant King's Court—Book of Blackrock, Hand-copied Edition."

Recently, he had been reading this ancient tome. From it, he was able to understand some of the faces of the Giant King's Court from ancient times.

According to the ancient tome, it was a Court of God!!

Time seemed to have frozen there, as though it was suspended in eternal dusk. All the buildings were extremely grand and magnificent, even reaching into the clouds.

Humans who walked inside were exceptionally small, and they revered the owner of this scene from the bottom of their hearts.

...

Backlund, Hillston Borough, Waymandy's house.

After listening to an explanation, Emlyn White combed his hair with his hand and intentionally asked, "Lord Baron, I forgot where I heard it from, but there was a very famous city named the City of Silver during the Second Epoch or in the early half of the Third Epoch."

Waymandy was a vampire baron whose age exceeded 200 hundred years. He didn't look old, and he instead looked like a mature gentleman in his early thirties.

His black hair was neatly combed back, and he was wearing a dark red cotton shirt with a brown pipe in his hand. As he enjoyed the warmth of the fireplace, he said thoughtfully, "No, at least in my memory, there's no City of Silver before the Cataclysm."

Before Emlyn could even revel in his joy, Waymandy went on to say to himself, "But there was a Kingdom of Silver which was originally ruled by the Giant King's Court and later came under its jurisdiction."

Kingdom of Silver? Emlyn White thought for a while and said, "Lord Baron, is there anything more specific?"

Waymandy looked up at him, smiled, and said reminiscently, "The Kingdom of Silver had a rather special position in the Giant King's Court. They didn't directly believe in the Giant King, Aurmir, and instead, they believed in the Giant King's Court's queen, Omebella."

...

City of Generosity, Bayam, dock area. Acid Lemon Street, Wind of Azure Inn.

Klein stood at the corner of the street, undid the topaz pendant on his left wrist, and divined to ensure that there was no danger ahead.

With that in mind, he strolled back to the inn, went up to the third floor, and opened the door of the luxurious suite.

He was slightly surprised to find Blazing Danitz already back, slumped in his reclining chair, drinking.

After a moment of consideration, Klein calmly asked, “What time is it?”

“Isn’t there a clock?” Danitz muttered.

He looked at the wall opposite him and read out the time.

“3:40 p.m....”

Before he finished his sentence, Danitz suddenly came to his senses, sat up straight, and laughed dryly.

“I’ve already gone to the places I can get information from and asked the people I can ask. There’s no need to stay outside any longer. It will increase the risk of exposure and affect your hunting plan!”

Klein found a chair and sat down, and he expressionlessly said,

“Tell me what happened.”

“What problems could there be? Although I’m mainly an adventurer who hunts treasure, I’m also a qualified part-time pirate.” Danitz felt that his abilities had been insulted.

After being swept by Gehrman Sparrow with a cold glance, he smiled and gave a brief overview of the places he went, the people he met, and the news he had heard from the morning and afternoon.

Hearing Danitz sigh that a captain of a ghost ship named Alger knew about Bansy Harbor, Klein suddenly wanted to frown.

With Mr. Hanged Man’s relationship with the Church of Storms, even before I controlled The World and actively mentioned it, he didn’t know about the anomaly at Bansy Harbor, so how could this Alger have known? Is he some powerhouse of higher standing in the Church of Storms who’s disguised as a pirate, or someone who has some sort of relationship with the heretics in Bansy Harbor? Hmm… Mr. Hanged Man has been active in the surrounding seas, so there’s a possibility that it’s him… Klein’s heart stirred as he recalled the characteristics of The Hanged Man.

Above the gray fog, although he couldn’t clearly see the other members’ appearances, it was still obvious as to whether they were men or women and what their hair color was!

Klein raised his hand to stop Danitz from speaking. He said in a low voice, “Very messy hair, dark blue in color?”

“You know him? That guy isn’t simple!” Danitz sighed.

As expected... Heh heh, I really didn't expect to meet him so easily... Klein didn't respond; instead, he leaned forward and said, "Continue."

Without thinking too much into it, Danitz gave a general description of what happened afterward and explained himself.

"As you know, no one can be sure when they'll get anything when trying to get information. After finding everyone who could be found, the only thing one can do is wait patiently. This will definitely take a while."

"There's another solution that doesn't require waiting," Klein deliberately said in a flat tone.

"What solution?" Danitz asked in surprise.

Klein nudged his gold-rimmed glasses, the corners of his mouth curving into a smile.

"Use bait."

Bait? Danitz looked at him, momentarily puzzled.

In just a second, he had come to his senses.

Only he could be the bait!

As for fishing for the enemy, no one cared if the bait was actually swallowed or not. One only cared if the prey could be pulled out!

Simply put, “bait” was a highly risky species!

“Haha, that’s not a great solution. Yes, that’s what my intuition tells me. I should be able to gain something from the Red Theater. I’ll go over there to take a look!” Danitz took his coat as he eagerly rushed out the door.

Klein originally wanted to tail far behind Blazing and see if he could find any clues, but suddenly he heard layers of illusory prayers.

It came from a man.

Klein paused thoughtfully and turned into the washroom.

Ten seconds later, he appeared above the gray fog. He saw the crimson star that represented The Hanged Man constantly burgeoning and shrinking.

As expected... Klein sat down, leaned back in his chair, and emanated his spirituality.

The voice of The Hanged Man became clearer:

“Honorable Mr. Fool, I’m currently investigating a key related to Vice Admiral Iceberg. I met Blazing Danitz at a casino and learned that he was a witness at the anomaly in Bansy Harbor. I also learned that he plans to join forces with a powerful figure to deal with Steel Maveti.

“I suspect that Blazing Danitz is working with your Blessed, so I’ve prayed to you.

“If this is indeed the case, and if he wishes to receive a certain degree of assistance, I can be of some help.”

Mr. Hanged Man has indeed guessed Gehrman Sparrow’s identity… He likely only had his suspicions, but he successfully obtained verification by inquiring about Bansy Harbor from Danitz… This is also good. With the help of an experienced local, the plan to hunt Steel Maveti would be much smoother… Unless it directly affects The Fool, there’s no meaning for The Hanged Man to entrap a Blessed… Judging from his expression and attitude, he doesn’t have any suspicions towards The Fool yet… I didn’t leave any loopholes… Klein’s thoughts raced, and he quickly made his decision.

After making a divination, he conjured The World and covered the dummy with fog. He placed him in a praying stance and answered solemnly, “Honorable Mr. Fool, I am in need of some assistance.”

After finishing this scene, Klein threw the voice along with the scene into the crimson star symbolizing The Hanged Man.

Chapter 524: Meeting

5 p.m., Olive Tree Avenue, Pam's Divination Lodge.

Alger Wilson pushed open a brown wooden door with panes of glass situated above it, and he entered the cafe that had a mysticism theme.

He ordered a cup of Fermo coffee from the Paz Valley on the Star Highlands of the Southern Continent. He took out the tarot cards he had bought earlier and placed it beside him. The top card was The Hanged Man, depicting an angel hanging upside down with his hands tied behind his back.

Unlike this morning, he had changed into a dark, classical robe and wore a clergyman's biretta, like a warlock or magician from folklore.

After taking in a silent breath, Alger slowly sipped his coffee. He didn't show any anxiety from waiting.

After about five or six minutes, the thick brown wooden door opened again, and a young man in a black tweed coat and a half top hat came in.

The gentleman's appearance wasn't even thirty years of age. His face was thin and angular. He had both a mature and gloomy temperament. It was none other than Klein who had slightly modified his appearance and changed his persona.

He wasn't wearing gold-rimmed glasses, but his eyesight was unaffected. With a casual sweep with his eyes, his gaze landed

on Alger's dark blue sideburns.

Klein looked down and saw The Hanged Man card placed face up on the deck.

Without a word, he walked over, took off his hat, and sat down opposite Alger. He said with a grim smile, "I'd like to have a divination."

As he spoke, he had already taken in the appearance of the most senior member of the Tarot Club.

Deep facial features, rough outline, with a clear weathered look. It's obvious he was a person adept at fighting and is often outdoors.

His skin is bronze in color, but it differs from that of the natives. He's like the result of a pure Loenese being battered by the elements for years, but the dark blue hair is more peculiar, something that doesn't belong to Loen. It's closer to the colonists of Desi Bay who live in Berserk Sea region.

Mixed blood... Klein made his judgment.

Alger looked at the gentleman across him, slowly superimposing his image with that of The World. Then, he pushed out the tarot card and said in a low voice, "This requires you to shuffle and cut your own cards."

Klein reached out and picked them up, spreading them fully to take them in. Following that, he gathered them together and did a reshuffle.

He cut the cards continuously, took out three cards, and placed them in an arrangement of past, present, and future.

Klein slowly leaned back, but he turned over the middle tarot card with his right hand. It showed a naked woman wearing only a purple silk scarf, surrounded by a green wreath like a door.

This was The World, numbered 21. Number 22 returned to 0, symbolizing The Fool.

"How should I interpret this?" Klein asked deliberately.

Although The Hanged Man hadn't explicitly mentioned that The World was the Blessed of The Fool, Klein didn't think it was necessary to hope otherwise. He felt that being honest about it aided in establishing his image—if Alger hadn't guessed it, then it was an act of being open and confident. If Alger already knew about the matter, it would make The World appear at ease, as if everything was within his grasp.

H-he knows I know? He already believes that I've guessed it before raising the topic above the gray fog? Impressive... Alger's heart skipped a beat as he replied at a moderate pace, "It's inverted. It means that things will fail due to a lack of preparation."

"What kind of preparations are needed?" Klein thoughtfully nodded and asked.

Alger took back all the tarot cards apart from The World and skillfully reshuffled and cut the cards.

Then, he flipped open the top card.

It was The Hierophant!

Alger's voice remained deep and low.

"You need advice. You need the help of faith and religion to avoid going down the wrong path."

Without waiting for Klein to speak, he followed the sequence and turned over the second card. On it was The Moon which overlooked the land.

"You will be confused, you will be exhausted, and you will be wandering in your dreams, but this is only temporary."

Next, Alger handed over a third tarot card; it was The Sun.

"Everything shall pass, and the light will shine upon the land," he spoke like a charlatan.

Klein remained silent for a few seconds, then seemingly asked for confirmation, "Church, dream, sun?"

A hint of a smile spread across Alger's face. He nodded slightly and said, "That's right."

He had hidden hints for the follow-up plan during the tarot divination.

In fact, in a situation where he had no skin in the matter and wasn't even noticed, there was no need to be so tactful. He could've described things in detail directly, but Alger felt that he

still needed to test out a Blessed like The World. He wanted to know if he was smart enough, rather than relying on his strength.

If their intelligence were on the same level, Alger felt that they could cooperate more in the future. There was no need to talk too much between smart people; on the contrary, he would try to not involve The World in his own affairs. He would only ask for help when he needed a helper, unless Mr. Fool had other orders.

Now, The World's response and previous performances had confirmed that he was sly, vicious, and experienced.

Heh, I'm a tarot card expert... On such matters, Mr. Hanged Man, you're just a rookie... Klein secretly laughed, belittling him inwardly.

The message hidden in The Hanged Man's interpretation was very simple. The Hierophant meant that he wanted to inform the Church of Storms about Blazing Danitz and Steel Maveti, and then use the power of the Mandated Punishers to divide the enemy and reap the benefits.

This was something Klein often used, so there was no difficulty in understanding.

The Moon and The Sun cards which followed were a reminder and warning from The Hanged Man.

Since the Mandated Punishers were involved, a certain amount of caution had to be taken. According to Alger's experience, his colleagues in Bayam would definitely use a Sealed Artifact that could force many people within its range to fall into a dream, when dealing with similar issues. Maveti's characteristic meant that there had to be a specific item in the Sun domain which

targeted him.

I'm immune to dreams, so I'm not afraid of the Sun… Klein reached out his hand and half-turned the inverted The World card, turning it into its proper position, meaning that this plan was feasible and that he would make preparations.

Alger raised his head and took a deep breath.

"The master here specializes in aromatherapy. She can use the fragrances of different essential oils, extract, incense, and flower essence to treat corresponding emotional problems and pacify the restless mind. Do you want to try it?"

Using the contact point at Amyris Avenue? Klein smiled in response.

"Okay."

The two of them looked at each other as they remained motionless. They stopped talking about the aromatherapy anymore as both of them already had everything laid out.

Klein didn't stay any longer than necessary. He took out his pocket watch, looked at it, and slowly stood up.

Alger wiped away his smile, pressed his hand to his chest, and slightly bowed.

"Let us praise God. All divination outcomes come from 'His' revelation."

Oh, you even know how to express your loyalty... Klein tried to hold back his laughter as he replied seriously, imitating Alger, "Let us praise God."

He took two steps away, then suddenly stopped and looked back at Alger, chuckling as he put on his hat.

"Frankly, you aren't suitable for that type of attire."

Ah? Alger couldn't keep up with Mr. World's train of thought.

When Klein had left the themed coffee shop, Alger retracted his gaze and looked at the mirror in the corner and took a good look at himself.

Initially, he didn't think there was anything wrong wearing that. However, after The World's remark, he found it more inconsistent the more he looked at himself. Finally, he understood why he had said that.

A fellow, who looked boorish and hardened, one appearing capable of summoning a hundred sailors at any time to beat up his opponent or bringing out an axe and chopping them into pieces, really shouldn't be wearing such a mysterious classical warlock robe. It made his bearing somewhat abnormal.

...

Cathedral of Waves.

Alger, who had changed back into his original clothes, kept a low profile and followed the worshipers into the hall. He took

advantage of the act of making a confession in order to meet the bishop, Chogo, through the priest in charge.

After saluting, he went straight to the point.

“I met Blazing Danitz, who claims that the key that Vice Admiral Iceberg possesses has nothing to do with Death’s treasure and that they are even willing to sell it.

“He entrusted me with a mission to take note of Steel Maveti’s whereabouts. Apparently, he was injured by this second mate of the Admiral of Blood, and is in a rush to escape from his pursuit.

“Your Excellency, I wish to leak this news, making Steel Maveti and his subordinates successful in cornering Blazing Danitz. And I wish to use this opportunity to capture them all or execute them on the spot.

“This will be able to effectively keep the arrogance of the pirates in check.”

Chogo revealed a look of approbation.

“Very good. The way you do things is better than I expected.”

Alger replied with a look of humility, “This all stems from the Lord’s guidance, and also from your teachings.

“In the evening, I’ll find a suitable target to leak this news to. If I come to pray again, it will indicate that Steel Maveti temporarily isn’t taking action. If I do not appear, it means that I might be restrained by him or his subordinates to prevent any news from

leaking. This means that they have fallen for the trap."

After giving details of the location and other matters, Alger returned to the confessional and left as usual.

...

7:15 p.m., Amyris Leaf Bar.

Alger, wearing a pair of baggy pants and a head towel wrapped around his dark blue hair, stood by a boxing ring and held a glass of Lanti Proof in his hand. With a mocking expression on his face, he looked at the two contestants with bruises all over.

Soon, he noticed his target had entered the room and was heading straight for the bar counter.

After a while, he sat down next to the thin man and said with a chuckle, "I heard that Steel has arrived in Bayam."

The man tilted his head in alarm and replied with a fake smile, "Why don't I know about it?"

"Is that so? It looks like Blazing fooled me!" Alger smacked the bar counter and drank a mouthful of alcohol.

"Blazing... Danitz?" the man's eyes lit up as he asked hesitantly.

"Yes, that's him!" Alger gritted his teeth. "I met him this morning at the Gold Coin Casino. This damned fellow claimed that Steel was in Bayam. Pui! How dare he lie to me!"

The swarthy, thin man's eyes darted around without interrupting.

He finished listening quietly, stood up, and chuckled.

"I forgot that I have something to do. We should have a game of cards another time."

He patted Alger on the shoulder and in a seemingly unhurried manner, left the bar in a hurry.

Alger held a glass of alcohol, half-turning to look at his back. His eyes appeared deep and gloomy, and there were no signs of a smile at the corners of his mouth.

Chapter 525: The Calm Squall

Looking up at the wall clock and seeing that it was past eight o'clock, Alger put down his glass mug of alcohol and pushed his way through the drunkards into the street.

As the Rorsted Archipelago was rich in coal, Bayam was like the mainland cities of Backlund and Pritz Harbor. Its streets were lined with tall black lamp posts, and the light of the burning gas effused through the metal grille, illuminating the relatively clean streets.

Alger pulled off his headscarf and slowly turned into a side alley. At a dead-end in the alley, he could smell the scent of urine mixed with alcohol. Although the Amyris Leaf Bar had a bathroom, it clearly wasn't enough for the customers during peak periods. Some of the drunks who couldn't hold it in could only find a secluded place to relieve themselves.

The red moonlight penetrated the clouds and shone into the alley. While Alger was still considering whether he should put on a more convincing act, a firm and pervading voice came from behind him.

"Did you purposely leak the information about Blazing to us?"

He's not stupid... Alger muttered to himself as he slowly turned around, as though preparing for a surprise attack.

Seven or eight steps away, he saw a figure leaning against the wall.

The figure was about 1.78 meters in height, and it wore a boat-shaped hat. Its face was thin and sharp, and it wore a look of aggression.

He had a lock of black hair hanging down, half obscuring the dark green eyes on his left side, which softened his own coldness.

Even though there was often quite a difference between a wanted poster and the person in question, many famous pirates didn't even don disguises as they wandered the city. As an insider of the Church, Alger had seen many almost photographic portraits drawn with rituals and had participated in pirate conventions. He was still able to successfully link the person in front of him to a name on the bounty notices.

He didn't express this point and deliberately hesitated before asking, "Calm Squall?"

He was the chief helper of Steel Maviti, a Beyonder who was good at controlling his emotions and thinking calmly, but he was also inhumane and had a 1,500 pounds reward offered for him. The man pulled at his black trench coat and revealed an empty smile.

"Can I deny that?

"Well... probably not, just like how you can't deny that you deliberately mentioned Blazing to Oamaru. He's not someone who enjoys using his brain, the complete opposite of me."

"I've never thought of lying. I only wish to obtain some payment for the news you received from me. Between Blazing, who's alone, and Steel, who has so many helpers, anyone with a brain would know which to choose. Of course, I wish that you keep it a

secret. I don't want to be pursued by Vice Admiral Iceberg," Alger replied frankly.

Squall nodded his head leisurely and said, "Tell me the specifics."

"Just like I mentioned before. I bumped into and recognized Blazing at the Gold Coin Casino. He entrusted me to take note of Steel's whereabouts. Heh heh, it seems like he wishes to launch a counterattack," Alger said with a scoff. "We agreed upon a point of contact. I believe this is intelligence worth at least 1,000 pounds."

"1,000 pounds? Look up at the crimson moon. Are you dreaming!?" Squall scoffed. "This might be a trap. Don't you understand that? Blazing might very well have found helpers, which is why he dares to seek us out."

"It's not for me to judge whether it's a trap or not. 500 pounds. Less than that, and I'd rather pretend that nothing has happened." Alger attempted to argue on the basis of reason for the reward.

"300 pounds. You have to follow me somewhere and stay there for some time. It's to prevent you from selling this piece of news to others and spoiling our plans. We'll pay you when we capture Blazing with the intelligence you provided or have his spirit channeled. Don't worry. Food, alcohol, and a bed will all be free. Regardless, you lucked out! If there are any accidents that had resulted from you, hehe. I believe you'll know the outcome," Squall suggested with a tone which didn't allow for refusal.

Sure enough, just as I expected, with my background being unknown, and with me not being too dangerous, the possibility of them choosing temporary detention is much higher than silencing me... However, I've also made preparations for a worst-case scenario. As long as I'm not too careless, escaping isn't a

problem... Alger deliberately acted like he was in a dilemma as he said, “No more than two days, or my crew will leave with my ship.”

“I’ll inform them if it exceeds two days.” At some point in time, a sharp scalpel had appeared in Squall’s palm, and he was making it jump and spin like an acrobat.

After Alger described in detail the point of contact at 15 Amyris Avenue and the corresponding communication methods, Squall didn’t speak further. He turned around and led Alger as they turned at every corner, and they arrived at an unknown street before entering a nondescript house.

“Long time no see, blue-haired captain of a ghost ship.” The door was opened by an old man with hair that had more white than black. He was dressed as a local and wore a pair of baggy pantaloons.

“Old Quinn. You really are the intelligence officer of the Admiral of Blood...” Alger deliberately said in astonishment.

Old Quinn chuckled and said, “There’s always some truth to rumors. What you imagine to be fake might very well be real.”

He didn’t switch on the gas wall light, but he carried a silver candle lamp in his hand as he guided Alger and Squall through the dark hall into a spacious, windowless basement.

“You’ll stay here for a while. My friends and I will be in charge of watching you and also provide you with alcohol and food,” Old Quinn said with a laugh. “To show our sincerity, we’re not going to disarm you.”

“Alright.” Alger took the initiative to walk to the low bed in the basement.

Old Quinn closed the heavy stone door and locked it behind him.

Squall didn’t linger on, but hurried away, checking repeatedly to see if he was being followed.

After changing to a rental carriage, he came to a Loen enclave in Bayam. It was also the residential area of the upper class.

As he entered a garden bungalow, Squall saw Maveti sitting on a sofa in the living room, waiting for him. The others were either lying, standing, or sitting in a semicircle, with puppets and zombies acting as guards around them.

Steel’s lips were thick, his skin swarthy. His hair was curled up like steel balls often seen in factories.

“Is the intel reliable?” The muscles on his arms trembled, exuding vibes of tremendous strength. However, his entire being emanated a cold and sinister feeling, as if he wasn’t a living creature.

Squall nodded.

“He’s a pirate captain who serves money. I’ve already detained him at Old Quinn’s place. If there really is a problem, he definitely won’t be able to leave that place alive. I think he knows this very well.”

At this point, Squall revealed a cold smile.

“However, we still have to be wary of any accidents. This might be a trap set up by Blazing.”

“Do you have any ideas?” Maveti asked directly.

The first thing he saw was a pirate lying on a couch. He was wearing a brown local tunic and twirling a yellowish-brown straw hat with his fingers.

This was Maveti’s deputy of this round of operations. He was the captain of the sixth ship which was lost in the battle with Vice Admiral Dusk, “Blood Brambles” Hendry. He had a bounty of 3,800 pounds.

“It’s clear that Squall has a plan.” Hendry used his straw hat to cover his pale face.

Squall chuckled and said, “Didn’t that adventurer, John Smith, send Mordor to join us undercover? Let’s deliberately leak the news to him, making him think that we’re still waiting for help and that we can only take action the day after tomorrow or three days later.

“Those bunch of greedy adventurers definitely wouldn’t let Blazing off. They’ll definitely fall over themselves for him. When the time comes, we can find a spot to watch the show. If there are any accidents, they’ll be the ones bearing the brunt of things. If everything is successful, we can also cull them!”

“Alright.” Steel Maveti’s eyeballs slightly moved, radiating intense bloodthirst.

…

In the early hours of the morning, everything was ready.

Blood Brambles Hendry brought a leather suitcase over, took out a peacock-blue carpet, and slowly spread it out in front of him. There were many mysterious patterns on it that had a nonhuman flavor to it.

Maveti, Squall, and two other Beyonders, as well as eight zombies and puppets, took their places on it.

Hendry was the last to step in. Closing his eyes halfway, he recited a single word in Elvish, “Flight!”

The peacock-blue carpet tightened suddenly and floated upwards, lifting everyone up from the ground and into the air as they flew towards Amyris Avenue.

During this process, Hendry pulled out a black handkerchief and shook his wrist, turning it into the night sky which magically covered all their traces under the moonlight.

In about seven to eight minutes, they arrived in the area around 20 Amyris Avenue. Diagonally across them was the targeted house.

They didn’t move forward. Instead, they let the Flying Carpet hover silently in front of the crown of a thick tree as they lay prone to observe the situation.

Time passed, second by second, as Hendry steadied the mystical item. There were no signs of a lack of spirituality.

The night slowly passed, and the horizon was suffused with a faint red glow. The sun was about to rise, and the gang of pirates led by Steel Maveti began their preparations to find another suitable spot for daytime surveillance.

At this moment, a figure nimbly moved across the rooftops with his back bent, arriving above 15 Amyris Avenue.

He wore a black cloak, his eyebrows yellow, and eyes dark blue. His facial features and contours were relatively soft. It was none other than Blazing Danitz!

Danitz looked around cautiously for a moment, then climbed up the raised chimney, pushed his hand through it, and slid down.

He's really here? Steel Maveti, Blood Brambles Hendry, Squall, and company felt their spirits lift at the same time.

At this moment, several figures sprang up from the chimneys and periphery of Units 13, 14, and 17. They rushed over with fast and potent stances, either breaking the windows, kicking open the doors, or using the chimney to rush into Unit 15 from different positions.

Chapter 526: Dream of Eternity

The Rorsted Archipelago was the Loen Kingdom's governing branch in Central Sonia Sea. Similarly, it was a key diocese of the Church of Storms. It had a high-ranking deacon, who was part of the Council of Cardinals, permanently stationed here.

Of course, even a pirate at the level of admiral might not be able to stir such a powerful figure into action, much less when it dealt with a second mate and boatswain. As a result, it was left to Deacon Cordoba Roye who happily accepted the order and led two Mandated Punisher teams to activate Sealed Artifacts 2-37 and 2-166. They lay in ambush at a distance from 15 Amyris Avenue in order to be absolutely safe.

From Cordoba Roye's perspective, a team of Mandated Punishers with two Sealed Artifacts was enough to deal with the group of pirates consisting of Steel and Blazing Danitz, but the latter's intention of keeping an eye of his pursuers' whereabouts caused him to worry. Instinctively, he felt that there was a problem, so he called for an additional team of Mandated Punishers.

Actually, just having 2-37 is sufficient... While they waited, Cordoba Roye suddenly sighed.

In his opinion, this Sealed Artifact would be the nightmare of Steel, Blazing, and company.

He closed his eyes and the corresponding information appeared in his mind.

"Number: 37.

“Name: Dream of Eternity.

“Danger Grade: 2. Dangerous. It has to be used with care and moderation. It can only be applied for operations that require three or more people, a deacon, or diocese bishop.

“Security classification: Bishop, Team Captain, and above.

“Sealing Method: Place in boiling water.

“Description: It has the appearance of a heart. It’s black in color, feels ice-cold to the touch, and is filled with holes, often making a sound like a flute.

“This item originates from a primitive tribe in West Balam of the Southern Continent. They have spirit warlocks as their leaders and are nocturnal.

“A Loen army company conquered the tribe, received the object they revered on the altar, and in the week that followed, there were cases of soldiers acting abnormally, going mad, committing suicide, and so on.

“Research shows that as long as one comes into contact with this item, they will enter a long dream. If not woken up by someone else, one will forever remain in that illusory world. On the surface, they would appear frustrated, fearful, and confused. One’s mental and biological states will gradually change.

“The researchers who were awakened were still unable to tell the difference between reality and dreams for a long time, which led to a series of tragic events, including, but not limited to, expressing love to their superiors, kissing the mouth of a

venomous snake, suffering from depression, undressing and running naked, and attempting to bathe in boiling water… If they weren't transferred to another city, the only possible outcomes would be madness and suicide.

"This item can be used, causing all creatures within the target's surroundings to fall into the same dream… The user can choose the target to a certain extent and excluded companions… The effective radius is a maximum of fifty meters. Beyond that would burden the user tremendously, dealing severe mental damage… The user will enter a state of being unable to distinguish reality from dreams after the matter, and will have to leave the city where 2-37 is located for any chance of recovery.

"Many examples (see Appendix) show that even without contact, this item can affect the surrounding population greatly unless it's placed in boiling water…

"Appendix: 1. It is similar to the effects of a Nightmare from the Evernight pathway, but it's more prominent and uncontrollable.

"2. Example 1: A Keeper once forgot to add charcoal, causing the fire to go out and the temperature of the boiling water to drop. He soon had an abnormal reaction, and he was suspected to be dreaming of a beloved girl of his. He began to make a passionate confession to his glove, and tried to engage in relation beyond that of friendship with it;

"Example 2…"

As his thoughts churned, Cordoba Roye suddenly saw Blazing Danitz, the Golden Dream's fourth boatswain, come to this point of contact to collect information.

He gestured with his hand, signaling the Mandated Punishers to

open the golden box engraved with numerous symbols and magic labels before taking out Sealed Artifact 2-37 which was soaked in boiling water.

The golden box contained another Sealed Artifact, 2-166.

It could maintain the original temperatures of the objects inside, and to a certain extent, it could change the weather, producing Sun Holy Water rain.

Of course, it also had very negative effects; otherwise, the Mandated Punishers would've long used it to seal 2-37 instead of using it as a temporary trick. The most unacceptable negative effect was that no matter what object remained in prolonged contact with it, it would become infected with the characteristics of life, and it would also piously believe in the Eternal Blazing Sun. Within the Mandated Punishers, a table had already appeared that sang praises of the Eternal Blazing Sun every day, and there was a candle that wished to light itself every second to purify everything.

In response, the irascible Mandated Punishers had turned the table into a pile of firewood, and they had lit it using the aforementioned candle.

Seeing figures appear one by one and dashing towards 15 Amyris Avenue, Cordoba Roye didn't hesitate to press his right hand down, ordering the team member beside him to activate Sealed Artifact 2-37.

An illusory fish scale immediately appeared on the surface of that member's palm, and he directly grabbed the Sealed Artifact that resembled a pitch-black heart, out of the boiling water.

The melodious sound of a flute rang out, and dense darkness

enveloped the house at 15 Amyris Avenue.

The scene before Adventurer John Smith remained the same. It was still the bare, unfurnished living room and the black-cloaked Blazing Danitz. He didn't appear like he was in a dream.

They ran over with all their might, fired, and used their own abilities to successfully injure Blazing and capture the famous pirate who had a bounty of 3,000 pounds and was involved with the Key to Death.

However, in the real world, they were sitting with their legs up, or swimming with their arms outstretched, or using their fingers as guns, with their mouths making shooting sounds.

"Move out!" Cordoba Roye left his hiding place and rushed to the house at 15 Amyris Avenue. The other Mandated Punisher team members were divided into two groups and began encircling the house from different positions.

Before Cordoba arrived, the living room was already brightly lit, as if the sun was rising. Holy pure water dripped down like rain. It none other than Sealed Artifact 2-166 being put to use.

At a distance away, the Flying Carpet floated silently in the darkness. As soon as Steel Maveti and the others saw the Mandated Punishers appear, they immediately understood that this was indeed a trap set by Blazing Danitz.

"This son of a b*tch, he actually defected to the Church of Storms!" Maveti growled as mania flashed in his eyes.

Blood Brambles Hendry looked at Calm Squall and sincerely

praised him, “Fortunately, we weren’t careless.”

“In fact, I didn’t expect a foolish donkey like Blazing Danitz to cooperate with the Church of Storms,” Squall said calmly. “Perhaps, the injured him was already captured by the Mandated Punishers, and he had no choice but to cooperate with them.”

Just as they were about to leave, they saw something protruding from the shadows outside the house at 15 Amyris Avenue. Something was sticking to the ground and quickly moving away.

“Blazing!” Steel Maveti recalled the scenes of his failed ambush.

“Danitz!” Hendry also recognized the man who had tried to escape with his magical powers.

Squall was taken aback for a moment before coming to a realization.

“Either Blazing Danitz wishes to use this opportunity to escape the Mandated Punisher’s control, or he has other traps to use against us; however, for some reason, the Mandated Punishers were attracted, so he had no choice but to give up and flee.”

“Regardless, this is an opportunity!” Blood Brambles Hendry glanced at the Mandated Punishers who had stormed the house. “As long as we seize this minute, we’ll be able to kill and take away Blazing under the noses of the Mandated Punishers!”

Steel Maveti’s hopes were momentarily raised as his eyes revealed an abnormal look of mania.

After Squall nodded, he said to the other two Beyonders, “Take my zombies and puppets and guard this position. Once the Mandated Punishers are here, use them to create chaos and take the opportunity to escape!”

“Yes, Boss.” The two Beyonder pirates jumped off the Flying Carpet at the same time with the zombies and puppets.

The peacock-blue carpet made a turn and shot ahead of Blazing.

“Provide us support. Mainly be on guard against the surroundings. I’m worried that Danitz has other helpers,” Squall seized the moment and said to the Blood Brambles Hendry.

A smile appeared on Hendry’s pale face.

“Alright!”

Without saying anything else, Squall nodded at Steel Maveti.

Relying on his advantage from being high in the sky, Maveti was able to distinguish the mostly normal shadows, determining the direction of the target.

He suddenly jumped off the Flying Carpet and landed heavily on the ground like a giant boulder. White frost condensed under his feet as a layer of cold and transparent ice quickly spread to the side.

The black shadow was immediately frozen in the corner!

With a crack, Blazing Danitz struggled to break free, “growing” out of the shadows.

On the Flying Carpet, Hendry showed their good teamwork by dropping what he had long held in his hand. They were green leaves, flowers, and brambles.

The leaves, petals, and brambles wildly grew in size or joined together, ensnaring Blazing Danitz, making him immobile.

Squall took the opportunity to jump off the Flying Carpet and thrust a sharp scalpel in his right palm towards Danitz’s neck.

Splat!

He held onto the handle of the scalpel with his right hand and circled around to the back of the target.

Danitz’s head fell off and his body quickly shrank, turning into a thin, tattered paper figurine.

At the same time, Steel Maveti felt an indescribable sense of hunger bearing down on him. It was like a terrifying monster hidden in the darkness, quietly watching him.

No, it’s not Blazing! Just as this thought flashed through his mind, an extremely compressed, incandescent fireball flew over from one of the rooftops, smashing towards his body.

Steel Maveti only made one movement, and that was to raise his arm in front of his body.

Boom!

The flames exploded and a shockwave radiated in all directions, blocking Squall's and Hendry's line of sight. However, they weren't flustered at all, as they had the utmost confidence in Steel.

Sure enough, Maveti only suffered from having his clothes torn and his skin covered in white marks. Apart from that, he hadn't suffered any injuries at all.

But at that moment, he suddenly saw a figure walking out of the roiling flames in the sky. It was clearly a black cloak belonging to Blazing Danitz, but it had neatly combed black hair, dark, emotionless eyes, and a thin, cold face.

The Danitz from before had always been Faceless Klein, Gehrman Sparrow, who had always been prepared for the hunt!

Chapter 527: A Quick Battle

Just as he leaped out of the flames, the two points of light in the eyes of Klein, who wore golden gloves on his left hand, enlarged in size and changed from dark to bright, as if they were lightning that suddenly cut across the sky.

After distracting Steel Maveti and company's attention with Paper Figurine Substitutes, he had activated Creeping Hunger and switched to the Interrogator's soul. He planned on using the Psychic Piercing Beyonder power.

"Ah!"

Steel Maveti suddenly cried out miserably. It was as if someone had stabbed a knife into his head, stirring his grayish-white brain. A feeling of pain came from the depths of his soul, instantly occupying his mind.

At the same time, his Beyonder powers erupted from the irritation and turned into a hurricane that spread out in all directions.

Suddenly, beautiful snowflakes began to fall from the sky. Layers of translucent ice began spreading outwards, and the trees on both sides of the road were covered with white edges. They withered quickly, revealing traces of decay.

The lingering resentment of the remnant spirits was successively awakened. They sobbed, wailed, and shrieked, causing the nearby area to be dyed with a gray and repressed color.

Klein naturally descended from the sky, his left glove shining like the sun.

He opened his arms and leaned back as if embracing something.

Just as his heels touched the cold ground, a pure, blazing, thick pillar of light descended from above.

This holy radiance enveloped Steel Maveti, illuminating his dark skin, firm muscles, and steel ball-like curly hair.

Priest of Light, Light of Holiness!

Without a sound, Maveti's expression became even more twisted, and his skin began to show signs of melting.

At this moment, he was like a candle that had been thrown into a burning fireplace.

Compared to the corrupted Bishop Millet, as a Zombie, he was weaker towards such attacks. The damage he took was even more serious!

The snowflakes stopped falling, and the ice on the ground quickly melted. The trees that had white edges revealed their brown colors.

There was no doubt that the powerful beam of light had caught the attention of Blood Brambles Hendry and Squall. The former's expression changed as he reached into his secret pocket and pulled out materials casting magic. He planned to use his terrain advantage to save Steel Maveti.

At this moment, a raven made purely out of flames suddenly appeared before his eyes.

One, two, three... Countless Fire Ravens filled Hendry's field of vision like crimson stars. They flew over from all directions, flapping their wings in a dense, scorching-hot formation.

Hendry's heart skipped a beat as his gaze seemed to freeze. He immediately moved his hand elsewhere to grab another type of material.

Whoosh!

He scattered light-blue powder on his body while he chanted in ancient Hermes, "Sea Waves!"

The powder suddenly expanded and turned into dark blue waves that spread out in all directions.

When they met the Fire Ravens, they made sizzling sounds and created a large amount of white fog.

The fire wave from the previous explosion had subsided a little. Through the remnants of the crimson light, Squall saw that Steel Maveti's skin was melting like wax and his flesh melted inch by inch. He saw the unfamiliar man in a black cloak standing next to him.

He didn't panic. Like a cold-blooded viper who had lost its emotions, he calmly raised his arms and abruptly pressed both his palms down.

In a split-second, he saw the thin, grim-faced young man's body sink. His movements had turned slow, as though the wings he used for flying had been snapped. As for Steel Maveti, he began to struggle and roll in order to avoid a second round of Light of Holiness.

Immediately following that, Squall noticed that the man had lost his weight and thickness. Once again, he turned into a thin paper figurine, pressed to the ground by an invisible force before soaking into the mud that came as a result of the melting ice.

Klein phased into existence from another position. He rubbed his right thumb and middle finger together and snapped his fingers three times as he rushed forward.

Pa! Pa! Pa!

The Sunbird-shaped dark golden brooch in front of him flashed continuously as it added a purifying element to his Air Bullets.

Bang! Bang! Bang! The three bullets connected at an extremely fast speed and hit the slow-moving Steel Maveti in his right chest, penetrating his half-melted skin and flesh, creating an exaggerated, gruesome wound. Golden flames spread in all directions.

Sou! Sou! Sou! Squall tossed out scalpels after scalpels, but they were all dodged by Klein's deft, acrobatic maneuvers.

At that moment, Steel Maveti had gotten a breather. With a push of his palm, he stood up once again and charged straight at the enemy, fully displaying his advantage in close combat, as well as his abnormally strong body that could withstand powerful blows.

Ice formed under his feet again, and his fists effused a rotting aura.

Then, once again, he saw two bolts of lightning shoot out from Klein's dark brown eyes, shooting into his own.

Steel Maveti subconsciously raised his head and clenched his teeth. His nose, mouth, and ears were all leaking blood, adding to his previously melted skin.

While shooting the Air Bullets, Klein had changed the soul he used for Grazing.

It was still Interrogator, and it was still Psychic Piercing!

Against a Beyonder like a Zombie which had a body as tough as steel, dealing damage to the Spirit Body was far more effective!

While the repeated strikes made Steel Maveti's body stiffen for short periods of time, he lost the shackles of his reasoning. Black, firm hair grew from his face, one strand at a time, while his teeth and nails also constantly grew longer. His skin squirmed in a bid to coalesce, turning from black to white. He was like a real, crazy zombie who was thirsting for blood!

Klein took this opportunity to close in. He bent his body and brushed past Steel Maveti's shoulder. He then stuffed the item in his hand into the hideous wound that he had created into the man's body.

It was a bottle with a few ordinary brass bullets, and inside it was a large amount of Sun Holy Water that Klein had prepared in advance!

Oof!

Klein, who didn't stop, caused Squall's attempt to control him to fail again.

With a twist of his heel, he moved behind Steel Maveti, his back to him.

Pow! He raised his right hand and snapped his fingers before Steel Maveti could pull out the glass bottle.

Bang!

A light explosion rang out, and fiery crimson light soared, shattering the already fragile glass bottle. Large amounts of Sun Holy Water inundated Steel Maveti's body.

The infamous pirate with a bounty of 6,000 pounds froze where he stood, his throat letting out an anguished groan.

He plopped to his knees, a dark green gas in his body was pouring out and disappearing into the air.

At the sight of this, Squall's eyes darkened. He immediately took out an iron-black charm and muttered a word in ancient Hermes, "Shriek!"

The charm suddenly cracked and vanished, completing the sacrifice.

An invisible sound wave swept outwards like a tsunami, almost

successively drilling into the ears of everyone around.

Klein's mind buzzed, the tip of his nose cold. Blood oozed out, and Blood Brambles Hendry on the Flying Carpet was in an even more miserable state. His face was twisted, and his body convulsed as he fell down, unable to even let out a tragic scream. On the contrary, Blazing Danitz, who was far away on a rooftop, wasn't subject to any effects. He happily threw out another blob of a highly-compressed incandescent fireball.

The fireball landed on Hendry's body without any resistance and exploded with a loud boom.

Flesh and blood splattered outwards. Flames wrapped around his fingers, calves, and head before he fell to the ground. The Flying Carpet then lost control and slowly settled down.

Squall took the opportunity to turn around and run, not hesitating in the slightest.

However, he was stunned to discover that the terrifying man, who had almost finished off Steel Maveti within ten seconds, didn't seem to show the slightest signs of being impeded. He had turned around and given chase!

How is that possible? This a Shriek charm created by Admiral! Squall had no time to think over the reasons. He ran as fast as he could down the other street.

At that moment, his head was suddenly hit hard by someone. A tearing pain made his whole body spasm.

The lightning in Klein's eyes faded as he raised his right hand

and snapped his fingers once more.

Bang!

An Air Bullet crossed the distance of about ten meters and accurately drilled into the back of Squall's head.

Squall didn't have the non-human endurance that Steel had. His vision immediately blackened, and he slowly fell to the ground.

Klein caught up with him in a few steps, reached out his left hand, and let the jubilant Creeping Hunger enjoy the meal.

I have heard the voice of the True Creator before, and I've experienced Mr. Door's call for help. I have great resistance in this aspect, and I can even quickly recover from the shrieking of a Wraith, let alone a mere charm… Klein muttered silently to himself as he watched Squall's body be reduced to flesh and blood and plunge into the open mouth of Creeping Hunger.

After a few seconds, Creeping Hunger came to a satisfied halt, and Klein quickly returned to Steel Maveti's side.

This Zombie had been miserably purged. Although his head remained intact, he was already dead.

Klein took a few steps forward, picked up the peacock-blue Flying Carpet that had fallen to the ground, wrapped it around Steel's body, and lifted it.

Glancing back at 15 Amyris Avenue, he listened to the commotion of rampaging zombies and puppets, and he sensed that the

Mandated Punishers were approaching. Klein pulled his hood over his head, bowed slightly in that direction as a salute.

Pa!

Klein rubbed his fingers, and all of the paper fragments around him were set ablaze, producing crimson red columns of fire.

Under the light of the fire, his body turned illusory, and he vanished from where he stood, with the items turning into a shadow.

As for the Beyonder characteristics of Squall and Hendry, which were slowly coming into existence, he didn't take a look, nor did he pay any attention to them.

Greed would cause him to fall into unnecessary danger; besides, the harvest he had reaped now was already sufficient!

After leaving some of the Mandated Punishers to deal with the rampaging zombies and puppets, the pirates who had been damaged by his "companions" and the Beyonder adventurers who were caught, Cordoba Roye led the rest of the team and rushed over. However, all they saw were scattered corpses, scalpels, and withered trees on the streets. They could distinguish the receding aura of the sun, as well as the evil sensation that came from the depths of flesh and blood.

Chapter 528: Grazing

It was early in the morning, and the sky had just brightened up slightly. Most of the alleys were dark and quiet.

With the aid of Danitz's cloak, Klein blended into the shadows and quickly moved about. He felt as if his surroundings were grayish-black and transparent, with reality being blurred. All sounds seemed to come from the depths of the starry sky, empty and distant.

After staying as far away from Amyris Avenue as possible, he acquired his bearings and "grew" out from the shadows. He appeared in an empty alley filled with broken stones.

Klein's hands shook, throwing Steel Maveti's peacock-blue Flying Carpet out in front of him. He wanted to finish the Grazing before Maveti's Spirit Body began dissipating.

Throwing away the Flying Carpet, he took a step forward, stretched out his left hand, and extended his five fingers, aiming from above at the corpse that was still warm.

Creeping Hunger revealed its original appearance—a thin material that looked like it was made up of human skin.

Two eyes had split open in the middle of its palm. Its pupils were bright red, as though they were dyed in blood.

Whoosh!

A bone-chilling breeze suddenly blew through the alley. It swirled around Steel Maveti's corpse, twisting into an almost transparent human figure. One could vaguely see thick lips and curled hair that resembled steel beads.

Maveti's Spirit Body wore an abnormally pained expression as he tried his best to resist the suction of the Creeping Hunger. As for the grayish-white and blackish-green dots of light, they were like a surging galaxy, quickly flying out from his body and merging into the transparent figure.

No!

Maveti let out a soundless scream, already being too late to beg for mercy. All he could do was desperately slip into the human-skinned glove, becoming attached to an empty finger, and revealing his Beyonder characteristic that connected with the environment to a certain extent.

This connection determined what powers would be usable when Grazing Steel Maveti's soul. Perhaps it would be one, two, but no more than three powers. Klein had no choice over the number and details before they became fixed, as it was purely random.

Creeping Hunger quickly blanketed its paleness and finally returned to its former disguised state: a plain black glove.

Klein closed his eyes and sensed the changes for a few seconds before letting out a profound sigh.

This time, his luck wasn't bad, but it wasn't too good either.

He had succeeded in acquiring three Beyonder powers belonging

to Steel Maveti, but he didn't receive what he wanted most—a body as hard as steel, which was impervious to gunfire, flames, or a certain degree of explosives, and the tenacious vitality.

The first is the power of a Zombie, which allows me to unleash a critical attack, making up for my previous flaws of only having a nimble combat style. The second is mastery over ice. Although it's impossible to condense an ice spear or create a blizzard like that of the Demoness pathway to inflict a direct attack, I can freeze the surrounding ground, lower the temperature of the air, and effectively affect the movement of my enemy. If there's any physical contact, then I can even freeze the enemy's body or stiffen his flesh and blood. It's a perfect match for my combat ability. The third is the manipulation of zombies. Heh heh, I no longer need to be afraid of not being able to have partners for a round of cards... Klein thought for a moment, then he bent down to inspect the items on Steel Maveti's person.

He quickly found 26 pounds, 11 soli, and 8 pence in cash, as well as a collection of strange things that seemed normal, such as candles, clips, a thorny whip, and so on.

Considering the fact that Steel Maveti was a member of the Rose School of Thought and belonged to the type of people who indulged in their desires, Klein vaguely understood what was going on. Spitting on the ground, he only took the cash.

Werewolf has supernatural healing powers. Zombie has a body like steel. There's really no need for him to carry any healing related medicine or items... It's as Danitz concluded, Maveti doesn't have any mystical items... That's right, mystical items are few in number to begin with. Many have clear flaws and negative effects. Not everyone can have one even if they want one. Previously, in the group consisting of a Wraith, Zombie, and Werewolf, there were only two mystical items—Scarlet Lunar Corona and Biological Poison Bottle... Klein nodded and took out a folded piece of paper.

He unfolded the yellowed piece of paper and placed it on the body of Steel Maveti, covering his face.

It was a bounty notice with a portrait of Maveti and the corresponding bounty reward: “6,000 pounds!”

Klein straightened up, took a step back, stepped on the peacock-blue carpet, and pulled out a paper figurine.

Pa!

With a swing of his arm, his wrist shook, and the paper figurine was thrown out. It burst into flames before scattering into ashes.

Soon after, he phased into a shadow and disappeared into the alley along with the items.

Two or three minutes later, Cordoba Roye rushed over with a portion of the Mandated Punisher team, just in time to see a cool breeze blow up the bounty notice, revealing Steel Maveti’s dissolving flesh and blood dissolving, his eyes wide open.

Whoosh. The bounty notice fell to the side and remained facing up.

…

Having lost track of their target, Cordoba and the others silently brought Steel’s corpse back to the area where the battle had taken place.

Glancing at the team members who were inspecting the site, the deacon, Cordoba, restrained his emotions and asked in a deep voice, “A believer of the Sun?”

This was the most important question for him and his diocese.

The Mandated Punisher team member responsible for finding clues via supernatural means to recreate the truth wasn’t a Beyonder of the Storm pathway, but a Sequence 7 Knowledge Keeper corresponding to Reader, also known as Detective. He didn’t rush to answer, but instead came over and squatted down to examine Maveti’s corpse.

After a while, he looked up and said, “It’s not a believer of the Sun, probably a result of using the powers of a mystical item.”

“Reason?” Cordoba asked with a frown.

The Mandated Punisher said, “There’s an evil feeling within that stems from flesh and blood. One of the corpses was devoured in such a manner, leaving only a body’s traits and items. If it’s a Sun believer, they wouldn’t do something like that even if they relied on items. To them, things in the domain of the True Creator are sacrilegious and require immediate purification or sealing. They likely wouldn’t borrow its powers.”

After thinking for a few seconds, Cordoba agreed with this conclusion and asked, “Someone from the Aurora Order?”

“No, a real Rose Bishop or Shepherd wouldn’t act so crudely. They’ll definitely wrap the corpse within their body and deal with the scene after departing. There’s no reason to dismember the body on the spot. It’s a waste of time that also leaves a bunch of items that can be considered valuable. To devour him in such a rush, it resembles that of the negative effects of a mystical

item," the Knowledge Keeper said calmly.

"A mystical item that possesses powers in both the Sun and Secrets Suppliant domains? Perhaps it's something with powers like that of a Shepherd? Berg, what's your take?" As a deacon, Cordoba had the clearance to know of a Shepherd and their special abilities. As for the Knowledge Keeper knowing, it was a result of his position in the team. The other Mandated Punishers had no idea what they were talking about.

Knowledge Keeper Berg stood up.

"It's all possible."

"Any suspects?" Cordoba asked in a low voice.

Berg shook his head.

"There are no suspects for the time being.

"But one thing can be confirmed. Blood Brambles was killed by Blazing Danitz. The other person is his helper, a rather terrifying powerhouse that's not weaker than a Pirate Admiral."

"A terrifying powerhouse..." Cordoba's expression turned grave as he muttered under his breath. Following that, his eyes lit up. "Could it be Edwina? She can simulate some Beyonder powers which she has seen before!"

Knowledge Keeper Berg pondered for a moment and then said, "We can't rule out that possibility, but our intelligence shows that she was in the vicinity of Sonia Island a few days ago.

Unless—unless she can simulate a corresponding ability and use the spirit world to travel here."

Cordoba paced back and forth, looked around, and said, "Deal with the scene, and don't bring this to the attention of the nearby residents.

"I'll submit the mission report, and let's hope that we'll receive more effective information."

This involved a powerhouse whose combat prowess was equivalent to at least a Sequence 5. He could only restrain his irascible mood and make the most rational decision.

...

Inside Old Quinn's house, in the basement with the heavy stone door sealed shut.

Alger was sitting on the low bed, quietly looking at the candles on the table when his vision blurred. He saw the gray fog emanate, along with The Fool sitting on a high chair, overlooking everything.

A blurry silhouette appeared below, hands clasped before his face as he said in a pious tone, "Honorable Mr. Fool, the matter has come to a successful conclusion."

The matter has come to a successful conclusion? This involves Steel Maveti and several other Beyonders... The World sure is efficient at handling matters. His strength is stronger than I expected. As expected of a Blessed of Mr. Fool... Heh heh, he might be able to sell another Beyonder characteristic at the Tarot Club, maybe even

more than one... How did he get around the effects of Sealed Artifact 2-37? The uniqueness of a god's Blessed? A thought flashed through Alger's mind, and he instinctively thanked Mr. Fool.

Then, he took out a small metal bottle and smeared mint extract on the tip of his nose.

A strong, irritating odor seeped into his head, instantly making Alger become abnormally clear-headed.

At some point in time, a white gauze mask appeared in his hands, and he had poured the Full Moon Essence Oil onto it.

After methodically putting on his mask, Alger stood up and walked slowly to the heavy stone door.

With a staid series of movements, he retrieved a sealed metal jar from the inside of his clothes, twisted the mechanical switch, and pulled out a tube.

Then, he stuffed the tube into the crevice of the stone door and extended it out.

Without a sound, the gas inside the metal container started to emanate.

This was the Sanguine anesthetic gas provided by The Moon, Emlyn!

It can knock out strong commoners, Sequence 9 Beyonders with strong bodies, and even higher Sequences who were lacking in

their constitution!

Even if Old Quinn can resist the gas, he would still be significantly affected. As for his helpers and friends, heh... Alger leaned against the stone door and waited patiently.

When nearly a third of the gas was dispersed from the jar, he pulled the tube back and closed the switch.

He turned around and listened attentively before receiving a satisfactory answer.

Alger revealed a faint smile. He rapidly converged his aura and compressed it inside him.

Suddenly, the muscles on his body bulged, and he threw a punch forward.

Raging Blow!

Bang!

The iron lock of the heavy stone door directly shattered, and the door itself opened up.

Alger withdrew his fist and walked out, leaving only the sleeping figures outside.

Author's Note: Creeping Hunger has two modes, Grazing and Devouring. The former targets the soul and Beyonder characteristic, while the latter targets the flesh and blood.

Chapter 529: Tacitness

48 Acid Lemon Street, outside the Wind of Azure Inn.

Dressed in a thick jacket and pantaloons, Blazing Danitz returned by taking a detour. He clung to the corner of a wall, remaining motionless for a long time. He was hesitating on whether to take the opportunity to run away and not face the terrifying madman, Gehrman Sparrow, again.

Unlike the battle at Bansy Harbor, he was hiding on a rooftop far away this time. It allowed him to take in the entire battle zone. Therefore, while supporting Gehrman Sparrow and battling Blood Brambles Hendry, he finally saw the combat process of the crazy adventurer, finally grasping his Beyonder powers and traits.

Paper figurine substitutes, phasing out from flames, psychic blasts, a holy beam from the Sun domain, shooting out air bullets with his finger, the ability to disguise himself into another person, as well as a glove that changes its appearance several times and devoured Squall. His powers far exceed my imagination, and there are a few that can't be compatible with each other. This isn't something that can be explained simply with the addition of one or two miraculous items to a Sequence... Also, the sense of hunger that came from the depths of his soul explains something... That glove from the Vice Admiral Hurricane, Creeping Hunger! Captain had specifically reminded us that the glove can use the souls of many Beyonders for Grazing and thus use their powers... Danitz went through the thoughts he previously had and came to a final judgment.

Gehrman Sparrow is the current owner of Creeping Hunger!

He didn't feel any sense of belittlement simply because Gehrman had relied on a powerful mystical item to display such terrifying strength. Instead, he felt even more reverence for him.

The reason for this was just one; a large part of using a mystical item to its fullest had to do with one's abilities. Without sufficient strength and extraordinary combat experience, even with Creeping Hunger, Gehrman Sparrow wouldn't have been able to finish off Steel Maveti and Calm Squall within ten seconds.

Two, his Captain, Vice Admiral Edwina Edwards, learned from secret sources that Vice Admiral Hurricane didn't die at the hands of the Church of Storms, but instead, he was quickly killed by a particular powerhouse while fleeing.

Danitz had no lack of understanding regarding the power of Vice Admiral Hurricane, Qilangos, back when he was at his peak. He knew that the standing of a powerhouse which could easily finish him off was equal to that of the top pirate powers. Furthermore, it would be two of the most powerful and terrifying ones, the King of the Five Seas and Queen Mystic!

Although there's the factor of surprise, it would just lower the evaluation by a little. The person wouldn't be much weaker than the King of Immortality, and they'll be stronger than Admiral Hell and Admiral of Blood... Creeping Hunger now belongs to Gehrman Sparrow; this means that he's either the one who killed Qilangos, or there's a power figure at the level of the Four Kings backing him up. No matter which possibility it is, it's all the more terrifying than I had originally expected! Danitz's body tensed up. He really didn't want to face the adventurer who had crazy blood flowing in him.

Phew... He heaved a sigh of relief. He felt that he had been hesitating here for too long and that he had to make a decision as soon as possible.

Gehrman Sparrow knows how to divine, and he's rather confident in his abilities in this domain. With my Shadow Cloak in his hands, escaping won't only fail, but it would also end up infuriating him… Shadow Cloak is a rare mystical item… Clenching his teeth, Danitz turned the corner and went through the door of the hotel, all the way to the luxurious suite.

After a few seconds of careful waiting and observation, Danitz took out his key and opened the door.

He saw that the room was dark, that the gas wall lights hadn't been lit, and that the not-very-bright light of the early morning was shining through the window and onto Gehrman Sparrow who was facing the door.

The adventurer had changed back into his usual tweed black overcoat with dark trousers. He held a half top hat in his hand, and his right foot was raised over his left thigh.

He leaned back a little, his face obscured since his back was to the window. Only his dark brown eyes, which were exceptionally clear, watched the door with indifference and calmness.

Danitz unconsciously lowered his head, laughed dryly, and said, "In accordance with your instructions, I circled to a few news agencies and wrote the information that Blazing had killed Steel Maveti, Blood Brambles Hendry, and Squall on pieces of paper and threw them in.

"Of course, I mentioned having a powerful helper in this piece of news. He's a mysterious, unknown, a top adventurer, and a veteran bounty hunter."

Klein nodded, revealing a polite smile.

“Very good.”

With a sigh of relief, Danitz looked around and saw the peacock-blue carpet.

He was stunned for a few seconds before asking in puzzlement, “What about the heads of Steel and Hendry?”

Klein replied calmly, “Wasn’t taken.”

“You didn’t take them?” Danitz exclaimed in astonishment. “Then what about our bounty?”

As long as they had the heads of Steel and Blood Brambles, he would be able to get the appropriate bounty through people with connections. Although this would cost them 15 to 30 percent of the money received, he couldn’t claim the bounty himself as a pirate. This was the only way, as the military’s and the Church’s use of bounty rewards to encourage pirates to kill each other didn’t mean that they would turn a blind eye to a gift that came walking through the door.

To Danitz’s surprise, Gehrman Sparrow, whose eyes were crazed with the desire for money, had actually not taken the heads of Steel and Blood Brambles, which meant that he had automatically given up on the bounty.

Klein didn’t answer him and pointed to the Flying Carpet on the ground.

“You had helped in this. You have two choices.

“One is 3,000 pounds in cash, and the other is this Flying Carpet.

“You have five seconds to consider. Exceeding that time will be considered as forfeiting.”

3,000 pounds in cash or the Flying Carpet? This Flying Carpet seems to only have the ability of suspension and flight. Furthermore, its speed isn’t too fast, and it’s not too useful… No, at sea, to a Beyonder not from the Sailor pathway, such items are very precious. At the very least, there’s no need to worry about the aftermath of a ship being sunk… Danitz was momentarily thrown into a dilemma.

Then he heard Gehrman Sparrow’s voice counting.

“3, 2…”

Danitz’s heart skipped a beat, and he quickly said, “Flying Carpet!”

Klein nodded and said, “Okay.”

With the knowledge that Gehrman had great credibility, Danitz finally relaxed before asking with a grumbling mumble, “Why didn’t you count 5 and 4?”

Wasn’t it supposed to be five seconds!?

Klein replied without changing his expression, “Counted inwardly.”

Counted inwardly... Danitz took a deep breath and grimaced.

Klein slowly stood up, flicked his wrist, threw the hat from his hand, and left it hanging firmly on the rack before walking to his bedroom.

...

Cathedral of Waves.

Alger, who entered in the name of coming for morning prayers, met the diocese bishop, Chogo, and explained everything that had happened last night. The only thing that had been modified was that the Sanguine anesthesia gas had been turned into a Slumber Charm of the Church of Evernight.

Chogo nodded in approval.

“To be able to go deep into the enemy’s lair and bear the risk of death for the sake of your faith, such an act is worthy of praise. You are a true storm attendant.

“Last night, we captured five Beyonders and killed two of them on the spot. As a result of this, Maveti, Hendry, and Squall have also died. The heads of these three pirates will no longer appear, or they will be in our hands, so the government’s bounty will be ours.

“The total receivable reward will exceed more than 10,000 pounds in total, and you will receive the bulk of it, which is 6,000 pounds.

“Do not refuse. The Lord has told us that those who fight for their faith must not be reserved.”

“Holy Lord of Storms!” An excited Alger pounded his left chest with his fist.

Although he and The World didn’t agree on how to split the spoils of war, he believed that the two of them had come to a tacit understanding. For example, they were not to interfere with each other when hunting pirates. As the bounty needed to be laundered through the Church, the two of them would split it equally.

As for the bounty offered by countries and organizations such as Intis and Feysac, Alger didn’t hold any expectations for them. This was because every time one exchanged for the bounty reward, one needed to hand over the corpse or head of the target. Therefore, only one entity could be chosen. Only those with a deep background and good relations with the various organizations and countries could receive all of them.

3,000 pounds will belong to The World… If I were to lose 3,000 pounds at once, it will raise suspicion. Yes, I’ll have to find an opportunity to buy a mystical item. Such things are rare, so they’re often overpriced, even more so when in times of great need. No one will doubt that I spent 5,000 pounds on a purchase that’s worth 3,000 pounds… If I sell the items obtained from Old Quinn, the ones he had received, the accounts would be squared… Alger quickly came up with a follow-up solution.

…

Knowing that he had 3,000 pounds waiting for him, Klein sat happily in the high-back chair of The Fool and considered a serious question.

That is, after Grazing Steel Maveti, he had to release a soul from Creeping Hunger as he promised.

Their Beyonder powers are quite useful. It's quite a pity to release them before finding a replacement. Yes… Besides, I've already released that Faceless. There doesn't seem to be a need to do it this time… Feelings of hesitation and reluctance to part had stirred in Klein's heart as he was thrown into a dilemma. He was unable to make a decision.

After a long time, he leaned back and exhaled.

I can't deceive myself. He shook his head and laughed, turning relaxed from making up his mind.

He decided to keep his promise and release a soul.

The Faceless from before had been released early because he wanted to receive some corresponding information. It was already an equal exchange.

Which one should I release? Miss Justice bought the materials for a Psychiatrist potion and a mystical item worth 5,500. Even if she's rich, her financial situation should be tight, so it wouldn't be appropriate to sell the Psychiatrist characteristic at this time. Yes, she still owes my Blessed 2,000 pounds and will repay the money in February or March… Klein rejected the idea and decided to release the Nightmare.

As a former Nighthawk, he always had an inclination and felt gratitude based on his impression and feelings towards Beyonders in this domain; therefore, it wasn't difficult to make a choice in these situations without having any other factors to consider.

Calming himself down, Klein picked up the human-skinned glove that he had previously brought above the gray fog. He closed his eyes and began to sense the distorted souls.

Without any hesitation, he released the Nightmare.

Chapter 530: Chronicles

The Nightmare appeared by the side of the long bronze table.

He was a man in his thirties with black hair and blue eyes, a long, thin face, and obvious nasolabial folds. He had a beard that wasn't too thick by his mouth and chin.

As the pain and the distortion eased, he pressed his hand to his chest and gave a solemn bow.

Compared to the Faceless from before, the Nightmare was obviously not as muddle-headed and weak after being released. It was unknown if the Evernight pathway's enhancement to one's soul was stronger than that of the Seer pathway, or if it was because the Grazing process had only happened recently.

Klein sighed silently and began asking via spirit channeling, "Why did you die at the hands of Qilangos?"

The corner of the Nightmare's mouth slightly curled up, revealing a bitter smile.

"I'm a Red Glove from the Nighthawks. I was tracking down a bunch of ancient chronicles that originated from a Balam imperial tomb. We suspected that they were related to the reason for Death's passing.

"I found out that a part of it might've fallen into the hands of a particular tycoon, so I led two companions of mine and boarded the ship he was on. Unfortunately, we were attacked by Qilangos's fleet just as we were about to launch an

investigation."

"What happened to your companions?" Klein subconsciously asked.

The Nightmare said in a slightly pained tone, "We originally had the opportunity to leave and even kill Qilangos through our skillful teamwork, but our ship sank, and we had to board a lifeboat instead. Everyone, everyone died, no—they were killed in the line of duty!"

May the Goddess bless you... Klein drew a crimson moon inwardly.

This made him more aware of the great difference between fighting at sea and fighting on land—environmental factors were of critical importance.

Beyonders not from the Sailor pathway would be at a great disadvantage!

If it wasn't because of the fact that the Flying Carpet had been huge, cumbersome, and slow, making him an easy target, Klein would've opted to keep it and give Danitz cash.

Fortunately, I have the bladder of a murloc. I can find an Artisan to create a mystical item that allows me to swim underwater... Unfortunately, it's very difficult to find an Artisan. Most of them are from the Church of the God of Steam and Machinery, and there aren't many unaffiliated ones; otherwise, mystical items wouldn't be this rare. If push comes to shove, I'll get Mr. Hanged Man to help... Klein looked at the Nightmare who had been killed in the line of duty and said softly as he leaned back, "What's your name? What unfulfilled wishes do you have?"

The figure of the Nightmare was already slowly dissipating. When he heard Klein's question, he said with a smile, "My name is Davy Raymond. I lost my parents, wife, and siblings in a black magic incident, leaving me with only one daughter, Neelu. She was born in 1330 and is a very lovely girl. And I'm sorry to say that in order to investigate the truth over the black magic incident, I joined the Nighthawks and later became a Red Glove. I didn't manage to spend time with her, making her lose her father alongside her mother.

"Heh heh, I believe that the Church will definitely give her my pension and secretly provide her a certain amount of help. I'm not worried about her life, but I only hope to see her enter the hall of marriage under the witness of the Goddess, to have her own family and not be lonely anymore."

"It's already the year 1350. She may already have a marriage partner," Klein sighed wistfully and said.

"Time flies..." Davy Raymond muttered in response. "Tell her that all the culprits have been punished and that I died because of an accident. There's no need to hate anyone anymore. Tell her that Daddy loves her, and Daddy is very sorry..."

His figure became more and more transparent, and he was about to disappear.

Klein closed his eyes and asked, "Where does she live?

"What's the name of the tycoon who collected Death's chronicles?"

"We live in Desi County's Conant City. It's a beautiful seaside city, with rich rubber plantations growing nearby. If she hasn't moved, then she'll be living at 67 Red Indus Street. The tycoon's

name is Jimmy Necker. He should've fallen into the hands of Qilangos as well..." Before Davy Raymond finished speaking, his figure had already completely disappeared, leaving only a deep black gem-like object on the surface of his glove.

Klein quietly watched this scene, and after a few seconds, he raised his right hand and tapped four times clockwise on his chest. He then said in a deep voice, "If there's a chance, I will visit your daughter and see how she's doing."

In the palace which looked like a giant's residence, the fog was endless, without any undulations, and was eternally unchanging.

Klein put away Davy Raymond's Beyonder characteristic, rubbed his forehead, and turned his attention back to Death's chronicles.

The Death pathway and the Evernight pathway can be switched at high Sequences. There's nothing odd about the Church sending personnel to investigate the corresponding chronicles... I wonder if Jimmy Necker is dead or not. I'll need to find out... If he has already perished in a tragic case, and the thing has fallen in Qilangos's hands, that will require me to investigate from the pirate's side... Qilangos's crew now belongs to Vice Admiral Ailment, Tracy...

As it involves Death, it might be able to help Mr. Azik. Klein decided to check it out in passing himself, and if he encountered any difficulties, he could write directly to the powerhouse.

After clearing his mind, he quickly returned to the real world and used the ritual to summon Creeping Hunger back.

After everything was done and seeing that it was already getting

late, he gave up on the idea of trying to catch up on his sleep. He decided to summarize the experiences and lessons from last night's operation.

The biggest lesson for Klein was that he had overestimated the patience of the Mandated Punishers.

He had originally hoped that, even if there had been an accident in the beginning, the Mandated Punishers would've been able to restrain him and wait for the real target, the real protagonist, Steel Maveti, to appear.

When that happened, they would've definitely used the Sealed Artifact which can pull many people into a dream, restraining all the unaffiliated Beyonders who had involved themselves in the blitz. As for me, due to my uniqueness, I would be able to detect that I'm asleep and be able to forcibly escape. Then, I could've dealt with Steel Maveti and his helpers in a composed manner, completing an achievement of an instant kill, and also bring two corpses along with me... Yet, just as the incident happened, that bunch of irascible bros stormed in. They didn't even leave any backup teams to watch out for any contingencies. At the very most, they would let the wielder of the Sealed Artifact stay beyond the periphery, with one or two guards... The more Klein thought, the more he was at a loss on whether to laugh or cry.

If it wasn't because Steel Maveti's group of pirates who were more cautious and had at least two Beyonders assigned, as well as all their puppets and zombies to stop the Mandated Punishers that might've pursued them, Klein would likely have found himself in a situation of going two against five. If that had happened, he would've chosen to give up and directly engage in a strategic shift.

What made Klein most satisfied was that he had done a pretty good job of making specific preparations.

This was the professional habit of a Magician!

Because he had long known from Miss Sharron and Maric about the traits of the first five Sequences of the Mutant pathway, Klein was well aware that Steel Maveti, who had gone through the Lunatic phase, could use irrational factors to resist any Beyonder disruption and influence on his mind. He had very strong resistance in this aspect; therefore, he gave up the thought of using Psychiatrist's Dragon Might and Frenzy, as well as Nightmare, which was clearly weaker than the Mandated Punisher's Sealed Artifact, and he instead focused on the Interrogator's Psychic Piercing and the Priest of Light's purification powers.

Psychic Piercing wasn't a Beyonder power that disrupted one's thoughts and affected one's soul, but a means to directly attack the Spirit Body. In essence, the other effect acted on one's Body of Heart and Mind, and targeted the Soul Body. There was a clear difference between the two.

If any part of that combo failed to chain in any way, Steel Maveti would've been able to recover, making it impossible for me to kill him quickly. And in that environment, that would spell failure. Yes... I've also used the pathway's trait of losing themselves to their desires, making it easy to grasp their emotions. I believed that once they suffered a psychic attack, there would be a high chance of them counterattacking in madness, without any consideration of anything else...

In fact, the safest way of dealing with a Zombie is to set up matchsticks or have Danitz. I'll use Flaming Jump and Light of Holiness, kiting Maveti. It'll make him want to battle but be completely unable to reach his opponent. He wouldn't escape even if he wanted to. Just send a fireball, and I'll catch up to him. Unfortunately, it's a waste of time, and the situation didn't allow for it...

Klein sighed, took out his pocket watch, snapped it open, and checked the time.

Seeing that it was almost nine o'clock in the morning, he turned the handle of the door and walked out of the bedroom.

At this moment, Danitz was lying in a reclining chair, producing snores that sounded like a steam engine was operating in the room.

He was quite alert, opening his eyes and sitting up as soon as Klein came out.

"...Are you going out?" Danitz asked when he saw Gehrman Sparrow take off his hat from the coat rack.

"Yes." Klein maintained his persona and didn't explain that he was attempting to act by helping someone confess.

What about me? Steel Maveti and his men are almost all dead, so I don't have to worry about that anymore... Even if the newspaper doesn't publish the news, I can spread it myself. There were idle pirates and adventurers who will use it as a material for bragging, spreading the matter to the sea and would end up informing Captain. That bunch of dogshit can't do a thing aside from drink and brag, but even so, they still have their uses... Danitz thought for a moment, then he asked while secretly feeling a sense of fear, "Mr. Sparrow, can I-I leave now?"

Klein revealed a faint smile.

"You have always been free."

That's right... I wasn't caught by him this time; I was just looking for help... I have always been free! Danitz was stunned for a moment, then he was delighted.

But right at that moment, he heard Gehrman Sparrow's voice lightly fleeting towards him.

"But that ends now."

Ah? What? Danitz looked confused.

It took him no less than three seconds to understand what Gehrman Sparrow meant.

He had been captured again!

"Why?" Danitz asked angrily and aggrieved.

Klein put on his hat and said in a low voice, "I want to meet your Captain."

Danitz widened his eyes, stood up abruptly, and shouted out, "What do you want?"

This fellow is a little too agitated... Klein replied calmly, "I have some things to ask her."

Chapter 531: Great Acting

He has some things to ask Captain?

Danitz frowned as he watched Gehrman Sparrow leave the room, unsure what his real motive was.

What is this fellow really after? Money, riches? But he had the time to take away the heads of Steel Maveti and Blood Brambles Hendry to exchange for nearly 10,000 pounds in bounty rewards. Yes, even after paying any commissions, it would still be seven to eight thousand pounds. Yet, he didn't do so. Moreover, he generously shared the spoils of war with me. This is very contradictory. When he first heard that I was Blazing, his first reaction was to call me a 3,000-pound bounty... In Captain's words, this isn't scientific...

Why would he deliberately give up the bounty? Unless... Unless he has a better way to claim it safely, or he had specially left it for someone? Yes... He had been prepared for the appearance of the Mandated Punishers... H-he has his own connections and information channels! This way, everything can be explained!

There's also the possible existence of the demigod that killed Qilangos. Hmm, there's a powerful and secretive organization behind Gehrman Sparrow!

Shocked by his own conjecture, Danitz instinctively tried to use his body language to express his feelings, but he forgot that his left arm was still fractured. He immediately grimaced in pain.

This made him feel even more terrified. He didn't want his captain to meet such a dangerous and crazy fellow.

He even suspected that Gehrman Sparrow's real motive was his captain's 26,000-pound bounty!

In a duel, that lunatic might not necessarily win against Captain, and there's still the first mate, second mate, third mate, and a few boatswains. But he has a terrifying organization backing him! You want to hurt Captain? Over my dead body! Danitz puffed out his chest, raised his neck, and was filled with a stirring sense of self-sacrifice.

He ran a hand through his hair, gave a long grunt, and said to himself, "I'll make further observations. Perhaps Gehrman Sparrow really only has questions that he wants answered."

Subconsciously, he looked around and found both the Flying Carpet and the Shadow Cloak. They weren't missing.

In other words, Gehrman Sparrow left the things that belong to me behind. Isn't he afraid that I'll take the opportunity to escape? Or did he steal my hair that makes it easy for divination?

No, no, he's a crazy guy. Even if he wishes to use my hair, he would just walk over and extend his hand to pull one out. It's impossible for him to do it secretly... Right, there's a powerful and secretive organization behind him! Perhaps, at this moment, there are people from that organization secretly monitoring me. They're waiting for me to leave, waiting for me to seek out Captain... How insidious!

Gehrman Sparrow must've gone out on purpose! Danitz felt that he had grasped the truth of the matter thanks to his experience and wisdom.

He paced back and forth before sitting back in the reclining chair. He then thought with a silent, mocking smile.

I'm not leaving!

I want to see what you can do!

I will not bring danger to Captain!

...

A quarter past three in the afternoon, Symeem Island.

This island was also a part of the Rorsted Archipelago, but it was the furthest from the City of Generosity, Bayam. It took nearly five hours on a liner to reach it.

On the way, Klein bought a suit with local characteristics and a small suitcase to replace the clothes he changed out of, for a total of fourteen soli. They weren't even worth a pound.

It's really cheap. It's just change compared to a complete suit... Wearing pantaloons, a thick brown jacket, and a light brown cap, Klein disembarked from the liner with a native face that didn't stand out, and he entered some of the old ports on Symeem Island. He had spent time buying clothes and changing his appearance, causing him to miss the 9 o'clock ferry and be put in a situation where he could only take the ferry at 10.

Thinking of the expenses he had to pay for this acting, he couldn't help but calculate his current financial situation.

The Faceless characteristic was sold for 3,825 pounds. The pirate bounties net me 3,000 pounds. Although I haven't received the 6,825 pounds, I can basically include it into my budget as long as

Mr. Hanged Man doesn't get exposed...

The leftover cash from Donna and company's gratuity add up to 255 pounds in bits and pieces...

I found 26 pounds, 11 soli, and 8 pence from Steel Maveti's body...

Yes, there's still the five gold coins as reserves...

I haven't spent much money recently, only spending slightly more than a pound in total. This is something to be happy about...

With that, I'll have 7,110 pounds. Moreover, I still have the Nightmare Beyonder characteristic and the murloc's bladder. They're still worth something.

On second thought, I earned a 3,000-pound bounty alongside a Zombie Beyonder characteristic. The latter is worth about 3,000 to 5,000 pounds. That is to say I earned about 7,000 pounds... This is only from Steel Maveti, Blood Brambles Hendry, and Squall. Besides, there was quite a lot of waste... Indeed, hunting pirates is quite a good job. It can administer justice, punish the evil, protect the weak and innocent, and also make me rich overnight...

Klein subconsciously turned his head to the side, only to see that the color of the seawater was much clearer than that of Bayam's. It was as if the seawater was a huge, green, sparkling gem, reflecting golden rays under the sunlight.

Sure enough, it's not without reason that generations after generations of adventurers have gone out to sea to search for wealth. Even if I deduct the remnant spirituality of ancient wraiths, eyes from a six-winged gargoyle, spring water from

Sonia Island's Golden Spring, and other supplementary ingredients of a Marionettist, the money I have left will be enough to allow me to buy a decent manor here, in Desi Bay, in the Southern Continent's colonies, and in the non-metropolitan areas... Loen's countryside is said to be very beautiful, and if it turns out that I'm really unable to return, I can consider settling down in a similar place... Yes, I still have a 10% stake in the Backlund Bike Company, and my future returns won't be low... With confidence, Klein straightened his back and thought about the future.

After letting his thoughts wander, Klein began to think about the more realistic question, which was whether he should sell the Nightmare Beyonder characteristic, find an opportunity to return it to the Church of Evernight, or create a mystical item with it through an Artisan.

It depends on the situation. The ideal solution would be to sell it to the Church... The martyr, Klein, who had taken two potions from the Nighthawks, thought with uncertainty.

At the same time, he hoped that Little Sun would soon reach Sequence 7 and be qualified to gain clearance to the methods used to remove the mental corruption from a Beyonder characteristic.

As for the matter of releasing the Priest of Light from the glove, he wasn't in a hurry. Little Sun had just received the potion formula for Sequence 7, so he had no need for it at the moment. He would have to wait for a long time, and the powers of a Priest of Light was very effective in dealing with a pirate like Admiral of Blood in a way that was far more potent than the Sun Brooch.

As his thoughts slowly settled down, Klein entered the small port town.

The place was basically filled with natives. Their skin was nearly bronze, and their black hair had slight, natural curls. Their bodies emitted a scent that was derived from prolonged contact with spices.

After changing his appearance and asking about Raine's situation and if there was any news of Wendt's death, Klein found a secluded corner. He wiped his face with his hand, turning his face into a tall, thin Wendt with rather distinct facial features.

He carried his suitcase and circled around the town to its border. It was then that he saw the winery run by Raine's family.

The girl with flaxen-colored hair could no longer be called a young girl. She had obviously matured a lot compared to what Wendt remembered.

She was sweeping the entrance, and there was no one around.

Phew... Klein took a deep breath and slowly let it out, feeling as though he was placed in a very difficult position.

As a powerful keyboard warrior, he knew about theories like method acting and experimental acting, but he lacked further understanding. He could only try to guess at Wendt's mood and performance in this kind of scenario.

Finally, he closed his eyes and walked over.

Raine looked up when she heard footsteps, finally identifying the visitor.

She opened her mouth slightly and let out a half-surprised exclamation before saying with a straight face, “Why are you suddenly back?”

Remember, you’re just acting… Klein revealed a smile.

“I came to bid you farewell.”

He spoke in a local dialect, with a somewhat nondescript Bayam accent.

The language of the Rorsted Archipelago was also derived from ancient Feysac and belonged to another variant. As a half-historian, Klein was able to master it easily, and it only took him a short time to master it.

“Farewell?” Raine asked, slightly surprised.

Klein turned his head, looked to the side, and smiled.

“I’m going to chase after a treasure trove, and I don’t know when I’ll be able to come back.

“When the time comes, I’ll appear with a great deal of money. I’ll buy a manor in the suburbs; plant some rubber trees; set up a vineyard; have my own mill, wine cellar, blacksmith shop; and let the air be filled with the scent of all kinds of spices. Then, I’ll buy a few slaves and hire some servants, just like those masters. Heh heh, but I’ll still be short of one thing.”

He overcame his goosebumps that were about to form on his skin, and he turned to look Raine in the eye.

“I still lack a wife and a mistress for the manor.

“Raine, I like you. I wish to marry you. The reason I said it out loud today isn’t to get an answer, but because I’m afraid that I would never have the chance to tell you again.”

After listening quietly, Raine suddenly scolded angrily, “Wendt, you’re a coward!”

Ah… This reaction isn’t right… Klein deliberately revealed a surprised expression.

Raine suppressed her voice and said, “Three years ago, three freaking years ago, I was already prepared to head to Bayam with you. Yet, you didn’t say anything in the end! You coward! You chicken!

“What’s the use of telling me now? You’re going to sea soon, and you may never come back!”

The more she spoke, the more agitated she became.

“You’ve said it out loud and become happy. You have no regrets, but what about me? I’ll have to constantly think about you returning and live on in pain? You selfish bastard!”

She waved the broom in her hand and swung it towards Wendt.

Klein knew that the real Wendt would have hit the broom away, hug the girl, and tell her that he wasn’t going out to sea again, but he couldn’t do the same. He had to pretend to be chased away pathetically, running all the way to a nearby alley. There,

he hit his head against the wall while silently cursing himself.

*It was too f**king awkward!*

*This is too f**king awkward!*

Raine went back to the door, picked up a broom, and crouched down.

Her face was ashen; it was unknown what she was thinking about.

Vaguely, she heard a sound, and she fell asleep.

After using the charm, Klein turned around and nudged Raine, who was sitting on the ground while leaning against the wall, then he quickly left the area, hiding in the distance to peep at the results.

Raine quickly woke up and realized that she had fallen asleep without knowing it. Everything that had happened just now appeared like a dream.

She remained sitting there, motionless for quite a while.

Suddenly, she lowered her head and let out a sharp curse that seemed to come from the depths of her throat.

“Wendt, you selfish bastard!”

Sigh. Klein, who felt a tiny sensation of digesting his potion, sighed, changed his appearance, and left the place.

He would have to spend the night on Symeem Island, as there were no liners headed for Bayam until the morning.

Chapter 532: Lord "Caucasian"

After changing his face and turning into one of the two main streets, Klein went straight to the green mailbox and took out a letter he had prepared long ago from his pocket.

This was a "death notice" he had forged as an imitation of an official police document. It was sent to the sergeant of the town of Symeem Harbor. It was about the sudden death of the local resident, Wendt, in Bayam.

When deciding to do the acting, Klein had worked out a plan to keep things on track and not cause irreparable damage to the girl, Raine.

His plan was to use the Slumber Charm to camouflage the real acting as a dream, this way, if Raine had no love for Wendt, he expected her to directly reject his confession. After hearing about the other party's death, she wouldn't feel any guilt, and at most some fear. In response to this, she could effectively be placated by going to church to pray and confess.

If Raine also liked Wendt and responded to the confession, then the dream would give Klein a chance to extricate himself from the situation. The notification of Wendt's death would kill Raine's expectations, and it wouldn't have too negative an impact on her future life.

But even so, it's still a bit cruel. No matter what kind of woman she is, facing the situation of a guy confessing to her in her dreams after his death is definitely going to be heartbreaking. She wouldn't be able to recover for a long time.

Well… If I didn't do anything, and when the news of Wendt's death reaches her, Raine would definitely feel very sad even if it might not be that serious. However, that knot in her heart would never be able to be mended, and she would be stuck wondering for the rest of her life whether Wendt had gone out on an adventure to pursue his and her future, or if he simply didn't like her…

It's not a bad way to end things like this. Once she has overcome her pain, she will carry that gentleness of having been truly loved once while leading her future life.

Sigh… Regardless, to forcibly interfere in the lives of others for acting, having an impact on an innocent person's life to a certain degree even though I'm using the excuse of fulfilling a wish, it's not a truly kind thing to do. Just like Roselle said, the further one proceeds in the Beyonder pathway, the more twisted and evil it feels. The acting method might not be a catalyst… All I can do is try my best to minimize such effects… After sending the letter, Klein exhaled, and with a native face that didn't stand out, he walked to the only inn in town.

Along the way, he summed up his previous experience, which was that "disguising yourself as someone else and obtaining feedback" was likely a main clause of the Faceless principles, second only to "you can disguise yourself into anyone, but you are ultimately yourself."

If it were any other Faceless, they would've blocked out information about Wendt's death for the sake of this role. They would have agreed to Raine's confession and spent one to two years in a relationship with her, marry her, and have children with her, and then, to not be bound by the various relationships in this identity, remember who they were and leave coldly… If there was no exposure during this process, the potion would mostly be digested… But I really can't do it! It's just completely against my conscience! I can only try to push the envelope… Klein sighed, inexplicably afraid.

He shook his head and thought in a silent self-deprecating manner, *Beyonders not only have to constantly fight against threats and madness, but also fight against all kinds of evil thoughts, as well as the corruption that pulls one down and can cause one to fall if they aren't careful…*

Even so, at the end of the day, one might still be corrupted by the abyss, becoming a monster that one swears to get rid of. Sigh…

Suppressing his thoughts, Klein stepped into the inn and said to the boss behind the counter, "An ordinary room."

The thin boss looked up and gave a glance, saying, "A valid ID certificate."

How can a face I just came up with have one? Klein smiled in embarrassment.

"I forgot to bring it."

"Then you cannot stay here. This is the rule of our town." The boss once again lowered his head and calculated his income and expenditure for the day.

Klein took out a soli note and pushed it over as if nothing had happened.

The boss's eyes suddenly widened.

"No, no, put it away! I don't want to be locked up by the sergeant!

“Get out, get out, you dirty bastard with no proof of identity.”

Klein was thrown out of the inn in shock, unable to believe that the omnipotent entity known as money had just lost its power.

After a few seconds of silence, he turned into an empty alleyway, turning back into Gehrman Sparrow with stark facial features.

Klein returned to the inn, tapped on the counter, and said Loenese in a Backlund accent, “A room.”

The boss looked up and immediately put down the things in his hand. He then stood up and nodded with a smile.

“Okay, okay.

“Do you need a room with a view of the sea, or something quieter?”

He switched to a clumsy Loenese that had a thick accent that resembled that of the land of spices, with no further mention of identification.

This really is a pragmatic world… Klein silently lampooned and politely responded, “Quiet.”

“Yes, yes, immediately,” the boss responded hurriedly.

Then he called an attendant, took the keys, and led Klein personally to the second floor.

“Sir, how many days will you be staying? It’s 1 soli 5 pence a night.”

“Just tonight,” Klein couldn’t stand the enthusiasm, so he answered succinctly.

At the Wind of Azure Inn, his luxurious suite with Danitz was five soli a night.

Without a doubt, the room the boss had chosen was clean and tidy, and there was no trace of the usual humidity in a harbor inn. Klein looked around and nodded in satisfaction.

“Excellent.”

“It’s my honor,” the boss flattered with obvious fear.

Klein put down his luggage, rested for a while, then he got up and went back down to the ground floor to settle his dinner.

Beside the counter, tables were arranged messily on the first floor. There was a greasy layer on their surface, and a fireplace was burning in the corner, giving off light and heat.

The Rorsted Archipelago was slightly to the south, and the lowest temperatures in winter was only about 10°C. However, for the locals, this was still cold enough that they needed a fire to warm them up.

Klein randomly found a seat and sat down, ordering a local specialty of grilled meat and spiced mushroom soup, with the main dish being potato bread.

While he was waiting, he swept his gaze over the customers inside the restaurant. His gaze then instinctively landed on a lady.

This lady had a head of simple tied up black hair and a pair of distinctive greenish-gray eyes. Her appearance was the type that one would never get sick off easily, and the more he looked at her, the more intrigued he became.

She was obviously not a native, but she was wearing a man's shirt and a thick tan jacket. By her hand was a round-brimmed hat with a depression in the middle.

This was one of the more common adventurer outfits out in the sea. At her table, the three other men were the same, and they clearly appeared to have been exposed to the elements.

Klein had never hid his appreciation of beautiful ladies, but his attention wasn't drawn to her by her appearance.

The sea had a strong sense of discrimination against females. Women who could achieve a certain status among adventurers and pirates were either very scheming, very powerful, or both. They were people that one needed to be cautious and wary about!

Their boots have some fresh mud on them... Did they just come back from the forest? Heh heh, they really are adventurers... Klein made a preliminary judgment based on some clues.

If these four adventurers came by ferry from Bayam, even if they had previously stepped on sewage or mud, the traces would've already dried up. Furthermore, as the town hadn't rained in the past two days, overall, the roads were quite clean with only some dust. Eliminating the two possibilities, it could only be explained that they had returned from a trip to the woods on the outskirts

of the town.

Klein had heard that many adventurers went deep into the primitive forests of the colonial islands in search of abandoned, forgotten pagan temples or altars, which often contained gold and jewels of ancient worship, but were later buried for various reasons in a place that no one knew of. In the bars of the islands, there was no shortage of legends that someone had managed to make a fortune overnight on an adventure into the woods.

There might be evil spirits lingering in those places… It would be better to hunt pirates, or for one to at least acquire the relevant information in advance… Klein retracted his eyes and concentrated on waiting for the food.

The seven Churches classified the various gods believed by the colony's primitive faiths as evil spirits, but Klein believed that some of them were natural spirits.

After a while, the specialty grilled meat was served. It had been sliced into many smaller pieces and strung onto a wooden stick. The surface was smeared with a reddish-brown sauce. The fragrance was rich and the color was alluring.

It looks a little like the kebabs from my previous life… In Loen, they're usually roasted as huge chunks of meat. Only after the meat is roasted would the chef slice up the meat… The method used here makes the flavors infuse the meat better… Klein picked up the wooden stick and bit down on a piece of meat. He felt the meat's juice slightly overflow, and there was a hint of sweetness in the salty fragrance.

It's my type! He nodded in satisfaction.

Klein enjoyed the meal and even tasted the local "Gurney Sap," a

special beverage, like lemonade with sugar and milk.

He went back to his room. Because he had been hunting the night before, he hadn't slept at all. He washed up early, put out the fireplace, and got into bed. Sleeping too early meant one problem—he would wake up in the middle of the night to pee.

Klein's dream was interrupted. He opened his eyes and slowly accumulated the courage to lift his quilt.

In the middle of the night, Symeem was about 8–9°C, and it was enough to make it feel sufficiently cold.

After lying still for a while, Klein stretched out his arm and silently withdrew it.

He contemplated for a few seconds before reaching out his hand again and picking up the Sun Brooch from his bedside table.

Although it only provided the feeling of a hot summer on a spiritual level, and it didn't produce any actual heat, it could at least deceive himself into thinking that it wasn't cold.

Klein got out of bed and headed for the washroom.

He narrowed his eyes to ease the pressure on his lower abdomen.

When he was done, he pulled up his pants and was about to wash his hands when his spiritual perception was triggered.

Klein frowned slightly and looked up at the vent in the bathroom.

Suddenly, something black and slippery dropped and hung there.

It was a venomous snake extending its forked tongue!

Klein was startled. He opened his mouth and shouted, “Bang!”

The snake was miserably hit, and it split in half.

What happened? Klein stared at it for a few seconds. Seeing no further movement, he walked out of the bathroom and pulled a gold coin from his pocket.

Chapter 533: Mr. 4,200 Pounds

"There is danger in the inn."

Klein softly chanted the divination statement, entered Cogitation, and then flipped a gold coin.

Clang!

A faint but crisp sound echoed in the quiet room. The gold coin tumbled and fell, landing in Klein's palm.

It was tails, indicating a negative response.

No danger... With a frown, Klein looked around and pulled out a bottle of insect-repelling essential oil from his coat on the coat rack.

He sprinkled a circle around him, then he quickly took four steps counterclockwise, entering the gray fog to make a divination for confirmation.

In about ten seconds, he received a revelation—there was still no danger.

Returning to the real world, Klein shook his head; put the gold coin and bottle back; wore his coat, trousers, and boots before sitting at the edge of his bed, leaning back against the pillow as he placed great caution on this turn of events.

He still remembered his Seer principles, especially the one about "divination is not all-powerful," so even if the answers he received indicated it was safe, he didn't dare to relax and return to his slumber.

This isn't to say that he didn't believe in the gray fog's ability to shield him from interference, but rather that there were too many possibilities. His divination statement might not be accurate enough to cover them all, resulting in his misinterpretation.

He already had a guess about what had just happened. It was that the four adventurers in the restaurant had indeed found the abandoned and forgotten ancient temple in the primitive forest on Symeem Island. They had obtained wealth or cultural relics, but they had also stirred the barely-surviving evil spirits, causing them to be plagued by evil thoughts and curses.

Time ticked by, and Klein suddenly felt a subtle spirituality fluctuation spread out from the room and quickly blend into the surrounding darkness.

The hidden flow that he had barely sensed vanished, and the tranquility of the night returned.

As expected... It's a result of Beyonder powers... It was solved just like that? I'll just wait a little longer. It would be dawn in an hour or two anyway... Even if there really is a problem, this place has a cathedral and a Mandated Punishers team... Klein half closed his eyes and began to engage in Cogitation.

...

Bayam, Amyris Leaf Bar.

Danitz, determined to hoodwink any monitoring, carried a cup of Lanti Proof and drunkenly watched as the girls on the boxing ring danced a hot, sexy dance.

“Dogshit! It’s been so long since they’ve lost a single piece of clothing!” he shouted with the other drunks.

Then, ignoring whether they received any response, they laughed out loud, clinked glasses, and drank.

“Have you read the newspapers?” a man who was fooling around in the bar late at night burped and said to his companions.

“Did your brain get eaten by a donkey? Do you think… Do you think that I can read those twisting and turning letters of the alphabet? Holy Lord of Storms, I’m only interested in this kind of twisting and turning! Hahaha!” His companion raised his glass and pointed at the dancers, laughing at what he thought was a humorous answer.

The man who had spoken earlier smacked the back of his head.

“Steel is dead!

“He was killed by Blazing!”

The nearby Danitz was stunned for a moment, then he sat up, turning his head slightly.

He cleared his throat and took a sip of the liquor, acting as if nothing had happened, but he secretly inched closer to hear what the others had to say about the matter.

The adventurer and part-time pirate who had brought him into the trade had once said that life at sea would've been meaningless without liquor, women, and boasting.

"Steel? What Steel? Let me tell you, when I was young, I once defeated a steel pipe!" another drunkard interrupted.

"What did you do to the steel pipe? Should I say something like woah, yours sure is thin!" The first man to speak revealed a knowing smile.

He didn't wait for a reply as he continued, "Steel Maveti is dead! The second mate of Admiral of Blood is dead!"

The last half of his words came out in a low growl. It frightened one of the fellows who was already wavering to slip to the bottom of the table as he raved in horror, "It wasn't me, I didn't do it..."

Dogshit! A bar is always so chaotic! Hurry up and get to the point! I'm waiting for you to praise Lord Blazing! The disguised Danitz couldn't wait to smash the cup of alcohol in his hand at the group.

"The papers mention that it was jointly done by the Navy and the Church. Steel is dead, Blood Brambles is dead. Even Calm Squall is dead. John Smith and that bunch of assholes have been caught as well!" A drunk who was still a little lucid came over and joined in on the conversation.

"No, no, no! That's not the truth!" The man who raised the topic first shook his head with a smile. "I have a friend working at the news agency. He told me that he has verifiable intel that cannot be published. The Navy and the Church were only used. The true murderer is Blazing Danitz and a mysterious, experienced, and

powerful adventurer, a bounty hunter."

"Impossible! There's absolutely no way Blazing Danitz can defeat Steel! Even if it's a sneak attack, there's no way he can finish Steel!" A few drinkers shared similar viewpoints.

"The crux is that powerful adventurer. I suspect he's an adventurer nearing the rank of a pirate admiral!" the man who had started the conversation emphasized. "I've no idea how Danitz got to know that guy. Heh, he contributed in the matter. Apparently, Blood Brambles was finished off by him! Didn't you notice? Blazing's bounty has increased to 4,200 pounds!"

"That's right!"

"Really?"

"Blazing sure isn't simple!"

"What a fierce pirate, no—a great pirate!"

"Great pirates? I really couldn't tell the last time I drank with him!"

Pui! You son of a bitch, when did I ever drink with you? I don't even know you! Amidst the exclamations, Danitz thought in delight.

4,200 pounds! If those fellows were to know, they would definitely get up at night to wipe the deck in envy. Hahaha, I can now be said to be the strongest boatswain on the Golden Dream!

At this moment, Danitz wished he could fly back to the ship and drink and brag with fellows like Iron Skin and Barrel, telling them all about the thrilling events in Bansy Harbor—how he had defeated the fallen bishop, how he had cleverly escaped from the ambush of Steel and the others, how he had set up a trap to finish off all his enemies, and how he would never be able to play the card game of life ever again.

Unfortunately, for the sake of Captain, I still have to continue to be the servant of Gehrman Sparrow, that madman... Sigh, I'm already a great 4,200 pound pirate! Danitz sighed, allowing himself to continue to be paralyzed by the alcohol.

...

As the Storm cathedral's bells rang, the orange sun rose in the sky. The surroundings were still so quiet that only the sound of water could be heard.

Without encountering anything abnormal, Klein exhaled in relief and took off his clothes, returned to bed, and made up for his lack of sleep by sleeping for another two more hours.

His considerable spirituality allowed him to wake up at the scheduled time of 8:30 a.m. He washed up slowly, changed his clothes, and went to the first floor to buy a loaf of bread with cooked chestnuts and a glass of Gurney Sap. He ate as he walked to the dock.

Since he had already bought his return tickets for the 9 o'clock liner, Klein kept watch of the time and prepared to board the ship.

At that moment, he saw the lady with the greenish-gray eyes, as well as the three male adventurers from her team.

They were buying tickets at the ticket office.

The liner is about to leave. They definitely wouldn't be able to make it in time for the 9 o'clock trip... I wonder what they obtained from the abandoned temple, but last night they attracted an existence similar to an evil spirit. Please don't let anything unexpected happen when they ride on the liner... Klein used his body to block the adventurers' line of sight, took out a gold coin, and made a divination.

His revelation was that the later liner wouldn't be in danger.

Klein hesitated for two seconds, looked at the passengers waiting for the ten o'clock liner near the ticket office, rubbed his fingers together in silence, and lit the ticket in his palm.

He went back to the ticket office as if nothing had happened and bought the ten o'clock liner ticket for four soli.

Then, he went to the washroom at the docks, went above the gray fog, and quickly divined his worries.

He knew very well that if the results showed that there were great dangers, he wouldn't take the risk of boarding the ship. Instead, he would find a way to prevent the ship from sailing and destroy it, if necessary, to prevent any innocents from dying.

If the revelation was the same as the divination from before, he would ride it normally while keeping a lookout for any accidents.

In the end, he still received a negative answer.

Klein was relieved and returned to the real world. He adjusted the position of the murloc's bladder for quick access.

If an accident really happened, this Beyonder ingredient would become quite important in the vast ocean.

This Beyonder ingredient could also be used in a rudimentary, simple manner, just like the All-Black Eye which had been contaminated by the True Creator.

...

Ten o'clock sharp.

Klein, in his Gehrman Sparrow appearance, picked up his suitcase, followed the adventurers, and boarded the liner.

Along the way, he appeared to doze off or read old newspapers and magazines on the ship, but in actual fact, he was keeping an eye on the greenish-gray-eyed lady and her companions.

This wariness continued all the way to the port of Bayam, but no accidents occurred in the middle.

Did they resolve all the problems? What did they actually get? Klein stopped by the side of the road, bought the latest newspaper from a newsboy, and watched the four adventurers from the corner of his eye until they disappeared.

Phew... Klein decided to not think about it anymore. As long as it didn't endanger the overall situation, he wasn't concerned about what those people had done. He was just a little curious.

He picked up his suitcase, leafing through the papers as he walked down Acid Lemon Street like an ordinary passerby.

Suddenly, with a chuckle, he said to himself, *The bounty for Danitz has risen to 4,200 pounds...*

If things continued like this, he suspected whether he could resist the urge of sending the fellow to the governor-general's office.

Walking back to the Wind of Azure Inn, Klein heard undulated snores that were slowly reaching a crescendo before he even took out his keys.

He didn't escape? Klein was slightly surprised, but he wasn't too surprised either.

He had previously tampered with Shadow Cloak, so as long as Danitz left, he could use divination methods to track him down and find the Vice Admiral Iceberg.

Although he's timid, he's still cautious... Klein opened the door and entered, looking at Danitz, who awoke with a start. He grinned a little.

"Congratulations, Mr. 4,200 Pounds."

Danitz was instantly wide awake, wanting to laugh dryly in response, but he couldn't.

At this moment, he felt that his life might be in danger.

Chapter 534: A Dream Lesson

Danitz's worries didn't come true. Klein gave him a look and went into the bedroom to rest.

During the five hours he spent on the liner, he had always been in a highly tense state. He had also been alarmed last night and didn't sleep well as a result. At this moment, he couldn't help but feel exhausted.

With a thud, Klein closed the bedroom door.

Phew... He scared me to death! Danitz relaxed and slumped into the reclining chair.

The scene of him turning into gold pounds had surfaced in his mind a moment ago. He found it difficult to stop having these scenes appear one after another in his mind.

After a moment of silence, Danitz, who had been hanging around the bar until dawn, fell asleep again without realizing it. He dreamed that the captain had arrived to save him, but she had failed. Instead, she got caught by Gehrman Sparrow and ended up becoming a maidservant for this crazy adventurer.

Just as Danitz was outraged and unable to resist, he suddenly saw the blurry scene around him turn clear just as he was about to wake up. The scene froze on the luxurious suite of the Wind of Azure Inn.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Danitz heard a slow, soothing knock on the door.

Wasn't I dreaming? With this question in mind, Danitz walked over to the door and turned the handle.

As the crack in the door widened, he saw a familiar figure.

She was a beautiful lady, with a face shaped like a goose egg, a high nose bridge, thin lips, and a pair of pale blue eyes that resembled clear spring water.

Her long brown hair parted in the middle, tied in a simple but delicate knot at the back of her head as they flowed down.

She didn't wear a hat, only wearing a beige coat which was tight at the waist. Her collar was covered with palm-sized flowers woven from white lace.

Matching her coat was a dark-colored skirt which reached her knees. The pleats of her skirt were connected, looking slightly fluffy. On her feet were a pair of leather boots that shared the same color as her hair.

"Captain!" Danitz cried out in alarm

He hurriedly snapped out of his reverie, turned around and faced Gehrman Sparrow's bedroom while taking a defensive stance.

"Be careful! Run! A lunatic is looking for you! He has a terrifying organization backing him!"

As the feeling of self-sacrifice welled up in him, Danitz heard his captain calmly say, “This is a dream.”

Dream… Yeah, I’m dreaming, what’s there to be afraid of… Danitz glanced left and right, folded his arms, turned around, and said, “Captain, you simulated the powers of a Nightmare? That can’t be right, you were near Sonia Island just last week.”

The largest island in this region of the Sonia Sea, which was also the origin of its name. It was almost like a small continent. Originally, it was the only remaining gathering place for the elves after the Cataclysm, but as time passed, this ancient Beyonder race was plagued by all sorts of factors and gradually died out. The occasional sighting of them proved that they hadn’t completely gone extinct.

At the end of the Fourth Epoch, the Loen Kingdom occupied this island, but in the Twenty Year War, they suffered a terrible defeat, handing over Sonia Island to the Feysac Empire. That was already more than seven centuries ago.

Sonia Island was situated north-northwest of the Rorsted Archipelago, and it took nearly half a month by ship to arrive there. Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards was still in the vicinity of Sonia Island last week, so it was impossible to reach Bayam within a week. Unless she could fly or use the spirit world to travel.

The beautiful lady whom Danitz addressed as Captain nodded.

“We have just entered the Rorsted seas, still a thousand nautical miles away from Bayam.”

In other words, she’ll take another three to four days before arriving? That’s what I call normal… Danitz curiously asked,

“This should’ve already surpassed the range of a Nightmare?”

Moreover, it far exceeds… he added inwardly.

Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina entered the room and walked towards the table and chair.

“It’s not a Nightmare power, but a secret ritualistic magic. It uses an item left behind on the ship to enter the dream of someone very far away…”

Listening to the Captain’s meticulous explanation, Danitz instantly felt as if he had returned to the Golden Dream and was beginning his lesson.

I’ve never heard of such ritualistic magic before… Yes, Captain has mastered many strange and rare magic and witchcraft. No one can tell how much knowledge she possesses… She seems to have mentioned that her Sequence name is Mysticism Magister… Sigh, if I had known that she had this “secret technique,” then I wouldn’t have been so frustrated over how to inform her about the unexpected events in Bayam… Danitz interrupted Edwina’s description with a flurry of thoughts.

“Captain, you sensed that there’s a problem with our point of contact over here?”

“Yes, this is another secret technique…” Edwina seemed inclined to describe the specific method in detail.

Seeing this, Danitz hurriedly sighed.

“Poor Old Rinn and the others…”

Edwina stopped walking and turned her back to the window, asking succinctly, “What happened?”

“I’ll have to start from Damir Harbor.” Danitz felt energized, as if his long-lasting depression had finally paid off at that moment.

He described his attempts to recruit Gehrman Sparrow, but he ended up discovering that he was a madman, and he also exaggerated his plight on the White Agate.

According to the rough draft he had prepared last night, he thoroughly described the weird and horrifying situation at Bansy Harbor, including the ambush and assassination attempt involving Steel Maveti. He explained everything about how he joined forces with Gehrman Sparrow for a counterattack and hunt, as well as his own theories about Gehrman Sparrow’s background and powers. This included Creeping Hunger and the secretive, powerful organization.

During this process, he tried his best to restore the truth, only exaggerating the role he played, raising his status from servant or attendant, to an assistant or collaborator.

Vice Admiral Edwina listened quietly the entire time without interrupting him. When he was done, she nodded lightly and said, “He has no ill intentions.”

Him? Gehrman Sparrow means no harm? Danitz quickly said, “Captain, regardless, he’s a dangerous fellow!

“Are you sure he means no harm?”

“I can’t be sure,” Edwina replied very calmly.

“Then why were you…” Danitz took a silent breath, sensing the similarity between his captain and Gehrman Sparrow. They were people who he couldn’t engage in a conversation with.

Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina said with a straight face, “That’s just my speculation and judgment.”

“…”

Danitz rubbed his temples with his right hand. “Anyway, he’s dangerous. There’s a secret organization backing him, and I’ve no idea about the situation of the organization. Captain, I don’t think you should take the risk of communicating with him, even if he claims to have something to ask of you.”

Edwina thought for a moment before saying, “There’s no need to take risks.

“I can communicate with him through you.”

Danitz first heaved a sigh of relief before asking both curiously and expectantly, “Captain, how will that work? Or should I say, what do I need to do?”

Edwina raised her right hand, revealing a stand and a blackboard in her dream.

“I need you to hold a ritual,” she said.

“It’s called a Soulfall Ritual. It allows my soul to pass through the spirit world and attach itself to your body. I’ll be able to converse directly with Gehrman Sparrow. It works on anyone below that of a demigod, with an effective distance of no more than 500 nautical miles…

“It involves reason and communication, and it belongs to the realm of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. You must draw the corresponding symbols and magic labels…

“In mysticism, the Blue Planet corresponds to the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. Mercury, brass, lavender, pepper, and mint are needed…

“Blue Planet corresponds to Saturday. The time of the Blue Planet is from midnight to one on Friday, and eleven to twelve noon on Saturday…”

Edwina explained as she wrote the key points to remember on the blackboard, and Danitz instinctively sat down and assumed a listening posture.

As he listened, he suddenly felt at a loss.

Why do I need to attend classes even in my dreams?

…

In the bedroom, Klein, who was sleeping, suddenly jolted awake, having vaguely sensed something.

He got out of bed and listened for a moment. In the living room,

although Danitz was snoring, his breathing was calmer than before.

It wasn't too strange, but it was sufficiently unusual for an experienced senior expert in mysticism like Klein, who had been through a lot.

He softly walked to the door that separated the bedroom from the living room, reached for the handle, and slowly turned it.

Without a sound, Klein walked out of the bedroom and saw Danitz lying in a reclining chair, fast asleep. Everything around him appeared normal.

Klein quietly activated his Spirit Vision and checked Blazing, but he didn't find anything amiss. Whether it was the color of his aura or the changes in his mood, there was nothing abnormal about him, all within a reasonable range.

After watching for a while, Klein frowned and took out a silver charm.

"Dream Charm!"

...

In the dream, Danitz was learning the Soulfall Ritual with a bitter expression. He had no doubt that the captain in front of him was genuine.

No one can fake such a style and hobby!

At that moment, he heard the sound of the lock turning.

Subconsciously, Danitz looked towards the bedroom, where the crack in the door was widening, and Gehrman Sparrow, who was wearing only a white shirt, walked out expressionlessly.

"You! How did you appear here!" Danitz shot to his feet, blurting out in shock.

He quickly snapped to his senses and stammered, "Th-this is my dream!"

How is Gehrman Sparrow appearing so easily?!

With one hand in the pocket of his dark trousers, Klein walked toward the woman who had her back to the window and said in a low voice, "A charm."

Then, looking directly at the woman, he asked almost with certainty, "Edwina Edwards?"

Her attire is a little strange... She doesn't look like an adventurer, much less a pirate. She looks like a woman with a decent job, someone who can support herself on her own... The style of her attire looks like it comes from Intis... Klein thought, feeling somewhat unaccustomed.

Edwina nodded slightly and similarly replied with a question, "Gehrman Sparrow?"

"Yes, good afternoon, Ma'am." Klein smiled slightly, pressed his hand to his chest, and bowed.

Edwina nodded and replied, “Good afternoon.”

Klein, who was maintaining his persona, stopped talking, waiting for the other side to take the initiative to ask him about his purpose.

…

He looked at Edwina.

…

Edwina looked at him.

…

There was a sudden silence in the dream for several minutes.

From time to time, Danitz looked to the right and to the left, having a baffling feeling that perhaps all of this might really be a dream.

Chapter 535: Fond of Teaching

Unable to tolerate the situation, Danitz decided to do something about the situation.

He coughed twice and faced Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards and said, “Captain, Mr. Gehrman Sparrow has some questions for you?”

Phew… Klein let out a sigh of relief.

If this stare down continued, he felt as though his persona would collapse.

Edwina gently nodded her head, looked at Klein, and said, “Mr. Sparrow, have you received an education?”

What kind of question is this? Klein’s expression didn’t change as he indifferently replied, “University graduate.”

Ah? Danitz looked at Gehrman Sparrow in surprise, unable to believe the fact that this crazy adventurer and bounty hunter had actually gone to university and even graduated!

He had no way of putting a university—a hallmark of wisdom—with that of Gehrman Sparrow together!

Unless it’s some “Hunter University” or “Killer Academy”… Or a university that exists only in the fantasies of madmen and psychopaths… Danitz couldn’t help but lampoon silently.

Edwina didn't seem surprised. She continued to ask, "What languages have you mastered?"

"..."

Klein resisted the urge to frown and said, "Jotun, Elvish, Dragonese, ancient Hermes, Hermes, ancient Feysac, Loenese..."

Edwina responded tersely.

"Do you understand the other domains in mysticism?"

Feeling adrift for a moment, Klein felt like he had returned to his previous life's elementary school days. Due to his age handicap, he had been asked a series of questions by a teacher, such as how many Chinese characters he had mastered, if he had mastered the four arithmetic operations, whether he knew the English alphabet, and how many Tang dynasty poems he could recite...

Calm down... You're Gehrman Sparrow now... Klein once again said without emotion, "Adept."

Edwina thought for two seconds and then explained in an unhurried manner, "I have to combine your standard of knowledge with how I would answer the questions so that you can understand the answers more easily."

This... Klein was surprised to find that the beautiful lady in front of him was nothing like an adventurer acting as a part-time pirate. She was basically a teacher with a cold expression but a kind and patient attitude.

He calmed down after thinking about the vampire that headed for the Church of Earth Mother daily.

This is the first pirate admiral I'm officially meeting. She's indeed unique... Klein secretly sighed and said, "First question, where do Beyonder creatures appear at sea? The commonly seen ones."

He didn't directly ask about mermaids, as he didn't want her to see through his real purpose, which would lead to unnecessary accidents.

Edwina thought for a moment and then wiped the "Soulfall Ritual" off the blackboard. She then wrote and drew:

"Set off from Sonia Island, sail 1,200 nautical miles in this direction and you'll enter the depths of the sea which humans have never explored.

"There is a Naga tribe active there. They've been working hard to find the underwater city which is rumored to have a powerful demon sealed within. That's the entity of their faith..."

Edwina spoke in detail, partly from her own efforts to find the treasure itself, and partly from the knowledge and rumors she had exchanged.

It took her awhile to finish the general story, but to Klein's dismay, there were no mermaids anywhere except in the eastern waters of the Gargas Archipelago.

He quickly calmed his mood and said, "Second question, do you know how to remove the mental corruption from a Beyonder characteristic?"

He didn't hide the fact that he knew about Beyonder characteristics.

Edwina's eyes flickered for the first time, as though she had a new understanding of Gehrman Sparrow.

She shook her head.

"I don't know.

"However, I once imagined that it's possible by borrowing the power of an external force and completely crushing the corrupted Beyonder characteristic to reduce it to the smallest specks of light. This way, whether it's corrupted or cursed, they will scatter having lost their vessel. They would rapidly or slowly vanish. As for the shattered Beyonder characteristic, it will gather bit by bit due to their particular traits, eventually taking form again.

"Unfortunately, only gods can do this. If you get the favor of any god, you can try to please 'Them' by offering enough sacrifices and pray for a response."

The law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics… In his mind, Klein filled in what Edwina had purposely left out.

At the same time, he couldn't help but sigh. This Vice Admiral Iceberg, Captain of the Golden Dream, was extremely knowledgeable in mysticism. She wasn't worse than him, someone who had read many of Roselle's diary entries and had experienced many things.

It was said that Vice Admiral Iceberg can replicate or simulate the

Beyonder powers of her opponents when they use them in front of her… This is rather similar to Mr. Isengard Stanton's 2-081 ring… As soon as Klein's thoughts began to wander, he forcefully reined them back, and he nodded as if he was thinking about something.

"I agree with this hypothesis."

"Regretfully, I haven't done it in practice. It's only a conjecture." Edwina rarely used a word that described emotion.

Danitz, who had been listening by the side, had a dazed look on his face. He was unable to keep up with the conversation at all.

What are they talking about? What are they discussing? Why do I know every word, but know nothing when they're strung together… What's a Beyonder characteristic? What does shattering it do? What does it gathering together represent? Danitz looked left and right, his eyes blank.

At this point, Klein threw out the third question he had thought about.

"Where can you find ancient wraiths?"

He only mentioned this kind of monster because the corresponding ingredients could also be used in the domain of Death. It didn't expose the secrets of his own Sequence.

Edwina glanced at Danitz and said, "I'll keep an eye out for you.

"If you want to attend Bayam's Beyonder gatherings, he knows a

few. He can take you there."

Not bad, it's easier to talk to smart people... Klein added, "Do you know where there are people who can make mystical items out of Beyonder ingredients or characteristics?"

"I met one at a gathering, but he never showed up again," Edwina answered frankly. "I have grasped the corresponding knowledge. I can simulate it, but I cannot guarantee the success rate."

Heh heh... I'll wait then... Klein didn't harp on the topic and switched to asking, "How much do you know about Death's Key?"

"Little." An iron black key suddenly appeared in Edwina's hand. It was about the size of a lyre; its shape was ancient, and it had a dark luster.

The pirate admiral said while half-carrying the item from the shipwreck, "If you mean this key, then I can tell you that it belongs to the giants."

Klein glanced sideways at Danitz.

"Your boatswain told me that it can also belong to a dragon or a demonic wolf."

"That was the earliest guess. I've recently found some historical documents. And with the help of the other items on the ship, I have a rudimentary idea." Edwina didn't show any agitation. She was filled with patience, but her expression remained cold.

After finally regaining his sense as the owner of the dream, Danitz curiously asked, “Captain, is it really the giants’?”

“Yes.” Edwina gave an affirmative answer. “That batch of documents showed that there were still many giants active in the Fourth Epoch. Some of them had switched faiths to the God of Combat, while the others were left scattered, becoming the hunting targets of the humans.

“One of the tribes built a ship and tried to find the lost Giant King’s Court at sea, never to return. The sunken ship we discovered, along with some of the items inside, are very similar to the relics they left behind in their original settlement, so we have sufficient reason to believe that the key belongs to the giants, and it is very likely to be pointed towards the lost Giant King’s Court of their race before the Cataclysm.”

Giant King’s Court? Little Sun said it’s not far from the City of Silver… Klein didn’t say a word, but he quietly listened to Vice Admiral Iceberg’s description.

I have to say, the City of Silver and the Forsaken Land of God are things I know that completely surpasses other Beyonders… Hmm, even the seven gods can’t find that place, or they find it hard to figure out the exact situation. In this aspect, I’m stronger than ‘Them’… Klein thought about it with a smug and self-deprecating manner before saying in a deep voice, “If I offer a sufficient price, are you willing to sell the key?”

“Of course, unless I acquire additional clues to the Giant King’s Court.” Edwina continued to speak at a moderate pace.

Very good, if the Tarot Club organizes an expedition to the Giant King’s Court one day, I will buy this key… Klein was about to ask the last question when he suddenly remembered the four adventurers.

Relying on the power of the Dream Charm, he conjured the lady with greenish-gray eyes, who wore a man's shirt, and her three companions.

"Do you know them?"

Edwina took a glance and said almost without thinking, "Leticia Dolera, an archaeologist and adventurer.

"Rumor has it that she's a member from the Moses Ascetic Order or the Element Dawn."

Moses Ascetic Order... The ancient organization that believes in the Hidden Sage... It really isn't for money, and their goal is definitely something from the abandoned temple... Klein asked casually, "What do you know about Element Dawn?"

This mysterious organization was similar to the Psychology Alchemists, having been born in the recent one to two hundred years. It combined the elements of various schools of mysticism. It had its own set of theories, and its members were all proficient in spell casting and had mastery in many ancient witchcraft techniques.

Edwina pursed her lips and said, "They've always been fighting against the Moses Ascetic Order.

"Rumor has it that the eldest daughter of Emperor Roselle, Bernadette Gustav, established it."

The Element Dawn is headed by Bernadette? Zaratul's prophecy is quite accurate after all. She can really be considered an important figure in the Beyonder world... Klein sighed inwardly, feeling

somewhat enlightened.

He resisted the urge to sigh and looked at Edwina. He calmly said, “One last question.”

When the beautiful lady and Blazing Danitz’s attention was fully focused on him, he slowly opened his mouth.

“Are you interested in cooperating?”

“What kind of cooperation?” Edwina returned with a question.

The smile on Klein’s face became more and more exuberant, with a hint of madness in it he said, “Hunt Admiral of Blood.”

Chapter 536: Local Faith

What? Hunt Admiral of Blood? Danitz almost raised his right hand to his ear.

His first reaction was that he had misheard.

However, Gehrman Sparrow's smile with hidden madness and the slight movement of his captain's eyebrows—an abnormality of hers—reminded him that what was said had really happened!

This... This madman Gehrman Sparrow really is daring! This is one of the seven Pirate Admirals. They aren't people that a character like Steel Maveti can be compared with! Danitz's pupils shrank, his heart on the brink of roaring.

Putting aside the fact that Admiral of Blood Senor's own might, just the pirates underneath him are intimidating enough. His first mate, third mate, and the captains of each ship are all capable of independently leading a large pirate crew!

There are still many of the crew which Steel Maveti had brought to Bayam with him in the Blood pirate crew!

When Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos died silently like a wild dog in Backlund, it was mainly because he wasn't with his pirate crew. However, Admiral of Blood Senor is different. He seldom leaves his flagship and rarely leaves the company of his men.

Even if the focus is placed back on Senor's strength, it would still be extremely terrifying. He's mysterious, bizarre, and is one of the few powerhouses at the sea who is second only to the Four Kings.

Even Captain might not dare to claim to be his superior… A madman's guts really does exceed my imagination. No, he doesn't know the meaning of fear at all! The death and replacement of a pirate admiral will definitely be a great shock to the Five Seas! One thought after another flashed through Danitz's mind, but in the end, he strangely calmed down.

It was because he recalled that Gehrman Sparrow was a powerhouse at the level of the seven admirals, and there might be a hidden, terrifying organization backing him.

Edwina said after a few seconds of silence, "Do you know of the Rose School of Thought?"

Not only do I know them, I've also killed their people and taken their mystical items… Wait a minute, why do I have to describe myself as a bad guy… Klein converged his smile and said in an unperturbed manner, "I've hunted their members."

Edwina fell silent again. Next to her, Danitz once again had various thoughts: *"What are they talking about? What's the Rose School of Thought? Where am I? Whose dream is this?"*

After a short moment of silence, Edwina said, "After the huge battle with Vice Admiral Dusk's pirate crew, Senor's crew vanished. At present, no one knows where they are. One will have to wait patiently."

Is this an agreement? Klein once again revealed a smile.

"I do not lack patience.

"How can I contact you?"

Edwina turned her head to look at Danitz.

“He knows how.”

Me? Soulfall Ritual? Wait a minute, Captain, you mean I have to follow this madman, Gehrman Sparrow, during this period of time? No! Who knows when this fellow will go crazy! With a start, Danitz quickly opened his mouth and said, “Captain, I’ve already left the Golden Dream for too long. I’ve missed too many lessons! I can’t wait to return!”

He tried his hardest to show his sincerity in his eyes, filling them with the desire for knowledge.

“I believe we can switch to someone else, like Iron Skin and Barrel…”

Before he finished his sentence, Edwina suddenly raised her right hand and pressed it against her ear.

She looked slightly to the side and said without expression, “What did you say?

“I couldn’t hear it.

“Roselle’s Dream Spell is reaching its limits…”

The pirate admiral’s skirt fluttered slightly as she took a step back before her figure quickly turned faint, reducing into points of fragmented light.

The rest of Danitz's words were left stuck in his throat. He stretched out his right hand in an attempt to grasp something, but he ended up weakly drooping down.

Roselle's Dream Spell? The Emperor's presence in the field of mysticism is also quite formidable... The full name of the Vice Admiral Iceberg is Edwina Edwards... Edwards. Isn't this the surname of one of the emperor's Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse? A descendant? However, from the tone of Vice Admiral Iceberg, she isn't familiar with the eldest daughter of the emperor, Bernadette. They might not even know each other... Klein looked at Danitz, whose expression had completely collapsed, and let out a soft laugh.

"Perhaps one day I will call you Mr. 10,000 Pounds."

"..."

Danitz straightened his back in fright, then he saw Gehrman Sparrow's figure disappear from his dream.

If I were only Sequence 7 and had a bounty of seven or eight thousand pounds, then I would be targeted everywhere I go... Danitz stood rooted in his dream, his head hurting the more he thought about it.

...

In the evening, Danitz looked at Gehrman Sparrow, who was dressed as a native.

"Today, we'll be visiting the local faction. We might be able to find some good things there. Heh heh, they have a great need for

Beyonder ingredients, food, and weapons."

At this point, Danitz looked Gehrman Sparrow up and down. It was rare for him to find something that he was better than him at. He said with a smile, "Their area is filled with local people. There aren't even many people with mixed blood. If there's even the slightest signs of an abnormality in their clothing, you will be discovered.

"Your pantaloons and brown jacket are fine, but you can't wear a shirt inside. A real native wears Taraba shirts; they're similar to Sea Soul shirts, but they're either all blue or white. They don't wear caps, headscarves, or anything.

"Also, people like you who look obviously Loenese will encounter very serious discrimination and hostility there, just like a wolf that sneaks into a flock of sheep. You can't hide your existence at all..."

Before he could finish, he saw Gehrman Sparrow tilt his head and look at him. His deep facial features quickly turned soft. His fair skin was instantly stained with the color of bronze. In just a snap, he had become an undeniable native that didn't stand out in any way.

"..."

After a few seconds of silence, Danitz laughed dryly as if nothing had happened. "Me too. I have to disguise myself."

Your disguise? Heh... Klein took off his cap and sat down.

"What local faction?"

It actually trades Beyonder ingredients, food, and weapons?

"Ahem, to put it simply, ahem— The Resistance." Danitz suddenly wasn't sure if Gehrman Sparrow had any connections with the Loen officials.

Klein was startled for a second.

"Resistance?"

Danitz smiled awkwardly and said, "People who clamor for independence and for natives to administer their local affairs. Their encampment is deep in the woods or at sea. They cooperate with many pirates and adventurers. Of course, the ones backing them are mainly people from Feysac and Intis. Often, there will be priests from the God of Combat and the Eternal Blazing Sun secretly coming over."

Bayam isn't that calm after all... After leaving the kingdom and coming to the sea, Klein finally understood what it meant by an international situation. This wasn't something that could be compared to reading about wars in East Balam from the papers.

He nodded slightly and didn't object to visiting the local faction.

After leaving the Wind of Azure Inn, Klein followed Danitz, whose face was painted black. They went through the streets, heading all the way southeast.

Leaving the confines of the City of Generosity, they entered a zone filled with different architectural styles. The buildings here had raised floors, propped up by wooden pilings. There were three- or four-story buildings that had evolved from the Loen-

styled terrace houses.

The roads that split from each other were narrow and dirty, with many stalls on either side. They sold all kinds of headgear, earrings, and accessories made of stone. They were mostly bright red or multicolored.

"What a bunch of strange fellows. They especially like bright colors, just like those venomous snakes in the forest," Danitz whispered.

As someone from Intis, you aren't much better either. You advocate the color of gold, and advocate a sense of luxury and exquisiteness, just like a nouveau riche... Klein lampooned.

They passed by a group of dark-skinned, skinny, and shriveled natives, entering the alleys which had clothes drying over their heads. The scene before their eyes suddenly opened up, revealing a small municipal square.

On the square, a group of locals was gathered around the central pond. Some were kneeling, some were prostrating, some were mumbling, and some were singing softly. They had devout expressions, but they looked numbed.

As soon as they realized that someone was approaching, they quickly got up and ran into the surrounding alleys in a flurry.

All the windows on the second, third, and fourth floors of the surrounding houses clanged shut, and the square grew quiet, but Klein's spiritual perception told him that there were many people behind the windows, around the alleys, in the dark corners, watching these strangers who had suddenly arrived in their world.

Danitz lowered his head and said in a suppressed voice, “Don’t worry, this is their way of protecting themselves.”

“Oh?” Klein expressed his doubts.

Danitz let out a chuckle.

“Before this place was completely colonized, the natives on the Rorsted Archipelago always believed in Sea God Kalvetua. They believed that this deity who appears in the form of a gigantic sea serpent would protect all the islands here, preventing them from being devoured by earthquakes or tsunamis.

“Now that this belief has been outlawed, the Church of the Lord of Storms has been constantly fighting against the heretics. Even the Church of Evernight and the Church of Steam and Machinery are unable to expand their influence here, and there are only a few cathedrals.

“But in fact, how can the faith that has been in place for centuries, if not a millennium, be so easily eradicated? There are still plenty of believers of the Sea God in Bayam, Blue Mountain Island, and the Rorsted Sea. Even if a bunch of people are captured every one to two months, a situation in which they suffer all kinds of extreme punishment, it’s impossible to reverse this situation any time soon. The Resistance’s main pillar of support are the believers of the Sea God.

“In my opinion, it will take at least another hundred years before the faith of the Sea God will be completely eradicated. Of course, that’s under the premise that there aren’t any other disruptive elements.”

Sea God Kalvetua… Its image is of a gigantic sea serpent… As Klein listened thoughtfully, he followed Danitz into a four-story house

on the right. He went to the top floor via a narrow staircase.

Knock! Knock! Knock! Danitz knocked on the door to his left.

“Who is it?” someone asked in a low voice.

Danitz replied with a chuckle, “A friend who brings wine and barbecue.”

“Where from?” the person inside asked a strange question.

Danitz stepped back.

“At sea.”

Creak. The door slowly opened and Klein saw a naked arm.

The arm was tattooed with a blue, hideous sea serpent.

Chapter 537: Excessive Spiritual Perception

Behind the door was a bare-chested man with a hideous blue sea serpent tattooed on his arm and short streaks of red paint painted on the sides of his cheeks, chest, and abdomen, each group formed out of three streaks.

Really exotic... However, aren't you afraid of being too conspicuous? Aren't you afraid of being caught by the police while you're outside? You're part of the Resistance that engages in secret operations! Klein was about to retract his gaze when he was almost forced to frown by the man's thick, messy eyebrows and cold-blooded eyes.

He has killed many people... Klein made a rough judgment based on his spiritual intuition.

Honestly speaking, due to his previous life's identity and knowledge, he initially held a lot of sympathy for the rebels under colonial rule, having no sense of belonging as a Loenese. However, after hearing that the man and the followers of the Sea God Kalvetua basically engaged in the same acts, he became even more wary and repulsed.

This wasn't to say that he discriminated against the local faith, but rather, he understood that the traditional faith of all the colonial islands was still in a primitive stage that believed in sacrifice. They worshiped with blood, using living sacrifices, and were still in a state of complete ignorance.

In addition, with the experiences of the Emperor and myself, the Beyonder nature of this world is filled with madness and twistedness. A "deity" still in the primitive stage of sacrifice is basically unable to resist this trend. It's quite obvious what kind of

style they follow... Without a word, Klein followed Danitz into the room.

"Edmonton, who's here?" A mild voice sounded from the area near the windows.

The tattooed man closed the door and said, "They've disguised themselves."

At that moment, Klein had taken a good look at the situation in the room and gained a basic understanding of it.

The living room wasn't very large. A cupboard, a table, and a few chairs were enough to make it look cramped.

To the right were two doors leading to what appeared to be a bedroom; to the left was a "kitchen" separated by a cabinet. As for the washroom, there was no doubt that there wasn't one. When Klein went upstairs, he discovered that there was a common washroom at the corner of each flight of stairs. The stench of them not being washed for extended periods of time urged any passersby to walk up faster.

Directly in front of him was a window. Two bamboo poles hung out and were used to hang a lot of clothes to dry.

There were four or five men sitting or standing in the bedroom's doorway and the living room. All of them were dark-skinned natives with slightly curly hair. They wore dark blue Taraba shirts and more or less had red paint on their bare skin, and as for the sea serpent tattoo, Klein couldn't tell if it was there or not because of the clothing.

Some of them had revolvers at their waists, some carrying brownish-red hunting rifles. Some even carried gray steel backpacks and long, thick high-pressure steam rifles. They formed a semicircle around Danitz and Klein, who had just entered the room.

The person who spoke was a wheelchair-bound man in his forties. He wore a jacket and had a blanket over his knees.

He had a shaved head, a slightly green beard on both sides of his face, and his dark brown eyes were calm and collected.

He glanced at his visitor and slowly smiled.

“Blazing.”

Danitz was stunned for a moment before forcing out a laugh.

“Kalat, you have a good eye.”

Dogshit! Am I so bad at disguising myself? he roared inwardly, unwilling to accept the fact.

Kalat ignored Blazing’s insincere praise and instead, chuckled.

“I heard that you killed Steel and Blood Brambles?”

“How else would they be dead?” Danitz retorted without hesitation.

Kalat narrowed his eyes, slowly shifting his gaze to Klein, who had a featureless face.

He knew very well that Blazing Danitz alone would have a hard time killing Blood Brambles Hendry, much less Steel Maveti. His success was rumored to be due to the help of a powerful adventurer, a seasoned bounty hunter.

Is it the person beside him? When he looked into Klein's eyes, he didn't see any nervousness, worry, or vigilance. Those eyes were like a deep ocean.

It could very well be... At the very least, he's stronger than Blazing! He signaled to Edmonton and the others with his eyes, secretly informing them to be on their guard.

"What are you doing here?" Kalat didn't pursue the subject.

Danitz subconsciously looked at Klein, and after seeing his nod of affirmation, he replied, "Here to see what good things you have to offer."

Kalat pointed to a table and said, "It's all placed there."

There were many strange and different items laid out, including a whistle made of bone, a simple and crude bagpipe, an iron-black leaf, and a rock stained with blood...

Without waiting for Klein and Danitz to examine the items, Kalat clapped his hands and said, "I have a mission.

"If you can complete it, you can freely choose an item from these

at no additional cost."

He laughed and added, "By the definition of you foreigners, they aren't mystical objects, but they all have some supernatural power, but it will slowly, yes—slowly weaken until it disappears."

"What mission?" Klein asked calmly, having no intention of hiding the fact that Danitz was only a follower.

He reached into the blanket that extended to his knees and took out a stack of white paper.

"Find out where they are.

"If you can catch them directly, you will get even more."

He raised his arms and began to display lifelike portraits, including a lady with greenish-gray eyes dressed in a man's shirt.

Leticia Dolera... Klein recognised who the Resistance was looking for at a glance.

It was the female archaeologist and adventurer he had met last night and had boarded the same ship with this morning. She was suspected to be a member of the Moses Ascetic Order or the Element Dawn.

Danitz looked at it closely for two seconds and found the picture vaguely familiar.

Suddenly, he remembered where he had seen her before.

Gehrman Sparrow had shown it in his dreams!

He had just asked the captain about it in the afternoon, and we're already bumping into something relevant in the evening... Isn't he too resourceful at gathering information? Danitz resisted his urge to glance at the crazy adventurer beside him, afraid that Kalat and Edmonton would notice something amiss.

He was very experienced in this area.

The Resistance, who believe in the Sea God, are looking for Leticia... The faith of the Sea God spreads throughout the Rorsted Archipelago, including Symeem... There was a snake last night... The image of the Sea God is that of a gigantic sea serpent... Klein superimposed the two matters together and quickly came to a preliminary conclusion.

Archaeologist Leticia and company had obtained an important item involving the Sea God in the forgotten temple in the ancient forest of Symeem Island. Hence, it resulted in last night's probing and the Resistance's search!

Klein thought for a moment, then he gave a perfunctory reply, "I'll keep an eye out."

I won't randomly get myself involved in matters related to evil spirits. Of course, if it's necessary, then I will report it to the officials... he silently added a few words inwardly.

Kalat nodded and said, "Take a look first and see if there's anything you want."

Klein walked over and was just about to inquire as he made his selection when he suddenly sensed something and subconsciously looked towards the right side of the item pile.

There was a short sword made of thin bones. It was slightly longer than a forearm and had a milky white body. There were a few dark red deep stripes on it.

It can trigger my spiritual perception… Klein stretched out his right hand in an attempt to pick up the sharp bone sword, that was placed right at the front, to carefully examine it.

The moment his fingers touched the bone sword, cries of despair and pain suddenly echoed in his mind. A thick stench of blood faintly appeared at the tip of his nose, and he seemed to see many distorted and rotten illusory figures that were covered in mucus.

Klein's forehead ached, as though he had been pierced by a needle, and he subconsciously retracted his finger.

A little sinister… It's not a simple item… Klein, who had experienced things far more intense before, only showed a slight change in expression.

He resisted the urge to activate his Spirit Vision, afraid that he would see something he shouldn't.

Noticing this, Kalat exchanged glances with Edmonton and said with a smile, "This bone sword is capable of draining an enemy's blood. It's not bad. Do you want it?"

A little proactive… Klein frowned, relaxed his brows immediately,

and then he said in a deep voice, “No, there’s nothing I want here.”

If Kalat hadn’t asked, he was even planning on buying the bone sword and researching it above the gray fog. However, the fact that the man promoted it had left him vigilant. Thus, he rationally abandoned his original plans.

Kalat crossed his hands and said, “It’s not expensive at all.

“Or would you like to look at something else?”

“There’s no need.” Klein’s pupils shrank suddenly as he turned and walked straight towards the door.

Danitz hesitated momentarily before hurrying after him.

Edmonton, who had a sea serpent tattoo on his arm, watched silently. He seemed as if he would reach out and stop them at any moment, but in the end, he didn’t do anything.

They were the powerful adventurers who had killed Steel Maveti and Blood Brambles Hendry!

Once out of the room, Klein stomped down the stairs without saying a word. Danitz ran after him, alarmed.

Based on his take of the situation, he didn’t inquire about the situation and only followed.

The two quickly returned to the square, and the crowd which

had gathered once again to either kneel or prostrate scattered once more.

But unlike before, there was a man who had still remained kneeling on the ground, motionless.

Klein didn't even glance at him as he walked past without stopping.

However, Danitz had taken a subconscious look, only to discover that the man's face was as dry as a weathered rock.

Pa!

A piece of flesh from the man's cheek fell to the ground; it was a piece of grayish skin with facial hair attached to it.

He seemed to have lost all the moisture in his body.

Danitz was startled and didn't dare to look again, feeling that things had become strange and dangerous at some point.

The two of them passed through the alleys, left the city, and boarded a rental carriage.

The carriage driver was obviously a native, around forty years old, and his laughter was very pleasing.

But along the way, he didn't say a word. It was so quiet that it made Danitz feel like his heart was beating like a drum.

Klein pursed his lips and remained silent.

The rental carriage quickly arrived at the dock area. In order to change his attire, Danitz got it to stop a distance from Acid Lemon Street.

After getting off the carriage, Klein didn't pay the fare or stop. He immediately took large strides and left, leaving Danitz stunned.

He tossed two soli to the carriage driver and hurriedly chased after Gehrman Sparrow.

After a few steps, he looked back and saw the driver kneeling down with a face full of zeal and devoutness. He leaned over the ground and kissed the ground where Klein had stepped.

Chapter 538: Dispel

What's happening?

Danitz couldn't believe what he was seeing.

This didn't shock him, but it left him inexplicably terrified. It was like jumping into a bucket filled with ice when drunk, feeling a bone-piercing chill permeate his body from the soles of his feet to his head.

What exactly happened? Why did things become so strange? Danitz took a breath, forcing himself to turn his head, and he chased after Gehrman Sparrow.

He found the crazy adventurer walking faster and faster, to the point where he had to run with small paces to keep up.

Crossing the street and through the alley, Danitz suddenly saw a greenish shadow fall from a tree.

Pa! Its body was covered in scales as it twisted its slippery body and had a triangular head. It extended its scarlet forked tongue and was none other than a rather long venomous snake!

Dogshit! Why would there be snakes in this season? Danitz wasn't afraid of such creatures. He had even roasted snake meat before, but it was the abnormality of everything that left him agitated.

Circling around the coiling snake, Danitz subconsciously looked left and right and found that on both sides of the gutter, in the

corners of ruined houses, and on the insides of rusty water pipes, there were pairs of cold, vertical, and different-colored eyes looking out.

Danitz felt a chill run down his spine, as if his scalp had been pierced by a dense array of fine needles.

He didn't dare to stay any longer, nor did he dare to leave. He increased his speed again and followed closely behind Gehrman Sparrow.

Entering the Wind of Azure Inn, he couldn't help but look up as he walked up the wooden stairs, wanting to ask something.

Suddenly, his chest tightened and his breathing stagnated.

At that moment, it was as if he had dived into the bottom of the sea, being pressed down by the heavy torrents of water from every direction.

Whoosh!

Faintly, Danitz heard the rush of the tide and saw a faint, illusory light surround Gehrman Sparrow, as if it were forming an endless, bottomless blue ocean.

Within that ocean, there was an enormous azure-blue figure holding everything up. It resembled a tower.

This... Danitz's right foot stopped in mid-air, unable to lower his foot.

He wasn't unfamiliar with such feelings. Back at the last pirate convention, the King of the Five Seas, Nast, was even more imposing and terrifying than this. Almost all the pirates couldn't lift their heads, and even powerhouses at the admiral rank could only barely resist.

Danitz knew very well that it wasn't a result of Gehrman Sparrow's own powers.

If he was at the level of a demigod, there was no need to include the Mandated Punishers during his hunt of Steel Maveti!

Ocean… Tide… These two terms flashed through Danitz's mind, and he immediately thought of the matter of the Resistance's faith in Sea God Kalvetua.

C-could it be that Gehrman Sparrow suffered the Sea God's curse via an unknown process when he touched the bone sword? The devotee's corpse that lost all its moisture is one of the conditions for the curse's activation? When the carriage driver prostrated and kissed the ground, was it because he sensed the Sea God's aura?

Man… Gehrman Sparrow would probably die here today… Should I stay far away to avoid being implicated? At most—at the very most, I'll come back to collect his corpse…

It might still be possible to save him. I can use the Soulfall Ritual to seek Captain's help. She knows so many different kinds of odd secret techniques. She should be able to resolve this problem… No, Lord. The Soulfall Ritual has a requirement of being within 500 nautical miles. They're still en route, and it will take at least half a day to enter that range…

As he desperately tried to think of something, Danitz stopped

panicking and treaded steadily into the luxurious suite with Gehrman Sparrow.

Klein still remained silent, but his dark brown eyes seemed to have a rich azure-blue color that was nearing the color of black.

He went straight to the bedroom and locked the door behind him.

Danitz stood outside, in a dilemma on whether to flee or save the man.

Inside the bedroom, Klein closed his eyes, waiting for the right opportunity.

Suddenly, he took four steps in a counterclockwise manner, chanting a statement with each step.

A wave of manic or high-pitched ravings rapidly rang in his ears as his Spirit Body shot up into the gray fog.

Without a sound, he heard an indescribable, shrill, and painful howl.

Klein appeared within the ancient palace, at the very end of the long, mottled table.

In the motionless gray fog below, an illusory, gigantic azure-blue sea serpent appeared.

It was located in an ancient dark ruin, coiled around a half-

collapsed pillar. Its hideous head was raised, and its bloody mouth was wide open, revealing many curved fangs that were even longer than a human's forearm.

On its milky-white fangs, there were layers upon layers of flowing blood and mucus.

This sea serpent madly swung its tail, setting off terrifying waves and ridiculous ripples, causing the entire ruins to sway, as if it was about to collapse.

The scene rapidly shattered and dimmed. Regardless of how the unimaginably large sea serpent struggled, it was unable to turn the situation around. All it could do was let out a long, painful scream in agony as it was reduced to points of light before disappearing into the gray fog.

Klein sat in the high-back chair belonging to The Fool as he quietly watched everything. He didn't make any superfluous actions for a long time.

The gray fog silently spread out, and the scene seemed to return to its eternally unchanging state.

After nearly a minute, Klein leaned back in his chair, sighed, and said the serpent's name, "Sea God Kalvetua..."

After coming into contact with the bone sword, he had already felt the abnormality. And during his conversation with Baldy Kalat, he had keenly discovered that a tiny, weak but extremely cold and sinister energy had invaded his body at some point in time and was slowly corrupting his soul.

Klein made a prompt decision and turned around to leave. He then sensed that there was a connection between the sinister power and his surroundings. It gradually strengthened and slowly connected to an unknown place.

So, as he diverted attention to resist the corruption, he also controlled himself so as to not interact with his surroundings.

Klein believed that as long as he responded to the abnormality on his journey back, it would only serve to intensify the corruption, to the point of making irreversible.

At first, he wanted to find a nearby washroom and use the gray fog's shielding and isolation to remove the cold and sinister power, but after repeated considerations, he decided to leave the area. This was because there were many followers of the Sea God around, and it was extremely likely for an accident to happen.

During this process, Klein grasped another point, which was that if he dispelled it ahead of time, the power projected by Sea God Kalvetua would leave remnants in his flesh and blood. The consequences and effects would be unknown.

He had no choice but to patiently wait for the opportunity to 'purify' himself by waiting for the cold and sinister energy to thoroughly permeate his spirit.

Reflecting on everything that had happened, Klein lightly rapped the edge of the table and muttered to himself, "It's not that strong..."

The Sea God's level was much lower than he had imagined!

His original plan was to use the method that had finished off Amon's avatar to deal with the Sea God Kalvetua's projection which was trying to take over his body. However, even before he had even fused with the Black Emperor card or threw his paper angel, Kalvetua ended up being dispelled by the gray fog directly, without leaving a single trace.

On this basis, Klein concluded that Sea God Kalvetua's level was inferior to Blasphemer Amon—even though it was possible that the latter was more adept at intrusion, but it had only been an avatar.

Was it thrown off its pedestal by the Lord of Storms, or is it not even at the level of an angel. It's just a slightly stronger demigod that can respond to the prayers of its believers within a certain range? Klein recalled and found that Sea God Kalvetua was in an abnormal state.

The foundational existence of this evil spirit is rather weak, as though it can collapse at any moment…

Moreover, it felt like it had fused with the spirit world in the ruins it was in. And it's precisely as a result of this that it was able to escape the encirclement of the Church of Storms?

Klein leaned back in his chair and made a guess.

What happened today is definitely not a coincidence. It stems from Archaeologist Leticia's act of taking away some important artifact in the forgotten temple. It caused Sea God Kalvetua's condition to instantly deteriorate when it was already barely surviving. It made it impossible for it to hold on to its existence…

As it got its believers to track the item, it also prepared to possess another body for its survival. That bone sword should've

originated from its demigod body, and it hides a bit of the power it projects. As long as the target is suitable, it will infiltrate the body of the person who touches it, corrupting the soul, and establishing the coordinates. It will then allow its spirit to be transferred over before it dissipates…

But clearly, it's not adept in such matters. Yes, it's not the Snake of Mercury. It's unable to create a closed-loop on itself for reincarnation. It's also not like Blasphemer Amon, who can be a parasite inside a person's soul. To really possess my body, it will directly cause its body to crumble and create a terrifying monster.

According to this logical development, the dying Kalvetua will likely engage in many crazy actions in the near future… Klein frowned. He didn't hesitate as he plummeted into the fog and returned to the real world.

He unlocked the door, opened it, and entered the living room, startling the pacing Danitz.

Danitz looked him up and down a few times and asked cautiously and warily, "Are… you alright?"

Klein maintained Gehrman Sparrow's persona and calmly replied, "It's settled."

Settled? Danitz looked around before glancing at the bedroom, wondering if he had been hallucinating, that there wasn't any Sea God curse.

What did he do in the bedroom? He was lifted from the curse of the Sea God in just a minute or two? Man, this guy has a huge secret… Danitz took two steps back and made way.

...

Beside a table covered with a significant number of miscellaneous items, the wheelchair-bound baldy, Kalat, wore a look of regret as he said to the tattooed man, “What a pity.”

“Just a little more... He didn’t pick it up, just touched it.” Edmonton sighed as well.

Kalat looked at the slightly bent bone sword and fervently said to himself, “When an outsider picks up that holy sword, God will walk the land again...”

Edmonton fell to his knees as well, as though confessing to a deity.

As time passed, both Kalat and Edmonton suddenly heard two miserable shrieks.

They looked up and saw that two of their companions had collapsed. Their skin was like a weathered rock, having lost all the moisture in their bodies.

Kalat and Edmonton glanced at each other and felt a peculiar atmosphere.

Both of them stood up at the same time and looked at the table.

That milky-white holy sword cracked loudly, splintering into countless small pieces.

Chapter 539: Late-night Operations

“When an outsider picks up that holy sword, God will walk the land again.

“But what happens if the holy sword shatters?”

These two sentences echoed in the minds of Kalat and Edmonton; the matter was completely in the gaps of their knowledge.

For a few seconds, they stared at the shattered holy sword, their expressions dull while they remained speechless.

They couldn’t believe that the holy sword, which had only been touched by an outsider in the evening, had suddenly shattered!

What does this mean? What does it represent? The two of them didn’t dare to think too deeply about it. They felt as if they had returned to the very beginning. Back then, one of the secret bases of the Resistance had been discovered by the Loen military. They were raided without any warning, and this resulted in their fathers being killed in that massacre. Their female relatives were abducted and sold to different places. Before receiving the grievous news, the feelings Kalat and Edmonton felt that day mirrored what they felt today. They felt heavy, confused, expectant, and unease, all of them mixing to form an intense pressure.

“Return to the forest, find the High Priest, and figure out the reason. Perhaps, this is the latest revelation from God…” Kalat turned his wheelchair and said in a deep voice.

Edmonton immediately stood up, saying to his remaining subordinates, “Continue searching for those blasphemers, but do not stay here.

“Also, instruct the believers outside not to hold any rituals or even pray!”

The unexpected change in events made him extra vigilant.

…

Bayam, in the corner of the street where the Cathedral of Waves was located.

Holding a stack of white folded paper, Danitz turned his head to the side, feeling a mix of nervousness, worry, and puzzlement.

“You mean that I’m to post them in different parts of the street and finally post it on the main door of the Cathedral of Waves?”

He was very afraid that the door of the cathedral would suddenly open and a group of fist-brandishing priests and bishops would rush out, immediately attacking them without even asking why he had posted the poster.

Klein maintained his coldness and said, “Yes.”

His original plan was to hand the matter of Sea God Kalvetua over to Mr. Hanged Man, so that he could warn the Church of Storms. However, considering that he still held the secret of Bansy Harbor, and he might even have reported the matter, it would be easy for him to arouse suspicion with another piece of

important information in such a short period of time.

As for the solution, it was very simple. He could post a few posters on the Mandated Punishers' front door so that they could see it as soon as they came out.

There was a small problem with Klein's plan—he couldn't tell which of the shops around the Cathedral of Waves was the cover identity of the Mandated Punishers. All he could do was make Danitz work a little harder and stick the posters everywhere in prominent spots, including, but not limited to, the front door of the Cathedral of Waves.

...I should've run away earlier... Why would I think that this fellow had saved my life? Perhaps I would've been converted into gold pounds if he were any other powerful adventurer... No, who would've imagined that this lunatic would so easily resolve the Sea God's curse. Fleeing might put me in an even worse state... While lamenting inwardly, Danitz unrolled the pile of white paper and casually glanced at the content.

"After Leticia Dolera and company entered and left the Sea God's ruin in Symeem Island, they were pursued by the Resistance. Meanwhile, Kalat and the Resistance were trying to sell a strange bone sword that looked a little bent. Sea God Kalvetua's body is on the brink of collapse with an extremely deranged mental state."

"..."

Danitz froze for two seconds, then he subconsciously glanced at Gehrman Sparrow.

I can understand the first few statements, but why is there a mention of Sea God Kalvetua being on the brink of collapse and in

an extremely deranged mental state... How does Gehrman Sparrow know? Did he discover a problem when he was dealing with the Sea God's curse? And how did he deal with the Sea God's curse? The organization behind him is more powerful than I thought... Could it be that it's similar to the Aurora Order, in which they serve a real deity? The more he thought about it, the more Danitz trembled in fear.

The first time he heard of the Aurora Order had originated from a robbery at sea. Back then, it was the first time he saw his captain's serious expression. After that, he was taught some so-called general knowledge of the mysterious world.

Klein responded to Danitz with an emotionless gaze.

In the poster, he had eliminated any subjective assumptions, and he had only described the matters that could be confirmed with certainty, so as to not interfere with the judgment of the higher-ups in the Church of Storms.

Among them, the content regarding an important item that Leticia and company had taken away was excluded. The lost temple was changed to a broader and more inclusive Sea God ruin. The base was obviously abandoned by Kalat and the others after realizing that something had happened to the Sea God, so it was also left unmentioned.

Danitz suddenly retracted his gaze, afraid to look any further.

Captain said that the more secrets someone has, the more dangerous they are! He thought for a while and worriedly said, "If we stick it on the front door of the cathedral, it will definitely garner immense attention from the Church of Storms.

"Will they discover that I was the one who did it?"

Klein gave a terse answer.

"Yes."

"..."

Danitz forced a smile and said, "Then wouldn't I be in grave danger?"

Klein used his Clown ability to control his expression and calmly replied, "You were already a pirate who has a bounty for your head."

Do you think you can swagger down the main streets of Bayam now? Klein lampooned inwardly.

That's true. No matter what, they will still capture me and claim my bounty... No, there's something wrong with that! Danitz blurted out, "But my bounty will increase!"

Klein looked at him, but he didn't say anything. All he did was grin a little.

For a moment, Danitz thought he heard a rhetorical question.

Isn't this a good thing?

A good thing for a donkey to kick! With a dry chuckle, Danitz took the pile of posters and, taking advantage of the heavy winds and late night, posted them in prominents spot on the street near the Cathedral of Waves.

It really looks like posting a small advertisement… Klein, who had one hand in his pocket, observed from afar and commented inwardly.

He sighed and thought, *It's good to have an assistant. At least, I don't have to do something that tarnishes my reputation… If I were in Tingen or Backlund, if something like that had happened… the scene would be was too beautiful to imagine…*

Danitz finally reached outside the Cathedral of Waves, plastered the poster on the front door, clenched his fist, and pounded on the door.

After finishing all of this, he turned around and ran, as if there were ten Mandated Punishers running after him from behind.

Klein didn't dare to be negligent. He pulled out a paper figurine, shook it off, and burned it to ashes before briskly walking to another street.

After his recent encounters with the Mandated Punishers, he had a deep understanding of their style, and he didn't dare to be the slightest bit careless.

It was only when they were far away from the Cathedral of Waves that they slowed down and regained their normal walking speed.

Danitz had a good constitution; his face wasn't flushed nor was he panting.

He was slightly puzzled and asked, "Why didn't you just write to the police or throw it in the governor-general's office?"

Before Klein could reply, he had already realized why.

That's right. The lower-ranking police and the staff of the governor-general's office are locals. They might very well pity the Resistance or might be clandestine believers of Sea God.

As they were talking, they turned a corner and saw an extremely large red building in front of them. The inside was brightly lit and music could be heard from within. People and carriages streamed in and out the door. It didn't exude any vibes that it was late at night.

"Ha, we actually ended up walking here." After a second of hesitation, a smile appeared on Danitz's face, a smile that all men understood.

Red Theater? Klein, who was rich in theoretical knowledge, suddenly came to a realization.

Danitz laughed mischievously.

"This is one of the most famous places in the entire Sonia Sea. There are mysterious and flirtatious Balam girls, passionate Feynapotter girls, open and alluring Intis maidens, tall and graceful Feysac ladies, conservative and quiet Loen women, gentle and docile natives..."

This fellow knows a lot... He comes often? Klein swept a glance at Blazing and said nothing.

For some reason, Danitz felt as though he had been seen through, and he immediately laughed awkwardly.

“This is what pirates talk about when bragging. I’ve only been here a few times.

“I didn’t have much money in the past. I could only find some average ones, and it’s mainly in the area of the Fog Sea. Afterward, I joined the Golden Dream…”

No wonder… Although Vice Admiral Iceberg’s men receive quite good employment perks and often get to share in the treasure, it’s still quite difficult to save up a few houses in Bayam… Compared to the typical pirate, this guy at least knows temperance and saves his money… Klein thought in enlightenment.

Danitz didn’t wish to continue on the topic as he changed the topic.

“There are a lot of street girls in Bayam, especially there.”

He pointed into the distance and said, “There was once a pirate who did an experiment. He randomly knocked on a family’s door, produced some money, and requested to do it with the mistress once. In the end, three to four families out of the ten agreed. Tsk, if it’s someone like you, who has the standard Loen look, almost no one will refuse you. They might secretly hide their daughters to prevent you from discovering her. Heh heh, Loen’s Navy would commit many murders and rapes here every year; they aren’t any better than the pirates, but they would only be sent back to the country, and pay some small fines.”

Klein listened quietly, and he suddenly thought back to the evening when the believers of the Sea God were praying around the pool. He thought back to their feverish and numb faces.

…

Backlund, within the Odora family's villa.

Emlyn White, who had taken the initiative to expose certain problems about himself, nervously followed Cosmi underground. He once again arrived in the gray stone hall where the black iron coffin was kept.

"Esteemed Lord Nibbs, why have you summoned me?" Although Emlyn had rehearsed this scene in his mind dozens of times, he still couldn't completely remove the tension and apprehension in his heart.

In this state, he suddenly understood a problem. From the viewpoint of theater studies, the role he was acting as should hide his worries and fears.

There's no need for any special concealment... I did well! Emlyn was suddenly much calmer.

A deep, aged voice sounded from the coffin that was covered with symbols and magic labels.

"To reward you.

"For the Ancestor, you risked your life to pray to The Fool. Although you didn't receive a response, you bore an enormous risk. This is an act that needs to be rewarded.

"Here is an acceptance draft for 7,000 pounds, a reward for you. I didn't give it to you in a timely fashion due to the Great Smog of Backlund, but it's never too late.

“At the same time, you must always be aware of yourself and not relax. If anything abnormal happens, immediately inform Cosmi.”

He really gave me money… Emlyn almost forgot to close his mouth.

Chapter 540: Suppression

Even when Emlyn White left the Odora family's underground region, he still found things surreal. He couldn't believe that he could so easily be rewarded with 7,000 pounds.

The acceptance draft was light and weightless in his hand, but he felt the absurdity of reality.

The Hanged Man's method was really effective... Instead of exposing me and punishing me, Lord Nibbs gave me a generous reward. And this was done solely to feign ignorance while encouraging me to make attempts so that he can observe in secret... Are the thoughts of the Sanguine that complicated as well... Emlyn sighed, his mind feeling adrift.

Quickly, he stopped his thoughts from wandering and turned his attention back to the reward of 7,000 pounds.

With this, I can buy that baron's remains from The Hanged Man and concoct it into a potion...

I'll soon become a baron—Sanguine Baron, Lord Emlyn White!

Emlyn's eyes lit up as his footsteps turned significantly brisk.

Within the Sanguine, if one wasn't bestowed the corresponding ritual by the elders, they would remain stuck at the same level they were at during birth. It was almost impossible to rely on time to advance.

Unless one was extremely lucky, having an ancestor of the family that was nearing the end of their lifespan such that they had no choice but to bestow their powers to a descendant through a ritual, most of Emlyn's Sanguine peers would remain stuck in the concept of "adulthood." There might not be any chance of them obtaining an "aristocratic title" for decades.

Emlyn's father and mother had lived for years, but they had yet to become barons up this very day. They couldn't even see any hope of becoming one!

As Emlyn walked out the door, he couldn't help but glance at the nearby Cosmi Odora.

This elderly Sanguine who has been active in the Roselle era has only been a baron up to this day... And I am about to reach this rank as well! One day, I will become a Sanguine Marquis like Lord Nibbs! No, a duke, or even a prince! Only by doing so will I be able to shoulder the responsibility of being the Sanguine's messiah... Yes, the baron's remains is only about four thousand pounds; I'll have a lot of money left. I can even buy a few more dolls and give them some new clothes... Emlyn unconsciously straightened his back and began to walk more and more proudly.

...

In the Berg household in the City of Silver.

Derrick lit some candles and prepared for the sacrificial ritual.

The lightning frequency alternated several times before he finally found an opportunity.

He was very sure that the Chief wasn't be able to keep an eye on him at this moment, because he had left the City of Silver with the little boy, Jack, who had recovered somewhat, and a group of explorers, in search for the so-called route that led from the coast to the destroyed city.

It didn't take long for Derrick to set up everything and say Mr. Fool's honorific name in a reverent, low voice.

He very skillfully and methodically sacrificed the Spirit Eater's stomach pouch needed by Miss Magician, and the Beyonder ingredients designated by Mr. Hanged Man, to the ruler above the gray fog.

There were many cracks on the City of Silver's solid city walls, but they were filled to the brim with black hard soil. Strands of dense weeds grew on them, swaying in the wind like human hair.

All of a sudden, all of them stood up as if they wanted to capture something, but they turned limp without any strength left in them.

...

Early morning, at the Cathedral of Waves.

Alger Wilson, who had come to collect the bounty, heard an important piece of news from the diocese bishop, Chogo.

Leticia Dolera of the Moses Ascetic Order had disguised herself as an archaeologist and entered the depths of the jungle on Symeem Island. It was unknown what she did that inflicted

grievous injuries to Sea God Kalvetua, who had been in hiding for years, pushing it to the verge of collapse. As a result, it was frantically searching for an opportunity to survive.

Rumor has it that this evil spirit which calls itself "Sea God" had been discovered by two powerful cardinals of the military a long time ago. After it was defeated by them through the use of a Sealed Artifact, it could only barely escape and hide... This situation has persisted for more than a hundred years. Without any intrinsic changes, why would it suddenly collapse and be unable to maintain its existence? Alger frowned slightly, wondering what the difference was.

A situation deliberately created by the Moses Ascetic Order?

But why didn't they do so in the past hundred years?

To complement one of their other plans?

Between speculation and doubt, Alger suddenly became aware of an important factor.

The biggest and most fundamental difference between the last hundred years and now was that The World had come to Bayam!

Mr. Fool's Blessed had come to the Rorsted Archipelago!

Does his appearance anywhere indicate that something big is about to happen or is brewing? Previously, it was the Great Smog of Backlund, and there was the abnormality in Bansy Harbor. Now, there's the dying struggle of Sea God Kalvetua and the unknown plot of the Moses Ascetic Order... No, to be precise, wherever a major problem is brewing or about to happen, Mr.

Fool's Blessed will be there! They accept Mr. Fool's arrangements and pursue the activities of those secret organizations, the evil gods, and angels! As soon as his train of thought changed, Alger was suddenly enlightened, feeling as though he had grasped the truth.

It's not that things happen wherever The World is, but that The World and the other Blessed will appear when something is about to happen!

What good does this bring to Mr. Fool? Is it a plot solely to destroy the enemy's schemes, or does it help "Him" lift his seal and release more power? Alger held back his doubts and decided to seize the opportunity to submit some intel from before.

He clenched his right hand into a fist and pressed it against his left breast. He said with a look of hesitation, "Your Excellency, while pursuing the remnant forces of Steel, I heard a piece of intel."

"What is it?" Chogo had originally planned to send this bishop-ranked captain out into the sea to search for traces of the Resistance, but he was forcibly interrupted by him. For a moment, he felt irritated.

Alger "recalled" and said, "Someone mentioned Bansy Harbor in a conversation. They mentioned that an abnormality had happened there, but the descendants of the Medici family were well hidden and didn't end up being discovered."

Bansy Harbor, abnormality... Chogo took a step forward and pressed, "What else did they say?"

"Other than mentioning that there was a fallen bishop of the Church, nothing else. Your Excellency, is the Medici family a

dark family of the Fourth Epoch?" Alger asked deliberately.

Chogo's expression sank.

"That's not something you should know.

"I'll report it to His Eminence Kottman at once."

Kottman was a Church of Storms Cardinal, the Archbishop of Rorsted Sea, a high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers, and the true ruler of the Beyonder world in the archipelago, Jahn Kottman.

Chogo thought for a moment before asking, "Who was the person who mentioned this? What does he look like?"

Alger was long prepared.

"I don't know them, and they never showed up again.

"I remember that the person mentioning Bansy Harbor and the Medici family was an ordinary-looking, young man with a thin face, a broad forehead, black eyes, and black hair. He wore a monocle.

"He seemed to notice that I was eavesdropping but he didn't show any anger. Instead, he smiled at me."

Alger had been describing Blasphemer Amon!

He wanted the cardinals to believe that the exposure of the secret regarding the Medici family and Bansy Harbor was the result of a struggle between the Kings of Angels.

This is really a suitable person to use as a reason... "He" wouldn't appear to defend himself, and even if "He" did, no one would believe it... And clearly, any divination regarding him would have zero results... If Beyonder means are used to confirm my information source, there will be strong signs of interference from Mr. Fool, and they won't be able to get an accurate answer. From the looks of it, this is equivalent to what Amon did... Alger thought with considerable relief.

Chogo nodded lightly.

"Find these people and trace the whereabouts of the Resistance."

"Yes, Your Excellency!" Alger answered with a look of piety and struck his right fist on his left breast.

...

Dark clouds covered the sky as the rain fell down in torrents, creating white fog in the process.

In the port of Bayam, the blue water rose slowly but firmly, and the freighters and liners rocked like leaves fluttering in midair.

The rain continued to fall, and the sea level gradually approached the dyke. The city was flooded with water in many places, and the environment was greatly suppressed.

One by one, the fanatical and numb locals, in their Taraba shirts and tattered jackets, came to the edge of the cliff or the dyke before jumping into the sea.

Their flesh and skin rapidly lost moisture as they fell, and they were already desiccated corpses by the time they fell into the sea.

A group of people were rioting as they hugged a Navy sailor who was walking out of a base. They angrily bit him to death with their teeth, reducing him to a mangled, bloody mess and caused chaos on the streets.

Whoosh!

Boom!

The dyke collapsed, and the rising seawater poured into Bayam City.

When Klein jolted awake, his mind was filled with the scene from his dream.

For a Seer, this was a very clear revelation!

Sea God Kalvetua has failed to find a way to survive and has completely given up, resulting in it going completely mad. It wanted to create a storm, stir up a tsunami, and drown the Rorsted Archipelago so that countless can join it in death? At the same time, its devotees are starting to do extreme acts... I've already informed the Church of Storms. They'll likely be able to stop it... No, even if I didn't inform them. They'll definitely be able to sense a problem with the appearance of such a situation. They

would then make the necessary response... Klein rolled to his feet, wore his clothes, and walked out of his bedroom.

He saw Blazing Danitz standing by the window, looking out.

He saw the clouds hanging low as rain poured down, as though it was endless.

A sign has appeared? Klein walked over to Danitz, who was also looking out at the repressive weather. He could faintly hear the abnormal sound of the tide.

In the midst of silence, the sound of explosive thunder suddenly rang out in the air. The leaden-colored clouds quickly split apart, and the falling rain lost its source. In the direction of the docks, everything returned to normal.

The morning sun shone down from high up in the sky, bathing Bayam in holy light.

Danitz hissed and said to himself, "Jahn Kottman changed the weather..."

Jahn Kottman... The Church of Storms Cardinal and high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers? He suppressed Kalvetua's powers? Klein retracted his gaze while in thought.

Danitz heaved a sigh of relief.

"I was rather worried just now. Heh heh, afraid that the Sea God whose on the brink of a breakdown would create a disaster.

“But there’s Jahn Kottman.”

Seeing that Gehrman Sparrow was silent, he continued adding, “At sea, even the King of the Five Seas and Queen Mystic won’t be his equal.

“Captain said he’s a Sequence 3 demigod. The potion’s name is…

“It’s… Sea King!”

Chapter 541: Visitor

Sea King... Upon hearing the name to Jahn Kottman's Sequence, the first thing Klein thought of was the complete honorific name of the Lord of Storms: "The King of the Skies, the Emperor of the Seas, the Lord of Calamity, the God of Storms!"

Sequence 3 is Sea King... Sequence 0 contains the elements of Sea Emperor, so it does match well... I wonder what Sequence 0 of the Storm pathway is called... Klein looked out the window again and saw that, although the weather was still gloomy, the morning sun was up. The sound of the tide had retreated, and the rain had stopped.

He pulled back his thoughts and analyzed the situation from the information that Danitz had revealed.

The potion name is Sea King, which means that the corresponding Sequence 3 demigods, Saints, have to act as a Sea King. And all acting has one premise, which is that one possesses all the powers needed...

As a Sea King, he would definitely be a powerful ruler of the seas that he controls even if there's a distance limitation. He would be able to walk freely on the seabed, cause tsunamis as he wishes, raise the sea level, and control marine life... Fighting in their "home ground," they're absolutely capable of suppressing all demigods of the same level... The King of the Five Seas and Queen Mystic are roughly at this level as well. It's just that there are differences in strength because of the different degrees of digestion and their grasp on their powers?

But no matter what, as long as they're at sea, Sea Kings are nearly unbeatable...

With the abilities displayed by the Sea King, coupled with the oceanic environment, if one hasn't seen the Eternal Blazing Sun, True Creator, and other true gods, it's not incomprehensible that people would worship him, believe in him, and pray to him...

Many of the deities who received primitive worship might be at this level. They might not even be angels...

Yes, "do not look directly at God" refers to a true deity. Previously, Sea God Kalvetua didn't give me such a feeling, nor did Amon's avatar. Of course, I can't be sure if the actual body of a King of Angels has some kind of attribute that also doesn't allow one to look directly at them...

One is a Sea God who's on the verge of collapse and at most, a Sequence 3, while the other is a Sea King who is in good condition and is able to use Sealed Artifacts at any time. The outcome is obvious. Jahn Kottman would definitely be able to suppress Kalvetua's madness to prevent the sea from drowning Bayam. He would prevent the entire Blue Mountain Island and its many cities from turning into a lost sea ruin...

Just wait a few more days. Kalvetua's madness will completely dissipate which will end up resolving the matter. This is the simplest and most effective way to deal with the situation, and it wouldn't bring about any panic at all. Most people here wouldn't even detect anything amiss.

However, there are also some problems. Firstly, there shouldn't be any other accidents. It's a mystery what that archaeologist, Leticia, did in Symeem Island. She had single-handedly orchestrated the death of the Sea God. Perhaps the forces backing her—either the Moses Ascetic Order or the Element Dawn—might take the opportunity to seek something. This is the greatest dormant danger. Yes, there should also be a High-Sequence Beyonder in the governor-general's office and the military. This is a colony base the kingdom has in the Central Sonia Sea... Things

won't turn out to be too bad...

Then, there are the fanatical believers who will most likely become sacrifices as Kalvetua becomes madder and closer to its death. They are like stalks during the harvest, falling down in bunches.

However, for the Church of Storms, this isn't too bad of a development. The most pious of the heretics would die with their deity, which would save them the trouble of screening and handling them. If they aren't too pious, they wouldn't be affected too much, and it's possible to reform them... The only drawback is that the Rorsted Archipelago would be lacking in manpower for a long period of time. Although such a problem is troublesome, as long as they grit their teeth, things can be resolved. Thus, the Church of Storms, Sea King Jahn Kottman is more likely to sit back and do nothing... Phew, I wonder how many people will die in the native enclaves and slums because of this... Klein's thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a uniform set of footsteps and a roar high in the sky.

Instinctively, he looked up and saw airships painted in dark-blue, with several cannon muzzles and machine guns sticking out, fly past him as they headed in different directions.

On the main street, soldiers in red coats, white pants, and black leather boots were lined up in neat rows. They were carrying rifles and dragging cannons as contingents of them moved past.

The tense and solemn atmosphere suddenly spread.

This is a colony... Klein inexplicably felt mixed feelings as he sighed to himself.

"I wonder how long it will take the Church to get rid of that sea serpent and find the place where it's hidden. That place is

definitely a treasure trove with countless precious items…" Danitz, whose main job was a treasure hunter, suddenly spoke, appearing both expectant and full of regret.

His attitude had changed extremely quickly. He had already reduced the Sea God to a sea serpent, using "it" as a pronoun.

The Church won't do anything other than keeping the matter suppressed. They'll see Kalvetua perish just from waiting for a few days… Of course, members of the Church of Storms might not have that kind of patience, especially when I've heard that Jahn Kottman's main job is being a high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers. It's just that with the archipelago isolated overseas, he also works part-time as a cardinal to unify his authority. Perhaps his style of doing things is more like that of a Mandated Punisher… The place where Kalvetua is hiding? That ruin is almost integrated into the spirit world. Finding it wouldn't be so easy; otherwise, it wouldn't have led such an abject existence until today… At this thought, Klein suddenly had an idea.

Finding the ruin where Kalvetua is hiding would be very difficult to find from the real world. Since it has already perished, it's not something that can be found in a year or so, unless more accurate information is obtained.

But if the search was done from the spirit world?

The spirit world would make it even harder to pinpoint its location, but it doesn't completely lack options. Snake of Mercury Will Auceptin had once done so with the help of his folded crane… I still have no idea how to do that exactly, but that's not important. I can ask Mr. Azik. Death's domain controls part of the authority of the spirit world… The Underworld, or should I say "Hell," was created by Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace in the spirit world… A thought flashed through Klein's mind. He took out the ancient and exquisite copper whistle, put it to his mouth, and blew into it.

He believed that even if he returned to the bedroom or entered the washroom, the messenger's massive body would be discovered by Danitz, who similarly had a nontrivial spiritual perception, so he didn't avoid him.

Danitz was imagining the treasures of Sea God Kalvetua when he suddenly felt a chill at his neck.

He felt something inwardly, and he quickly activated his Spirit Vision before looking to the side. There, he saw white bones spewing out from the floor and flying upwards, forming a giant skeleton with an illusory head that pierced through the ceiling.

The skeleton slightly lowered its head; its two pitch-black flames at its eyes were visible even through the ceiling.

The oppressive feeling brought by its massive body made Danitz jump to the side. His body was half-bent, and he conjured a scarlet flame in the palm of his right hand.

What kind of monster is this? Danitz looked at Gehrman Sparrow in surprise, only to see him holding a copper whistle and lifting his head as he looked at the skeletal monster.

Klein looked up at the huge messenger as the huge messenger looked down at him. Both parties seemed frozen in place.

...Tsk, I was too anxious. I summoned the messenger before I even wrote the letter... Should I make it stay here or let it return first and let it come back later? I'm Gehrman Sparrow now, yes—Gehrman Sparrow! Klein didn't say anything. He indifferently withdrew his gaze, took his time to find a pen and paper, and he began to write the letter.

He gave a general description of the matter regarding Sea God Kalvetua, but he concealed the fact that he had nearly been possessed and how he had to borrow the gray fog to dissipate the curse. He mixed in information about Kalvetua's ruins, where it hid, when describing the dream he just had.

"...Perhaps, a solution can be produced using the spirit world, but I lack the corresponding knowledge and hope to receive your guidance."

Klein folded the paper and turned to see that the messenger's hand had clenched at some point in time.

He pretended not to notice anything and threw the letter up.

The messenger paused for a second, then it opened its hand and caught the letter.

Its body suddenly disintegrated, and its bones crumbled down, drilling into the floor.

"What... What was that?" Danitz finally uttered a sound.

Klein glanced at him and replied calmly, "Messenger."

Messenger? Danitz was stunned for a moment before understanding what he meant.

Such a huge and terrifying monster is actually a messenger used for delivering letters? Indeed, there's a powerful secret organization behind Gehrman Sparrow! I-if I had such a messenger, everyone on the ship would envy me. It would be

really, really cool! Danitz thought of how he would brag and flaunt his messenger when he returned to the ship.

Putting away Azik's copper whistle, Klein got a chair and sat down, prepared to eat breakfast in a while.

After a while, he heard knocking at the door.

Danitz warily went over, and with the help of the peephole, he noticed that the person at the door was a middle-aged man with a boat-shaped hat.

"Elland? How did you find this place?" Danitz asked as he opened the door.

The visitor was the captain of the White Agate, Just Elland.

With wrinkles at the corner of his eyes, Elland looked into the room and chuckled.

"When you were checking into this hotel, you used Gehrman Sparrow's name for the registration. It's easy with a look."

That's because this identity is quite proper and innocent. Besides, in the eyes of the Church of Storms, I belong to the military... Klein slowly stood up and said to Elland, "What happened?"

Elland pointed outside and said, "Bayam met with an accident, but it's not a big problem. The military has joined forces with the Church, and they're currently conducting a search and arrest operation throughout the city. They're searching for a few powerful Beyonders who are archaeologists in name.

“In order to find the target as soon as possible, the military has used all their resources, but it’s still not enough for such a large city. Heh heh, they believe that although you’re of unknown origin, you’re very friendly to us. They hope you can help with the search and prevent any accidents from happening. The corresponding remuneration will be available after the matter.”

This is all thanks to you for exaggerating my degree of friendliness… That is to say, after the Church of the Goddess and the Church of Steam and Machinery, I can once again receive money from the military? For a moment, Klein felt mixed feelings.

Seeing that he didn’t answer immediately, Elland added, “Although there won’t be any major problems, the earlier we find the target, the earlier we can control the corresponding disaster.

“And perhaps that might save a few more people.”

Klein fell silent for a moment before gently nodding.

“Okay.”

Chapter 542: Bayam Under Curfew

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow put on his coat and hat and pick up his cane, Danitz recalled that he had apparently been forgotten.

He coughed once, and under the gaze of two pairs of eyes, he said, "D-do I need to follow?"

It's best not to... Who knows what would happen! Before this, we had only stopped at Bansy Harbor, but we ended up encountering a rather strange situation. Last night, I brought Gehrman Sparrow to visit the Resistance's liaison and ended up being involved with the Sea God's curse. Today, if I were to follow this madman to search for Leticia and the other archaeologists, then who knows what would happen? Danitz looked down and glanced down at his left arm which was still tied with a splint. In a matter of days, he felt that he had encountered more events than he had in months or even half a year.

"You can stay here, but someone will be here for the sweep later." Elland laughed.

Someone will sweep this area? And then the great pirate Blazing would be caught and turned into gold pounds? Danitz frowned and laughed dryly.

"Aside from the reward, there aren't many opportunities to earn money from the military. I'm very willing to give it a try.

"The only problem is that you'll have to wait a few minutes. I'll don a disguise, Mr. Captain. I don't want to put you on the spot by causing unnecessary misunderstandings."

If I don't disguise myself, for a great pirate like myself to engage in operations with the military and the church, it will only result in me being captured immediately... Danitz imagined himself being pressed down, having a knee crushing his back, struggling like a catfish.

After thinking for a few seconds, Elland took out an iron-black mask from his inside pocket and tossed it over.

"Just put it on. I will explain the rest."

Yes, there's no need to waste time on useless disguises... Klein evaluated inwardly.

Without a word, he turned the handle and walked out of the room.

Elland followed close behind, and Danitz hurried to catch up with them as he grabbed his coat and put on the iron mask.

When they reached the street where there was a lot of flooding but no pedestrians on the streets, Klein pressed down on his hat and asked, "How do we start?"

Elland laughed.

"In regions.

"My Beyonder job has some special characteristics. As long as I see the person in the flesh, in a photo, or a sketch, then I'll be able to firmly remember the target's appearance and obtain an additional sense on an extraordinary level. Yes, I can also detect

any abnormalities and grasp indistinct traces. When put together, it allows me to do investigative sweeps in a rather effective manner."

Sequence 8 Sheriff of the Arbiter pathway... Klein nodded thoughtfully and asked as they walked, "Do you have their belongings?"

The poster Danitz had posted last night had a portrait of Leticia attached to it. Klein had used ritualistic magic to pray to himself and produce it.

"No." Elland shook his head. "We have yet to learn of their previous whereabouts. The only things that we can confirm is that they didn't return from Symeem Island until around 3 p.m. yesterday. And after 2 p.m., no passenger ships left the docks. And that due to the weather this morning, only entry is permitted."

In other words, Leticia and company haven't left by boat yet... Klein understood what Elland meant.

Danitz suddenly let out a sneer.

"That doesn't mean anything. Maybe they left Bayam yesterday afternoon and went to the other cities on the island."

Blue Mountain Island was the largest island in the Rorsted Archipelago. It was very large in size and had dense forests and rich mineral resources. Therefore, there were many cities on the island, and they were all built around fertile land with astonishing mineral resource reserves.

For this wealth, the Loen Kingdom first bribed the indigenous princes, then forced them to use force, and finally set up the governor-general's office. In a more efficient manner, it opened wide roads leading to cities and completed several important railways—this was in the form of establishing a corresponding railway company to sell shares and raise funds on the Backlund Stock Exchange.

Of course, these large projects were accompanied by the deaths of many local people, sinister construction workplaces, excessive work, almost slave-like treatment, and a fairly modest salary, which allowed bodies to be buried one after another under the roadbed and railroad ties.

To this day, a large number of locals still loathed the railway, believing that it had swallowed a large amount of human life and brought about countless suffering. It was the symbol of an evil god and devil.

Elland turned his head to glance at Danitz and said, "If they leave by land, then there's nothing to worry about."

"Why?" Danitz asked, puzzled.

It's very simple. The roads that lead through the forest are controlled by the Resistance, and the majority of the Resistance are believers of the Sea God. Hence, how would Leticia and the others, who were responsible for Kalvetua's breakdown, dare to pass through these regions at night? If they dared to, then it can only mean one thing; they didn't realize the severity of the consequences of what they had done in the Sea God ruins on Symeem Island. This also negates the conjecture that either the Moses Ascetic Order or Element Dawn has other motives... Klein controlled the urge to shake his head, and he followed Elland into another street.

Without explaining anything, Elland took out a notice and handed it to Gehrman Sparrow.

"The main target is this woman."

I drew this woman... Klein glanced at it before tossing it to Danitz.

At this moment, they heard the intense sound of fighting coming from the side room.

"She has been found?" Danitz asked the question Klein wanted to ask.

"Probably not." Elland shook his head. "According to the orders, the first thing to do when discovering the target is to release red fireworks. Once it appears, everyone will close in on that location. If one encounters other wanted criminals who they cannot handle alone, they are to release orange fireworks. Surrounding teams would rush over to reinforce them. If they're ordinary pirates or criminals, we are to handle them ourselves. Let's wait. Perhaps, it's because the fireworks couldn't be released in time..."

While he was talking, the glass on the third story of the house facing the street shattered with a crack. A bear-like brawny man jumped down. His speed was extremely fast as he ran into the distance like a cheetah.

At this moment, an enormous shadow enveloped him, and gatling sounds came from the sky above.

The brawny man's body was almost torn apart by the machine

gun fire as he fell to the ground without putting up any resistance. Blood flowed out and dyed the ground red. If the residents weren't forbidden to leave their homes, then they would've screamed.

At some point in time, the airship had floated over, but it didn't stop and had turned toward another direction.

"...Goltadt." Danitz recognized the victim.

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow turn his head over, he forced a smile and said, "This is the leader of a pirate crew. He's from Feysac, with a bounty of 950 pounds."

Feysac... So they really are savages... He actually ran on a curfewed street, completely unaware to be on guard of attacks from above... That's right. Some pirates spent the entire night in a drunken stupor. They have no idea that even airships have been dispatched... If he had planned his escape route, then he might've been able to dodge the machine gun fire... Klein looked away and watched the monster in dark-blue paint fly over the roof.

When Danitz saw the pirate's outcome, he was grateful that he had followed Gehrman out.

Seeing that the alert over here had been lifted, Elland didn't linger any longer and led Klein and Danitz to the area that he was in charge of.

After walking quickly for five or six minutes, they saw a barricade at the intersection in front of them. Guns were mounted and cannons were set up. Loen soldiers in red uniforms stood guard over the area in silence.

On the other side of the barricade, twenty to thirty corpses lay scattered on the ground, forming a vanguard formation.

Their clothes were tattered and their faces gaunt, clearly indicating that they were natives.

A little further away, several young native children were hiding in the corner. They were quietly looking at them in fear. Their eyes were dark and their faces were dirty.

Klein and company fell silent for a few seconds before circling around the area.

...

Backlund, Cherwood Borough.

Fors lifted the ceramic cup from the table and felt the heat.

She roused herself and quietly waited for any changes.

The temperature of the hot water dropped rapidly, and a thin layer of ice appeared on the surface of the liquid. White frost appeared on the rim of the cup.

“I’m a Trickmaster now...” Fors closed her eyes in delight.

She didn’t waste any time after receiving the Spirit Eater’s stomach pouch, immediately concocting the potion and completing the advancement. She obtained quite a number of spells with lower potency.

Among them, Fors's favorites were Fog, Wind, Flash, Freezing, Electric Shock, and Tumble, which made people slip.

Only at this point did she feel that she was a complete Beyonder. She was no longer someone who could only pass through walls or rely solely on ritualistic magic.

...

At almost noon, Elland, with the help of Klein and Danitz, had completed most of the investigation.

"Let's eat some bread and drink some water before continuing." He took off his boat-shaped hat and spoke with parched lips.

Klein was about to nod when he saw an orange firework fly into the air not far away.

Without hesitation, Elland put on his hat and ran in that direction.

"I'll go and support them."

"Orange means other wanted criminals that cannot be dealt with... Who could it be?" Danitz said to himself with interest.

He switched to a gait of raising his legs high as he proceeded forward, hoping that the battle would be over before he arrived. Then, he saw Gehrman Sparrow follow behind Just Elland, leaving him alone by himself.

Glancing at the “dark-blue monster” flying in his direction, Danitz let out a hollow laugh and quickened his pace.

Two minutes later, they arrived at their destination and saw a house with a lawn facing the street. Three or four military personnel were lying on the ground. Their faces were pale, and their bodies were trembling as if they had been thrown into a frozen lake.

The more Klein walked in that direction, the colder it felt, it was as if he had arrived in the polar regions.

Soon, he discovered that the ditches outside the house were filled with thick snow.

Just then, a burst of female laughter came from inside the house at varying pitches, alternating between craziness and strangeness.

“Hahaha…

“Gyahaahaahaa…

“Hahaha…

“Gyahaahaahaa…”

Danitz couldn’t help but stop and touch his neck, which was covered in goosebumps, with his right hand.

With a clanging sound, the window opened and a charred body

flew out.

It landed hard on the ground, as if it were caught in an inferno.

With just a glance, Klein was able to recognize through his spiritual intuition that this was one of the three male adventurers who had followed Leticia.

Chapter 543: The Reality That Exceeds Expectations

The target appears to have been found… Klein looked away and made a rough judgment.

As there were no portraits, the dead adventurer's face was burned black, which meant that Elland clearly didn't recognize this as one of their targets. After observing the situation and listening to the creepy laughter for a few seconds, he pointed to the three or four military personnel lying outside the house.

"Drag them back first, then wait for the other teams to arrive before launching our attack.

"Or…"

He hesitated for a moment, then he raised his head to look at the approaching dark-blue airship.

Without another word, and without instructing Klein and Danitz, Elland ran to the unconscious military personnel whose faces were purple.

Tap. Tap. Tap… The closer he got, the weaker his steps became. In the end, his body became stiff and every step he took became extremely difficult.

Elland, who had been the boatswain of the Imperial Navy, was experienced, He decisively stopped moving forward and turned around slowly, walking back one step at a time.

The more he walked, the smoother it became. However, he was still shaking uncontrollably, his eyebrows and temples were covered in a thin layer of frost.

A quick freezing effect that defies common sense… An extreme cold reminiscent of a disaster… With Elland's attempt, Klein was able to grasp the danger level of this area, and he could only sigh inwardly.

Unfortunately, the Sun Brooch isn't able to produce actual heat. It's only a stimulation of one's mind. Although it can make a body generate clear effects, it will only allow a person to withstand this cold for three to four seconds at most…

Looking at Elland's chattering teeth and how he was unable to open his mouth despite wanting to say something, Klein's gaze swept over Danitz.

He threw his cane and said in a low voice, "Fire."

Fire? Danitz was stunned at first, but he quickly understood Gehrman Sparrow.

He had also witnessed the entire process of Elland's failure!

A scarlet fireball that couldn't be considered bright formed on Danitz's right palm, and he threw it towards the flanks of the military personnel.

The fireball traveled for nearly twenty meters and then landed on the ground without creating an explosive sound. Instead, it quietly rose into the air.

The scarlet pillar of fire emitted sizzling sounds as it continuously shrank and quickly dimmed.

Suddenly, it expanded, as if it was in a desperate struggle before it perished.

Klein, wearing a black tweed coat, jumped out and landed right next to the military personnel.

He bent down and reached out with both hands and grabbed the man's clothes.

Then, he pushed his feet against the ground, exerted strength at his waist, and threw the man out.

The military personnel immediately flew into the air, smoothly flying out before landing ten meters away from the area, escaping the region with the coldest chill.

After doing this, Klein snapped his fingers and lit a match in his pocket before the chill seeped into his body.

The scarlet streams of flames gushed out like water, instantly enveloping him.

By the time everything faded, Klein had disappeared from his location.

Flames leaped out, flickering and extinguishing from time to time. With the help of Danitz's fireballs and his own matches, Klein constantly phased around in the extremely cold area, easily throwing out several military personnel.

After two to three attempts, he carried the last member of the military back to his original position.

Elland had clearly recovered as he gave a thumbs up.

“I’m very glad and honored to have made the decision to ask for your help today.”

Captain, I like your tactful praises… Also, remember to raise the remuneration… Klein nodded politely, half turned, and looked at the open windows of the house. He heard the laughter grow stranger.

Danitz pursed his lips to the side and silently cursed Elland.

Did you not see the contribution I made?

Although my fireball has become something akin to a prop for a magic show, it still made actual contributions!

This guy’s nickname is Just Elland, but he’s not just at all!

As he muttered, a shadow loomed over the area, and the airship had arrived in the air opposite them.

“Evacuate the people in the surrounding houses!” an officer shouted from the airship.

After Elland and two other teams cleared several nearby buildings, the airship lowered its altitude and adjusted its cannon muzzles.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The cannons fired continuously, bombarding the house which was still filled with creepy laughter.

Hearing the explosions and seeing the flashes of flames, Klein sighed as he held his cane.

This is the firepower bombardment he advocated. He had once proposed it in Tingen City but was unable to put it into practice. And today, however, the overseas colonists were producing the real scene before him.

Elland and the others stood guard in different positions under the deafening sound of the cannons, so as to prevent the people or perhaps monsters inside from breaking out.

Soon the house collapsed, and smoke rose from the piles of masonry. All the snow and ice was gone.

Suddenly, a thick bolt of lightning flashed, openly striking the airship.

Klein frowned. He saw that the airship was completely still and heard a steam boiler produce a jarring sound.

The dark-blue monster in the sky lost some control. Significant amounts of smoke began to billow out as it began descending to the side.

Seems like they're being shielded by ammunition and being protected by an outer layer of air... I thought it would cause an

explosion, *blasting the airship to pieces*... Klein turned his full attention back to the collapsed house.

When he initially felt the extreme coldness and saw the male adventurer's charred body, he thought he had met another demoness—one who grasped the Witch potion formula. Having dealt with demonesses several times, he knew that Beyonders of this pathway could control ice and black flames from Sequence 7.

But that flash of lightning had made him reject this judgment. He believed that Leticia was indeed a member of the Moses Ascetic Order or Element Dawn, a real woman.

The moment Klein arrived at this conclusion, the pile of bricks and wood were immediately lifted away. The bright red and charred figure crawled out, with its elbows used to prop it up from the ground.

She was a female and Leticia's original appearance could barely be recognised. This made Elland and the others shocked to discover that they had already found their target. However, compared to before, Leticia's current state was both terrifying and miserable.

Her body was covered in black spots. The artillery shells had torn open red holes that lined her body. White fascia that seemed to have a life of its own was squirming inside her body.

The top of her head had split open, and her brain came oozing out, sticking to the surface like the palms of children overlapping each other.

Her gray eyes were out of focus, one of them blazing with fire, the other flashing with lightning.

Two heads that were screaming in pain were embedded at her abdomen below her chest. They were the other two male adventurers.

Not only has she lost control, but she also appears to be corrupted… She was already severely injured from the previous bombardment, and her aura had dropped to an extreme level… Klein didn't take action and instead watched as the Beyonders from the military began to attack.

Psychic Piercing, Whip of Pain, Purifying Bullets, and small-caliber gunfire were launched… With this series of attacks, Rampager Leticia, who only had enough time to crack the ground and spread the crack outwards, completely broke down and became a dismembered corpse.

Pa!

Her torso fell to the ground, and the heads of the two male adventurers rolled out.

Klein's eyes slightly narrowed. He discovered that there was a yellowish-brown book hidden within the flesh and blood of Leticia's abdomen.

On the surface of the book, there was a line of words written in Elven: "Book of Calamity."

Why do these books and notebooks always find themselves in the stomachs of people. It's the same as the Antigonus family's notebook last time… Klein lampooned, then he suspected that the Book of Calamity was the item that the fake archaeologist, Leticia, had taken from the ruins of the Sea God.

At this moment, some military personnel grabbed the two male adventurers' heads who still seemed capable of speaking and hurriedly asked, "What did you do in the ruin of the Sea God?"

"Sea God's Ruins…" One of the male adventurers answered with pain and confusion, "We haven't been there…"

He tried to move his eyes, to check the situation below his neck.

"The Sea God ruin in Symeem Island," the military personnel reminded him.

"No… We didn't…" The male adventurer wanted to shake his head, but he couldn't do so. "We went to an ancient elven ruin… Leticia found a book there… She liked it very much… She quickly began to study it, then s-she went mad! She's crazy!"

As the male adventurer shouted out, whatever was left of his mind completely dissipated.

It's not a lost temple of the Sea God but a ruin of the ancient elves? This is different from what I imagined… Klein was about to listen carefully when Elland came over and politely asked him and Danitz to distance themselves from the interrogation.

Turning into another street, Klein slowed down and thought about the whole thing.

Why would Leticia's act of taking the Book of Calamity out of the ancient elven ruins cause Sea God Kalvetua to be no longer capable of maintaining its existence, slowly bringing it to the point of breakdown? What's the connection between the two?

Elves… Sea God… According to Little Sun, the ancient god, Elf King Soniathrym, wielded the present authorities of the Lord of Storms. That is to say, the elves no doubt possess Sequence 3 Sea King, or an even higher Sequence 2…

Could it be that it was by chance that this sea serpent, Kalvetua, discovered a ruin of the elves at the bottom of the sea, directly devoured the Beyonder characteristics left behind by a certain high elf, and was lucky enough to survive the two possibilities of death and losing control? As such, it succeeded in acquiring the rank of a demigod and gradually gained the faith of the Rorsted Archipelago's natives?

Klein slowly came to a realization, and he had to thank Mr. Hanged Man for this.

Initially, Little Sun didn't reveal the corresponding authorities of the eight ancient gods, but later, under the guidance of The Hanged Man, he explained some things, including the Elf King Soniathrym general situation.

As for devouring Beyonder characteristics or the corresponding ingredients to advance, it wasn't something that didn't happen. Before the potion system was fully constructed, the human ancestors had made similar attempts to obtain Beyonder powers. However, only a very small group of extremely fortunate people had managed to survive to become Beyonders without becoming monsters, lunatics, or dying on the spot, with their flesh and blood falling apart.

Such an attempt had a one in a thousand chance of success, or even a one in ten thousand chance. After the potion system was established, no one was willing to take such a great risk.

If that's the case, then Kalvetua was indeed very lucky back then… Of course, there's also the factor of its strong physique… However,

its intelligence didn't seem to increase much, only being capable of deceiving its believers. It didn't actually find any traces of the elven ruins on Symeem Island, and how it's closely related to the one it's hiding in…

After Leticia and company took the Book of Calamity, that ruin collapsed, causing Kalvetua's hiding spot to experience abnormalities, resulting in the barely surviving Kalvetua to be unable to hold out any longer? This can explain how Leticia and company managed to easily succeed. There aren't any members of the Resistance or the Sea God's followers defending the area. Only when something happened did Kalvetua discover the problem and realized the connection between the two ruins.

With what he just gathered, Klein tried to explain what he had been wondering about the whole time.

This included why the dying Sea God Kalvetua didn't allow its followers to become carriers—it would've reduced most of the accidents and made things easier. With the brutality Kalvetua displayed, it was only right that it made such a choice.

The answer Klein arrived at was that the body Kalvetua wanted to corrupt and possess had to have a certain amount of elven blood, and that was the only way to survive the transfer of Beyonder characteristics up to a certain level.

However, when Klein touched it, due to the gray fog and his uniqueness, it allowed Kalvetua to instantly find a better target.

Chapter 544: Expert

Klein had just sorted out his thoughts when Elland caught up with the two and said with a smile, “We’ve found the target; the investigation is over. I’ll bring you back to the hotel first, and I’ll bring the remuneration in two days. Also, it’s best if you don’t go out today.”

Klein maintained Gehrman Sparrow’s character by only nodding slightly without giving any verbal response.

On the way back to the Wind of Azure Inn, Danitz clearly had some doubts or wistful thoughts on his mind, but due to the presence of Elland, who was part of the military, he could only change the subject and discuss with great interest about which pirates would end up being caught in the city’s thorough sweep today.

To him, they weren’t friends as long as those guys didn’t belong to the Golden Dream. They weren’t worth sympathizing with.

After entering the hotel room and watching Elland leave, he closed the door and said while clicking his tongue, “The Book of Calamity… Ancient elven ruins… This really is an interesting matter, but how did the elves end up like devils? Just by casually taking their book, a casual flip through it had caused that woman to go insane and lose control!”

What kind of image do you have of elves? Living in the mountains and seas, specializing in cooking, creatures who enjoy nature? Heh, according to Little Sun, the eight ancient gods before the Cataclysm were all very tyrannical, very cruel, and very evil. Among them was the Elf King Soniathrym, and the elves who believed in “Him” and viewed “Him” as their king couldn’t have

been any better. One can make a comparison with the members of the Aurora Order… The Beyonder races left behind by the Dark Epoch basically can't be associated with the "good" alignment that normal people have in mind… Klein replied in his mind.

Of course, he didn't rule out the possibility that after the ancient gods' fall, the dragons, giants, elves, Sanguine, and other living creatures would gradually extricate themselves from the negative effects and become more normal. However, this was only limited to the middle and lower levels, and it didn't include the demigod powerhouses. And the high elf that left behind the Book of Calamity was clearly the latter.

With a thought, Klein suddenly realized something.

Danitz understands Elvish!

He recognized the title of the ancient goatskin book as the "Book of Calamity!"

Vice Admiral Iceberg has actually taught her crew to such an extent. Not only does it include ancient Feysac, but she has also taught them Elvish, which can stir up the powers of nature… Perhaps Jotun and ancient Hermes are all part of the curriculum on the Golden Dream… They really are a bunch of pirates with knowledge and dreams. However, Ma'am Captain, aren't you being a little overboard on certain subjects? Danitz is lacking in so many other aspects… That's right. The most important thing for a pirate whose main job is to be a treasure hunter has to be mastering the ancient languages… Klein ignored Danitz's comments and looked out the window.

The sky remained gloomy, as if a heavy rain would fall at any time. It made one involuntarily feel suppressed.

Klein nodded slightly, feeling slightly relaxed as he thought.

Leticia has been found. Being aware of the ancient elven ruin on Symeem Island, the Church of Storms and the kingdom's military will likely use its connection to the place where Kalvetua is hiding, to find the Sea God that is becoming progressively crazier. Or they might use the ruin to speed up its collapse.

That way, apart from the most fervent and pious Sea God believers dying, the rest basically won't suffer any harm…

Klein had originally thought of using the spirit world to locate Sea God Kalvetua's hiding spot after it died before the official Beyonders did. He could then infiltrate it, taking the treasure with him. But even before the plan had begun, the appearance of the Book of Calamity pushed his plan to the verge of failure.

Phew… It's fine. It only existed in my imagination, and it never belonged to me. It's fine if I don't get it… I don't even know what I'll get… Letting this matter get resolved this way is for the best… Klein withdrew his gaze from the weather; his mood calm and relaxed. He just inevitably felt a slight sense of loss.

That day, he and Danitz followed Elland's advice and didn't head out again. They only remained in the inn.

In Bayam City, there would be the sound of gunfire and explosions from time to time. This continued until the sky turned dark.

…

The next morning, Klein got up on time and found that there

were layers of clouds in the sky and the sky remained dark.

This meant that the confrontation between the Church of Storms Cardinal, high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers, Jahn Kottman, and Sea God Kalvetua was still ongoing.

Klein felt pain in his stomach and prepared to head to the washroom with the newspapers.

However, he gave up on that idea when he saw Danitz leisurely reading a newspaper while lying in a reclining chair, munching on a piece of white bread in his mouth.

Reading the newspaper while on a toilet doesn't match Gehrman Sparrow's persona!

Although it would be boring, I mustn't slack off on acting... Sigh, I've once again found a difference in the behavior between my true self and my disguised identity... Klein summed it up in silence and went into the washroom.

He took off his pants and sat down on the toilet, staring almost in a daze at the pale white wall in front of him, as if he could read words from it.

At this moment, his spiritual perception was triggered.

He hurriedly tapped his molars and activated his Spirit Vision.

Two thick, long white bones appeared in front of him. They were the messenger's legs.

The messenger stood there, its head passing through the ceiling, but its black flames in its eye sockets could still be seen.

It lowered its head slightly and looked down at Klein, who was sitting on the toilet.

Klein looked up, stunned for two seconds, his mind filled with a baffling thought.

Should I act like a woman, hurriedly covering my nether regions, or should I just be open and fearless?

Before he could make up his mind, the messenger dropped the letter, disintegrated into a pile of bones, and disappeared into the floor.

It took a moment for Klein to react before he caught Mr. Azik's reply.

This messenger is being more and more impolite! Can't you see that I'm using the toilet? Don't you know to knock on the door or to squeeze it through the crack under the door! Klein cursed in anger and amusement.

After giving it some more thought, he felt that it would be putting the messenger in a tough spot to pass the letter through the crack in the door. The four-meter-tall giant had to lie down in order to reach that position.

Just thinking about it is rather funny... Well, the next time I write a letter, I'll add a paragraph so that Mr. Azik can educate the messenger so that he will be more polite... Klein unfurled the letter and read Azik's reply.

"...According to the knowledge I've recalled, I can provide you with two methods. The first requires certain prerequisites. If a unique item belonging to you or someone else is located where Sea God Kalvetua is, you can use divination to easily locate its position... The other prerequisite is that you can enter the spirit world. I have plenty of methods for this. I'll list the most common three...

"The second method is to use a secret deed ritual and pray to Red Light Aiur Moria. 'He' represents authority and will. At a certain level, 'He' grasps the relevant knowledge of the creatures in the spirit world and the locations in the spirit world..."

So Red Light of the seven pure lights is named Aiur Moria... The principle of a secret deed ritual is to adjust one's state, release one's mind and body, and align oneself with the target of the prayer bit by bit. Finally, an overlapping will occur, allowing one to acquire the corresponding knowledge. And this kind of alignment and overlapping is relative. While acquiring knowledge, my secrets will also be open to the target of the prayer... I can't trust Red Light... I have too many secrets... Klein's first reaction was to rule out the second approach.

As for the first solution, there was also the chance of failure. Klein didn't have any unique items located where Sea God Kalvetua hid itself.

Either I use the help of the Resistance and send something to Kalvetua, or I'll have to find the original owner of an item sacrificed to Sea God from its believer. Furthermore, it has to be unique... Send something to Kalvetua... As he thought, Klein suddenly had an idea.

He braced himself and considered it over and over again, thinking that there was a certain probability of success.

After finishing his deed in the washroom, Klein washed his hands, took four steps counterclockwise, and went above the gray fog. He planned on attempting divination and received a revelation that there was danger, but it was manageable as long as it was handled properly.

With all of this done, he returned to the living room and walked towards the reclining chair.

Danitz immediately sat up and said with a dry laugh, “Is there something…?”

“Do you know the words to the prayer relating to the Sea God?” Klein asked with an unperturbed tone.

Danitz spread out his hands and suddenly hissed.

“Dogshit…” He softly cursed his injured arm and switched to smiling. “Yes. I’ve seen a few members of the Resistance hold rituals. Uh… The details are: ‘Adorer of the sea and spirit world, guardian of the Rorsted Archipelago, ruler of the undersea creatures, master of tsunamis and storms, the great Kalvetua.’ By the way, the two instances that it was effective were recited in Elvish.”

Adorer of the sea and spirit world… Its bearing is very low… It’s not the same as my honorific name… That’s true. I created it by copying it from the seven true gods… Klein nodded gently and said, “Do you know where there are empty warehouses and abandoned houses?”

“Of course! Every great pirate knows a few,” Danitz replied without hesitation.

Klein turned around and walked towards the coat rack.

“Take me there.”

To do what? Although Danitz was puzzled, he didn’t dare ask.

…

In the dock area, in a dirty and dilapidated warehouse.

Danitz watched Gehrman Sparrow take out three candles and several metal bottles. Unable to hold back his curiosity any longer, he asked, “W-what are you planning on doing?”

Klein didn’t look back and replied very calmly, “Sacrifice.”

“To whom?” Danitz pressed with interest.

Klein set up the altar, took out an iron cigar case and calmly said, “Kalvetua.”

His plan was to give something directly to Sea God Kalvetua!

As long as Kalvetua accepted it, he could use divination and other methods to find its hiding place!

As for whether or not Kalvetua would accept it, he had certainly considered it, believing that it was a definite possibility. As Kalvetua was currently on the verge of death, it was in a state of

extreme madness, with little sense of reason. It acted on instinct alone, and it might have a strong desire for the aura of the gray fog.

Therefore, Klein was prepared to sacrifice an iron cigar case that was often placed above the gray fog. He wanted to see if Kalvetua would accept it or not, and if he didn't, he wouldn't suffer any losses. He could then pretend as though nothing had happened.

Sacrifice to Sea God Kalvetua? At that moment, Danitz found his brain lacking. He couldn't comprehend what was on Gehrman Sparrow's mind.

"Are you crazy? How could it accept your sacrifice? Even if it's accepted, what would be the point? It's dying! And it's very dangerous!" Danitz blurted out.

Immediately, he added inwardly, *No, Gehrman Sparrow isn't crazy, because he has always been crazy…*

Klein glanced at him and simply said, "In this domain, I'm an expert."

When it comes to sacrificial rituals, I'm an expert! Klein wasn't modest about this.

Chapter 545: The Enraged Kalvetua

Danitz felt choked, unable to say a word. He quickly stepped aside and watched as Gehrman Sparrow lit the candles, burned some powder, and dripped some extract.

Taking in the smell that pervaded the air, he couldn't help but raise his voice.

"Y-you're using the wrong materials, right?"

He remembered that the Resistance didn't use things like Full Moon Essence Oil, slumber flower, or chamomile when sacrificing to the Sea God.

It's not like you're praying to the Evernight Goddess!

Klein turned his head to look at him, then he returned his gaze to the altar.

"That wouldn't be an issue."

As a professional who often offered and received sacrifices, he was very aware that the burning of extracts, essential oils, and herbal powder mainly had two uses—one was to help the ritual's host to better adjust his spirituality and enter the proper state; and the other was to please the corresponding deity, to please the target of the sacrificial object, and to increase the probability of a response. In this aspect, every deity had certain characteristics and preferences.

This sacrifice, on the other hand, mainly relied on Kalvetua's abnormal state of mind. It had gone completely crazy, and it thirsted for the gray fog's aura. Neither of the two could be missing, and everything else wasn't important.

As long as the aforementioned two conditions were satisfied, pleasing Kalvetua or not didn't affect the ritual. It neither increased the success rate nor would it increase the possibility of failure. It could be completely handled in a perfunctory manner.

If Kalvetua still retains its reason, and even if I were to strictly follow the requirements of its ritual, do you think it would respond to me? Klein silently lampooned and took half a step back, ready to start the most important part of the ritual.

He thought for a moment, then without turning his head, he said directly, "Stay further away."

Me? Instead of getting angry, Danitz was overjoyed. He quickly nodded.

"Alright, okay!"

He rushed to the door of the warehouse, planning to escape the moment something went wrong.

Klein half-closed his eyes, cogitating about the countless spherical lights that overlapped each other, and he quickly entered the proper state.

He chanted softly in Elvish, "Adorer of the sea and spirit world, guardian of the Rorsted Archipelago, ruler of the undersea creatures, master of tsunamis and storms, the great Kalvetua.

“Your devoted servant prays for your attention;

“I pray for you to take this offering.

“I pray for you to open the gates to your Kingdom.”

As he said the awkward sentences one after another, the sound of wind rose within the wall of spirituality, as if it was going to overturn everything.

Klein’s clothes fluttered in the wind as he took out another small metal bottle that he had prepared beforehand. He poured about five milliliters of the remaining Thousand-faced Hunter’s blood into the air.

This was a material filled with spirituality!!

The strong winds sucked the drops of blood, howling as it drilled into the candle flame that symbolized Sea God Kalvetua.

Without a sound, the candle flame burgeoned to form an illusory door. On the surface, there were symbols and magic labels. From the inside, the faint sound of crashing sea waves could be heard.

Suddenly, all signs of movement vanished. There was only the sound of breathing that reverberated through the illusory door, as though there was something hiding behind it; something massive that was suppressing its hunger with great difficulty.

Huff. Huff. Huff…

The sound of the loud, heavy breathing became clearer and clearer, to the point that even despite being situated at the door of the warehouse, Danitz still felt his scalp tingle.

Bang!

The illusory door suddenly opened, and something that visibly resembled a hurricane poured out.

Amidst the sharp wailing sounds, Danitz felt the invisible wall of spirituality shatter. He discovered that he had been thrown into the air like a small boat in a storm. He slammed into the door, producing a dull thud.

He fell outside the warehouse, his back scuffed from several wooden splinters.

The scarlet fireball that he had instinctively condensed in his hand instantly dimmed and was quickly extinguished in the hurricane, like a candle that was about to burn out.

While he was flying in midair, he saw what looked to be a bloody, gaping mouth appear behind the illusory door. It revealed milky-white sharp teeth, which was slightly curved and longer than a human arm, as it madly smashed against the illusory door in a bid to enter the real world. Its beast-like howls first echoed inside the warehouse, causing Danitz to bleed from his ears and nose.

Klein also flew up into the sky as a result of the hurricane, and his line of sight was immediately occupied by a bloody, forked, and massive forked tongue that burst forth with sparking lightning.

His body was scorched black as it stiffened in the air. The forked tongue pierced through his body as it was reduced to ashes.

Klein's figure appeared on the other side. His hat had fallen off, and his clothes were messy. He looked rather wretched.

Fortunately, he knew that a situation would occur, and he knew that there was going to be danger. He had constantly been on high alert, and he didn't let down his guard as he used Paper Figurine Substitutes just in time.

At this moment, Kalvetua, who was situated behind the unperturbed, illusory door, finally realized that its violent blows had no effect and stopped.

It took a deep breath and caused the blue seawater to gush in from all directions. The water then collapsed into a whirlpool that emitted a terrifying suction force. It was so powerful that it could swallow a cargo ship!

The iron cigar case on the altar flew into the vortex.

The tiny cauldron containing some herbal ashes flew up and into the whirlpool.

Many objects within the warehouse, along with the soil, were thrown into the whirlpool.

Klein also flew up as he found it difficult to resist being thrown into the whirlpool!

He tried to snap his fingers to ignite flames and leap out of the

whirlpool's reach, but the suction force and the hurricane spoiled his plans.

His figure suddenly became thinner, turning into a paper figurine.

As the paper figurine fell into the whirlpool, Klein, who had emerged from another position, once again soared into the air, unable to extricate himself from the terrifying suction force!

At this critical moment, he no longer hesitated. He made the black glove he wore on his left palm turn pale as it was tinged with a slightly dark green color.

He activated Creeping Hunger, and he directly used Steel Maveti's soul!

Klein's body suddenly grew heavy as he pushed forward with his left palm.

An ice wall, that wasn't too thick, solidified in front of him, helping him temporarily isolate Sea God's whirlpool.

Taking advantage of this, Klein landed, his feet heavily landing on the ground as he sank deep into the ground.

Kacha!

The ice wall lasted only a second before it was shredded to pieces by the boundless suction force, and the remnants flew into the huge sea serpent's throat.

Relying on the strength of a Zombie, Klein used both of his feet to hold himself in place and no longer flew up again. However, he was still unable to stop himself from sliding towards the illusory door where Kalvetua's gaping mouth was. He drew two deep ravines on the ground in the process.

Outside the warehouse, Danitz wasn't affected by the suction force of the whirlpool. Instead, he tried condensing a fireball to throw to the side, allowing Gehrman Sparrow to jump out of his predicament and escape. Unfortunately, the flames were extinguished again and again by the hurricane.

As Klein drew closer to the illusory door, he could smell the stench of blood and decay. Right in front of him were milky-white fangs that emitted a chilly air.

His thoughts raced, and he quickly came up with a solution.

The solution was simple, it was to throw out the All-Black Eye that originated from Marionettist Rosago!

Since you want to make a whirlpool in the sea in a bid to devour everything, I will make you consume another bottle of a Beyonder potion without any supplementary ingredients, as well as the mental corruption of the True Creator! If that's the case, I don't believe that you, who's already on the verge of collapse, will be able to hold on! Klein gritted his teeth and reached into his pocket.

Perhaps it had sensed his malicious intent, or perhaps it had lost its patience, but at this moment, Kalvetua suddenly raised its head and let out a long howl, causing the seawater whirlpool in his throat to collapse and disintegrate into countless water droplets which sprayed out of the illusory door.

Splash!

Torrential rain fell in the warehouse, and a dazzling silver ball of intertwined lightning condensed in Kalvetua's throat once again.

With a boom, it spat out that lightning ball.

Amidst the "torrential rain," the silver ball of lightning transformed into streaks of stunning lightning bolts that quickly expanded outwards. It destroyed the frugal altar and occupied the entire warehouse.

Sizzle. Klein's figure kept phasing in and out of existence amidst the sea of lightning. His body would char and turn into scraps of paper. Outside the warehouse, Danitz also suffered its effects. All his hair stood up as his body convulsed.

After continuously using Paper Figurine Substitutes and approaching his limit, Klein finally manage to withstand it until the lightning subsided.

As for the illusory door, it was affected by the complete destruction of the ritual and quickly closed.

Creak!

Sea God Kalvetua's hisses of indignation were isolated by the door.

After a moment, the illusory door completely disappeared. The surroundings were in a wretched mess. Only a candle was left on the altar, weakly swaying its flame.

Bang! Danitz leaned forward against the warehouse's wall, barely standing at the doorway.

He tried to speak, but he couldn't stop convulsing. He could only express his grievance with his eyes.

Gehrman Sparrow is really a madman!

I can still remember the horror I experienced in Bansy Harbor, and I still... have nightmares about it. Previously, when he was picking out items offered by the Resistance, he attracted the curse of the Sea God. I was so frightened that I almost ran away while on our journey back... This time, he even did some sacrificial ritual and nearly summoned Kalvetua over. It was really extremely dangerous just now... W-why does he love to take risks so much and enjoy causing major trouble? Time after time, he searches for thrills while on the brink of death! Is this a manifestation of his craziness, or is there another reason?

Sea God Kalvetua is still very strong. Even though it's on the brink of death, and there's the door of sacrifice in between us, it was still able to release a portion of its strength that could easily finish me off... As expected of a demigod that can fight against a Sea King... Klein pulled his feet out of the ground and saw that his boots were in tatters.

At the same time, he found that, regardless of it being due to luck or an inevitability, Kalvetua had accepted his "sacrifice" in all sense of the word. This was because the huge sea serpent had swallowed the iron cigar case which had been tainted with the gray fog's aura and many other things while producing the whirlpool.

In other words, I can try to locate its hiding place in the spirit world, but I'll have to wait for its death so that it can't interfere and resist my divination... This search would require me to enter

the spirit world, and I can't keep using the gray fog forever... Klein quietly let out a breath. He felt the glove on his left hand become filled with an indescribable madness and hunger. It seemed like it was going to devour the wearer if it wasn't fed.

There are no sinners around... Klein turned his head to look at Danitz, who was standing by the door.

Danitz's mind suddenly tightened. He felt as if he was being targeted by a monster and was about to become food for the other party.

The hunger he felt at a spiritual level had made him tremble slightly. He yearned to immediately turn around and flee.

Then he heard Gehrman Sparrow's indifferent voice.

"Close the door from the outside."

"...Alright!" Resisting the residual pain from the electric shock, Danitz moved the door which had been sent flying open, barely closing the hold.

Klein seized the moment to carry out a sacrificial ritual. He prayed to himself and responded to himself by throwing Creeping Hunger, that was about to lose control, above the fog.

The mystical item that had frightened Danitz, so much so that he didn't dare to resist, immediately became docile, gentle, and tame.

Chapter 546: Spirit World

Upon returning to the real world, Klein extinguished the candles, put away the remaining items, and carefully checked the situation in the warehouse.

Luckily for him, the whirlpool of seawater created by Kalvetua had completely wiped the area clean, leaving only the subsequent sprays of rain, the blackened patches from the lightning strikes, and sparse piles of ash, as well as the ravines produced by Klein's two feet.

The traces are easy to deal with.I can get Danitz to use his fireball to "wash" the place later, disguising it as an internal strife between pirates... Klein nodded indiscernibly and pulled out one of the few remaining paper figurines. He shook his forearm and flicked his wrist.

The paper figurine flew out and burned on its own before turning into black ash.

After doing all of this, Klein walked towards the door, frowning as he walked.

The soles of his boots were gone, and the rest of his clothes were tattered and torn, wet, or charred.

This was unavoidable under those circumstances, as it wasn't something a paper figurine could withstand—the tearing was a result of the potent suction from the whirlpool, the moist sensation came from Kalvetua's torrential rain, and the charred black marks were a result of being struck by bolts of lightning in the interval when Klein was using his Paper Figurine Substitutes.

Even now, despite having calmed down, his right forearm still spasmed a few times due to the electric shock.

It cost me 8 pounds 6 soli... I have to get a new set of clothes... I had divined danger and had made preparations, but I didn't expect Kalvetua to be more powerful and crazier than I had expected... I hope that I'll gain something later. Klein silently shook his head. He restrained his expression and endured the pain before coming to the door and knocking three times.

Danitz, who was constantly uneasy, hesitated for two seconds before he opened the door.

Discovering that Gehrman Sparrow had returned to his cold and reserved state, with him no longer emitting a hunger and madness that struck terror to his spirituality, Danitz let out a sigh of relief. He took a glance inside and asked, "Is it over?"

"No." Klein curled the corners of his lips and revealed a gentle smile.

Not yet? Danitz jumped in fright.

"W-what else needs to be done?"

Klein maintained his smile that concealed madness.

"A clean up is still necessary.

"That's basic courtesy."

A clean up... Danitz was stunned. Raising his right hand, he pointed at himself and said, "Me?"

The corners of Klein's mouth widened.

"Or shall I do the honors?"

Then I would be eaten by Creeping Hunger! Danitz let out a hollow laugh.

"How should I clean this place?"

"Use a fireball," Klein answered simply.

As a part-time pirate, it didn't take much effort for Danitz to understand Gehrman Sparrow's intentions. He walked past him and headed for the interior of the warehouse.

During this process, he had a few questions in his mind, which were quite puzzling.

Captain said that Creeping Hunger needs to devour a living person every day, but Gehrman Sparrow can only satisfy it after a battle. He usually doesn't bother with it. B-besides, in that battle just now, Gehrman Sparrow had used Steel Maveti's ice powers. He didn't feed it after... Strange... What secret lies behind this?

A seal of a certain level? Or, can it be that the organization behind him is capable of sealing Creeping Hunger?

As Danitz "cleaned" the warehouse, Klein stood outside, looking

up at the overhanging dark clouds, looking forward to what would happen next.

I've already sent the iron cigar case that's tainted with the gray fog's aura over, so all I need to do is wait for Kalvetua, a fake "Sea God," to collapse and die... I hope the Beyonders of the Church of Storms and the kingdom's military won't have the time to find it in time, or leave behind some items of certain value that they think little of... Klein slowly took in a deep breath, listening to the dull bombardment sounds coming from behind him.

...

In a hotel, Alger stood at the window, staring out at the overcast sky.

I received the Sanguine's anesthetic gas not long after the last Tarot Gathering. I was prepared to go out to sea to gather ingredients, but a week has passed, and I'm still stuck in Bayam... The corners of his mouth twitched as he shook his head.

First, there was the incident of The World hunting Steel Maveti. It earned him quite a sizable amount of money, and then he had to wait for the reward. After that, when the reward was obtained, he encountered the breakdown of that sea serpent, Kalvetua, and was ordered to search for the adventurers and archaeologists—Leticia and company.

I heard that during the investigation yesterday morning, Leticia and the others were found. The Mandated Punishers and the military seemed to have obtained some important clues, and quite a number of them went to Symeem Island... Heh, this is something that I'll never have dibs on... Alger retracted his gaze, pulled up his short robe that didn't reach his knees, and muttered to himself.

“Let it end as soon as possible.”

Once Kalvetua was completely dead and the tsunami was no longer a latent risk, he could leave the harbor. After leaving the City of Generosity, Bayam, he could work at advancing to Sequence 6 Wind-blessed.

As his mind whirred, Alger’s heart skipped a beat and he turned around to look out the window.

He saw the clouds high in the sky quickly dissipate, with the crimson moon quietly hanging in the sky.

…

Klein slept until midnight, when he was suddenly jolted awake. He had vaguely sensed something.

He rolled out of bed, went to the window, and pulled back the curtains.

Crimson moonlight shone in, covering everything like frost. It was cold and dreamy.

Klein looked out and saw that the clouds which hung low had disappeared. The bright crimson moon was high in the sky amidst the sparse stars.

This means that the confrontation between the Sea God and Sea King has ended? Klein pondered for two seconds, retracted his gaze, closed the curtain, took four steps counterclockwise, and went above the gray fog.

He sat at the end of the long, mottled table, took out a gold coin, and began to recite a divination statement in a low voice.

"Kalvetua is completely dead."

...

After he repeated this seven times, he flicked the gold coin and watched it leap upwards and tumble down.

The gold coin landed in Klein's palm, and the king's head faced up.

It meant a positive result!

It meant that Sea God Kalvetua was completely dead!

As expected, the ancient elven ruins on Symeem Island and the hiding place which Kalvetua used to maintain its existence are closely connected... The Mandated Punishers and the military have just received the Book of Calamity, and since they only learned about the ruins for a little more than a day before Kalvetua couldn't hold out much longer... I thought it could forcibly survive for two or three more days... Klein sighed and tried to divine whether the official Beyonders had already entered Kalvetua's hiding place.

Unfortunately, due to the lack of information, his divination failed, and he was unable to obtain any revelations.

After thinking for a while, Klein changed his angle, undid his spirit pendulum, and began to divine if it was dangerous for him

to search and explore Kalvetua's hiding place.

As this involved himself, he quickly received a conclusion.

The topaz pendant was rotating counterclockwise at a not-so-fast frequency and low amplitude.

It's dangerous, but it's acceptable... The danger is even less than the sacrificial ritual... Klein nodded gently, returned to the real world, and began his preparations for his operation.

He locked the bedroom door first, then he arranged the ritual to summon himself.

Once again entering above the gray fog, Klein picked up the Black Emperor card and placed it inside his Spirit Body.

All of a sudden, he turned corporeal as if he was of flesh and blood. The surrounding black fog stuck to the surface of his body and formed a majestic aura. It was as if he was entirely clad in physical armor, but on his head was a gorgeous pitch-black crown.

Looking at the human-skinned glove on the table, Klein hesitated to put it on.

Above the gray fog, Creeping Hunger was almost in a sealed state. It didn't dare to make any unusual movements, but once it left the area, the uncontrollable hunger would cause harm to its wielder, whether they were alive or in Spirit Body form.

Amidst Klein's considerations was whether the Black Emperor's

high level could suppress the Creeping Hunger inside his Spirit Body and keep it normal.

I'll give it a try. If it doesn't work, I'll end the summon and return here... This will hardly require any time, and there's no danger... Klein picked up Creeping Hunger and put it on over the iron-black armor gauntlet.

He didn't hesitate any longer and stepped into the Door of Summoning. With the help of the expanding candle flame, he arrived in the real world.

Without being careless, Klein's first reaction was to check the state of Creeping Hunger. He found it calm and submissive, subservient to the high level of the Black Emperor.

Not bad... With a sigh of relief, Klein placed the mystical items, such as Azik's copper whistle, the Biological Poison Bottle, and the Sun Brooch, into his body one by one.

Finally he picked up his black hardwood cane and prepared to use it to search for his "lost" iron cigarette case that had been tainted with the gray fog's aura.

Of course, in order to find the place where Kalvetua was hiding, one had to first enter the spirit world and pinpoint the location from within. Otherwise, it would only fail.

As for how to enter the spirit world, Klein didn't consider the three methods provided by Mr. Azik. As a Spirit Body with intelligence and the ability to think, how was he not able to find the spirit world and enter it?

He calmed down a little and recalled the scene of countless spherical light. His body and mind quickly became tranquil. His thoughts gradually became empty as his consciousness gradually extended and expanded.

He soon discovered that he was surrounded by indescribable illusory, transparent things. All the colors became bright, distinct, but overlapping, and the gray fog had grown so faint that it seemed to cover everything in an ethereal manner.

In the depths, high up in the sky, there were seven rays of lustrous brilliances that shone with different colors. They seemed to possess life, and they contained immense knowledge.

This was the spirit world. It completely overlapped with reality and was omnipresent.

If I happen to encounter the Mandated Punishers or military personnel, I will immediately end the summoning and return above the gray fog... Klein took a step forward. After easily entering the spirit world, he felt his body become illusory.

The black cloak behind him fluttered up slightly, and the hardwood cane in his hand stood upright.

He said in a low, dignified voice, “The location of my unique iron cigar case.”

...

While chanting, Klein felt tense for a baffling reason. In the saturated and distinct colors of his surroundings, pairs of indifferent and eerie eyes glanced over.

After repeating it seven times, Klein released his grip and waited for the revelation.

The black hardwood cane floated, floating forward at an adequate speed which was neither too fast or slow.

Klein followed it, flying through the real, the illusory, the strange, and mysterious spirit world.

Here, if he lost his bearings, it was very easy to end up completely lost and never be able to leave again.

Of course, there wasn't a problem for Klein. If he really "got lost," he could end the summoning and return directly to the space above the gray fog.

Klein chased after the black cane, which was sometimes thrown and sometimes dropped, shuttling back and forth between distinct and overlapping colors. He passed by half-hidden spirit world creatures that couldn't be accurately described, and it was hard to know how far he had traveled.

Suddenly, he saw an eye. It was round, with clear blacks and whites.

The eye looked at him without blinking. There was no head, nor was there a corresponding body.

Chapter 547: Priest

The huge eye, which had its blacks and whites clear, appeared translucent. It floated quietly behind saturated, overlapping colors. Klein couldn't tell if it was hostile or friendly.

At this moment, Klein remembered a passage from the Sights in the Spirit World. The ancestor of the Abraham family had said: "Try not to cross eyes with any creatures of the spirit world for more than three seconds unless they have already expressed interest in communicating with you. This is considered provocative behavior. Also, do not let yourself appear terrified and nervous. For some predators, this will increase their desire to attack."

As the words flowed through his mind, Klein retracted his gaze and continued to "chase" after the flying hardwood cane in front of him, at a rather adequate speed.

The sight of the full black armor set and black crown he donned, matched with a cloak of the same color, entered the round eye. But the figure quickly passed by, disappearing far away. It didn't stir up the slightest change.

In essence, the spirit world is a very dangerous place. If one isn't careful, one can encounter a terrifying existence at the demigod level... As Klein continued to make his way through, he realized that this place was truly chaotic. Although the seven lustrous brilliances that could be used to mark his location remained high above, covering the "sky," they could still be seen from time to time beneath his feet, to his left and right, and from the front and back.

If not for his black cane, Klein wouldn't have been able to

determine his bearings.

Suddenly, through the faint fog of the void, he saw, on his left—based on a normal human being's concept of left—a floating castle. It was entirely black in color. Its spire towered, and it was covered with vines, extremely reminiscent of a Gothic style.

At the top of the castle stood a translucent woman who was almost as tall as the castle. She was wearing a complex, gorgeous, dark, and gloomy black dress. She didn't have a head, and there was a neat cut by her neck. Her drooping hands held four blonde heads with red eyes. If one looked closely, they would find that these brilliant-looking heads were exactly the same.

When Klein, who was disguised as the Black Emperor, passed by, the four heads the woman carried blinked.

Klein didn't respond as he flew forward as though he hadn't seen her.

The woman slowly turned her body, letting the heads in her hand watch him depart.

What kind of monsters are these... As the thought flashed through Klein's mind, he saw the black cane plummet rapidly.

He hurriedly chased after it, once again experiencing the feeling of a free fall.

About eight seconds later, a faintly discernible collapsed building appeared in front of him.

Outside of the building floated a spirit world creature which resembled a giant jellyfish. It extended transparent, sticky tentacles, and pulled the surrounding area into its own "territory."

At the end of each tentacle grew a white skull with deep eye sockets. It kept shaking as it floated about with light but slow movements.

The black cane passed through the strange creature of the spirit world and hovered in front of the almost illusory collapsed building.

Found it? Klein was delighted at first before he solemnly glanced at the giant jellyfish that was waving its skull.

He made preparations for battle, but he didn't attack immediately. Instead, he tried to emit the profound dignity that came with the high level of the Black Emperor card. His eyes indifferently stared at the eye sockets that were deeply recessed.

After three seconds of frozen silence, Klein said ancient Hermes in a low voice, "Leave!"

The tentacles supporting the skulls twitched twice; then, the giant 'jellyfish' slowly floated up, disappearing into the depths of the spirit world.

This Black Emperor card is still very useful... I was already considering throwing Mr. Azik's copper whistle. The descendants of Death should still have some standing in the spirit world... Klein breathed a sigh of relief and descended, grabbing the black hardwood cane.

Then, he fell into the collapsed building ruin, with a sense of anticipation.

For him, even if the Church of Storms and the kingdom's military had found this place ahead of him and had taken away the most valuable items, he would still be satisfied as long as there were still some remaining.

Even if there's nothing else, it'll be sufficient for me to explore an elven ruins and see what information they left behind... When Klein passed through an ethereal "barrier" that resembled a curtain, he felt the air around him suddenly become thick and heavy.

A shimmering wave of light appeared around him, coming from the deep blue water that filled the area.

At the bottom of the sea was an ancient, dark ruin. All the buildings had either collapsed or half-collapsed.

A huge pillar, carved with strange patterns and symbols, extended out from the middle. It appeared to be heading straight up to the top, as if it had supported the place in the past, but now it was broken and was leaning on the top of a nearby building.

Klein recognized this place, as well as the pillar. It was the hiding place of Sea God Kalvetua, a hidden place where reality blended with the spirit world.

At this very moment, an unwilling, pained, angry, and crazed scream echoed in the air. It didn't weaken in the slightest. That scream was precisely the same howl of hatred that Kalvetua had let out before its death.

It's really dead... Holding the black cane, Klein landed on the greenish-gray stone road in front of the ancient ruins.

On both sides of the road stood pillars that were neither thick nor tall, and on them were also strange patterns that were different from the symbols and magic labels from before.

At the bottom of each stone pillar, there was a figure sitting beside it. Some of them wore ancient robes, while some wore brown jackets that were fashionable nowadays.

As soon as they sensed someone approaching, they raised their swords, axes, and other weapons, stiffly but quickly. They turned to where Klein was, revealing their weathered, grayish-black faces and their shriveled bodies which were devoid of any flesh or blood.

Their eyes—feverish and numb—were fixed on Klein, who was wearing a black crown and black armor.

Kalvetua's devotees... However, this also means that the Church of Storms and the kingdom's military haven't found this place yet... Klein sighed and injected his spirituality into the Sun Brooch. He muttered a word in ancient Hermes, "Holy!"

He activated the Sun Brooch's Holy Oath, and through the corresponding word in ancient Hermes, he temporarily added a Holy attribute to the damage he dealt with his attacks.

Pa!

Klein flicked his wrist and threw his cane.

He bent his body slightly and charged towards the first “Sea God Guard” who came rushing over.

While running at high speed, Klein suddenly turned left and dodged the enemy’s axe. He then swung his arm backwards and used his cane to draw a clear grayish-white crack on the enemy’s body.

Pure golden flames silently rose from within the crack, wrapping around the Sea God Guard and burning it until it was on the verge of collapse.

Bam!

Klein exerted strength into his feet and stomped past the enemy.

Behind him, the completely desiccated Sea God Guard finally collapsed, turning into ashes within the golden flames.

Tap. Tap. Tap! Klein bent his back, quickly moving forward, sometimes to the side, and sometimes diagonally as he passed by each of the Sea God Guards.

At the same time, he brandished his cane, whipping, stabbing, cleaving, and slashing, leaving different marks on the guards that resembled dessicated corpses.

Tap! Tap! Tap! Klein passed through the road and arrived in front of the half-collapsed ruins.

Behind his gently fluttering black cloak, the Sea God Guards bloomed into golden torches, lighting up the greenish-gray stone

slate and the patterned pillars.

Amidst the chaos, the guards fell down, one after the other, and no longer moved.

Klein went up the steps and entered the building where the half-collapsed pillars were.

The first thing that entered his vision was an unimaginably huge blue sea serpent. The scales all over its body were slippery, and they were covered with patterns that were similar to the symbols inside the ruins.

Its gaping jaws bit into a pillar, its curved milky-white fangs sinking in.

Its body below its head height was slumped across the ground. Its coiled body occupied about a third of the expansive hall, like a small, blue hill. However, its surface was covered in wounds with mangled blood and flesh. Even its bones could be seen.

A mysterious cyan light had already gathered over its body as it crept slowly towards one of its fangs that was longer than a human arm. This caused the slightly curved sharp bones to slowly straighten up.

Its dying cry reverberated in the air, causing Klein's corporeal Spirit Body to show signs of instability.

At this moment, an old man wearing a clergyman's cap was lying beside Kalvetua's body.

His hair was gray, and his body was like a gray rock. He stuck his face tightly to the serpent's body, making incomprehensible sounds from his throat. His actions were an unknown.

Around the gigantic serpent's corpse were dessicated corpses. They were similar to the Sea God Guards outside, but they were even more bizarre. Their stomachs bulged to the point of rupturing. In addition, their mouths were stained with dark red blood and had strips of bluish meat hanging from them.

The blue dots of light also leaked out from their bodies, rushing towards the white fang that was gradually straightening up.

Before Klein could figure out what such a scene signified, the old man in the clergyman's cap, who was lying on top of Kalvetua, stood up in a staggered manner and turned around.

His eyes were flashing with a blue light, his mouth was covered in blood-red meat which he was using all his strength to bite into.

In the place where his face had been stuck to, the snake's body was mangled. It was missing a lot of flesh and blood, and even its bones were almost visible.

He was eating up the corpse of Sea God Kalvetua!

This… Klein frowned, roughly understanding what was happening.

After Kalvetua's death, the priest and guards in the hall lost control and began to frantically devour its flesh and blood.

At this point in time, the Beyonder characteristics had yet to appear completely. Kalvetua's body still contained a large part of it, and many guards had problems with a potion overdose or conflicting pathway characteristics. They broke down on the spot and died completely.

However, there were always people who were lucky enough to survive the sudden death, or there were those who lost control of themselves and became disgusting monsters, or those who directly skipped a few Sequences and became a powerhouse, or those who became lunatics with distorted demonic powers due to the mixture of pathway characteristics.

Regardless of which one it was, it was extremely dangerous!

Klein looked down from the surviving priest's face to see his belly bulging like a pregnant woman's.

A strong burgeoning and contraction appeared there, resembling a huge heart.

Chapter 548: Trick to Dealing with Large Creatures

In the ruins that was filled with seawater and was half fused with the spirit world, Klein stood at the door of the central hall, wearing full body black armor. Inside was the the gigantic blue serpent's body that was being mutilated for food and the old priest with his bulging stomach.

The latter's skin was a grayish-black, as though it had become dessicated from prolonged exposure to the wind. His eyes flickered with an azure-blue glow as he stared intently at the "guest" who wore a black crown, as though he was considering where he should start his meal from.

Without any hesitation, Klein reached into his body with his right hand and took out a brown translucent bottle.

Then, he stretched out his left palm and quickly unscrewed the lid before casually flinging the Biological Poison Bottle to a corner of the hall.

In this environment, which was half submerged under the sea, other than Fire of Light which could consume the undead and evil, no other flames could exist; thus, it also limited two important powers of Klein's Magician Sequence. Therefore, he could only push his other advantages to the limit right from the very beginning.

At the same time as when he threw out the Biological Poison Bottle, Klein's left glove quickly became resplendent, as if he was reflecting the light of the noon sun.

Around his body, the undulating seawater was stained with a

golden color as it spread outwards, layer after layer.

This was the Priest of Light's power from the Creeping Hunger, Light of Purification!

The old priest who had eaten part of Sea God Kalvetua's body was certainly not civilized and polite enough to just watch Klein prepare for battle in a chivalrous manner. The blue light in his eyes suddenly bloomed, and his bloated belly once again swelled.

Howl!

An ethereal, yet mournful sound came from his body, instantly covering the entire ruins.

This voice was like the song of a nightingale, beautiful and also melodious at the same time. It was also cold and bone-piercing, one that penetrated right to the soul.

Klein was frozen in place. Similarly, all his thoughts seemed like they had been blasted by extremely cold waves and instantly froze.

The old priest's body swelled up in an instant, as if he was a resurrected Kalvetua or a giant that had walked out of a mythical legend.

One after another, blue slippery tentacles, all surrounded by silver lightning, emerged from under his ripped robe. They shot out and danced in the air, striking the stunned Klein.

Sizzle!

With a burst of silver light, Klein was sent flying before falling heavily at the doorway. The black armor on his body dimmed instantly and cracked, and he had subconsciously thrown the cane in his hand far away.

His mind remained abnormally calm. In a situation where he was almost frozen, he didn't even have the thought of using Paper Figurine Substitutes and had ended up taking on the blow head-on.

If it weren't for the Black Emperor card and Azik's copper whistle which were simultaneously reinforcing his Spirit Body, with him essentially being a Sequence 6, he would've been seriously injured and even killed instantly.

The tentacles surged over again and struck down.

Klein, who was jolted awake by the electricity, agilely somersaulted away, barely dodging the attack.

He glanced at the man's body. He turned around immediately and ran out the door without any hesitation. It was a determined and decisive action.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

As Klein ran and flew as though he was pathetically fleeing for his life, the old priest's silver-lightning enshrouded blue tentacles were chasing him from behind in a bid to pull him back into the hall, but Klein would nimbly change direction, dodging with his agile movements and timely somersaults.

Seeing that things weren't going as he wished, the old priest's

belly expanded once again, and his cold voice resounded in the ruins.

But this time, Klein was prepared. Although his body remained stiff and bogged down, it was soaked by the seawater before turning into a pile of soggy paper.

At last, the old priest moved. With heavy but swift steps, he attempted to catch up to his enemy.

The colossal figure rushed to the door, and the colossal figure slammed onto the collapsed roof and wall with a bang!

The door here was originally large enough for a creature like Kalvetua to pass through, but the collapse of the ruins and the madness of this Sea God before its death had caused the place to collapse. The collapsed rubble left the door with an opening that was two meters tall and one meter wide. As for the old priest whose mind was clearly abnormal, he had slammed right into it, causing him to be stuck.

Klein, who had been waiting for this opportunity, stopped and turned around.

He half-closed his eyes, straightened his back, and spread open his arms.

A beam of golden light descended from the sky, pounding the old priest's body directly.

Patches of his robe that hung over his body had ignited, and his grayish-black skin and flesh fell to the ground in chunks, melting and evaporating under the pure radiance.

It was only then that Klein made out what the oddity in the old priest's belly was.

The swelling was intense, especially in several areas, forming the complete outline of two eyes and a mouth.

It was as if there was someone hiding inside the old priest's stomach, putting their face there in an attempt to escape.

Bang!

The old priest exerted strength with his legs which were covered by the black serpent skin, causing him to be thrown backwards from the collapsed door. Rocks were sent flying and the seawater surged.

He finally broke away from the pillar of light, but most of his body was covered in hideous wounds caused by the collapse of his flesh. Even his "face" was filled with signs of melting.

Tap! Tap! Tap! The old priest's blue tentacles flailed in the air, bringing with them silver lightning as they lashed at Klein from all directions. The "face" at his abdomen would occasionally make a sound that made the Spirit Body quieten down.

Klein engaged in either running, somersaulting, circling, or calmly twirling around with his opponent. He would go in the opposite direction when his opponent headed in one, just like a wild dance between two people.

During this process, he relied on Paper Figurine Substitutes to withstand the ethereal, yet cold shrieking again and again. Occasionally, he would let out a roar and use a Wraith's shriek to

agitate the old priest, forcefully interrupting the “face” in his abdomen from producing any sounds.

Time passed, second by second, and the crazy, old priest who had been keeping his hands down, suddenly raised them and pressed them against his stomach.

He pulled with his arm, forcefully tearing the silhouette of the mouth into a gash.

Blue pus gushed out of it as a dense array of sharp teeth grew out.

With another roar, the seawater around him gushed towards the mouth, forming the terrifying whirlpool that Kalvetua had previously created.

Klein, who was dressed as the Black Emperor, was sucked in, and the lightning tentacles around him were retracted, about to embrace him.

Klein didn’t panic, and the glove on his left palm quickly transformed, looking as if it was made of pure gold.

While floating in midair, he stared at the “face” on the old priest’s abdomen and the seawater whirlpool below him. His eyes suddenly flashed with two bolts of lightning.

Interrogator’s Psychic Piercing!

The old priest suddenly froze as the “face” in his abdomen wrinkled, and the terrifying suction force from the whirlpool

instantly collapsed.

In the waves that were rushing backwards, Klein lowered his body and swam through the weak spots like a fish, dodging the random flailing of the blue tentacles.

He rushed to the old priest's side amidst the constantly flashing silver lightning, and at some point in time, the color of his gloves had changed to a pale green.

The muscles on Klein's back bulged as he threw out two punches, striking the old priest's thigh in the vicinity of his knee.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Flesh and blood splattered from the cold-emitting punches. His right leg was covered in a thin layer of frost, and the surrounding seawater was completely frozen.

This was a Zombie's control over ice!

As the old priest cried out in pain, he retracted his whip-like tentacles, illuminating the entire ruin with silvery light.

At that moment, Klein wasn't greedy and stopped just in time. He continuously somersaulted backwards, avoiding the crazy attack that scorched the stone slabs on the ground.

He stood up, and while the old priest was still frozen in place, the glove on his left palm once again glowed with the color of the sun.

Klein straightened up and took a pose of praising the sun.

A thick, bright, and holy pillar of light descended once more, enveloping the old priest in it.

Klein saw the grayish-black flesh of his enemy quickly disintegrate. The skin of the "face" on his enemy's abdomen melted, revealing the situation inside—inside the old priest's abdomen, the heart, stomach, intestines, and other organs were mashed together, forming the face of a sea serpent.

Kalvetua actually still has a little of its soul left ... The will of a demigod is truly beyond my imagination... Klein somersaulted again, dodging the blue tentacle that thrust at him like a spear.

Wrapped with lightning, the tentacles, which had been melted away by the pillar of holy light, stabbed into the ground, twitching, twisting, and squirming.

The bright and clear light quickly disappeared, and the sinister serpent's face on the old priest's abdomen stubbornly opened its mouth once again.

At that moment, the old priest himself had bent his waist and let out a fit of violent coughs. The effort on the serpent's face came to an abrupt halt.

The Biological Poison Bottle had finally shown its effects!

Klein didn't miss the opportunity. He stood up straight again and spread his arms out as though he was hugging the sun.

A pillar of light with many golden flames illuminated the area. The old priest's figure first bent before shrinking, as if evaporating into thin air. The serpent face at his abdomen let out a shrill cry before completely vanishing.

By the time the light dissipated, the old priest had returned to his original size. His bones had almost melted, with pieces of grayish-black flesh still hanging from his body.

His aura quickly dimmed as his spirit rapidly disintegrated.

Klein rushed over and, relying on his state as a wraith, began to channel his spirit.

He wanted to confirm if the old priest was guilty of heinous crimes.

He felt that he needed to maintain his bottom line, which was something he wished for and a precaution against corruption and madness.

All of a sudden, he saw images of the old priest presiding over the living sacrificial rituals.

Without hesitation, Klein reached out with his left hand to let the long-starved glove taste a delicacy.

Flesh, blood, spirituality, and bone quickly surged into the gaping mouth of his palm, along with specks of blue light that came with some darkness.

During the spirit channeling, Klein confirmed that the old priest

was previously a Soul Assurer. His potion formula and Beyonder ingredients all came from the Church of the God of Combat from the Feysac Empire. And by the time he became a Sea God Guard, he had already lost his mind and could only obey orders. After the death of Kalvetua, he had followed his instincts and eaten the flesh and blood of the deity he believed in, and in the end, the conflicting characteristics turned him into a monster.

Just as Creeping Hunger was satiated, all the Beyonder characteristics on the ground suddenly stirred, turning into a hurricane and sweeping into the hall before plunging into the white fang that was no longer curved.

When Klein looked over, he saw that Kalvetua's remnant corpse had completely collapsed into something that resembled mud. As for the serpent fang which had absorbed all the Beyonder characteristics of the area, it had become a short scepter, quietly embedded in a half-collapsed pillar.

On the tip of the white scepter, there were many tiny blue 'gems' embedded there. Some of them dyed in black and others with the light of dawn.

Seeing that Creeping Hunger was satiated, Klein rushed into the hall, cautiously approaching the scepter.

Before he really came into contact with the scepter, he heard layers of illusory prayers ringing in his ears, and he saw illusions. He saw worshipers prostrating and praying, as well as members of the Resistance crying over the shattered statues of their god.

Chapter 549: High Elf

As the layered sounds of the illusory pleas rang in his ears, Klein felt as though he possessed a corporeal body. The deepest part of his head throbbed with pain, so much so that he yearned to slam his head into the wall to alleviate the pain with more pain.

The scenes of different people praying to him made him feel an uncontrollable and abnormally terrifying sense of dizziness. It was as if he was walking the edge of a deep abyss and could fall down at any moment.

It was only because he had his Spirit Body reinforced with the Black Emperor card and Azik's copper whistle, as well as being accustomed to being prayed to, which had prevented him from losing control straight away like other non-demigod Beyonders. They would've already collapsed to the ground in pain, turning into a monster or erupting into a mess of flesh and blood.

All of the Beyonder characteristics in this area have combined together to form a Sealed Artifact with the help of the serpent fang. Moreover, the degree of danger and negative effects have far surpassed that of a Grade 2 Sealed Artifact... Klein didn't rashly move forward but instead took a few steps back and left the area where the praying voices were concentrated, to ease the pain and dizziness that would've caused his Spirit Body to collapse.

He stood next to Kalvetua's mashed body which resembled slush, and he stared at the white scepter that was embedded in the half-collapsed pillar. He considered how he could take it away.

At the same time, he naturally chose a name for the Sealed Artifact: Sea God Scepter!

Yes, from the feelings and reaction just now, I can barely get close to it and pull it out, but I can only last a few seconds. There's no way for me to hold it or use it… However, it doesn't matter. Once I have it in my hand, I'll terminate the summoning ritual and return above the gray fog. There, I can effectively block the thousands of prayers and any of the still-unknown negative effects. It will allow me to study it with ease… Klein quickly came up with an idea.

In his wraith state, he could instinctively communicate with the spirit world to receive a revelation without the need to toss a coin.

His spiritual intuition told him that doing so wouldn't be too dangerous.

After making up his mind, Klein began to clean up the mess and take the opportunity to see what he could find in the ancient elven ruins.

He first headed to the corner and picked up the translucent Biological Poison Bottle, screwed the lid back on, and stuffed it into his body. Then, he turned around to find an iron cigar case that was half-hidden beneath the slushy remains of Kalvetua.

This… I thought it had been swallowed by Kalvetua and corroded into dregs… Klein clicked his tongue in wonder and quickly walked over.

Because he had been left feeling numb from the discharged electric currents from the seawater, he raised his right hand, allowing the iron cigar case to float slowly in the air before landing in his palm.

Klein glanced around and saw that the surface of the iron cigar

case was covered with corrosion marks. However, it was still barely usable. As for the other items that were sucked away by the seawater whirlpool back then, there were no signs of them.

The aura of the gray fog made Kalvetua uncomfortable, so it vomited it out right away, or has this iron cigar case undergone some sort of mutation that makes it not prone to corrosion, allowing it to survive until Kalvetua died? Amidst his puzzlement, Klein placed the cigar case into his body, planning to study it after he left.

Under such circumstances, he was in a race against time. He couldn't afford even the slightest delay, because Klein didn't know when the Church of Storms and the kingdom's military would find this place!

He walked around the half-collapsed pillar from a distance and entered the rear of the hall which had almost completely collapsed.

There should've been many murals here, but with the destruction of the walls, they had all disappeared. Klein flew all the way to the end before seeing about a third of an exquisite throne being buried by stones and pillars.

On the left side of the throne, there was half of a mural that depicted a confrontation between two figures.

Looking down on the enemy from above was a man treading waves with dark clouds above him. He seemed to have storms draped over him as he had relatively softer features. His contours had an oriental trait from Klein's past life. He held a spear formed of pure lightning in his hand against an ocean that had drowned everything.

Beneath the man was a man wearing a simple white robe. His face was blurry, and it was difficult to discern his age. It was only barely possible to tell that he was a man.

There was a halo behind the head of the white-robed man. It quietly emitted a bright light like the sun.

Beneath his feet was an illusionary circle with twelve segments. Each segment had symbols representing different times.

Behind him was a shadow that was like a curtain, and within the shadows, it appeared as though there was an eye peeking out from it.

Relying on his solid foundation in mysticism and rich knowledge from many sources, Klein quickly made an interpretation.

Waves, storms, dark clouds, lightning... This should be the ancient god, Elf King Soniathrym... Indeed, he's just like the legends, with the rather soft facial features of an elf... This ancient Lord of Storms doesn't give off any irascible vibes, and his looks are surprisingly good. Heh, this is a mural in an elven ruin, so it's normal for them to beautify their own deity...

The sun-like halo and the twelve circular segments that symbolizes time, this... Isn't this the father of Amon and Adam, the Creator who's known in the outside world as the ancient Sun God and is revered in the City of Silver as the omnipotent and omniscient God? There's a shadow curtain behind him, and behind it hides an eye... Yes, one of the images of the True Creator is the Eye behind the Shadow Curtains!

As expected, this is the Creator who took back the ancient gods' authorities with eight King of Angels following him?

Is this mural a depiction of Elf King Soniathrym's battle against the Creator?

Klein retracted his gaze and began searching for something of value.

Following his spiritual intuition, he came to the throne, reached into the base of the collapsed stones and pillars, and pulled out an object.

It was a flattened golden wine cup.

Its surface was engraved with intricate patterns, and its wine leg was already bent. At the bottom was a row of elven words: "Calamity, Cohinem."

The original owner of this ruin is a high elf named Cohinem? Did he, or should I say "He" have the title of Calamity? Hmm… It matches the Book of Calamity that Leticia and company found. Both ruins should belong to the high elf, Cohinem, and there should be some kind of miraculous connection between them… Unfortunately, this golden wine cup is just a simple wine cup. It carries a bit of spirituality simply because it's inscribed with the true name of the high elf… If Cohinem hadn't fallen, just a real name would imbue the wine cup with extraordinary powers. What a pity… Klein initially judged that Cohinem was completely dead because Sea God Kalvetua had inherited his powers.

However, Klein couldn't be too sure, because despite it being hundreds or thousands of years later, the Book of Calamity still had the quality of driving Leticia, a Beyonder whose Sequence wasn't too low, to lose control.

Furthermore, it doesn't seem like it's something Sea God Kalvetua was capable of… Could the high elf, Cohinem, have the ability to

split his Beyonder characteristics? Kalvetua only inherited a portion. Most of the remaining Beyonder characteristics is the source of the Book of Calamity's unique quality?

Cohinem is dead, but he hasn't completely perished?

Of course, Kalvetua, who swallowed Cohinem's Beyonder characteristic, was just a beast without intelligence. No one knows what happened at that time; perhaps some of the characteristics were lost and formed a Sealed Artifact. After Kalvetua's defeat, it fell into the hands of the Church of Storms...

Yes, I'll ask Little Sun via The World at the Tarot Gathering next week. He should know who Cohinem is. Actually, there's no need to ask; he'll be offering two pages of ancient god legends. Perhaps there might be a detailed description of high elves next time...

After thinking it through, Klein stuffed the wine cup into his body. After all, this was made of gold, and even if the high elf, Cohinem, wasn't dead and had some sort of connection with the wine cup, the gray fog could still block him out.

After a thorough check, and seeing that there was nothing of note, Klein quickly flew back outside and picked up the black hardwood cane before wiping out any traces of the battle.

Then, he took out a paper figurine. With a casual shake, he threw it into the seawater, causing it to quickly turn soggy before reducing to dust.

The earlier parts can be interfered with, but I won't have the time or opportunity for the rest... Luckily, I am now disguised as Black Emperor... As for the remains of Kalvetua, his flesh no longer have any value, and his bones are too heavy. It might affect my ability to wield the Sea God Scepter... With the help of Cogitation, Klein

stabilized his state and quickly flew towards the white bone staff on the half-collapsed pillar.

Again, the sounds of illusory pleas filled his ears. Either pious, crying, fanatic, or numbed worshipers filled his vision, and the throbbing and dizziness became more and more intense.

Relying on his rich experience and the Spirit Body reinforcement from using the Black Emperor card and Azik's copper whistle, Klein barely managed to hold on until he finally arrived beside the Sea God Scepter.

He extended his right hand, and he grasped the middle section of the white-boned scepter.

As soon as the two made contact, the scene before Klein's eyes became clear, and the buzzing sound beside his ears instantly became real.

He saw the bald, wheelchair-bound rebel, Kalat, collapsed on the ground, struggling to reach the shattered figurine of Kalvetua, chanting its honorific name over and over, his eyes filled with despair.

He saw Edmonton, with his blue sea serpent tattoo, prostrating himself in front of another Kalvetua figurine which was strangely bleeding, constantly knocking his head against the ground, creating a bloody mess.

In the slums, he saw believers hiding in their homes, weeping and praying numbly.

...

Klein's black armor couldn't support his body anymore as it quickly collapsed.

At the same time, his solidified "muscles" tightened as he exerted strength with his hands. Amidst the layers of resonating prayers and numerous clear scenes, he suddenly pulled out the short white bone staff that symbolized the Sea God's authority!

Whoosh!

The seawater in the ruins surged violently, either churning or transforming into a whirlpool.

Klein calmly held onto the Sea God Scepter with his pitch-black crown before immediately vanishing. He directly returned above the gray fog.

When the familiar towering palace entered his sight, the sounds of praying and the hallucinatory scenes in front of him had already disappeared.

Sitting on the high-back chair belonging to The Fool, Klein lifted his right hand and examined the Sea God Scepter inlaid with blue gems and stained with some darkness and the light of dawn.

Countless points of light floated around the Sealed Artifact. Each point of light seemed to correspond to a praying believer. This caused the milky-white body of the scepter to glow with psychedelic and holy streams of light.

At this moment, Klein felt like this scepter was the true body of the Sea God!

Chapter 550: The Negative Effects of the Sealed Artifact

After some wrestling with the Sea God Scepter, Klein gained a preliminary understanding of its powers.

It could create tsunamis, create hurricanes, produce torrential rain, and bring forth lightning. It could allow a person to fly in the sky and roam the seabed with almost no restrictions.

It was nearly indestructible and could be used to smash an enemy's head in. It allowed the wielder to never get lost without the existence of any other powerful factors. It would provide an unimaginable level of balance, drive many sea creatures to do one's bidding, respond to prayers from believers, and also allow the wielder to obtain the same kind of strength as a sea monster. It was equivalent to making the wielder the ruler of an entire expanse of the sea.

To Klein, this was already considered at the level of a deity. Even on Earth, he could resist an aircraft carrier formation!

Although he was Sequence 6 with plenty of pragmatic Beyonder powers, making him a genuine powerhouse, a legendary figure, in the eyes of ordinary people, he was still weak in essence. He was still closer to Man rather than God. If the situation was right, a revolver would be able to finish him off. Of course, his resurrection and act of climbing out of a coffin was a whole other matter.

As for the powers of the Sea God Scepter, they had all surpassed the level of Man. In the folklore and in the hearts of the common man, he possessed the powers of deities and devils.

No wonder Beyonders are called demigods from Sequence 4. They truly are more like God than Man… Klein silently sighed with emotion, and then he made a self-deprecating comment.

If I use the Sea God Scepter under normal circumstances, I can already be a high-ranking deacon of the Nighthawks, becoming one of the twenty-odd people with the most power in the Church… If Ince Zangwill didn't have 0-08 and was at sea, I could immediately seek revenge on him. There might even be a small chance of success.

But can I use the Sea God Scepter normally?

No…

Klein had already discovered that the negative effects of the Sea God Scepter were staggering. In the Church of Evernight, it could easily obtain the evaluation of a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, and countless researchers would have to die to figure out the best sealing and usage methods.

The Sea God Scepter had a total of three negative effects.

First, it made the wielder irritable, making them prone to anger and turning rash as a result.

Second, it periodically froze all thoughts of biological creatures in a certain range before draining their blood, including the wielder's. As for how huge the range was and what the exact period was, Klein, who wasn't a professional researcher, couldn't give a precise description. He could only give a rough estimate that the range was from 600 meters to 1 kilometer and the period was 20 minutes to 35 minutes.

Third, it would gather and display the prayers of worshipers, both audio and visual. This very easily caused a non-demigod wielder, who had a lacking spirit, to break down and lose control.

The first negative effect is still alright. If I were to only use it for a short period of time, the anger and irritation would still be acceptable. To put it simply, I'll just end things rashly with such a powerful Sealed Artifact…

For the third, there's actually a way to avoid it. The Sea God's response to its believers must have a distance limitation. That is to say that beyond the Rorsted Archipelago and the nearby sea regions, there would be no "signal," so one wouldn't be influenced by it. Yes… if it's constantly placed above the gray fog, I believe this can break the distance limitation. The prayers' voices and scenes would be screened, turning into points of light. It wouldn't affect me in any way. I can then choose whether to reply, who to reply to, and how to reply…

And when replying, I can use the powers of the Sea God Scepter…

The biggest problem is the second one. I myself am fine. As Black Emperor, I'm considered a wraith; I wouldn't have blood, so there's no need to be afraid of being sucked dry. However, the surrounding creatures will be in trouble. After all, it doesn't distinguish between friend and foe. Besides, the frequency is quite unpredictable… It's impossible for me to first discuss with the enemy when I encounter danger about changing our time and place.

Klein carefully thought about certain scenarios of him using the Sea God Scepter, but it all depended on the environment and accurate judgment, so it wasn't very feasible.

Phew… could its fate be to stay above the gray fog? When people

like Amon attempt to creep up, I'll give them a bashing, no—a bolt of lightning.

Yes, there's another usage method. When people like Miss Justice and Mr. Hanged Man seek my help, I'm no longer limited to using paper angels. I can provide rain and produce some wind… Of course, this can be done like the purifying powers of the Sun Brooch, using the paper angel as a vessel…

On some serious thought, I can fully appear like a true demigod above the gray fog, with the help of the Sea God Scepter…

Klein's mood gradually became better, as he had discovered that the Sea God Scepter wasn't completely unusable at the moment. It opened up many more options and avenues for him.

He withdrew his attention and once again looked at the white bone scepter with the blue gems embedded at the top. He pondered over another question, and that was whether or not he should respond to the prayers of the followers of the Sea God.

Kalvetua is already dead. There's no need to give those people another target of their faith…

But, even if the living priests and high-ranking members of the Resistance notice the abnormality and no longer receive any responses, they still wouldn't accept the worst outcome for a long period of time. People will often hold out hope and are accustomed to comforting themselves and hypnotizing themselves. This is especially the case when they're in a perilous situation with no hope to be seen. Just like the City of Silver, after two thousand years, they're still consecrating the Creator, believing that they had been abandoned and that they would receive a response one day…

That is to say that the fervent believers of the Sea God will not stop their live sacrifices just because they didn't receive a response, being unconvinced that Kalvetua has already perished. Instead, they will become worse, hoping to gain the favor of their god... Without years of promotions and setbacks, it will be difficult for them to realize the truth.

Without the support of a native deity like Kalvetua, the Resistance would probably fall entirely into Feysac's or Intis's camp. At that time, they would most likely be driven to do inhuman things, such as attacking places where civilians gather, or to make children who still retain their innocence act as meat shields...

I need to give them some guidance. I need to tell them what the correct way of practicing their faith is, but I should only help them without burdening myself... I'm not responsible for saving their fates...

Klein gently rapped the edge of the long, mottled table and suddenly chuckled.

Wasn't I supposed to act? Sea God Kalvetua is quite a good target.

I wonder if I'll get any feedback with the gray fog's interference.

Heh heh, I have to give it a try to figure it out.

Klein quickly made his decision, feeling strangely refreshed.

He deliberated for a moment. First, he conjured a necessary scene, then he held onto the Sea God Scepter, spreading out his spirituality before touching one of the points of light.

...

In a hidden cave in the forest of Blue Mountain Island.

The bald rebel, Kalat, fell from his wheelchair, his eyes filled with despair and confusion as he crawled towards the shattered figurine of Kalvetua in front of him.

He vaguely sensed something, but he was unwilling to believe it. This meant that all of his persistence, all of his sacrifices, and all of his pain would become meaningless.

No... he screamed silently as he constantly muttered the honorific name of Sea God Kalvetua in an attempt to get a response from the deity.

With his elbows on the ground, his fingers reached into the soil as he moved towards the front of the shattered figurine one inch at a time. He picked up the head of the sea serpent that was carved out of stone, and he found that its eyes had collapsed inwardly to become a strange black hole, and its fangs were falling off one after another.

Kalat seemed to freeze; the light in his eyes seemingly vanishing.

It was at this moment that he suddenly saw a blurry figure. Behind the figure was a dark blue tsunami surging into the sky and streaks of silver lightning that branched out like tree branches.

Amidst his shock, Kalat instinctively lowered his head, an unimaginable sense of joy surging inside him.

He saw that the figure's feet were surrounded by waves, and there were hurricanes swirling around him. The figure was majestic and holy, high and almighty.

Then, he heard a calm and magnificent voice.

"I have returned."

As his voice echoed in the air, Kalat teared up for some inexplicable reason.

...

Ten minutes after Klein left the bottom of the sea ruin which was half-merged with the spirit world.

The seawater that filled this place suddenly churned and flowed backward. In just twenty to thirty seconds, the inside of the elven ruin was so dry that it resembled dry land.

A fresh hurricane blew in, bringing in breathable gas.

One figure after another descended from the hurricane, and leading them was a tall and brawny middle-aged man. He appeared to be in his forties with a face with firm and deep lines. His accentuated muscles filled with loose Storm priest robes.

He was none other than the Church of Storms Cardinal, Archbishop of the Rorsted Sea, high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers, Sea King Jahn Kottman.

He had a pair of deep blue eyes, and his hair of the same color was twice as thick as a normal person's. They were like small worms or tentacles.

Behind Jahn Kottman were a number of Mandated Punishers and military personnel. They examined their surroundings expectantly and cautiously, not letting their guard down because of the demigod's protection up ahead.

At this moment, they heard a snort, and they were immediately swept up by a hurricane, arriving at the doorway of the ruin in one fell swoop.

They saw a huge sea serpent reduced to a sludge of flesh and blood, with its bone exposed. Other than that, there was nothing else.

"Who is it!" Jahn Kottman suppressed his anger and growled.

As he shouted these words, a sea wave crashed down from above.

The sea wave reverberated in the half-collapsed hall, quickly calming to form a windless lake.

The surface of the lake reflected the scene from before: An indiscernible figure pulling up a short white staff inlaid with blue gems, causing the sea to churn and the ruins to quake.

Jahn Kottman took a deep breath and turned his back to the crowd.

“Find him.”

…

At that moment, Klein had selected a dozen or so believers to respond to, each of whom was relatively important, mainly by giving out a new covenant.

“I have returned, when the past is pardoned, I will redeem you.

“First Commandment: Thou shalt not sacrifice unto me living human sacrifices.”

Chapter 551: The Ten Commandments

“Second Commandment: Thou shalt not use my name in vain.

“Third Commandment: Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

“Fourth Commandment: Honor thy father, thy mother, and thy children as you love me.

“Fifth Commandment: Thou shalt not commit adultery.

“Sixth Commandment: Thou shalt not kill the innocent.

“Seventh Commandment: Thou shalt not bear false witness, frame, or violate contracts.

“Eighth Commandment: Serve me with your heart, not with your offerings.

“Ninth Commandment: Those who have committed lesser wrongdoings, first atone for your sins before seeking forgiveness.

“Tenth Commandment: Honor my name by helping your compatriots and companions.”

One commandment after another echoed in the ears of the bald rebel, Kalat, causing him to completely prostrate himself. He held his head close to the ground, uncontrollably trembling

slightly with reverence, fear, and excitement.

As a Mid-Sequence Beyonder, a rebel who had once been educated in the Feysac Empire, he had sufficient insight to understand that the worship of the Sea God was based more on fear—fear of powerful forces, fear of the fearsome natural risks that mankind faced, and many rituals that retained primitive bloodshed, a backward faith that reveled in inhumane and uncivilized practices, something that would be eliminated sooner or later.

However, the faith he had developed since he was young had made him afraid to go against the divine revelation. He could only bury the idea of modifying the ritual process deep in his heart and avoid the parts which conflicted with his own wishes as much as possible.

Now, the Sea God's sudden change left him extremely delighted. It was as if he could see the so-called "primitive totem," that outsiders claimed it to be, evolving into a true god.

Blessed are we; blessed are the rebels; blessed are the true believers… In his blurred vision, Kalat raised his head, spread his hands sincerely, and placed them against his mouth.

"I will abide by your teachings as if I am praising your name."

The blurry figure in front of him disappeared, the magnificent voice by his ears vanished, and the scene in the cave returned to its original state.

However, Kalat knew that everything was no longer the same.

He moved his elbows several times and quickly crawled back to his wheelchair. He once again sat on it and turned to the other side of the cave.

Kalat quickly met with Edmonton. This member of the Resistance with a blue sea serpent tattoo was standing in front of the deity figurine that was bleeding abnormally. His forehead was a mix of scarlet red and black, dirty and gruesome.

However, Edmonton's expression was joyful, excited, and satisfied. He looked at Kalat and blurted out, "Did you receive the revelation?"

"Yes, it's the aura of God, just like before." Kalat nodded in excitement. "Not only has God reappeared over the land, but 'He' has also rebuilt his covenant."

Edmonton let out a sigh of relief.

"I was even suspecting that I was hallucinating before.

"It seems like as long as an outsider touches the holy sword, God will be able to walk the land again. There's no need for it to be completely lifted."

Kalat chimed, "Indeed. The reason why the deity figurine shattered and bled is because God has changed 'His' image. We must build a new one! Just like the scenes we saw earlier!"

"God also showed his Sacred Emblem. Above the symbol of the waves, there was a scepter in the shape of lightning, surrounded by strong winds," Edmonton said as he recalled.

Kalat immediately patted the armrest of his wheelchair.

"Let's find the High Priest right now. He should've also received the revelation.

"We will usher in a new world!"

...

Above the gray fog, Klein put down the Sea God's Scepter and rubbed his temples in exhaustion.

He had noticed a problem earlier. The Sea God Scepter could respond to ritualistic magic, which meant that it could provide a certain amount of strength to help the worshiper complete the ritual and achieve their goals. However, it could only be concentrated within his domain and could not exceed the limit. Whatever could be done was relatively limited.

For example, the Evernight Goddess could use a method of influencing fate to let "Her" believers naturally obtain the money they needed and pay their debt. As for the Sea God Scepter, it could at most produce fake money on the altar, and after a while, it would become ineffective and return to its true form.

This is the difference between a false god and a true god...

Besides, apart from the gray fog, as long as it fulfills the procedure and prayer, the Sea God Scepter is capable of automatically responding to ritualistic magic, unless it will use up more than half of its power in one go... This might be why the steps to ritualistic magic are extremely important...

Above the gray fog, prayers will be screened, reduced to points of light. The Sea God Scepter is unable to automatically respond; hence, requiring me to manually handle them. This makes it relatively troublesome. It's impossible for me to stay here all day. Of course, there's also a benefit to it—as long as the prayer doesn't have any mistakes, and it is accurately pointed towards the Sea God Scepter, regardless of how perfunctory the ritual is, they will be able to receive a response. The only criteria is that I'm in a good mood…

I'll think of a solution when I'm free. I'll make it so that even if the Sea God Scepter is above the gray fog, it will be an automated answering machine… Produce a paper angel? That's useless, as it doesn't have any soul injected into it… Make a mechanical and rigid puppet to handle the repeated and trivial ritualistic magic? Hmm… I wonder if a Marionettist has powers related to this. At the very least, Rosago only showed traits of controlling a person like a puppet…

As Klein's thoughts slowly settled, his eyes moved to the iron cigar case.

After some research, he discovered that this cigarette case that had a severely corroded exterior had undergone some abnormal changes. It was firmer, tougher, and more resistant to corrosion. However, it was still within a comprehensible and acceptable range of normal humans.

It isn't equipped with any special properties… However, if it were placed here for a few years, decades, or even longer where it holds Beyonder characteristics and mystical items, perhaps it could really evolve into a "sealing case" whose effects would gradually fade one day… The corner of Klein's mouth twitched, and he turned his head to look at the junk pile in the corner.

They were covered by the gray fog, almost blending in with the surroundings.

Heh heh... Klein laughed dryly and looked away.

He fiddled with the crushed golden wine cup again, confirming that there was nothing wrong with it.

After doing all this, he entered the real world and summoned himself once more to bring the Sun Brooch and other items back to his room in the inn.

At this very moment, the clouds in the sky had disappeared, and the moon was scattering its crimson tranquility. The entire City of Generosity, Bayam, remained asleep in its dreams.

...

9 a.m., Cathedral of Waves.

Alger was summoned, and by using the excuse of a confession, he once again met the diocese bishop, Chogo.

"Look for this person." Chogo handed over the portrait in his hand.

Another mission... What's going on recently? Alger muttered in his mind as he unfolded the piece of paper.

When he saw the contents of the portrait, he almost couldn't control his laughter.

It was impossible to tell if the figure in the portrait was male or female, or what they looked like. How was he supposed to find

them? In a split second, he thought of something and didn't try to hide his change in mood. Instead, he deliberately blurted out, "Who is this?"

The portrait depicted an unusually blurry and mysterious person, with no characteristics that could be used to aid in a search.

There was no such mission yesterday... A sudden demand to pursue this person this morning... What happened last night? Hmm, Kalvetua perished completely... With that happening, the Church and the military would definitely search for its remains... Symeem Island is the clue? This person took away the most important item ahead of them? Who is this person? Alger's heart skipped a beat, and he almost didn't dare meet Chogo's eyes.

Chogo nodded.

"A dirty, despicable thief! He may be from Intis or Feysac, and he may belong to the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun or the Church of the God of Combat."

Someone from Intis or Feysac, or someone from the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun or the Church of the God of Combat? Why would there be such a guess and conclusion? His Eminence Jahn Kottman only received little information at the scene and was unable to pinpoint the target? In this case, it's indeed possible to presume that this person is from either Intis or Feysac, as the main supporters of the Resistance and Kalvetua are from those two countries. Heh heh, there is reason to believe that they may have already known where Kalvetua was hiding... It fits my theory from before... Of course, it could also be something else... Alger controlled his emotions and asked, "What did he do?"

"You don't need to know. Just pay attention to any abnormalities from people from Intis or Feysac in Bayam. Yes, also include the

locals who have become Beyonders. Also, find the people who previously posted the notice on the front door of the cathedral. They might know something, and they could quickly give you further information," George ordered in a deep voice.

This is indeed a direction... This is tantamount to telling me that this person has something to do with the notice and the perishing of Kalvetua... I wonder whose hands Kalvetua's Beyonder characteristic landed in... Who.... Right, The World is in Bayam. Something happened to Kalvetua not long after he came here! Could this be Mr. Fool's purpose? Would this help him in the process of removing the seal and regaining his strength? Alger's pupils contracted as he recalled his conjecture from a while ago.

...

When he woke up, Klein, who had reaped a bountiful harvest last night, was uplifted and in a good mood.

He decided to treat himself today and make sure that his three meals would be sumptuous and delicious.

As he pushed open the door and walked into the living room, he saw that Danitz was out of "bed," untying the bandage and splint around his arm.

He recovered that quickly? Klein was stunned for a moment.

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow look over, Danitz chuckled and said, "My ability at recovering isn't too bad. My Sequence 9 is called Hunter. I received a clear improvement in various aspects of my body, allowing me to surpass ordinary humans. When it comes to combat, I experienced a great enhancement. Besides, I'm already at Sequence 7."

Sequence 9 Hunter? I've killed one, and I know the corresponding Sequence 6's name is Conspirer... Klein suddenly recalled the first enemy he encountered back when he first arrived in Backlund. It had sucked him into a maelstrom that he was almost unable to extricate himself from.

"Sequence 8, Provoker?" Klein asked in passing.

He had long since guessed Danitz's Beyonder pathway from his adeptness at using fire. It was the Red Priest pathway which Roselle had called a true man. Sequence 7 was called the Pyromaniac, also known in ancient times as Fire Mage.

Danitz froze for a second, thinking that Gehrman Sparrow was doubting him. He subconsciously raised his voice.

"Do you think I'm not good at provoking?

"No, I'm an expert in this field!"

Chapter 552: Pomp

Danitz threw the splint and bandages into the trash, flexed his left arm, and said, “Typically, a pirate’s provocation is an insult, but I’m different. I do targeted insults.

“This requires one to grasp a lot of information and rumors, and also understand the provocation target. Only by doing this will you be able to make him lose his mind and cause his brain to be burnt out with a single sentence.”

He paused for a second and said, “Just like with Steel. You can curse him, calling him dogsh*t, or you could curse his parents and captain, but that will be useless. However, if you do an action and throw in a line with that, he will definitely turn into a bull who only sees red.”

With that, Danitz put his hands on his hips, held his crotch, and shouted in a low, scornful voice, “B*tch!”

...I really want to hit him... He lives up to being a Provoker... Indeed, Steel Maveti has such tendencies and hobbies, tsk... Klein loosened his subconsciously clenched fists.

“This is what you call ‘professional provocation.’” Danitz spread out his hands in conclusion. “If I meet a beast, a monster, or someone who cannot be communicated with since they had lost control, I can proactively emit a feeling that they hate. This is a Beyonder power.”

People with such Beyonder powers would either be great at receiving beatings, or they would be great at escaping. Clearly, you belong to the latter... Klein cursed inwardly.

Without having to worry about his injured left arm, Danitz was in a good mood as he continued, “Actually, I’m very good at setting up traps. It’s a pity that you didn’t agree with my plan when hunting Steel Maveti.”

Klein resisted the twitching of his mouth as he calmly replied, “You still have a chance.”

“What chance?” Danitz asked out of curiosity.

“A chance to set up traps for Beyonders such as Steel. One by one, I’ll introduce you to them.” Klein smiled.

“…” Danitz was momentarily at a loss for words.

He knew very well that traps were often ineffective against a man who wasn’t afraid of guns, projectiles, fire, or water.

Danitz let out a hollow chuckle and turned to look out the window.

“The weather has cleared up…

“Does that mean that the serpent, Kalvetua, is dead?”

Klein answered tersely without hiding the truth.

Danitz exhaled, hesitated, then said, “Regardless, after this city-wide sweep, few pirates will dare come to Bayam for some time. This will definitely include Admiral of Blood.

“Your plan of hunting him with Captain might have to come to an end. The Sonia Sea is so big, so it’s very difficult to find a fleet that intentionally hides their whereabouts. Moreover, they can head for the Fog Sea, Berserk Sea, North Sea, and Polar Sea.”

If it was that easy to kill a pirate admiral at sea, the Church and the military would’ve done it a long time ago! Let me return to the Golden Dream as soon as possible! Danitz lampooned under his breath.

Don’t worry, I have a way, and this will be your job… Klein asked without batting an eyelid, “What’s your Captain’s opinion?”

He had already spent twelve pounds to obtain a radio receiver through Fors, but he had been too busy with matters regarding the sea god to bother with it. Hence, he hadn’t taken it out from the junk pile above the gray fog to bring to the real world.

Meanwhile, Klein had received the money from Miss Justice and Mr. Hanged Man, raising his fortune to 7,085 pounds and five gold coins.

A wealth at this level was enough to buy a rather large and productive manor anywhere.

If it wasn’t for my revenge and my hope of finding a way back to Earth, I could’ve already retired… Klein thought in satisfaction.

Captain’s opinion… Danitz forced a smile and said, “Although Captain and the others should’ve entered within a 500-nautical-mile radius, in theory, allowing the attempt of a Soulfall Ritual, you should know that the sea routes aren’t entirely safe. Pirates have to be careful not to get caught by the military or the Church. For this, they often need to take detours.

“I believe we should wait another day before doing the Soulfall Ritual so as to prevent any wastage of energy and materials.”

“Okay.” Klein didn’t give any affirmative answers and had turned towards the washroom.

He planned on heading out again today to search for a chance to act as another person.

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow’s back, Danitz exhaled.

I must first contact Captain in private and persuade her to let me return to the Golden Dream before I can use the Soulfall Ritual in front of you! Gehrman Sparrow is someone who likes to head out. I have plenty of opportunities and space. Heh heh, don’t tell me that he enjoys shopping? Danitz thought, curling his lips.

…

After leaving the Cathedral of Waves, Alger Wilson went straight for the Ralph Trading Company in reflection and found the owner, who was reading a newspaper.

He was well aware that this middle-aged man, in formal attire, a bow tie, and glasses, was a veteran pirate. He supported the Resistance in secret and reverently worshiped Sea God Kalvetua.

“What is it, our captain of a ghost ship?” Ralph put down the newspaper, crossed his right foot over his left, and smiled leisurely.

He was an illegitimate child. His father was an adventurer of

Loen and Feysac blood, and his mother was a native. He had made his fortune by becoming a pirate, then being a merchant that did business with both pirates and the officials. He established a vast network of connections that provided him with help at the governor-general's office, the city council, and the police station.

Upon hearing Ralph's question, Alger almost frowned, because the man's attitude and tone were rather abnormal.

This abnormality was a state that wasn't in accordance with Alger's expectations.

In his opinion, after the fall of Sea God Kalvetua, he was certain that there would definitely be bad omens in the Rorsted Archipelago. The pious believers would definitely sense that something was amiss, either feeling apprehensive or downcast, so how could they still be so relaxed and natural!

Alger didn't directly mention Kalvetua; instead, he chuckled and asked, "Do you know where Kovaro has been recently?"

Kovaro was the pirate captain who possessed the Beyonder characteristic of the Sanguine baron. It was said that he was once a sailor aboard the Black Emperor, and that he was part of the periphery forces of the King of the Five Seas, Nast.

"Who knows? But he's surely not in Bayam; otherwise, he would've been caught in the raids in the past two days." Ralph shrugged his shoulders. "I heard that his boat went south."

Alger actually had an appointment with Kovaro on this matter, and he was only using it as a way to start the conversation.

Of course, he was well aware that to avoid the tsunami in the waters of the Rorsted Archipelago, Kovaro had definitely gone far away and would take some time before he returned to Bayam.

However, Alger wasn't too anxious, as he already knew that Mr. Moon had been given an acceptance draft. If he withdrew the sum before its maturity, he would receive a discounted value and lose a large amount of interest.

He deliberately nodded his head and said, "Got it, thank you for telling me."

At this point, Alger pretended to be unaware of what happened as he asked, "I heard that many Sea God figurines in many places shattered by themselves?"

He hadn't witnessed any instances of this himself, but he could make a reasonable deduction based on the Church's archives.

In many of the colonial islands and countries of the Southern Continent, more than one or two false gods like Kalvetua had been finished off by the seven Churches. What happened after their deaths had already long been recorded in the archives.

Ralph calmly nodded.

"Yes, there was such a thing.

"But that's not bad news."

His expression turned fervent.

“Because God has appeared over the land once again in a new image!”

God has reappeared over the land once again with a new image? Alger’s eyes remained fixed on him, and he felt that this was both reasonable but also unexpected.

Judging from the Church of Storms’s reaction, he was certain that Kalvetua was already dead. Then which Sea God was responding to the believers now?

Connecting it with his previous judgment, he quickly came up with a bold idea: *Is it an embodiment of Mr. Fool?*

He used Sea God Kalvetua’s perishing to create a new identity? He can release his powers through the seal to directly affect an identity in the real world?

Is this the real reason for The World to come to Bayam?

Hiss, Mr. Fool really does things with pomp!

Alger secretly swallowed his saliva and suppressed his excitement.

…

In the Wind of Azure Inn, Klein, who had yet to leave, saw the stack of cash Captain Elland handed him.

“Here is your reward for a total of a hundred pounds.”

He didn't mention how much Gehrman Sparrow and Danitz each received, but he gave a total amount. As for how exactly they would split the reward, that was something he left to them.

The military is really generous… Klein silently mused as he received the thick stack of cash, instinctively taking out two five-pound notes and tossing them to Danitz.

He lowered his wrist and finally drew another two ten-pound notes in an expressionless manner.

Gehrman Sparrow is still rather just, far more just than Just Elland… Danitz put away the reward in pleasant surprise. His wallet that had slimmed down quite significantly over the past couple of days had finally been replenished.

Glancing at Gehrman Sparrow in his new clothes, Elland asked, after some deliberation, with his boat-shaped hat in hand, "News from the Church of Storms has revealed that the person who posted the notices on the cathedral's door, informing them of the problem between Leticia and Sea God Kalvetua, was Blazing Danitz.

"What do you think about that?"

He stared straight into Danitz's eyes and waited for an answer.

"Haha." Danitz gave a hollow chuckle. "I don't know him."

Klein was silent for two seconds before saying, "While fulfilling a dead adventurer's wish, I came across Leticia and her companions at the inn.

“Snakes invaded our place in the middle of the night, but they easily resolved it.

“After returning to Bayam, I went to purchase some items from the Resistance and discovered that they had taken out their holy sword. Furthermore, there were two Mid-Sequence Beyonders guarding that small base.

“I felt a crazy will invade my body just by making contact with that holy sword for a moment, and I had nearly lost control on the spot.

“They were still after Leticia.”

What Klein said was the truth; it wasn’t the entire truth, but it was enough to infer the contents of the announcement.

Even if the kingdom’s military and the Church of Storms were to investigate further, they would only be able to unearth the fact that Gehrman Sparrow could change his appearance.

After listening carefully, Elland sighed and smiled, “If there are such things in the future, you don’t have to post notices in the middle of the night. You can come find me directly. This will allow you to reap even greater rewards.”

He stood up, put on his hat, and said to Danitz, “I heard that the bounty for Blazing is going to rise again.”

Chapter 553: Danitz's Hard Work

Bounty... The muscles in Danitz's cheek twitched as he forced a smile, pretending that he wasn't Blazing and that he didn't care.

When Elland left, he turned sharply to face Gehrman Sparrow and said, "I think we should move to another inn. No, we'd better leave Bayam as soon as possible!"

If I'm worth a bounty of more than 5,000 pounds, I won't be safe anywhere! The pirates and adventurers who are at the same level as me would definitely rush over like sharks smelling blood! Prey that they can finish off while also proving themselves and giving them a high bounty are always very popular. They're worth no less than treasure! Danitz suppressed even more of his inward shouting.

Klein didn't agree or disagree, he slowly smiled.

"Are you worried that your bounty will be too high?"

Danitz nodded heavily, finally feeling as though the madman, Gehrman Sparrow, was finally saying something sensible.

"Besides hiding, there are other solutions," Klein said as he walked over to the coat rack.

"What are they?" Danitz asked subconsciously.

Klein took off his half top hat and put it on his head.

“Raise your Sequence.”

Let your strength match the bounty… He put on his coat, twisted the handle, and walked out of the suite.

Raise myself to Sequence 6? Become a Conspirer? Danitz paused for two seconds, then he frowned and grimaced.

When he consumed the Sequence 9 Hunter and Sequence 8 Provoker potions, he didn’t find it much of a problem. In fact, he began to long for finding the legendary treasures, obtain mid or high Sequence formulas and their corresponding materials to advance to a demigod, and then become the new king of the sea. However, the intense pain and discomfort brought to him by the Pyromaniac potion had left him in fear and apprehension. He didn’t dare believe that he nearly lost control despite strictly following his captain’s instructions of constantly provoking his opponents.

This forced Danitz to consider whether or not he was fine just getting rich so that he could return to Intis a rich man.

He stood there, troubled for several minutes. Finally, he thought of a question.

Even if I want to advance by consuming a potion, it’s not something I can do in a short period of time. I’ll still have to find the formula and collect the ingredients. It wouldn’t be an easy task, and the new bounty might be released tomorrow or even today!

So, I must change inns and leave Bayam as soon as possible!

...

After Alger left the Ralph Trading Company, he casually went to a few places to inquire about the situation. When it was almost noon, he received a new report from the Church of Storms.

"It's confirmed that the person who posted the notices at the door of the cathedral is Blazing Danitz.

"Pay attention to his whereabouts."

Blazing Danitz... Alger held the slip of paper in his hand and ruminated over the name silently. The corners of his mouth curled up, and he no longer had any doubts in his mind.

With ease and certainty, he felt confident about going out to sea to hunt for materials.

This was because his quest would happen at sea and because Mr. Fool has a new identity: "Sea God!"

...

Having missed the morning's Blue Planet, Danitz waited until four in the afternoon to attempt the Soulfall Ritual while Gehrman Sparrow was out.

He drew the God of Knowledge and Wisdom's Sacred Emblem with familiarity—an omniscient eye on an open book—with the appropriate altar set up.

Inside the wall of spirituality, he lit a candle and picked up the lavender and mint extract before dripping it onto the still burning flame.

A refreshing fragrance filled the air, and Danitz burned several more herbal powders.

Having done all this, he took a step back and said in ancient Hermes, “I pray for the power of knowledge;

“I pray for the power of rationality;

“I pray for the God of Wisdom’s loving grace;

“I pray that you allow me to communicate with the spirit of Edwina Edwards, the teacher who pursues knowledge, the researcher of spirit world creatures, Vice Admiral Iceberg of the seas, who hails from Lenburg.”

...

Whoosh!

Along with the echo of the incantation, the interior of the altar suddenly became cold. Apart from the three candles, the remaining brass dagger, the salt plate, the bottle of extract, and the fountain pen and paper all floated in midair.

Danitz waited nervously, not knowing what was going to happen next.

After nearly twenty seconds, the flames of the three candles began to sway, coloring the candles in a pale green color!

Danitz's body suddenly stiffened. He felt an icy chill invade his body in an irresistible manner.

He saw his feet move uncontrollably, and he took a step forward.

He saw his left hand rise and grab the black fountain pen and a piece of white paper.

He saw himself bend over with a pen in his left hand, quickly writing: "Is there something?"

The words were exquisite and artistic, very different from Danitz's own style.

It was only then that Danitz realized he could control his head and his throat.

"Captain, Sea God Kalvetua is dead!" He squeezed out his hoarse voice as though he was suffering from a heavy cold.

"Details." His right hand wrote smoothly.

This was the opportunity Danitz had been waiting for. He immediately recounted everything that had happened, including Gehrman Sparrow's visit to Symeem Island in order to fulfill some adventurer's dying wish, the possibility that Gehrman Sparrow had suffered the sea god's curse and how he easily resolved the problem after closing the door, including the madman's mistake of mistaking the ancient elven ruins as a Sea

God ruin.

Towards the end, Danitz quickly added his own take on the matter.

“I believe that Admiral of Blood won’t come to Bayam for quite a substantial period of time. Most famous pirates wouldn’t.

“It will take at least half a year for this matter to pass.

“Captain, your hunting plan with Gehrman Sparrow might have to be shelved for the time being. I-I wish to return to the Golden Dream.”

His left hand froze for a few seconds before writing: “Continue to follow Gehrman Sparrow, and be my contact point with him.”

“Captain, y-you can teach him the Soulfall Ritual!” Danitz yelled hoarsely.

His left hand wrote: “This can only be done within 500 nautical miles, and in the case of the person holding the ritual, it would be quite risky for him. And you have our points of contact on the various islands. Those are things that cannot be told to outsiders.”

Indeed… Gehrman Sparrow is just an outsider… But, Captain, I really want to go back to the Golden Dream! Danitz racked his brains and said, “Maybe we can invite him to be a guest on the ship. No, this…”

Suddenly an idea came to Danitz.

“Captain, he has a messenger! He has a messenger!

“A messenger that travels through the spirit world to deliver letters for him!”

This should be an unrestricted means of communication, and it should be more private and secure! I don’t need to be the contact person anymore! Danitz thought in abnormal delight.

His left hand hung in midair for a few seconds before he wrote: “If that’s the case, there’s no problem.

“As the new year holiday is coming to an end, it’s indeed time for you to return to the ship. You do have some talent in languages, but you still have quite a few problems in other areas. You need to attend more classes and work harder.”

Danitz opened his mouth, but nothing came out of it.

He suddenly felt that returning to the Golden Dream wasn’t anything to look forward to.

…

In the evening, Klein returned to the Wind of Azure Inn.

He didn’t find a suitable target for acting despite an entire day’s work. Due to the sweep from before, many pirates and adventurers that were wanted were arrested. The remaining ones continued hiding cautiously, not daring to go out at all. Whether it was the bars, casinos, or brothels, business was poor and there weren’t many customers.

“So this is the situation.” Danitz came over. He cleared his throat and gave a hollow chuckle. “It would be my first time using the Soulfall Ritual, and I don’t have much confidence. I did a test ahead of time, and haha, it succeeded. I managed to communicate with Captain, and she believes there’s no chance to hunt Admiral of Blood any time soon. She plans on summoning me back to the Golden Dream. As for us communicating, don’t you have a messenger? You can use the messenger to send Captain a letter.”

My messenger was given by a bigshot, and it’s not mine… Moreover, the messenger can only send messages back and forth between the owner and the owner of the token, without involving anyone else. Yes, it can also be between the host of a ritual and the owner… That reminds me, I have to find a way to get a messenger of my own, or many things will be inconvenient… As for the solution to this, obviously, it’s to write to Mr. Azik who has to be an expert on the matter… Klein calmly pulled over a chair and sat down. He leaned forward and said in a low voice, “Tell your Captain that I have a way to find Admiral of Blood.”

“Huh?” Danitz was stunned, having not expected such an answer.

Then, he saw the corners of Gehrman Sparrow’s mouth slowly widen as he repeated, “Tell your Captain.”

“…”

Danitz shivered. He didn’t dare to make any inquiries as he forced a smile.

“We’ll have to wait until the next Blue Planet, which is between 11 p.m. and midnight tonight.”

“Very good.” Klein smiled as he praised.

But Danitz wasn’t happy at all.

Klein stood up slowly, recollecting a special dish he had eaten for dinner, and he headed for the bedroom.

The food was called the Teativa, and translated into Loen, it was “meat within fruit.” The cook used a giant local fruit, Teana, hollowed out its flesh, leaving only a solid shell; then stuffed it with mashed mutton and fish, followed by sea salt and several types of spices; and repeatedly roasted it over the fire. The meat was fresh, fragrant, and perfectly blended with the sweet and slightly sour flavor of the fruit.

Closing the door behind him, Klein first wrote a letter thanking Mr. Azik for his earlier guidance, then he asked again how he could have a messenger of his own.

After folding the letter, he took out his copper whistle and summoned the messenger.

The messenger didn’t stay, disintegrating the moment it took the letter.

Phew… Klein rested for a moment, ready to enter the space above the gray fog to see if the prayers of the believers could bring him any useful information, such as who he could actually act as.

Chapter 554: Acting as God

Above the gray fog, inside the palace that looked like a giant's residence.

Seated in The Fool's chair, Klein raised his right hand, allowing the Sea God Scepter to fly out of the junk pile and land in his palm.

He originally planned on placing this Sealed Artifact, that was on the level of a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, beside his chair. This was to show respect to a demigod item, but after careful consideration, he believed that the Sea God Scepter was still unable to match up with the mysterious and powerful Fool, who was able to fight against the True Creator and Primordial Demoness. Only a Card of Blasphemy was barely qualified to match his status. Therefore, he threw the Sea God Scepter into the junk pile.

Looking at the blue dots surrounding the white bone staff, Klein willed them to split into preliminary categories.

Just as he had expected, those blue dots of light automatically split according to his will. Those that merely praised Sea God and were prayers with no clear reason sank to the bottom and then rapidly disappeared. Those regarding confessions and pleas floated upward and came closer to Klein's palm.

Following his spiritual intuition, he "tapped" one of the latter.

All of a sudden, he saw tall, surging waves and heard the violent whistling of a gust of wind.

A fishing boat was bobbing up and down in the undulating deep blue sea, as though it was ready to capsize at any moment.

Above the fishing boat, the natives were either hugging the mast or pulling on ropes, making their last-ditch efforts to survive. Many of them were panicking as they chanted the honorific name of Sea God.

Noticing that this was an ongoing prayer, Klein lifted the milky-white scepter.

At the tip of the scepter, the blue-colored “gems” emitted a halo of light one after another before they connected into one and shone onto the scene.

The fishermen were gradually losing all hope when all of a sudden, they felt the ship which had been thrown into the air stabilize.

They looked around in amazement and saw that the mountain-like waves had calmed down at some point, and the raging winds were slowly calming down, turning as mild as Zarhar beer.

The overbearing dark clouds in the sky dissipated, and a storm was forcefully pushed back by a mysterious force before it could fully assume its full form.

The fishermen quickly recovered from their dazed states and understood what had happened.

Sea God has protected everyone! Sea God has shown his majesty!

Plop! Plop! Plop!

All of them prostrated themselves on the deck, spread their hands, and placed them to their mouths, reciting the honorific name of Sea God in an irregular fashion.

"Thank you, praise you. Adorer of the sea and spirit world, guardian of the Rorsted Archipelago, ruler of the undersea creatures, master of tsunamis and storms, the great Kalvetua!"

Above the gray fog, Klein felt a little depressed.

I was the one who saved you, so why are you thanking Kalvetua?

That sea serpent will only deliberately create hurricanes, set off waves, and intimidate you so that you would piously believe in it...

Klein fell silent for two seconds, then he suddenly burst out laughing.

Kalvetua is already dead, and the current Kalvetua is another one of my identities.

Why should I be in a bad mood when people are thanking my other identity?

This is something a Faceless has to take note of when acting for real? To fully immerse oneself in the role, treating all emotions one receives as their own, but also never forgetting who they really are... This is difficult to accomplish. Failure to pay attention to it can result in an abnormal state of mind. And once a Beyonder's

state of mind becomes abnormal, they won't be far from losing control...

After thinking for a while, Klein let out a sigh and chuckled to himself.

Acting the role of Sea God has been quite rewarding after all.

Although such acting doesn't provide feedback due to the gray fog's screening and isolation nor does it facilitate the digestion of the Faceless potion, it can provide me with experience and lessons, helping me figure out a safer and more effective way of acting.

Wrapping up his thoughts, Klein spread his spirituality to another point of light.

This time, the plea came from under a bridge. A woman with tattered clothes and a festering body was leaning against a corner, mumbling the honorific name of Sea God as she made her final confession.

Through her descriptions, Klein seemed to have witnessed her short life.

She was a native woman whose parents believed in Sea God. As a result, she inherited the faith of Sea God. In the first decade or so, her father worked as a miner, repairing roads and laying the rails, while her mother focused on temporary jobs—sewing, doing laundry, helping out at the docks, and occasionally working as a street girl. Only then did the family barely survive.

An abrupt change occurred two years ago. Her father had died during a road repair accident, and the Rorsted Railroad Company

had offered only a pittance of compensation. This pushed the family onto a path of no return.

Subsequently, the girl was sold to the Red Theater by her mother and became a legal prostitute.

Although Emperor Roselle had long invented the condom, many pirates and adventurers were unwilling to use one in their desire for momentary pleasure. And since the Red Theater didn't enforce the use of condoms, the girl's resistance was ineffective. All she could do was submit, eventually getting infected with some disease.

The manager of the Red Theater had tried to provide her some simple treatment, but seeing that she wasn't getting any better, she was chased out because the cost of the follow-up treatment was obviously much higher than the cost of buying another girl.

Not only was the ill girl unable to find a new job, but she didn't even have the money to rent a house. Her mother and younger siblings had long since disappeared, perhaps already dead or abducted to become slaves.

The girl became a tramp and lived under the bridge. She managed to survive for some time thanks to the food and free medicine provided by charity organizations.

But it was ultimately a short period of time. Her illness got worse and worse, and her body became weaker and weaker. Very quickly, she reached the end of her life.

At that moment, she recalled the days when she was the most well-fed and dressed. She recalled the words that the pirates and adventurers would occasionally say. She whispered and prayed to Sea God, "I want to live like a human being..."

Klein once again raised his staff, but he found that this Sealed Artifact didn't possess the ability to cure diseases.

He thought of purchasing some medicine from Emlyn White via The World, but he found that the prayer scene happened at noon. The girl had already passed away under the bridge, in mud and dirt, her body filled with agony and intense hunger.

Klein was silent for a moment, then he raised the angle of the prayer screen to reveal the location of the bridge.

After memorizing the characteristics of the nearby streets and the surrounding area, Klein leaned back in his chair, sighed, and said with an insincere smile, "What a humble wish.

"There isn't much of an opportunity to act… I'll try my best to bury you like a human being…"

He retracted his attention and scanned the other points of light, searching for someone he could act as, but he found nothing.

During this process, Klein noticed that Kalat, Edmonton, and the other members of the Resistance were carrying out a ritual. They had placed a batch of items on the altar, and they prayed for Sea God to imbue them with power.

So that's how they receive the Beyonder items they use for trade… To be at the level of a demigod is truly different… Moreover, they're used to not receiving any immediate replies. It's as if they plan to leave the items on the altar the entire night… Apparently, that sea serpent, Kalvetua, didn't respond immediately either. It depends on its mood, or whether it was asleep or not. Otherwise, it could only respond instinctively, unable to produce any Beyonder items in batches… Klein picked up the Sea God Scepter, making the blue "gems" shine again.

Boundless spirituality magically merged together, gushing into the prayer scene with transcendent vibes and randomly fusing with various items.

Some of them are Electric Shock charms, some that allow people to swim in the sea like fish, some that allow a gale to blow... Within three months, their spirituality would gradually decline to nothingness... Klein half-closed his eyes, feeling the changes in the items.

Although he had only responded twice, he was already rather exhausted despite mainly relying on the power of the Sea God Scepter. However, the first response had to do with him forcibly dispersing a storm and calming the waves, while the second response was to simultaneously provide an "enchantment" to dozens of items. They were all at the level of a demigod, so it was rather draining on his spirituality.

Even if I frequently use the Sea God Scepter, I wouldn't be able to last very long... On the other hand, the negative side effects wouldn't be a burden on me. I can attempt to use it at times...

Yes, the situation with the Resistance reminded me. I can also pray to myself and make a bunch of charms, mainly to allow me to do things underwater. This way, even if I find myself in a sea battle, I wouldn't be so restrained. Oh right, I still don't know how to make lightning charms. I need to seek out the corresponding mysticism information, and with it, I can deal with enemies who have air superiority...

Klein silently muttered a few sentences and threw the Sea God Scepter back into the junk pile while swiftly returning to the real world.

...

East Chester County. By the side door of a huge manor in the vast and beautiful countryside.

Audrey Hall was dressed in a waist-fitting black riding suit with a simple blouse lining her insides. She skillfully sat on the back of a brownish-red mare without showing the slightest sign of wobbling.

Her black leather boots were in the stirrups, with her white trousers slightly tucked into them. She smiled at Susie, who had a leather bag on her back.

“I’ll wait for you at the edge of the woods!”

With that, she bent down with the whip in her hand and let the brownish-red mare gallop across the open field.

Compared to the gorgeous yet gloomy family castle, Audrey preferred the beautiful manor and the scenery of the countryside.

One handsome horse after another came running out. The riders were servants and maidservants, and their only mission was to protect Miss Audrey.

Susie was also running happily, a feeling she couldn’t experience in Backlund.

Moreover, she and Audrey would have a little adventure today, and that was exploring an ancient tower in the forest that had collapsed a long time ago. The valuable items there had long been taken away, but there had never been any accidents that happened there. It was a perfect place for an inexperienced

person to practice her various abilities.

The only problem was that it would be dark in two hours, and there might not be enough time.

Chapter 555: The Message Late at Night

East Chester County was still cold in January, with snow often piling up. The branches and leaves of the trees were withered, with beasts hiding themselves, making it appear lifeless.

Audrey led Susie around the ancient tower several times while surrounded by her attendants and maidservants, but they found nothing.

There were only piles of gray bricks and rotten wood, and in the gaps, there were weeds and the corpses of tiny critters.

Audrey had thought she could find some murals on the wreckage of the walls, allowing her to decipher the origins of the ancient tower and use the appearance of wild beasts to secretly practice her Beyonder skills such as Awe, Frenzy, Placate, but she was only left very disappointed.

This isn't a tiny adventure... It's just a stroll on horseback... She pursed her lips, held her whip, and walked to her horse.

Unwilling to resign herself to this, she asked the attendants and maidservants around her when she had traveled half the distance, "Are there any legends of monsters nearby?"

Half of the attendants had followed her from Backlund to the family castle before coming to this manor. The other half were locals and were usually busy in the manor. There was no doubt that Audrey was asking the latter.

The reason why she had come to this manor was because,

historically, there was a folk tradition of worshiping dragons in the surrounding areas.

A young attendant secretly shot a glance at his noble and beautiful mistress. He mustered his courage, took two steps forward, and bowed while saying, “Deep in this forest, there are many fearsome wild beasts. Every year, hunters die there, but no one has ever encountered a monster before.

“It’s just like the situation described in an old folk song that goes around this place…”

He recounted the folksong and the general meaning was:

“Monsters are in your dreams;

“Dragons are in your dreams;

“The great imagined palace, floating in the air, is likewise, in your dreams;

“There is where you have everything, lasting until you wake up.”

Curious children, brave adventurers, seek out the dragon in your dreams… The attendant deliberately left out the last line, because he might be misunderstood as being sarcastic to Miss Audrey.

A dragon in a dream… The great palace that is imagined and floating in the air is likewise in a dream… Audrey carefully pondered for a few seconds before she suddenly felt that this ancient folk song wasn’t completely meaningless.

According to the information about dragons that she'd bought from Little Sun, the Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt, had actually imagined a floating city with massive temple pillars supporting a towering palace complex. The name of the city was Liveseyd, meaning the City of Miracles.

In dreams… The Spectator pathway comes under the mind dragons, involving the conscious, subconscious, the sea of collective subconscious, and the sky of spirituality. No matter how you look at it, it certainly involves the "dream" domain… Perhaps this ancient folk song really is pointing to something… Could Liveseyd really exist in the sea of collective subconscious, in dreams? But a dream is purely in the mind… Many thoughts flashed through Audrey's mind. Even when she returned to the manor, she was still unable to come up with a clear train of thought.

Entering the room, she glanced at Susie, suddenly having the urge to show off.

Susie doesn't know anything about dragons, so she definitely wouldn't be able to detect the peculiarities of this folk song… No, don't be arrogant; that's too superficial… And it's easy for Susie to discover that I'm hiding something… Audrey walked a few steps back and forth with her back straight, and she asked in a seemingly casual manner, "Susie, what do you think that folk song is really about? I have a nagging feeling that it's not as simple as it seems."

Susie opened her mouth, momentarily at a loss for words because she didn't know anything about poetry.

She gave it some serious thought and said, "Audrey, I'm only a dog."

…

In a forest in Blue Mountain Island.

Because of his agitation and excitement, Kalat didn't sleep at all. Sitting on the wheelchair, he inspected his surroundings, as if he had found a reason to live apart from revenge.

After making a full circle, he returned to the altar to pray once again.

He remembered the contents of the "Ten Commandments" very clearly. He knew that he couldn't use Sea God's name in vain, so he planned to use the relatively vague "God" as a replacement during his prayers.

When he approached the altar, his gaze suddenly turned into a stare because the items placed on it all had an unusual aura. For example, a dagger didn't reflect any crimson moonlight but released silver lightning. A leaf had become increasingly greener, making him feel that it was easier to breathe from a mere glance.

God has bestowed his grace... This thought suddenly flashed in Kalat's mind.

Up to this point, he no longer had any doubts regarding the transformation of Sea God. The sacrilegious thoughts hidden deep within him were completely dispelled.

The revelation from God that previously said that "'He' will walk the land again" was an implication that "He" is reconstructing "His" image... This layer of meaning goes very deep, and we actually failed to interpret it before... Kalat slowly took in a deep breath and propped himself up with his hands before solemnly prostrating himself before the great Sea God.

Soon, he returned to his wheelchair and headed for the residence of the High Priest, Edmonton, and the others.

He couldn't wait to tell his companions about what had just happened, to share with them the grace of God.

...

At a quarter past eleven in the evening.

Klein sat in his chair and watched with a blank expression as Danitz held the Soulfall Ritual, memorizing all the details while he did it.

It still requires help from the spirit world... He made a preliminary judgment.

If it's a spirit world creature, one can locate them as long as there's no mistake in the description. Just using a language with a certain amount of "power" can allow direct summoning or allow them to make their spirit descend. It has nothing to do with distance or range.

To a certain extent, deities have this trait as well, but sometimes it's possible to get a response from them even if the prayer is in an ordinary language. Of course, that is only if they have become believers and have caught the notice of the deity.

At the level of demigods, they seem to have blended with the spirit world to a certain extent. That's why one can point towards them with an accurate description to receive the possibility of a response. But there will be a distance limitation. Once it's beyond a range, they wouldn't be able to receive the "signal"... Sea God

Kalvetua is an example.

Vice Admiral Iceberg is considered a powerful Mid-Sequence Beyonder. To achieve something like this, relying on herself isn't sufficient. She needs to use the aid of a corresponding deity, and use a precise and unambiguous description; furthermore, there are restrictions on distance and range.

The moment Klein finished organizing his thoughts, the various items on the altar began to float up, with the exception of the three candles.

Danitz shuddered uncontrollably, his expression turning cold.

Very soon, he let out the female voice of Vice Admiral Iceberg.

"Good evening."

Her tone seems to contain the anger of being woken up... Klein felt that Danitz's entire person had turn feminine.

He hesitated for a moment and said, "I have a way to find Admiral of Blood."

"What?" Edwina Edwards, whose spirit had possessed Danitz, already had her tone return to normal—one that usually lacked emotion.

Klein said simply, "They use the latest wireless telegraphy technology. I received the frequencies and passcodes from White Shark."

“Wireless, telegraphy… You know such things?” Edwina appeared surprised to learn that Gehrman Sparrow, who was an expert in mysticism, would also have some general knowledge of radio communication technology.

Klein politely smiled.

“A little.”

Edwina was silent for two seconds, then she asked through Danitz, “Have they discovered that?”

Are you referring to whether Admiral of Blood and company have discovered the leak of their frequencies and passcodes? In theory, they should’ve since their intelligence officer, Old Quinn, has died at the hands of Mr. Hanged Man. However, wireless telegraphy hasn’t reached the level of wide-scale adoption yet, so it’s easy for those who use it to ignore security risks… Klein didn’t respond with absolute certainty.

“Perhaps.

“But we can try.”

As long as I can listen in on the frequency, there’s a very high chance of finding Admiral of Blood! As Sea God, even at the level of a demigod, making it difficult for me to know about matters in neighboring seas like the back of my hand, I can still control sea creatures and ask them to seek people out… Klein silently added.

Edwina said thoughtfully, “I’ll have Danitz help with the surveillance.”

You know a lot about wireless telegraphy as well... Klein grinned and said, “Okay.”

When the Soulfall Ritual was over, Danitz watched Gehrman Sparrow take out a sizable piece of machinery and its corresponding accessories, with mixed emotions.

“What is this?” he asked in astonishment.

Klein said flatly, “Radio transceiver.”

Danitz turned agape as he finally forced his question out.

“Where did you get it?”

Klein glanced at him.

“Outside”

As he spoke, he tossed the manual and information on the frequencies and passcodes to Danitz and went back to his bedroom to sleep.

So this is what he does on his frequent trips out... Danitz felt as though he had understood something.

After much reading and experimenting, he finally mastered the usage of the radio transceiver and settled back into his reclining chair. He was soon snoring away.

Without knowing how long he slept, he was suddenly awoken, astonished to hear rhythmic clicks.

What? Danitz rolled to his feet and looked towards the source of the sound.

He saw the radio transceiver in the dim room working on its own, spitting out illusory sheets of white paper under the serene moonlight.

...What's this? Danitz conjured flames in his palms as he carefully inched forward.

This scene reminded him of the horror stories that pirates often spoke off when they were bragging!

There's a problem with the radio transceiver? It's connected to an evil spirit? Danitz decided to yell for Gehrman Sparrow the moment he discovered anything amiss.

As he approached the radio transceiver, he saw several lines of ancient Feysac on the illusory sheet of paper.

"Hello.

"I sense a familiar but unique aura, but it's about to dissipate."

"...Hello." Danitz attempted a response. "Who are you?"

The radio transceiver produced its clickety-clack again, spitting out a piece of white paper.

“My name is Arrodes.

“In exchange, you have to answer one of my questions.”

Chapter 556: Discriminatory Treatment

A question? This strange radio transceiver is a little interesting... Danitz cleared his throat.

"You can ask, but I might not answer."

Hehe, you think I'm the kind of adventurer or archaeologist who ends up killing himself because of curiosity? Danitz thought with both caution and pride.

It took a few seconds for the radio transceiver to produce its clickety-clack again. An illusory piece of white paper was spat out with red words on it: "Do you have a secret crush on your Captain?"

...No! Don't speak nonsense! Who? Who told you that? Danitz's face instantly reddened.

He felt at a loss to have the secret that had been buried deep in his heart for so many years revealed so suddenly. He was embarrassed and ashamed at the same time and subconsciously wanted to deny it.

But at the same time, he was also shocked and confused as to how this matter had been discovered by an outsider. He had never told anyone, and he had kept this secret very well hidden!

Danitz opened his mouth, forced a smile, and said, "What a silly question, I refuse to answer!"

The radio transceiver produced its clickety-clack and spat out more white paper.

“Then let’s change the question.

“If you really don’t like her, who can endure such dry and boring lessons? Isn’t that right?”

“No! It’s because I’m not strong enough to beat her!” Danitz blurted out, his expression twisted.

The clacking of the radio transceiver became increasingly brisker and the words on the illusory white paper increased.

“A lie.

“Let’s change the question.

“The type of female you like is beautiful, powerful, mysterious, intelligent, and someone who is able to step over you, right?”

“…”

Danitz’s lips quivered as he felt as though flames were seemingly rising from his body and smoke was billowing from his head.

At this moment, he felt his state of mind explode. It was as if someone had stripped him naked and tossed him into a busy street.

Subconsciously, he looked around in panic, searching and avoiding the gazes that might be cast on him.

Then, he saw that the bedroom door had opened at some point. Gehrman Sparrow stood there quietly in his white shirt which hadn't been tucked in and his rather loose black trousers. It was unknown how long he had been watching.

"You, when did you come out?" Danitz stuttered, his face blank.

Please tell me that you just opened the door! He prayed inwardly.

Klein walked over to the radio receiver that had become paranormal and answered calmly, "From the beginning."

As a Seer, how could I not have sensed the strange activity outside? Even in my sleep, I'll still have my spiritual intuition… Klein chuckled inwardly.

Danitz's face instantly turned ashen. He turned his body in a half-circle and rushed toward the radio transceiver that seemed to be possessed by an evil spirit, in a bid to rip up the illusory white paper with the three questions.

But his hand went through the words without him grabbing onto anything.

A scarlet-red fireball formed in his palm again as he thought of blowing up the damn radio transceiver.

At this moment, Gehrman Sparrow's cold gaze swept over him.

...Right, this is his... Danitz froze, looking at Gehrman Sparrow step past him and stop in front of the unusual radio transceiver.

Arrodes... How did it connect to this radio transceiver? It said it sensed a familiar but unique aura which is about to dissipate. Is it referring to the aura of the mysterious space above the gray fog?

This radio transceiver was placed above the gray fog for a few days. Although it didn't show any abnormal signs, it still came into contact with the aura. And because of its own functions, it temporarily received information from the spirit world, and this was subsequently discovered by Arrodes, the magic mirror, that seems to know a lot?

Wait, what kind of question was that... I'm Gehrman Sparrow; I'm a cold, crazy adventurer. I'm a professional... I-I can't laugh out loud... Klein suppressed the corners of his mouth and secretly took a deep breath.

Danitz stole a sidewards glance, like a prisoner by the gallows waiting for the noose to be released.

Seeing no change in expression from Gehrman Sparrow, he was slightly relieved. He was glad that the person who had watched from the side was a madman and not a normal human being. He wouldn't have any interest in such matters.

If it were any other pirate, I would be too embarrassed to return to the Golden Dream. No, I would be too embarrassed to adventure out at sea! He looked with hatred and fear at the radio transceiver, at the demon who called itself Arrodes.

He heard the clacking again and saw a new piece of white paper spit out from the radio transceiver. There were two neat lines in Loenese: "Your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, is honored to

follow in your footsteps once again, constantly at your service."

...This isn't the same evil spirit as that Arrodes from before, right... Danitz's face twitched, and he suddenly felt that whatever happened tonight was surreal.

Klein, who went through great difficulty to stifle his laughter, keenly caught onto a problem. Arrodes wasn't here in person and had likely used the spirit world and the radio transceiver's "special function" to send messages remotely. Therefore, when Danitz refused to answer the first question, it was powerless to punish him and could only ask another question.

That's interesting. In the future, I'll just need to place the radio transceiver above the gray fog for prolonged periods of time, and I'll be able to make it turn into a unique item that receives spirit world information from ghosts? Unfortunately, by the law of conservation of Beyonder characteristic, even with the augmentation of the gray fog's aura, its extraordinary abilities would dissipate bit by bit, eventually returning to normal...

Yes, to maintain an ordinary item's extraordinary traits without the use of Beyonder characteristics, there's another method according to my knowledge in mysticism; that is to carve the honorific name or true name of an angel, or even a deity in a language that can stir the powers of nature onto it... This would be equivalent to borrowing the target's mysticism and power. Of course, the premise is that "They" agree... I can't do it myself. At least, the piece of paper that I previously used as my bank's passcode in ancient Hermes hasn't undergone any abnormal changes...

For real deities, I only know the true name of one; Primordial Demoness Cheek... If I get "Her" honorific name, together with "Her" true name, what will happen when I engrave them in ancient Hermes onto the radio transceiver? Will it release viruses? Will it appear more aesthetically pleasing in an industrial sense,

mesmerizing those with fetishes…

Yeah, the outcome with the greatest possibility is that when carving the honorific name and true name, the powers of the Primordial Demoness will descend, sucking everything dry… This is an extremely, extremely precise supernatural direction…

Strange thoughts flashed through Klein's mind until Arrodes greeted him.

Perfect. This is a magic mirror that can answer questions… Klein's heart skipped a beat. He turned his head to the side and said to Danitz, "Go out and guard the door."

"…Alright!" Without any hesitation, Danitz rushed to the door.

He was afraid that the demon named Arrodes would ask him new questions!

When Danitz entered the corridor and closed the door behind him, Klein turned to the radio transceiver which was connected to the magic mirror, Arrodes, and said in a low voice, "I have some questions."

"This is my honor. Can I address you as Master? The great existence above the spirit world?" White paper spat out of the radio transceiver amid clacking sounds.

You're too obsequious and too shameless… Why do I have a nagging feeling that there's a problem… Klein pondered a little and said, "You can use any form to address me."

“Yes, Master!” Arrodes used an exclamation mark. “What’s your question?”

“Where can I find mermaids?” Klein asked directly.

Amid clacking sounds, the radio transceiver answered: “To the east of the Gargas Archipelago, sail the sea route for a week and there’s a chance of meeting mermaids. However, the mermaids there are all believers of the Evernight Goddess.”

This is a little amazing… It’s within expectations, but it’s also surprising… Klein realized that his previous speculation had turned into reality in a way he didn’t expect.

Arrodes continued to “type”: “If it bothers you, you can continue heading east, but it will be very dangerous. That place is no longer a real ocean, but the ruins of the war of the gods. Of course, you definitely wouldn’t mind that.”

Who said that… I was still imagining that with the Sea God Scepter, I would have the chance of entering even the most treacherous of seas. Now, you are telling me it’s a sea evolved from the battlefield of gods… Indeed, there was a war of the gods in ancient times… The time when the Creator reclaimed the ancient gods’ authorities? Klein didn’t make comment as he watched Arrodes make the radio transceiver produce more words.

“In addition, there are reared mermaids in the Church of Evernight’s headquarters, in the Cathedral of Serenity, as well as the Sleep Cathedral on Dinos Island.”

In addition to the Holy Cathedral, there are mermaids on Dinos Island as well? The former is too dangerous. They have Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts and powerhouses at the level of angels. The latter can be considered. Transform into a Nighthawk or a bishop and

sneak in to listen to the singing and consume the potion… That's not right, the Church rears mermaids to target Faceless Beyonders, so how can they not be on guard against this point… I have to think of another way… Klein was about to ask the second question when he saw a new sheet of white paper come out of the radio transceiver.

"Great Master, I must abide by certain rules. You must answer a question of mine in exchange."

Answer your question? Klein raised his eyebrows slightly and waited for Arrodes to ask the question. He decided to acknowledge this servant depending on the situation.

Amidst the clacking, Arrodes used words to spell out a question: "What are you planning to have for breakfast today?"

Nice question… Klein calmly replied, "Depends on what the inn offers."

"A perfect answer!" Arrodes was almost short of giving a round of applause.

Without waiting for Klein to speak, it continued to type: "The aura above the spirit world is about to disappear. I await the next opportunity to be at your service, great Master."

After the illusory piece of paper was spat out, the radio transceiver stopped and lost its gloomy feel.

How many days would it take above the gray fog before I can contact Arrodes again? I'll ask it for the method to remove the mental corruption of a Beyonder characteristic the next time…

Yes, this method should be used prudently. Arrodes can use the special connection after the radio transceiver is tainted by the aura. Those who are stronger and more terrifying than it might be capable of doing so as well... If I keep doing this, maybe one day I'll get a telegram from the True Creator or the Primordial Demoness... Klein's mind raced as he noticed the hidden risks.

Chapter 557: Planting a Cue on Herself

East Chester County, the Hall Family Manor.

Audrey sat at the dressing table and lit a candle.

Afterwards, she looked at herself in the mirror across from the slightly swaying light of the fire. Her green eyes gradually became deep, making it impossible for anyone who laid eyes on them to shift their eyes away, as if even their souls wished to drown in them.

“Audrey, you have to remain lucid tonight in the dream,” she said to herself softly.

This was a simple “psychological cue.”

The ancient folk song she had heard at dusk had inspired her to explore her dreams and see if she could enter the sea of subconscious sea and the spiritual skies of all living things.

This was an experiment that other Psychiatrists had never attempted. At least, there was no similar experiences in the reference materials provided by the Psychology Alchemists—giving oneself a psychological cue to explore their own dreams.

Perhaps I might be able to find traces of a mind dragon or even the City of Miracles, Liveseyd... Audrey withdrew her gaze; removed Lie, which was now in the form of a ruby necklace; and placed it inside a jewelry box.

She was afraid that the mystical item that amplified her emotions would affect her while in her dream and cause unnecessary harm; therefore, she removed it in advance out of caution.

After doing all of this, Audrey subconsciously looked at her reflection in the mirror and saw little blemishes on her face.

While wearing Lie, she felt that her beauty was intoxicating.

Wake up, Audrey. That's only a lie! She lifted her right palm and caressed her cheek.

At that moment, she was very glad that she had chosen the name "Lie" for that mystical item. It kept her constantly alert; otherwise, she feared the day that she would one day be completely dependent on it and not want to face her true self. The day she lost it, it would be very possible that she would lose control.

Those girls who are relatively ordinary looking might never wish to take it off again after wearing Lie to perfect their looks. They might be willing to die to keep it on them... For a Beyonder, I can't have such a state of mind either... Audrey sighed and stood up.

She walked briskly and expectantly through the warm room in her slippery silk robe, back to the soft, comfortable, and springy bed, and pulled a rope from the headboard.

Her personal maidservant, Annie, entered and gently extinguished the lights.

Before long, Audrey fell asleep.

In the hazy world, she suddenly jolted to her senses and realized that she was dreaming.

She looked around with interest and silently said to herself, *Is this what's known as lucid dreams in psychology?*

In mysticism, there is a similar concept.

It's really effective. I relied on a simple psychological cue that I planted in myself to get a lucid dream. Audrey, you really are a genius~ No, no, no, this is mainly an application of a Beyonder power. I mustn't be arrogant.

At this moment, Audrey had already figured out what the current dream was.

She was walking along a dark, narrow road surrounded by a dark forest, and ahead of her was the castle with its spires.

The prolonged howls of the wolves, the slow and frightening gasps, and the shrill and intermittent screams came from every direction, creating a dangerous and depressing atmosphere.

I haven't gotten over the fear of Duke Negan's assassination. I'm still afraid that one day, many Beyonders would suddenly attack my father, my mother, and my brothers... Audrey dissected her dreams from the point of view of a Psychiatrist.

In this strangely real dream, she walked slowly toward the castle that was almost identical to the Hall family's ancestral house.

As she walked, a figure suddenly jumped out of the dark forest. It was a gigantic dragon with golden scales all over its body. Its eyes were pale gold with vertical pupils, and its thick tail looked like it could sweep away everything.

This dragon's facial features were exactly the same as Audrey's. When paired with its body, it gave off an indescribable feeling of strangeness and horror!

Audrey jumped in fright, almost waking up from her dream. Fortunately, having been a Spectator before, she was able to stabilize her emotions in time.

This made her realize that she had never really forgotten how she had almost lost control back when she consumed the Psychiatrist potion. Back then, her self-relief and the improvement in her mood was only superficial. The trauma had already taken root in the depths of her subconscious and would occasionally reflect itself in her dreams.

Fortunately, I discovered this today. In the future, I can try to treat this trauma in my subconscious. I'm a Psychiatrist! If I continue to ignore this issue, I might lose control due to this fear when advancing to Sequence 6... Audrey examined herself carefully.

As she walked and stopped, Audrey's dream kept changing in an erratic fashion. It would've been considered quite an unsatisfactory story.

Finally, she arrived in front of the castle and saw an arm-length magic staff sweeping through the air, scattering down specks of light that were as resplendent as starlight.

The castle that was shrouded in the light instantly became

magnificent, and all the gloom disappeared.

The melody of a band came out from inside the castle as one wall lamp after another lit up.

This was the most beautiful expectation that I had towards Beyonder powers at the very beginning… It really was a little girl's fantasy… The corners of Audrey's mouth curled up, and her mood turned for the better.

She didn't stop, but she walked past the castle to the edge of her dream. She didn't care how the scene behind her changed, or how the story unfolded.

After walking for an unknown amount of time, she passed through the barren wasteland and arrived at the top of a cliff.

Looking out, the gray, blurry void extended into the distance. The area beneath her was so deep that it seemed to be bottomless.

Audrey was keenly aware that this was the boundary of her dreams. Once she left, she had no idea what would happen.

And how do I leave? Jump down? Will I fall to my death… Audrey thought awkwardly, not too courageous in taking the risk.

After thinking for a few seconds, she slowly came up with an idea.

This is a dreamland that originates from the world of my mind. As the mistress of this place, I can use my will to open up a path for myself!

With the thought of making the attempt, she tried to conjure what she thought, just like the way she did it above the gray fog. The only difference was that the former needed the help of Mr. Fool, and now she had to rely on herself.

Audrey stretched out her right hand, pointing it downwards into the depths of the gray fog.

In front of her, the gray fog suddenly surged, revealing layers of stairs that led downwards, without an end in sight.

Audrey took a slow breath, lifted her skirt slightly, and stepped onto the first step.

Step by step, she continued down the stairs. The surroundings grew increasingly quiet, so quiet that it was almost as if she heard auditory hallucinations.

In this place, there was nothing else apart from the gray fog. It was lonely and filled with the unknown.

A howling gale blew in from different directions, causing Audrey to sway back and forth. The fear she felt slowly deepened.

Before she lost control of her emotions, her green eyes shone with a warm light that seemed to be able to see through the hearts of others.

Audrey used her Psychoanalysis powers to placate herself!

She continued her search. After nearly a minute, a point of light suddenly lit up in the surrounding gray fog.

Audrey took a cautious look, only to see that the point of light was of herself—back when she had just consumed a potion and almost became a dragon monster. While on the verge of losing control, emotions such as worry, horror, fear, and nervousness were clearly overflowing from her.

...This is my subconscious, so this is my trauma? Audrey vaguely understood where she was after she left her dreamland.

She was in no hurry to resolve this trauma as she continued to walk down, step by step, filled with anticipation.

According to the theories of the Psychology Alchemists, the subconscious was at the bottom of her destination—the sea of collective subconscious for all living creatures!

During her exploration, Audrey once again saw herself listening to her parents' storytelling when she was young. She saw herself, someone who valued her image but wasn't actually very elegant deep down. She saw herself participating in the Tarot Club, only that all the specks of light regarding the latter were tightly wrapped in a gray fog.

These are things in my subconscious... They influence my character and behavior? Audrey instinctively analyzed what she saw with her knowledge of psychology.

Amidst the coruscating points of light, there were several times where she was pushed to the verge of an emotional breakdown due to the lonely, aimless exploration, but she had used her Beyonder powers to placate herself in time.

Just as she was about to lose all sense of the passage of time, she saw the last step.

In front of the steps was a solid, blurry, gray “ground.” Above it, there were streams of light and shadows. They were dense and overlapping, like an illusory sea.

The sea of collective subconscious… Audrey took a few steps forward and raised her head to look up. To her surprise, the gray fog no longer blocked her vision as the clear high skies appeared.

There were countless indescribable silhouettes, seven of which were of different colors. They were lustrous brilliances that seemed to possess immense knowledge.

Audrey pursed her lips and happily said to herself, *The sky of spirituality.*

Then, she cautiously moved forward, forging the adventure that she could call her own.

Those figures of light that formed the sea would flash past her from time to time. Some contained ancient memories of being burned by flames, while others bore the excruciating pain of seeing something indescribable…

Apart from the imprints of the ancients from ancient times, Audrey also saw the gazes of admiration cast on her one after another, as well as the activities of the people who worshiped dragons.

As she walked, she noticed a grayish white mountain on the far left. It extended upwards until it emerged from the sea of light and shadows. The top of the mountain was shrouded in a dense fog, making the entire place seem hazy.

Is that someone else's consciousness? The sea is the subconscious, and beyond the surface of the sea is the ordinary consciousness? Yes, he's dreaming... Audrey suddenly thought of a possible application of a Psychiatrist. It was to move closer and climb up, directly affecting the other party's subconscious thoughts, allowing them to naturally act according to her bidding.

But it should be very difficult and very dangerous... Audrey looked away, not daring to make the attempt.

She clearly remembered that her purpose this time was to seek out traces of the mind dragon and the City of Miracles, Liveseyd.

Audrey passed by more than a hundred other people's consciousness. Gradually, she felt exhausted.

It's time to return. Instinctively, she raised her head and looked into the distance, rationally making the decision.

She stood there for a long time, unwilling to leave.

A shadow suddenly appeared in the air just as Audrey was about to turn around.

It was a pair of two huge gray wings!

Under the wings, there was a long lizard-like monster.

Its entire body was covered with huge scales that were like grayish-white stone slabs. It had four thick and powerful legs, seemingly bathing in the sunlight that didn't exist as it flickered in what seemed like the afterglow of the setting sun.

The monster flew over. Its eyes were pale gold with its pupils vertical, looking cold and arrogant.

Its grand and epic figure quickly disappeared into the sea of the subconscious of all living beings.

Dragon... A mind dragon! Audrey jumped on the spot and looked around, afraid of others noticing her inelegant behavior.

She paced around excitedly, feeling very satisfied with her adventure.

Indeed, the tradition of dragon worship here isn't without an origin. In their subconscious, there lives a mind dragon... Audrey resisted the urge to praise herself and had decided to return immediately and wake up from the dream.

She didn't have the urge to continue her exploration, as she wasn't prepared for it at all. She was going to consult Mr. Fool, Mr. Hanged Man, and the others at the Tarot Club next week in the hope of receiving some advice.

Audrey returned the way she came, entering the "mountain" formed by her consciousness. Then, she woke herself up and successfully escaped from the dream.

...

At that moment, Danitz was also permitted to return to his room.

He glanced at Gehrman Sparrow and said with an embarrassed

smile, “You won’t tell anyone what you just saw, will you?”

Chapter 558: Search for Abnormalities

Klein didn't answer with "yes" or "no." Instead, he stopped walking towards his bedroom and flatly said, "That was a question."

"Right, right, a question! That was a slanderous question with no basis! Besides, I also gave a negative answer," Danitz responded with delight and had emphasized that he had never admitted to it.

Klein gently nodded his head.

"I will clarify this with your captain."

Clarify... Danitz stared, then he half opened his mouth, his expression twisted.

He was also considered a somewhat knowledgeable person, so he stopped explaining and arguing, and he forced a smile.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

Klein took a deep breath and used his Clown powers to control his facial expression.

"Monitor it well."

"Yes, alright!" Danitz quickly agreed.

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow turn around and walk to the bedroom's entrance, he couldn't help but ask, "You're not going to clarify this with Captain, right?"

Klein twisted the handle and replied expressionlessly, "Monitor it well."

After he finished speaking, he pushed open the door and entered the room. Before he could widen his mouth into a laugh, he closed the door behind him.

...

The next morning, after breakfast, Klein put on a pair of pantaloons, a thick brown jacket, and a cap. He changed his appearance and went out, leaving Danitz alone in the room to watch the radio transceiver.

Along the way, Klein changed his appearance again, making himself look more like a native.

He found a special store, bought a pair of linen gloves, a shroud, and a body bag. Then, according to the surroundings he had previously witnessed, he scanned the area around him for landmarks before finding the bridge and the girl who had died amid the mud in a corner.

As it was still winter, the weather wasn't too hot, and there were no obvious signs of decay from the corpse, but the festering skin and the stench still made Klein instinctively nauseous.

He didn't immediately come to bury the girl who wanted to live like a human being last night, due to the recent events—Bayam

was under strict curfews at night, as well as the fact that the cemetery didn't open until dawn.

Pulling out a small metal bottle, Klein poured some Quelaag Oil onto his hand and rubbed it at the tip of his nose.

A choking sensation invaded his mind. The smell of peppermint mixed with disinfectant filled his olfactory senses, making him sober as if he had just fallen into a sea of floating ice. He was no longer affected by any other smells.

Putting away the metal bottle, Klein put on his gloves, took a few steps forward, and crouched next to the female corpse.

He unwrapped the shroud and began to gently move the corpse into the body bag.

Carrying the bag over his shoulder, he deliberately walked through the most bustling streets of Bayam until he reached the outskirts of the city. Along the narrow road where horse carriages couldn't pass, he scaled a mountain to its mountainside.

There was a cemetery specially prepared by the Church of Storms and the governor-general's office, for the natives.

As for foreigners, such as businessmen, adventurers, people from Loen, Intis, and Feynapotter, who had settled down here, they had their cemeteries situated on the opposite side of Bayam on a flat and soothing plain with forests backing them.

Klein climbed higher and higher and entered the unnamed cemetery, where he found the gravekeeper dozing off.

“How do you want to bury him?” The gravekeeper pointed at the body bag. “If you want to do it for free, you have to wait a few days until the corpses in the morgue accumulate to a certain amount, then they’ll be cremated together and buried in the same grave. Of course, there will be priests who will do a send off for the souls of the dead in advance. 5 soli and he will have an urn and a niche he can call his own. 2 pounds, he’ll get an urn and a grave with a tombstone. If you don’t want him cremated, you’ll need a coffin. You can pick one over there. They’re priced differently based on the type of wood.”

Klein thought for a moment, then he took out 5 soli in notes and handed them over.

“What’s his name?” the gravekeeper counted the notes, picked up a fountain pen, and asked with a good attitude.

He didn’t actually know how to write words, he just wanted to draw symbols to help him remember.

Klein paused for a second and said, “Bourdi.”

“Bourdi…” the gravekeeper repeated it in a low voice and drew a symbol.

Without looking up, he continued, “She can have an epitaph on the niche.”

Bourdi was a typical female name in the Rorsted Archipelago; therefore, the gravekeeper no longer mistook her gender.

Klein remained silent for a few seconds, then he said in a low voice, “She is a human being.”

“She is a human being? What a strange epitaph…” the gravekeeper muttered, “Do you have a picture? I know you don’t.”

Before he could finish his words, he saw the other party hand over a “photo.”

It was a portrait that Klein had drawn using a ritual. It perfectly reproduced the girl’s looks before she fell ill. In order to not be suspected, he used the corresponding type of paper and some technique to make the portrait look like a real photograph.

The gravekeeper was surprised but didn’t say anything. He quickly took the information and carried the body bag to the hut where the priests resided with Klein.

After the send off and cremation, as well as the storing of ashes into an urn, the photograph was pasted on, and an epitaph was engraved, putting an end to the entire matter. Klein took a deep look before turning around to leave the cemetery.

As he walked down the mountain path, he saw Bayam in its entirety.

The sea was pale blue, nearing the color of green. It was empty as far as the eye could see. Sails were stacked by the harbor, and the chimneys towered high. The streets were crisscrossed as people came and went. The surrounding estates were densely packed, and there was plenty of greenery. The distant public roads were wide, and the railways were straight… It was like a beautiful oil painting that was produced by a master. It was filled with vitality that was hardly describable.

…

At the top of the clock tower of the Cathedral of Waves, the Church of Storms Cardinal, high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers, Jahn Kottman, stood at the edge, looking out over the refreshing sea and the mountain range that stretched out along the coastline.

The pollution in Bayam was rather low as the mining and smelting industries were located in other cities on the island. The mainstay here was the spice trade, the brothels and casinos, and the accumulation and transit of goods. It lacked a fully-formed industry, and there was a limited number of days needed for coal to be burned for heat.

As soon as Sea King Jahn Kottman retracted his gaze, he saw a Mandated Punisher running up the spiral staircase.

“Your Eminence, there’s new information.” The Mandated Punisher struck the left side of his chest with his right hand.

“What is it?” the well-built Jahn Kottman turned around and asked.

The Mandated Punisher handed over the piece of paper in his hand.

“News from within the Resistance. They’ve received a response from Kalvetua. They’re in the process of creating new statues.”

“New statues?” Jahn Kottman unfolded the note and skimmed through it.

He then turned his head to the interior of Blue Mountain Island, which was covered in a sea of dense forests. After a moment of

thought, he said, “Search for abnormalities in the archipelago’s sea area.”

He was certain of one thing from the intelligence, that the mysterious person who had taken away the characteristic left by Kalvetua hadn’t left the waters of the Rorsted Archipelago. This could be determined from the fact that the person could disguise himself as Kalvetua and reply to his followers.

Meanwhile, Jahn Kottman knew very well that the Beyonder characteristic left behind by Kalvetua, who had gone mad before its death, would lead to severe side effects regardless of whether or not it was reduced to a real item; therefore, it would definitely result in an abnormality in the surrounding area.

Moreover, he believed that it wouldn’t be easy for the mysterious person to find a proper sealing method.

Even if he had found it, there was no way he could control the effects when responding; hence, exposing the problem.

This was the clue!

“Yes, Your Eminence, May the Storm be with you!” The Mandated Punisher bowed again.

…

After entering Bayam City, Klein dispelled his Faceless power when no one was paying attention. He returned to the Wind of Azure Inn via carriage.

As soon as he opened the door and entered, he saw Danitz sitting in front of the radio transceiver, his expression strange and grave.

"Got something?" Klein asked in a low voice.

"No, no." Danitz raised his right palm and shook the papers in his hand. "My bounty! My bounty has been raised to 5,500 pounds…"

This was almost reaching Steel Maveti's bounty!

Because of this, he didn't dare head out to drink or relax; all he could do was stay in the room and listen out for a signal.

This rate of appreciation is really tempting… For a moment Klein didn't know how to react, so he said without expression, "This is just the beginning.

"Mr. 10,000 Pounds."

…*Dogsh*t!* Danitz cursed inwardly, but he didn't dare to show any disrespect on his face.

*All of those things were done by Gehrman Sparrow. Why did it end up increasing my bounty? Those sons of b*tches from the Church of Storms!* He forced a smile and shook his head, his facial muscles twitching slightly.

Klein held back his laughter and ignored him. He went back to his bedroom to catch up on his sleep.

At this moment, he saw a letter suddenly appear, floating down from midair and landing right in front of him.

Klein raised his right hand and grabbed the letter.

The messenger didn't even show its face and just left after throwing the letter? Klein clicked his tongue, opened the letter, and read it.

"...There were two methods for obtaining a messenger. The first method is to think of an accurate description, hold a ritual, summon the corresponding spirit world creature, and make a contract with it. The second method is to directly enter the spirit world and search for a messenger that you wish to obtain. After obtaining its consent, sign a contract with it and then record down the accurate description language for later use.

"The first method is relatively simple, but it is also rather dangerous, because what fits the description might be a powerful spirit world creature or a strange evil spirit. Every time you summon it, you cannot be completely sure what you will attract, and this is a risk that is hard to divine in advance.

"The danger of the second method is that it isn't easy to find the appropriate messenger, and there's a risk of getting lost in the spirit world.

"Unless you're a Traveler; otherwise, I do not suggest the second method. For the first method, I can provide you a description that has been tested and verified. As long as the process is done accurately, the level of danger will be rather low. But it might not satisfy you. Also, the contract needs to use powers in the undead domain. You can use my copper whistle to provide for that.

“The format includes the following paragraphs…

“Of course, if you don’t mind, I can transfer a messenger to you as a gift and have it sign a contract with you…”

Transfer it to me as a gift? It’s no wonder that the messenger didn’t even dare show its face… Klein thought in enlightenment.

Considering that he had used the previous messenger as a shield and was unfortunately finished off by Mr. A, causing the later messengers to become increasingly rude to him, he inwardly declined the offer.

Use the first or second method? The first method is prone to error. I might even summon a candidate messenger and get beaten up… A commonly used description isn’t unique enough, making the messenger’s strength worrying… The second method? I’m not afraid of getting lost since I’m able to instantly return above the gray fog. Furthermore, in my Spirit Body state, I can use the Sea God Scepter. The spirit world creatures aren’t afraid of having their blood drained either. Yes, I have to do it outside the archipelago; otherwise, I’ll be affected by the prayers. Klein quickly came to a decision.

Chapter 559: Meeting on the Way

With that idea in mind, Klein immediately began making preparations.

It was to explore the spirit world and select a suitable target to become a messenger. After he left the Rorsted Archipelago and its surrounding sea, he could bring the Sea God Scepter along with him to reason with the target and convince them to become his messenger.

Once I find myself lost or in a dangerous situation, I would immediately halt the summoning and return above the gray fog. There's basically no risk... Klein thought for a few seconds, then he locked the door and began the ritual of summoning himself.

At the end of the ritual, he quickly arrived above the gray fog, but he was in no hurry to respond to himself. Instead, he sat down and let the Sea God Scepter fly out from the junk pile and land on his palm.

He intended to scan the prayers of the believers as per routine for anything to respond to.

During this process, Klein discovered that some of the prayers were actually quite interesting, because humans could deceive friends and relatives, but it was difficult to keep their truest thoughts when confessing or praying to the gods. At most, they would modify the truth to make them look less bad.

A mixed-blood, who had clearly changed his faith to the Lord of Storms, had already reached the middle ranks of the Bayam police department, but in his confession, he tried hard to portray

his behavior as a plan of burdening himself to carry out a mission. For the sake of a brighter future for his kinsmen, he could only confess to god in misery, hoping that "He" would protect him, so that he could climb up the ranks in the police system as a believer of the Lord of Storms.

Although his words sounded flawless, the fluctuations in his thoughts and emotions during his confession were clearly displayed in the prayer scene. It was something that couldn't be hidden.

Trying to deceive God while you are deceiving yourself… If it were a gigantic sea serpent like Kalvetua who lacked intelligence, it might've believed you… Should I give him a lightning bolt or ten wind blades? Yes, it's pretty impressive to have a mixed-blood rise up to the ranks of senior inspector. I'll keep him. There are benefits to having a snitch… Klein raised his Sea God Staff, making one of the blue gems glow.

The light poured into the scene and imperceptibly seeped into the senior inspector named Boulaya.

This wasn't a curse, nor was it a cue. It was a mark of divinity that almost no one could discover.

Simply put, it's a unilateral way for me to "keep tabs" on you… Klein silently added inwardly.

He continued browsing and saw a young believer with slightly curly bronze hair praying for a man named Zangmo to be caught in a storm and buried at sea. He claimed that Zangmo wasn't pious enough, but the truth was that, as a competing fisherman, Zangmo was always able to harvest more fish than he did.

What kind of nonsense prayers are these? The human heart sure

is hard to fathom... Klein frowned and mumbled to himself. Then he had a vague idea.

For a Faceless to engage in real acting, it not only requires a flawless performance in terms of external appearances and habitual actions, but it also needs to maintain the core personality. Not many changes are allowed. As for personality, every person is different, so there must be a difference to a certain degree...

By browsing the prayers of my believers, it's equivalent to me realizing different kinds of personalities and mental states without going through the trouble. When talking about the many masks we wear, it's not only about looks...

This will be rather important for my subsequent acting as a Faceless. It can save me time from figuring things out through accumulated experiences.

Klein increasingly felt that acting as Sea God was very beneficial towards him.

When you are acting the role of a demigod, even if you don't get any feedback, you will still definitely get some considerable benefits... This is a way of gaining experience of being someone of a higher level... Klein perked up, no longer being perfunctory about skimming through the prayer scenes.

After quickly browsing through one scene after another, his gaze stopped at a merchant named Ralph.

The businessman praised the miracle of the reappearance of the sea god, and he had indicated that he planned to offer a third of his fortune—worth 20,000 pounds—to the Resistance, half for military expenses, and half for the reconstruction of God's

statue.

Actually, there's no need to go through all that trouble. Just directly offer it to me... Klein muttered half-jokingly.

He thought for a moment, and then he conjured a background of waves and storms with heavy rain and lightning falling together. He responded in a low voice, "You have honored my name by helping your compatriots and companions.

"The young lambs need help, food, and education."

He intended to get Ralph to set up a charity fund with the 20,000 pounds, and to seek donations widely from the community to make up for the damage, create a consensus; and help to provide local children with food, clothing, and education under the pretext of governance.

As for the military expenditures of the Resistance, Klein understood that in a world with Beyonder powers, it was very difficult to rely solely on the opposition from the natives of the colony to succeed. Therefore, they needed the help of foreign countries like Feysac and Intis.

Funding was undoubtedly needed.

Unfortunately, it's not possible to add a line in the Ten Commandments about "boldly and confidently seek funding"; that would damage the image of Sea God... The Resistance shouldn't be thinking about annihilating the garrison troops. They should just focus on destroying the transportation infrastructure and make it more difficult for the governor-general's office to rule, so as to initiate talks... As a keyboard warrior, Klein wasn't lacking in ideas in such areas.

He quickly restrained his wandering thoughts and made a divination to see if it was dangerous exploring the spirit world today.

After obtaining the revelation that it wasn't considered dangerous, Klein took the Black Emperor card, naturally changed his image, and stepped into the Door of Summoning.

After entering the real world, he stuffed the mystical items he needed into his body as a precaution. Then, like last time, he used Cogitation to sense the spirit world.

Taking a step forward, he passed through an invisible curtain as Klein's illusory figure floated up.

Around him, red, yellow, blue, green, and other colors were superimposed, like they were like the most abstract oil painting ever. The concept of direction that humans were used to could no longer be used here. If one used the old means of distinguishing direction and one's location, they would definitely find themselves lost.

Klein roamed carefully and casually, sometimes seeing a yellow sun like a child's sketch, sometimes brushing past an incorporeal river that flowed quietly.

There was also a flat women with her upper body naked and a face resembling a smiling moon, a canoe with its end upturned, a tangled ball of thread, and a serpentine staircase leading to the seven pure lights.

In this extremely chaotic world, other than spirit world creatures, all kinds of information existed as abstract symbols. Thus, what one received from a divination process would only be a revelation that required one to interpret it on their own.

As for those symbols, there was a chance that they would come to life and become incorporeal monsters.

This was the spirit world that couldn't be understood and viewed with common human knowledge.

The last time he came in, he had easily discovered spirit world creatures, and he had noticed the creepy gazes from unknown locations that made his hair stand on end. There was the headless woman who carried four heads, a round eye with clear blacks and whites, and a giant jellyfish with a skull attached to each tentacle. He had easily encountered all of them back then.

But this time, he failed to see a single spirit world creature despite roaming for so long. Even the indescribable figures in the distance had disappeared, as if they had hidden themselves.

It can't be that you're afraid of being my messenger, can it? Yes, I entered the spirit world in the form of a Soul Body. Perhaps the thoughts in my mind will appear in a special, formless manner here, turning into concealment symbols that interact with the spirit world. This then naturally affects my path options? Klein was puzzled, but he couldn't find the reason.

All sorts of thoughts flashed through his mind when his body suddenly sank down and he fell freely.

After a while, Klein could only see the vivid superposition of the colors and the various symbols that took physical form.

What's going on? He began to consider whether he should write to Mr. Azik and ask him about it, or to throw the radio transceiver above the gray fog and get it tainted with the aura, so that he could contact the magic mirror, Arrodes.

While floating, Klein's heart suddenly palpitated as he quickly dodged to the side.

A tinge of yellow and green flashed across his eyes as a giant foot that was large enough to squash his entire body landed, stepping into the interlaced red and blue color spots.

Above the sole of the foot was a long, festering leg covered in a yellowish green liquid. The leg was over three meters long, and above it was a huge body that was wrapped in corpse oil bandages.

Amidst the solidified aura in the area, the two legs that were filled with yellow-green pus alternated as they rose up. Carrying a body that was difficult to discern, the legs quickly disappeared into the depths of the spirit world.

Klein stood at a distance, not daring to make a sound.

Finally, he confirmed that he was fine as he grimaced and thought, *The spirit world is really scary. You can accidentally encounter a powerhouse just passing by... A powerhouse among the spirit world creatures?*

Klein shook his head and continued his search.

At that moment, he had no idea where in the spirit world he had wandered to.

After drifting for a while, he finally found some traces of spirit world creatures.

Just as he was about to switch from flying forward to descending to his left, he was surprised to find that his body continued to move forward uncontrollably at an accelerating speed.

In front of him, the chaotic superimposed colors and the grayish-white mist that filled the area suddenly split open, and a large, purely black three-masted sailboat leaped in.

The boat was nearly a hundred meters long, and three pitch-black sails were hanging high up like flags.

On the left and right sides of the ship, there were cannon muzzles and all kinds of sailors were running around on the deck.

All of this was so real, so substantial, and so out of place when it came to the spirit world as a whole.

However, as the ship entered the spirit world, its black color quickly turned richer, tainting itself with an ethereal vibe.

On its deck stood a mottled stone chair that was two to three meters high; its back facing the cabin. Leaning against the chair's back, a colossal figure that was comparable to an ancient giant sat there.

He had a black beard that went just past his neck, and he wore a tall, pointed crown on his head. He wore a gorgeous black robe with silver fringes. The wrinkles on his face looked hardened and filled with magnificence. It made one subconsciously wish to bow their heads.

Under the slightly wrinkled forehead and on the high nose bridge, Klein's pitch-black full-body armor and black crown were reflected into those two dark red eyes.

As for Klein, he was having trouble stopping his slow flight toward the giant.

Their gazes met among the layers of colors and symbols in the spirit world, and then Klein disappeared.

The giant on the mottled stone chair didn't withdraw his gaze as he continued staring over in a long silence.

Chapter 560: The Hanged Man Gets Fleeced

Above the fog, Klein took out the Black Emperor card that he had fused with his Spirit Body and instantly reverted to his original form.

This is called a one-click gear swap... he mocked himself as he recalled what had just happened.

He was almost certain that the "giant" wearing the sharp crown was King of the Five Seas, Nast Solomon. The hundred-meter-long sailboat that could sail through the spirit world was the ghost ship named Black Emperor, which was built by the ancient Solomon Empire!

I've always thought that a ghost ship simply means that it can sail on its own and wouldn't sink, making it closer to a strange creature. I never thought that the most powerful ghost ship would be able to turn itself incorporeal and wander through the spirit world...

That makes it almost a demigod, right? As expected of the most famous Black Emperor on the Five Seas. Yes... I can't eliminate the possibility that it sacrificed a Traveler during its creation process...

For one of the most famous legendary treasures, the Specter Empire which carries the final inheritance of the Trunsoest Empire, could it be that the ship also comes equipped with this capability, making it impossible to find?

Klein's thoughts slowly drifted without immediately realizing the reason why he had suddenly met King of the Five Seas, Nast.

This was very obvious: the law of Beyonder characteristics convergence!

Although the Black Emperor card didn't contain any Beyonder characteristics, Roselle had added or carved something onto the card when he made it. It allowed the wielder to use the Card of Blasphemy after they advanced to a High-Sequence Beyonder, to subtly sense the Beyonder ingredients that they needed.

There was no doubt that such a sensation was mutual. As one sensed the other, the other would naturally sense them too. As for the wielder, they would appear to approach a certain fate before they crossed that step into becoming a demigod.

This was something Klein was deeply aware of. He ultimately suspected that the existence of the gray fog had brought together certain Beyonders or supernatural events to him.

Traveling with the Black Emperor card in the spirit world makes it easier for such situations to occur. This is because the real world needs to abide by many rules. Even the fate from drawing lots needs to abide by logic, developing bit by bit. It doesn't make sense for me to use the Black Emperor card in Backlund, and for the King of the Five Seas, Nast, to immediately appear in front of me with the ghost ship...

Even if he sensed the attraction force, he would have to go through the process of locating me, and through the process of traveling through the spirit world, take hours or even days to arrive. If he didn't sense it, he would only naturally think of sailing towards the Sonia Sea and head closer to the borders of the Loen Kingdom. In that case, it might take months before we bump into each other.

By being in the spirit world, things are simple; there is no concept of distance or direction in there. Locations and distances are all

extremely chaotic. Perhaps the King of the Five Seas, Nast, might've wished to go out on a spin in the spirit world, but he ended up seeing me pass by the moment he entered. This doesn't need to abide by any restrictions or limitations on geographical locations, Klein thought as he rapped the corner of the mottled table.

In addition to this, he was certain that the reason why he was thrown uncontrollably towards the Black Emperor and at King of the Five Seas, Nast, wasn't because of the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics. The effects of the law was only reflected in fate, perception, and desire, nothing too exaggerated; otherwise, there wouldn't be High-Sequence Beyonders—all of them would be involuntarily drawn by the "Uniqueness" of their respective pathway.

Klein could sense that it was a type of Beyonder power that twisted and strengthened his intent to move forward, resulting in him being unable to stop.

This is a very simple analysis. Even if I had thrown out the Black Emperor card at the time, I wouldn't have been able to stop... This is a Lawyer, which is a Beyonder power wielded by the Black Emperor pathway? Klein leaned back in his chair and decided not to use the Black Emperor card any time soon.

This meant that he was unable to roam the spirit world in search of a messenger.

If he hadn't brought the Black Emperor card and had used his main body with the Sea God Scepter, he would appear in the spirit world, which was filled with all kinds of revelations and information. He would inevitably leave many clues and could be divined about at any time. In terms of anti-divination and anti-prophecy, Azik's copper whistle couldn't be compared to the Black Emperor card.

If I were to really do that, I might meet ten people who know that I obtained the Sea God Scepter, when buying a beer at the bar... Of course, it was taken by Klein Moretti, so what has that got to do with me, Gehrman Sparrow? Klein shook his head in a self-deprecating manner and decided to use the ritual method to get a messenger to respond. He could find something more suitable later on.

After he covered the Black Emperor card, his figure disappeared from the mysterious space above the gray fog.

...

Early morning, Bayam.

Alger prepared to take a carriage out of the city and take a detour to a private harbor behind the cliff. That was where his Blue Avenger was docked and waiting to set sail.

As a disguised pirate captain, he couldn't dock so openly at the main port of the City of Generosity. That would be sufficient proof that he had close ties with the authorities. It was the same with the other pirates who had to consider their berth in advance before coming to Bayam to sell their loot or gain enjoyment. They either went to a small port in the surrounding waters, or to a private port controlled by someone with a deep background or by the Resistance.

Finally, there are no more missions. I can go out to sea again... I need to first obtain a mystical item that can increase my strength and also square my accounts. After that, I'll head to the primitive island and hunt for the Blue Shadow Falcon, allowing me to advance to Sequence 6 as quickly as possible... Alger was about to walk towards a rental carriage when he unexpectedly saw a familiar figure.

The former pirate merchant, Ralph, walked out of the carriage with a ruddy face and looked towards the governor-general's office that wasn't far away. He seemed to be abnormally excited.

What happened to him? After a moment of puzzlement, Alger took the initiative to go over and greet him.

From his point of view, Ralph was, in a sense, also one of his comrades. They were all subordinates of Mr. Fool.

However, one is a core member, while the other just remains on the periphery... Alger calmly confirmed their identities and positions.

"What happened to deserve such joy?" Alger asked after chatting about the weather.

Ralph laughed out loud and narrowed his eyes, saying, "If I were to say that I received the blessings of God, would you believe me?"

I believe... Alger answered in his mind without hesitation.

Suppressing his curiosity, he asked, "What are you doing here?"

Ralph was about to answer when his eyes suddenly lit up.

He looked around, and after confirming that there was no one around him, he said in a deep voice, "Didn't you say that you also believe in God?"

In order to befriend him, Alger had lied, saying that his faith lay with Sea God, Kalvetua. In any case, this was common among pirates, so it wouldn't arouse suspicion—at sea, the weather was usually more frightening than any enemy, so most pirates, adventurers, ship crew, and sailors had great respect for gods who controlled similar fields, believing in them to a certain extent.

"Of course." This time, Alger's answer was firmer than ever.

This was because he knew that the "Sea God" that the other party believed in was the embodiment of Mr. Fool.

Ralph nodded in satisfaction, revealed a smile, and whispered, "I received a revelation yesterday. God sent me to help 'His' young lambs.

"I intend to establish a charitable fund for this purpose.

"This is the will of God. As 'His' believer, I think you would be happy to provide some assistance."

He held out his right hand and waited for the donation.

Alger's expression stiffened, and he was momentarily unsure of how to respond.

Although his present fortune was worth 3,245 pounds, he was preparing to buy a mystical item, making his overall financial situation somewhat tight.

Of course, he could still donate quite a bit if he skimped and

saved.

If the “Sea God” was still Kalvetua, Alger, who claimed to be a believer, wouldn’t have hesitated to find an excuse. But now, he had to seriously consider the deeper motives of Mr. Fool.

Noticing Alger’s reaction, Ralph’s eyes darted schemingly before he said, “We want to help children who are suffering from unnecessary discrimination because of their bloodline. They live a hard life, and it is hard to see any hope for them. There are pure-blooded natives, as well as mixed-bloods.”

Alger was silent for a few seconds, then he pulled out a wad of cash.

“Here’s 100 pounds.”

Ralph took it and said with a smile, “Your kindness will definitely be rewarded.

“God will protect you.”

…

The door slanted over the entrance to the warehouse.

Klein prepared the summoning ritual for the spirit world creature and was surrounded by the hallucinatory scent of herbs and essential oils.

He was afraid that there would be some kind of accident if he

held it in the inn, and although it might not be risky for him, it might end up harming the other occupants; therefore, he went back to the abandoned warehouse where he had gave a sacrifice to Kalvetua.

As for Danitz, having his bounty raised to 5,500 pounds, he was very proactive in asking to stay in the suite and monitor the radio transceiver.

The procedure is to light the candle that symbolizes me, and to use a verified incantation to summon the appropriate spirit world creature as a messenger… Daly Simone's three-lined description and the various incantations provided by Mr. Azik went through Klein's mind.

When summoning a spirit world creature, the first sentence needed descriptions such as "wanders about the unfounded" and "roaming in the upper realm." Only by doing so could it accurately point to the spirit world. The suffix would clearly indicate that the Spirit Body was being summoned and that it was a creature that had a corporeal body. The second and third lines were an accurate description of the creature, but due to the restrictions of the format, one couldn't use too many words to pinpoint a creature. Therefore, it was difficult to predict or divine what would ultimately be summoned by the ritualist.

In this sort of situation, using an incantation previously used by others implied a much lower risk.

Then, after signing a contract, the description of the third sentence: "the messenger that belongs to whomever" or "Contract Companion of whoever" could be made, allowing the three-lined description to accurately summon the corresponding messenger.

Yes, my messenger has to run very fast; otherwise, it might be

killed by some malicious creature in the spirit world, resulting in the loss of important letters… Klein's mind raced, and he came up with a clear plan.

He took a step back and said in ancient Hermes, "I!

"I summon in my name:

"The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated, the creature whose speed surpasses imagination."

Whoosh!

There was the sound of wind, tainting the candles to a dark green and turning the surroundings cold and creepy.

Klein saw a blurry figure rush out, too fast for him to see anything.

After that, he couldn't find the fellow ever again.

Chapter 561: "Recruitment Fair"

That's way too fast... Did it already circle the planet several times... Or maybe it's still there, but it's too fast for my vision to keep up... Klein's mouth twitched, deciding to wait a few seconds to see if the "creature whose speed surpasses imagination" would appear again.

He wasn't worried that the summoned spirit world creature would harm the innocent, as one of the descriptions was of a friendly creature. Besides, as long as he forcefully ended the summoning and stopped the ritual, the creature would be immediately sent back to the spirit world, no matter where the "creature whose speed surpasses imagination" went.

A few seconds later, Klein inhaled after failing to see any response from him waiting. He said with ancient Hermes, "I!

"I end this summoning in my name!"

The chilling air around him instantly vanished as the swirling cold wind died down and the candle flames returned to their normal color.

Klein stepped forward and extinguished the candle, intending to revise the last sentence and try again.

As for the two phrases "the spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated," he had no intention of changing them. The first sentence was directed at the spirit world, and it could only be replaced with synonyms, so it didn't matter if he changed it or not. The second sentence was a prerequisite for Klein to ensure his own safety;

otherwise, it would've been a horror story instead of a hilarious one.

Hmm... I don't need to use "surpasses imagination" as an adjective. But others might not meet my needs. Perhaps... I can change my train of thought. A messenger doesn't have to run that fast. A normal speed is fine. There are other ways to ensure safety. I just need to get malicious beings to ignore it and neglect it... I'll try a spirit world creature that's easily neglected... After two or three minutes of deliberation, Klein held a ritual again.

When he was done with the preparations, he chanted a new incantation, "I!

"I summon in my name:

"The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated, the being who is easily neglected.'"

The interior of the warehouse became abnormally quiet. There was no wind, nor did it turn cold within the wall of spirituality. Even the color of the candle remained unchanged.

Klein waited, watching, hoping for a good messenger.

After about ten seconds, he sighed and looked around.

There's nothing. The description was of no effect this time.

He didn't wait any longer and followed the procedure of ending the summoning and extinguishing the candle.

To his puzzlement, the candle flame even shook a few times in the end.

Did I miss something... Klein frowned, and then he relaxed, throwing the matter to the back of his mind.

He reconsidered the question of how to modify the description and continued targeting the third sentence.

I'll switch to another train of thought. If a messenger is especially good at enduring scuffles and has great survivability, it's still okay. No matter what, a messenger that can deliver the letter to the target is a good messenger... Klein pondered for a moment, then he held the summoning ritual for the third time.

Amidst the fragrance of herbs and essential oils, and under the dim light of the candlelight, the shadows on his face darted about as his mouth gaped open and closed.

"I!

"I summon in my name:

"The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated, an extraordinary creature who has extremely high survivability."

The flame of the candle flared and stretched, illuminating the bright red interior of the altar.

In Klein's Spirit Vision, white bones drilled out from the ground, overlapping to form what looked like a safe.

I've finally summoned something I can see. Furthermore, it's a creature with extremely high survivability... It looks very much like a safe. Just one look is enough to tell that it's good at taking a beating... Klein breathed a sigh of relief and spoke in the ancient Hermes, "Are you willing to be my messenger?"

The skeletal creature that looked like a safe quickly indicated its willingness.

Then it wriggled the bones beneath it and crawled toward Klein slowly, very slowly.

It took ten seconds to crawl a centimeter.

...*This is way too slow...* Klein's smile froze on his face.

Although messengers completed their mission by traveling through the spirit world, that didn't mean that they didn't need speed.

Within the spirit world, distance and orientation were chaotic. The most important thing was to find and lock onto a location.

As long as an accurate, clear, immediate coordinates were provided, such as the summoning ritual just now or a simplified ritual that involved blowing a whistle, then no matter where the messenger was in the spirit world, it would immediately appear within the altar.

When the location wasn't that immediate and only had a contractual connection or a previous anchor point, the messenger needed to spend time to distinguish the location, roam the spirit world, and search for the target. This required a

certain amount of speed.

If it were to deliver the letter, the recipient might not even receive it by the time they die... Klein helplessly thought as he looked at the slowly crawling skeletal creature.

He let the smile reappear on his face.

“After some careful consideration, I think it’s best I don’t trouble you.

“Thank you for your willingness.”

The creature made of illusory white bones stopped. Compared to before, it appeared as though it hadn’t moved at all.

Klein quickly canceled the summoning and rubbed his forehead.

He was a little depressed and had decided to abandon himself to despair. He decided to use a less troublesome method to find messengers, which was “public recruitment, an interview selection!”

After taking a deep breath, Klein calmed his mind and began the ritual seriously.

Looking at the candle flame that was quietly burning, he took a step back and said, “I!

“I summon in my name:

“The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated, a unique being that is willing to be my messenger.”

Whoosh!

The wind blew fiercely inside the wall of spirituality, and Klein’s half top hat almost flew off of his head.

The candle flame shook and expanded to the size of a human head. It was so pale that it seemed to have lost its body temperature.

A translucent head slowly emerged, as if it had just broken through a thin membrane. Its hair was a light gold color and was smooth. Its eyes were blood-red, and it had an imposing appearance.

Looks a little familiar… Klein silently muttered.

The head had fully shown itself, but what followed wasn’t its neck, but an illusory hand that held the end of the head’s hair.

Behind the palm were complicated patterns, but the color of the cuffs was dark.

The summoned spirit world creature appeared at an increasingly rapid speed, and soon, it was before Klein in its entirety.

It was indeed a familiar “person.” It was the headless woman that Klein had met standing at the top of a castle while he was on his way to Kalvetua’s ruins at the bottom of the sea.

She was no longer as large as a castle like she was before. She was now a tall, “ordinary” woman.

Of course, there were still only cuts on her neck and four identical heads in her hands.

“Did…” “You…” “Summon…” “Me?” The headless woman in the complicated black dress stood there quietly. Her four drooping heads spoke one after the other in ancient Feysac.

She can directly communicate through words… The level of this spirit world creature isn’t low… I remember you having a castle… You’re already a property owner, so why are you “applying” for the job of a messenger? Klein sighed with emotion and lampooned. Then, he looked down at the candle behind the headless woman. He was disappointed to find that no other spirit had emerged.

He had originally imagined that many spirit world creatures would be willing to be his messenger as they swarmed over, having to form a line to be interviewed. In the end, only one had responded.

It should be a problem with the summoning ritual itself. It’s considered a relatively simple and basic summoning ceremony, so it’s impossible to summon multiple targets at once… Klein looked at the headless lady and solemnly nodded.

“Yes.”

Without waiting for the other party to speak, he added another question.

“Can you roam the spirit world at a relatively fast speed? How good is your survivability?”

The heads which the headless lady lifted answered, “Yes.” “Not…” “Bad.”

As she spoke, she floated upwards and then quickly descended, displaying her speed.

Phew… Klein decided to stop making attempts which led to unknown results. He asked in a serious manner, “Are you willing to sign a contract and become my messenger?”

The headless woman’s dress fluttered slightly, and her four heads with blonde hair and red eyes nodded at the same time.

“Yes.” “Every time…” “One…” “Gold coin.”

Ah? A gold coin for each letter sent? Mr. Azik didn’t mention that spirit world creatures have such hobbies… Right, he mentioned that when signing a contract, persuasion and communication are key factors. Does this mean that this is a form of persuasion and communication? Klein was surprised and wanted to cancel the summoning immediately.

Wait a minute, I might not need to be the one paying for it… Whoever summons the messenger pays for it… Heh, maybe when our communication improves, there would be the option of paying on receipt… After some thought, Klein agreed to the other party’s request.

“Okay.

“Let’s sign the contract.”

He picked up a dark red, round fountain pen and yellowish-brown goatskin parchment that he had prepared earlier, and he quickly wrote down the contract in the language which could stir the forces of nature, ancient Hermes.

The format and terms were described in detail in Azik’s letter. They were concise and to the point, and they contained clauses such as the messenger not being allowed to look at the letter, not discarding the letter, or endangering the life of the contractor. Of course, if the contents of the letter were related to the messenger, the messenger had to be informed in advance.

In addition to these, Klein added a clause to send one gold coin for each letter, specifying that it could be borne by the contractor or by the receiver of the letter.

In order to ensure the effectiveness of the contract, the final part used the honorific name of the deity in charge of this domain.

It was an undead contract, and normally it meant using Death’s honorific name, but Death had long perished with no response from “Him.” Hence, Azik mentioned that it could be replaced by using the description of someone high in the undead domain or the Underworld itself, but the binding force wasn’t that strong.

Without a doubt, Klein chose the Underworld, which had a close relationship with the bigshot.

“The home of all death, the hell hidden deep within the spirit world, the witness of the decay of all living things, one that solely belongs to the kingdom of Death.”

After penning these four sentences, the yellowish-brown goatskin parchment began to burn with a green flame, illuminating the gloomy surroundings.

After he was done with the text, Klein took out Azik's copper whistle, placed it on the goatskin, and wrote his current name: "Gehrman Sparrow."

This didn't necessarily require a real name, because his aura would enter the contract. The name was only used for summoning, which was to say, using "the messenger that belongs to Gehrman Sparrow" worked, but "the Contracted Creature of Klein Moretti" wouldn't.

When Klein finished signing, the goatskin floated up, carrying Azik's copper whistle and the dark red fountain pen, and flew to the headless lady.

The headless lady held the head with golden hair and red eyes, let it bite down on the fountain pen and wrote her name: "Reinette Tinekerr."

The green flames quickly gathered together, wrapping around Azik's copper whistle and the yellowish-brown goatskin parchment.

A few seconds later, the goatskin was reduced to ash, and the copper whistle fell into the palm of Klein's hand.

The headless woman, Reinette, collectively blinked with the eyes of her four heads, and her body rapidly faded away into the pale candle flame.

After the contract was made, Klein no longer needed to undo the summoning. He could do it with his own will.

Phew, I finally have a messenger. "The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated, the messenger that belongs to Gehrman Sparrow"... Well, when there's an opportunity, I'll get an Artisan to create something like the copper whistle, so that I don't have to summon my messenger every time via a ritual... Klein cleared up the mess in a rather good mood.

Over the next few days, Bayam gradually returned to normal, but Danitz still hadn't been able to receive any telegrams from Admiral of Blood's pirate crew.

On Sunday morning, he flipped through the newspaper and suddenly lowered his voice as he said to Klein, "There's a Beyonder gathering tonight. Want to attend?"

Chapter 562: Helene

Beyonder gathering? Klein thought for a bit, then he nodded and responded, “Okay.”

I should bring forward to the collection of the supplementary ingredients of the Marionettist potion. I can also see if I might meet an Artisan… He subconsciously started to make arrangements in his mind.

Upon seeing Gehrman Sparrow agree, Danitz breathed a quiet sigh of relief, unable to contain his joy.

For the past few days, having had his bounty raised significantly, he had obediently stayed in the suite to monitor the radio transceiver. He was so bored that he yearned for the evening to arrive immediately.

The Beyonder gathering that Danitz mentioned was at the Amyris Leaf Bar, where pirates, informants, and adventurers were active. It was the first choice if one wanted to gather information and buy supplies.

Dressed in a black coat and silk top hat, Klein followed Danitz through the crowded bar’s lobby and into a card room. Under the watchful gaze of several bouncers, he gave the predetermined signal and descended down a flight of hidden stairs to a wide underground area.

It’s like the Evil Dragon Bar in Tingen City. There’s an underground market for herbs, essential oils, ancient books, charms, and all sorts of common mysticism materials. However, the difference is that there are also all sorts of guns and

ammunition for sale. Klein even discovered antiquated muskets and lead bullets.

Heh, they also sell fake identity documents and fake seals… As expected of an overseas colony, their industry is much more developed than Tingen's… I'll buy a batch of ingredients later to make charms in the Sea God domain. There will always be some discounts if I purchase them in large quantities… Klein slightly turned his head from side to side to take in the situation in the underground area.

Next to him, Danitz, who was already doubtful about his own disguise skills, had deliberately put on a cap, keeping the front of his cap down to cover half his face. With great familiarity, he led Klein to the other end of the underground market and knocked on the closed door with two long knocks and four short knocks.

Behind the door, there was only a single candle. It swayed on the lampstand on the side wall, scattering yellow light onto the tiny room.

Danitz pointed to the long robes, masks, and other items which were hanging or placed on a table, and said to Klein, "It's up to you to decide whether you would don a disguise. You can also choose not to."

Klein looked around, his gaze sweeping past the bouncers in the room.

"I don't need it."

I am now an informant for the kingdom's military, and the Church of Storms also knows of my identity, so there's nothing for me to be afraid of… If the pirates and adventurers have any malicious thoughts about me because of my lack of a disguise,

and if they attempt to attack me, hehe... Klein suddenly pictured bounty rewards flying towards him one by one.

Danitz curled his lips secretly, picked up a black iron mask, and wore it.

Then, he and Klein passed through a dim corridor and into another room under a bouncer's lead.

The place was lavishly decorated. The floor was covered with a thick carpet from the Southern Continent; the walls were decorated with shining lampstands, and the fresh smell of candles could be caught as they suffused with light.

Klein glanced around and, without Danitz's help, found a brown leather sofa and sat down on it. He leaned back and crossed his right leg.

There were already more than twenty people of various genders gathered here. Some were in hooded robes, while others showed their faces. According to Danitz's description in the morning, not all of the people attending this gathering were Beyonders, there were spokesmen for certain factions, as well as adventurers, pirates, and mysticism enthusiasts who wanted to become Beyonders.

Time slowly passed in that quiet environment. About seven or eight minutes later, the old man who was sitting on a reclining chair straightened his back and crossed his hands. He chuckled.

"Everyone, let's begin."

Because he was old, his white hair was sparse, leaving only a

thin layer. However, his light brown eyes weren't turbid, with them being bright and sharp.

"The organizer of the gathering, Strongman Ozil, a famous pirate in the past, and now the secret boss of the Amyris Leaf Bar," Danitz leaned slightly and introduced the man to Klein with a suppressed voice.

He'd actually mentioned it in the morning, but he was afraid that Gehrman Sparrow failed to match a name to the face and would later vent his anger on himself.

It's a sorrowful matter to have a secret grasped by others... Danitz sighed inwardly.

Klein nodded indiscernibly as he silently watched the transactions happen.

There were potion formulas for Warrior, Sailor, Mystery Pryer, and others, but no one bought them. The expectant sellers were disappointed again and again.

Danitz glanced at Gehrman Sparrow, who wore an expressionless face, he then leaned over, and explained in a low voice, "There is no Notary at this gathering, nor any powerful Seer. The authenticity of the potion formula cannot be guaranteed. It's too easy to fake such things, and even if people recognize that the formula is fake, the seller cannot be punished because he might be a victim as well."

I know... This is one of the reasons why potion formulas fail to be widely spread... Klein uncrossed his right leg, leaned forward slightly, and said in a voice that was neither loud nor low, "I need the remnant spirituality of an ancient wraith."

He didn't mention the eyes of a six-winged gargoyle, the spring water from Sonia Island's Golden Spring, or any other supplementary ingredients. He was worried that others would guess that he was a Faceless who was preparing to advance to Marionettist.

When he was in Tingen, Klein had relied on the purchase of supplementary ingredients to accurately suspect that Daxter Guderian was a prospective Spectator, and thus, he figured out his identity as a member of the Psychology Alchemists.

It was impossible to deduce any more from the remnant spirituality of an ancient wraith alone, as many of the rituals in the undead domain would use it.

Although Klein didn't disguise himself, he still had to be careful.

The room was silent for two seconds. Then, a slightly hoarse voice sounded.

"How much do you need?"

Someone really has it? Klein controlled his expression and didn't let his joy show on his face.

He tilted his head to look at the speaker and saw that he was a man in his thirties who was clearly of native blood.

The man's skin was bronzed, but he had a dull luster from chronic malnutrition or a lack of light. His face was thin, his cheekbones protruded, and his eyes were sunken, more white than black.

“A small bottle.” Klein pulled out a small metal bottle as an example.

The thin, dark man was silent for a moment before saying, “500 pounds.”

That’s reasonable... Klein originally wanted to haggle, but he caught a glimpse of Danitz sitting beside him out of the corner of his eye.

I’m Gehrman Sparrow, *a cold*, *crazy adventurer*... Klein repeated this line three times inwardly, quietly took a deep breath, and calmly nodded.

“Okay.”

He took out the large stack of cash he had prepared, and he counted out a sum of 500 pounds.

The man with the mostly white eyes took out a glass test tube from his pocket, threw it at Klein, and said, “All the spirituality will be gone after a year.”

He wasn’t afraid that the other party wouldn’t be unable to catch it, because even if it were to break, it wouldn’t affect the material itself. It would only be a matter of changing the container.

Klein raised his right hand and accurately caught the glass tube. He saw many phosphorescent spots floating in the tube, and when they touched the glass wall, they would strangely expand, forming a face with blurred features that opened to form a mouth that screamed silently.

It's real... Klein nodded to himself and handed the thick stack of cash worth 500 pounds to the attendant who approached and handed it to the seller.

The trading continued, most of it failing with only a small number succeeding.

At the end of the day, the gathering's organizer, Strongman Ozil laughed and said, "I have a request."

As he spoke, he pulled out a photo from his inside pocket.

"The reward for finding the person above is 1,000 pounds or some other common Beyonder ingredient of equal value. Remember, do not hurt her."

1,000 pounds? This would make most adventurers go crazy... I wonder who he's looking for, to offer such a high reward... Not surprisingly, Klein saw that everyone present was willing to give it a try.

The picture began to be passed in a counterclockwise fashion, and a few minutes later, it was in Klein's hands.

As he casually swept a glance over it, a bit of surprise suddenly surfaced in his heart.

The woman in the photo was rather pretty, with bright red hair and a pair of green eyes that resembled emeralds. Her skin wasn't fair, but she gave off a healthy feeling.

At the time of the photoshoot, she was wearing a long, lake-

colored skirt. Her waist was tightened with a flower-shaped ribbon, making her appear exceptionally slender. Although her face seemed to be smiling, her overall appearance was one of displeasure and awkwardness.

A girl with a good family background... Who would pay 1,000 pounds to find her? Furthermore, the premise is that she cannot be hurt... Hmm, a picture of her forcing a smile... Many romance stories with intertwined love and hate flashed in Klein's mind.

Stories like a tyrannical pirate falling in love with a wealthy merchant's daughter, abducting her onto his boat before she eventually escaped; or some noble lady from a declining noble family turning into a pirate, and was later caught due to a mistake, only to have a sinful relationship with a mid- or high-ranking Mandated Punisher or military officer, thus escaping from her predicament and imprisonment; how a newly advanced Demoness accidentally fell into a debt of love when giving someone pleasure... Such thoughts flashed through his mind, and Klein almost raised his hand to cover his face.

I've read too many novels in my previous life... And I happen to have a trauma because of Demonesses in this world... He sighed to himself, looked up at Ozil and asked, "What's her name?"

"Helene," Ozil answered succinctly, "but she must have switched to using a fake alias."

Helene, a typical female Intis name... Klein asked again, "Is there anything she often wears?

"Hair is fine too."

This was a medium that could be used to seek her with divination.

Klein didn't mention things like recently worn clothes that hadn't been washed, afraid that the employer behind the scenes would throw him a piece of lingerie, making it awkward.

Ozil shook his head.

"Nothing.

"She has a strong anti-tracking ability."

"What's her strength like?" another member of the gathering asked.

Ozil said in a serious manner, "The employer didn't give a detailed description. It's said that she isn't too strong, but she's stronger than a Sequence 9.

"You don't need to capture her. As long as you determine her whereabouts, you will be paid."

Chapter 563: The Fool's "Blessing"

"As long as you can confirm her location, you can receive 1,000 pounds! This is the first time I've seen such a mission!" On the street outside the Amyris Leaf Bar, Danitz rubbed his hands together with a hint of excitement. He clenched his fists and hit the tall iron-black gas lamppost, yearning to immediately wander around the city and find the red-haired woman named Helene.

To him, 1,000 pounds wasn't a small sum. It was enough to add one more house to his line of properties in Bayam. It just wouldn't be located in the most prosperous and valuable districts.

The Elf Flying Carpet he had previously obtained was only around two to three thousand pounds, and this was the reward he had gained from fighting dangerous fellows such as Steel Maveti and Blood Brambles Hendry. It was completely incomparable to the easy mission of finding someone.

Klein, who was walking ahead, held a package wrapped in newspaper. They were the charm materials which had cost him fifteen pounds. He slowed his pace a little, glanced at Danitz, and spoke without expression, "5,500 pounds."

"..."

Danitz's excitement froze on his face.

Only then did he remember an important problem. In the eyes of the other pirates and adventurers, he was as "attractive" as red-haired Helene.

They didn't need to fight him. Once they recognized him, they could report his identity to the military, the Church, or the police, and they would receive a reward worth more than 1,000 pounds. After all, he was already a great pirate worth 5,500 pounds.

Searching for red-haired Helene would be equivalent to a lady with a nice figure and good looks entering the Red Theater for entertainment.

*Dog... sh*t...* Danitz spat out a single word, his face grim, as he stretched out the middle consonant.

At the same time, he automatically pulled down his cap even lower.

Klein, who had poured cold water on Danitz, resumed his normal walking speed and considered the question of finding the red-haired Helene.

The lack of a medium and the necessary information had made it difficult for him to use divination, so he had to consider other methods.

Activate my underlings to do an investigation of the entire city? This is something that can only be done by the Church, the military, and the police. Even the local gangs would find it difficult to accomplish... Wait, I think I can...

I'm now Sea God Kalvetua. My believers are all across Bayam and Blue Mountain Island. I just need to make an announcement, no—a revelation to all my believers, and I can get them to search for red-haired Helene... But would this damage my standing? To do something like that for 1,000 pounds, even a god wants some face...

If I were the real Sea God, I wouldn't care about this. However, I'm now acting as Kalvetua. I have to maintain the dignity of a god as best as I can.

Back when Kalvetua was on the verge of collapse, it didn't even broadcast a revelation when it was urgently trying to find Leticia and her subordinates. Instead, it only gave orders to his worshipers in the upper echelons... I can change its commandments as part of reconstructing an image, but I can't appear too low-class... Well, that should also be a requirement of true acting.

It would be difficult to organize an investigation just by giving Kalat, Edmonton, and the others a revelation. Furthermore, they would definitely magnify the severity of the issue and cause a huge commotion. It would only make things more difficult to deal with later.

There's another solution. I can throw the radio transceiver above the gray fog and attempt to contact the magic mirror, Arrodes. I'll ask him about red-haired Helene's location. I have to be careful about this. I need to prepare ahead of time and confirm it via divination. I don't want to receive strange telegrams from the True Creator or the Primordial Demoness. Even a glance at it would probably make me go mad.

Having quickly come up with ideas, Klein boarded a rental carriage parked at the corner of the street. Danitz pressed his cap and followed closely behind.

Returning to the Wind of Azure Inn, Klein took off his hat and coat while saying to Danitz, "If your captain contacts you through a dream, ask for information about red-haired Helene."

"She probably doesn't know. Otherwise, I would've known this red-haired Helene." Danitz grinned. "I don't know who's looking

for her, to be willing to pay a thousand pounds."

His thoughts were whirling, imagining a love story akin to the ones Emperor Roselle had penned.

Klein glanced at him and casually mentioned, "I'll do the monitoring tonight."

"You're doing it?" Danitz snapped out of his fantasies, wondering if he had heard wrongly.

"Yes." Klein nodded.

Gehrman Sparrow realizes that I'm too exhausted? Although this fellow is a little crazy, he's still a good person at heart. He had actually decided to risk his life to save those people when we were at Bansy Harbor for reasons that couldn't be considered good... Danitz sighed to himself.

Carrying the radio transceiver and its relevant parts, Klein went into the bedroom, locked the door, and threw them above the gray fog with a sacrificial ritual.

After doing all of this, he was in no hurry to leave the towering palace. He waved his hand, and the Sea God Scepter flew out from the junk pile. He scanned through the prayers of different people and gathered experience on how people had multiple facades.

In the process, he would occasionally respond, like a child who still had great interest in a new toy.

As Klein's browsing drew to a close, ripples of light began to form around the seat of The Fool.

Someone is praying to me, to The Fool and not to Sea God... Klein raised his eyebrows and emanated his spirituality, scanning the scene within the rippling light.

...

Enmat Harbor, in a room with closed curtains.

Dressed in a classic black robe, Ed Sheeran resisted the impulse in his heart and said to the sweet, young girl, Denise, "The gift of god is in our bodies, but if we want to obtain it, we must have a teacher guide it out.

"Your soul is pure and beloved by the gods. I will personally guide you. In the process, no matter what happens, you must trust me and listen to me.

"Before that, do you have any questions?"

Ed Sheeran was a swindler. His specialty was to establish a cult to cheat others for money and sex. He would then decisively flee before it reached a certain scale that would garner attention from the police.

This time, he had come from Backlund, disguised as one of The Fool's Blessed that many gangsters in the capital were looking for. He had also developed a batch of believers in his target group.

He falsely claimed that The Fool was the incarnation of the Lord of the Storms and that he would come to save the faithful during the apocalypse. This was a secret that could not be widely publicized and could only be spread in secret; otherwise, it would attract the attention of the gods of the other Churches. Only those who were chosen would be able to believe in The Fool in advance and be the first batch of the redeemed.

To make himself appear more persuasive, he spent a lot of money in Backlund, buying a piece of paper with the honorific name of The Fool written on it.

As for what was on the piece of paper, his comment was: “It looks like it’s real.”

Denise asked with both fear and anticipation, “Lord Adorer, why didn’t we get a response when we read the honorific name of God? Aren’t we Blessed who have been selected and should bathe in God’s grace?”

I’ll immediately give you God’s grace… Ed Sheeran took a deep breath and suppressed the tantalizing images in his mind.

“Two reasons. First, you haven’t discovered the grace of God which is hidden in your body. I will help you complete that later.

“Second, you are not devout enough. Don’t argue, I can see right through you.

“After you do all of this, you will be able to recite the honorific name of God and receive a response, just like me.”

Under Denise’s idolizing and curious gaze, Ed Sheeran picked up

a pen on the table beside her and scribbled a line of words.

It was the Hermes language used for a sacrificial offering.

In order to make the scam a success, Ed Sheeran had acquired a lot of religious knowledge and even went to a university's Department of History to sit in on archeology courses.

Holding the paper in front of Denise, he proudly recited the words he had written in Hermes, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era.

"The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.

"The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck."

Following that, with half-closed eyes and open arms, he said dreamily, "I feel the blessings of God."

At this moment, a streak of silver lightning descended from the sky and landed right on Ed Sheeran's head.

With a sizzling sound, the tiny electric bolts snaking across his body scurried. With God's blessing, he fell to the ground and his body quickly charred while his muscles twitched violently.

After a few seconds, he stopped all movement, including breathing as Denise exclaimed, "Lord Ed Sheeran is indeed God's Blessed."

Denise finally sensed that something wasn't right. She stepped

forward carefully, lifted her skirt and knelt down, placing her finger to the tip of Ed Sheeran's nose.

He... he's dead... He's dead! Denise jerked back and fell to the ground in terror.

She burst into tears and stumbled out of the room, heading for the nearby police station.

...

Atop the gray fog, Klein silently retracted the Sea God Scepter.

You actually dared to use my name to cheat others of their wealth and sully women... The corner of his mouth twitched, wishing he could give another bolt of lightning to that man named Ed Sheeran.

This was called a corpse mutilation.

The girl would probably call the police, right? This kind of case would inevitably be referred to a corresponding Beyonder team. I wonder if it will be the Nighthawks, the Mandated Punishers, or the Machinery Hivemind... After what Mr. A has done, my reputation as The Fool isn't small in Backlund. Perhaps I already have a dossier in the official organizations. Well, maybe they'll put everything together and hand it over to the Red Gloves or something similar for handling... Klein's past identity and insight as a Nighthawk had allowed him to consider the possible future developments.

However, he quickly put this matter to the back of his mind, because no matter what, they wouldn't be able to detect that it

was him.

Klein threw the Sea God Scepter back into the junk pile, ready to return to the real world.

Suddenly, one of the dark red stars that were quietly floating in the boundless gray fog had lit up all of a sudden, emitting a light that was as bright as water!

It swelled and shrunk repeatedly in an abnormally conspicuous manner.

This was a crimson star that didn't belong to any member of the Tarot Club.

What a busy day today... Who could it be? Like Miss Justice, Mr. Hanged Man, and Little Sun, someone is relying on a certain object to connect with the gray fog? Klein's spirituality spread out as he thought. He didn't respond and only observed.

Author's Notes:

2018 is over, let's make a brief summary.

For an author, the happiest and most satisfying thing is that I still have the confidence and passion to create better works. I can also find deficiencies in my writing and come up with some good solutions. For example, I used to be good at repeatedly asking questions and writing big climax, but I didn't adopt similar writing methods. This is self-restraint. The second is the against my own worldview limitation. Too eruptive emotion is

more disobedient. Therefore, I hope that in my next work after the *Lord of Mysteries*, I can find a good way to combine the explosive style of repeatedly inquiry and calm objective depiction.

Lord of Mysteries was post in April. Nine months have passed since that day and a total of 1.798 million words have been written. Let's round it up to 200,000 words per month. Not much, but it's better to be stable and have a long history. I am not a quick-witted, nor younger and active thinking writer. I need a lot of time to conceive every chapter. I often write two chapters every day till I don't have time to rest and read, the three chapters are even more difficult. Besides, I'm still in the process of fitness and so on, there are only a few more chapters.

In this case, the first thing I want to ensure is the quality. People gather because the good book, not the other way. Before starting the books, I talked with some friends about writing fantasy stories with a bit of English flavor. Their reactions are all very consistent. That is, it is very difficult and almost impossible to sell film and television copyright, almost impossible, and that is a lot of money. I like money, and I think everyone like it, except for Father Ma. However as an author, what I hope is to create the story I want to express. Because the quality is good, so I can make a fortune, instead of creating a profitable story. The positioning and relationship can never be reversed.

I'm very happy. Since I began the *Lord of Mysteries*, I've been liked by everyone. I have been loved by more and more people. And I can make some money. This is the best condition.

By the way, on the last day of 2018, we reached the achievement of competing for supremacy in a hundred leagues. In fact, I have never considered this matter and have never called for it. It happened naturally, because of the mystery, well, it's pretty good. That's the logic I want.

Thank you to every leader, every friend who gave a reward, subscribed, and because of your enthusiastic voting, Klein is the most popular character of 2018!

At that time, when the moderators asked me what to fight for, my first reaction was to fight for the Writer Chart. Later, under their supervision, they studied the chart and decided to fight for the Character Chart. This is a fierce friend in front of me. If I fight for the Writer Chart, it would be a big burden and cost a lot of money. Second, my research found that the Character Chart is actually more affordable than the Writer Chart. The Writer Chart also has a golden keyboard, while the Character Chart has a separate screen recommendation, which is equivalent to a big push, I am such an affordable person.

Well, it's 2019, today I want to be three more, thank the allies, thank the voting friends, thank you for the subscription, and at the same time, ask for the next month's ticket, give me your guarantee. The higher the monthly ticket position, the more recommended Good, the more affordable, As Klein's parents of clothing and food, I think everyone likes to be affordable.

One more has been updated. Tomorrow is still the same time. Pray for monthly ticket ~

Also, everyone Happy New Year~

Chapter 564: Knowledge as a Pursuer

As Klein's spirituality made contact, the constantly expanding and contracting crimson "star" presented the images and sounds contained within.

A black-haired woman in a classical robe had fallen to the ground, writhing in pain.

She held an ordinary-looking celestial globe in one hand, and in the other, she held a short scepter that wasn't even the length of a small arm. Her strong will to survive almost broke through the binding of the crimson stars and directly entered Klein's ears.

Like Justice and The Sun, this woman's figure appeared rather blurry, making it difficult to discern her exact appearance, but there were some things Klein could clearly see, such as her facial features, such as her splitting cheek muscles and the flesh inside that was contracting into eyeballs. Other features included her ears stretching outwards like a trumpet, or her fingers which were scratching at the floor to create bright streaks of blood, as well as a pair of cold, lashless eyes that were almost transparent and were situated above her.

The black-haired girl's mutation didn't decline. Her body was tenaciously healing itself, causing the flesh and blood which resembled an eyeball to melt away. Her ruptured muscles fused together, and her extended ears shrunk inward... Every detail was in a repetitive see-saw-like struggle between the two states.

Klein was dazzled by the illusory, lashless eyes. It was as if he had returned to Tingen, back to the time when he had first mastered Spirit Vision.

Back then, he had seen a pair of eyes like that on Old Neil's back!

Hidden Sage? Klein leaned back in his chair, stretched out his hand, and took hold of the Sea God Scepter that once again flew out of the junk pile.

He planned to lend a helping hand and smite those evil eyes with a few bolts of lightning.

However, after careful examination, he sharply realized that the black-haired woman's abnormality had stemmed from the crazy ravings that no one else could hear. This was because the source of everything was in her ears, deep within her Spirit Body, her Soul Body!

It's very similar to the situation when Miss Magician suffers from the ravings of the full moon... Fortunately, I'm experienced; otherwise, I would've given the wrong response... Klein thought for a moment and thought of a way to save her. It was to pull her Spirit Body above the gray fog and directly block out the crazy ravings. As long as the source of the power was gone, the mutation would be quickly dealt with by the lady's self-recovery powers.

As for whether she was worth saving, or if she harbored malicious intentions, the current him was no longer as troubled as he was in the past.

If the black-haired lady had committed a heinous crime to a certain degree and had already established a connection with the mysterious space above the gray fog through the crimson star, Klein could give her a few lightning bolts at any time and let her be thrown back to where she belonged.

If she really has any kind of malicious intentions, or if she causes

any accidents, I, who possess the Sea God Scepter, the Black Emperor card, and am capable of using the gray fog's power to some degree, wouldn't lack the ability to resist... Klein held onto the white bone scepter in his right hand and pointed at the remote star.

His spirit energy surged and poured into the crimson red light that was like flowing water.

This time, he was able to establish the mysterious and stable connection with ease.

The black-haired lady's figure instantly appeared at the side of the long bronze table, sitting on a chair that didn't belong to any of the current members of the Tarot Club.

As for Klein, he could see from the final image of the crimson stars that the mutation on her body had weakened significantly.

He nodded indiscernibly, patiently waiting for the other party to speak.

The black-haired lady was still somewhat adrift. One second, she was struggling in extreme pain, with her vision gradually turning black, and the next second, she was inside a towering domed palace. Beneath her was an endless and silent gray fog that extended outwards endlessly. How couldn't she be taken aback?

After a brief moment of silence, she turned her gaze to the figure leisurely sitting at the very end of the mottled long table. She asked with an ethereal voice, "Is this the Underworld?"

“You aren’t dead.” Klein laughed.

At this moment, he saw that the symbol tainted with starlight quickly changed on the back of the black-haired lady’s high-back chair, forming a pair of eyes that contained countless resplendent stars. They were cold and indifferent, and they lacked eyelashes.

Based on his past experiences, he believed that this was a symbol representing the Mystery Pryer pathway.

The black-haired lady froze, gradually regaining her senses.

Instinctively, she scanned her surroundings before finally casting her gaze at the mysterious man shrouded behind the gray fog.

White shirt, tailcoat, no tie, black pants, bright leather boots, seemingly black hair, and a blurry appearance. There’s nothing strange about this… He casually holds a milky-white scepter that’s slightly longer than an arm in his hand, and that scepter… The black-haired lady’s pupils contracted as the depths of her eyes reflected, in its entirety, the blue “gemstones” and the aura of a storm from the surroundings that it stirred. Furthermore, there were countless points of light that surrounded it, giving it a holy and majestic feeling.

It’s a scepter at the demigod level! He’s playing with it like it’s a toy… He doesn’t care about it at all… The lady in black narrowed her eyes and cautiously asked, “How may I address you?”

“You may call me Mr. Fool,” the experienced Klein answered.

The Fool... The black-haired lady ruminated over the word before asking with deliberation, “I’ve heard of your honorific name from the Aurora Order’s Mr. Z.”

She waited for his assertion or denial.

You know the Aurora Order’s Mr. Z... He can be considered an old friend... Klein laughed but didn’t reply; instead, he said, “Do you not plan on introducing yourself?

“This is the most basic of etiquette.”

The black-haired lady recalled what had happened to her and fell silent again.

After a few seconds, she said in a slightly muffled voice, “My name is Cattleya, and I have the nickname ‘Admiral of Stars.’

“Mr. Fool, were you the one who saved me?”

Admiral of Stars? The Admiral of Stars, one of the seven pirate admirals, someone with a bounty of 37,000 pounds? I’ve saved a treasure trove, no—a person of high status... Klein shifted in his seat slightly, half surprised, half amused.

He chuckled and replied, “Wasn’t that obvious?”

Admiral of Stars Cattleya immediately stood up and said, “Thank you for your assistance. If you have anything you need me to do, you can directly instruct me—as long as it is within my capabilities and doesn’t violate my principles.”

That's nice of you... Very seasoned and experienced... She's indeed worthy of being the well-known Admiral of Stars... Klein couldn't help but sigh.

Among his Tarot Club members, with the exception of The Hanged Man and his incarnation, The World, all of them were rather inexperienced when they first participated.

Miss Justice was one of those who vaguely understood the mysterious world, but she hadn't really stepped into it yet. The Sun was one of those who received sufficient "education," but due to the isolated environment and his relatively young age, he was very simple and honest. The Magician may have been stuck at Sequence 9 for several years, but she had always been an unaffiliated Beyonder. She didn't know much about all sorts of hidden factions, and she lacked experience. The Moon, Emlyn, comes from a Beyonder race, with a faction with a deep heritage backing him. However, due to his preference of staying home to play with dolls, he is greatly lacking in experience in certain aspects. He was very gullible as a result.

That fellow, Emlyn, is smart, but if he were to, heh heh, meet Tris, no, Demoness Trissy, he would be tricked by her into selling his dolls... Klein secretly teased the vampire which could be considered a friend in the real world.

He looked at Admiral of Stars and didn't directly respond to the matter of her repaying him for saving her life. Instead, he smiled and asked, "Are you a member of the Moses Ascetic Order?"

"Yes." Cattleya didn't believe that this was something she could hide from Mr. Fool.

Klein smiled.

“What did you just do to provoke that guy?”

He wasn’t sure that the pair of eyes belonged to the Hidden Sage, so he used a vague term ‘that guy’ instead, so that, no matter what, The Fool was absolutely correct and upheld his standing.

After a moment of silence, Cattleya said, “No, I didn’t provoke him.”

She paused, then she continued, “The members of the Moses Ascetic Order believe that all objects are numeric, and we pursue knowledge itself.

“However, Emperor Roselle once said that we aren’t pursuing knowledge, but that knowledge is pursuing us. The Hidden Sage is an embodiment of knowledge itself. ‘He’ is chasing us—every single Moses Ascetic Order member. When too much knowledge is injected into us, without us being able to quickly digest and master it, a situation like before would happen. Either I lower my defenses and open my mind to accept the modifications from the Hidden Sage, or I would tenaciously resist it or end up losing control.”

If that’s the case, you aren’t specifically targeted by the Hidden Sage. Even if you managed to escape from the previous predicament, you wouldn’t be suspected of anything… According to what you said, you are very knowledgeable… Back then, Old Neil only wanted to obtain the knowledge of human body refining and of a perfect revival… Klein suddenly sighed, but he didn’t show it on his face.

The reputation of Admiral of Stars isn’t too bad. She’s the kind of pirate with a code of honor… Klein stopped his thoughts and calmly said, “If something similar happens again, you can recite my name.”

Recite your name… Cattleya's lips quivered, instinctively wanting to refuse.

In the end, she didn't say anything as she fell silent for a long time.

After repeatedly weighing the pros and cons, she stood up, crossed her arms in front of her chest, and slightly bowed as she said, "How may I be of service?"

Klein laughed and said in an indifferent tone, "In the future, provide some assistance to my Blessed."

"By your will." Cattleya sat down again and asked cautiously, "Is the honorific name provided by Mr. Z yours?"

She then repeated the honorific name of The Fool to him.

Klein nodded his head, indicating that she was right.

Cattleya looked at the other empty seats and asked after some deliberation, "Honorable Mr. Fool, will there be others here as well?"

Klein laughed and replied, "People like yourself.

"They set up a regular gathering, and I bear witness."

After a few seconds of silence, Cattleya asked, "Can I participate?"

She thought that since she wasn't connected with the mysterious existence known as The Fool, it was better to know more than to do nothing.

Of course, you have money, knowledge, influence, and needs... Klein casually leaned against the back of the chair.

"Sure.

"Without my permission, you are not to leak this matter."

"Alright!" Cattleya answered without hesitation.

Klein tapped his left index finger and revealed the rest of the tarot cards on the bronze table.

"They use tarot cards as their code names. These are the remaining ones.

"Pick one."

Cattleya scanned the cards and immediately said, "The Hermit."

Chapter 565: Eye of Mystery Prying

Inside the captain's cabin, Cattleya slowly got up from the floor and walked in silence to the full-length mirror next to the bookcase.

In the mirror, the skin on her face was fair and smooth, without a single crack. Her ears were small and normal, showing no signs of expanding. Her deep purple eyes were calm, as if nothing had happened.

However, she could see more with her eyes that carried a sense of mystery.

Hidden beneath her skin were eye-like flesh and blood that hadn't fully dissolved; her Soul Body, whose pain and madness were rapidly dispersing; innumerable illusory objects with ineffable forms that roamed about; sailors who were cleaning the deck several rooms away...

Everything within a range of a few dozen meters was revealed to her in an unobscured but unusually chaotic manner.

From the day she had become a Sequence 5 Constellations Master, her Mystery Pryer powers had been greatly enhanced. She could faintly see that there were thick curtains around her that resembled shadows, and behind the curtains, something seemed to be watching her and all living beings.

There are no traces of being influenced by Mr. Fool, which in turn explains many things... He, no, 'He' was able to directly pull my Soul Body into that mysterious space with a strange, tyrannical, and secretive power. It's not something that a demigod scepter can

compare to… Although 'He' was dressed in contemporary clothing, this doesn't mean anything. For an existence at this level, it's very easy for different people to see 'Him' in different forms, and 'His' true appearance would probably cause every person that sees him directly to lose control and die… Cattleya stared at herself in the mirror, thinking silently about what had just happened.

It was inevitable that she had some predictions about Mr. Fool's identity, but this was only guesswork without any evidence.

The fact that 'He' is wearing a tailcoat doesn't mean that 'He' is very young or that 'He' was born recently. Perhaps, 'His' essence is ancient, even older than the seven gods. The knowledge that is pursuing me tells me that before the Cataclysm, there were indeed older gods, and 'He' might be one of them, Cattleya said silently to herself before turning away from the full-length mirror and walking back to the place where she had struggled in pain. She picked up her glasses that had fallen to the side.

She put the thick glasses on her nose, hiding her deep purple eyes. Everything that didn't appear under a normal person's vision quickly disappeared from her sight.

Cattleya stood there, thinking again about the influence Mr. Fool and the so-called "Tarot Club" would have on her.

Unknowingly, a tall figure surfaced in her mind. The words that she would never forget had once again echoed in her ears.

"Leave. Your destiny doesn't lie with me."

Is this my destiny, Your Majesty? She closed her eyes.

...

In the ancient and majestic palace above the gray fog.

Klein's fingers tapped the edge of the long, mottled table as he made all the tarot cards on the table disappear.

He was thinking about what the subsequent developments would be after the Admiral of Stars joined the Tarot Club.

If there's no other way, and if I might really need to take a detour from a safe sea route and enter the sea that was once a battlefield of the gods, to search for singing mermaids, having The Hermit, who is fearful of The Fool, in my control is better than cooperating with Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina. Using her ship would be much safer... Yes, Mr. Hanged Man will be a backup choice.

Admiral of Stars is a Moses Ascetic Order member. She grasps plenty of knowledge and is very helpful towards the Tarot Club, but it's a latent risk for me. Mr. Fool's image is built on the foundation of being unfathomable... In the future, I have to be more careful. I mustn't answer things I'm not sure of. On matters I'm unconfident about, I'd rather be vague and handle matters like a charlatan. Of course, to fully resolve this problem, I should quickly improve myself and become a High-Sequence Beyonder. My strength needs to match my level, and my standards need to match that pedestal.

With such a Sequence 5 powerhouse with many subordinates under her, the overall strength of the Tarot Club isn't considered low.

After obtaining the Sea God Scepter, I don't have to worry that members of the Tarot Club will be too strong, with problems easily arising.

I hope that there will come a day when this member of the Moses Ascetic Order, Admiral of Stars, will be able to play an important role in my revenge against the Hidden Sage.

Klein exhaled as he vanished from above the gray fog.

...

Backlund. Beneath Saint Samuel Cathedral.

A red-gloved Nighthawk entered the temporary office assigned to them, with a telegraph in hand.

“Captain, something happened at Enmat Harbor,” he said to Soul Assurer Soest with some excitement.

Soest touched the right side of his hair and asked, “What happened?”

“There’s a new development from The Fool, the one the Aurora Order is seeking.” The member holding the telegraph handed the piece of paper over.

His answer immediately attracted the attention of several Red Gloves who were present, including the man with black hair and green eyes who was taking an afternoon nap with his chair lifted up and his feet on the table. He had covered his face with his hat.

Soest took over the telegraph and scanned it before immediately laughing.

“Someone lied by claiming to be his Blessed in an attempt to scam others, but after chanting his name, he was smote to death on the spot by a bolt of lightning.

“There really is a hidden existence known as The Fool…”

The files relating to the Tarot ritual and The Fool had been handed over to Soest’s Red Gloves team. They were in charge of the investigations, but there were no leads, and they didn’t put much emphasis on it because they had other missions on hand.

“The Fool has powers in the lightning domain?” Leonard Mitchell removed the black hat from his face.

“Who knows? If he’s the embodiment of some old friend of ours, it’s possible to do something similar by preparing a corresponding mystical item. It’s not without precedent. This is especially so for the fake gods in the Southern Continent and the colonial islands. Holy Lord of Storms, those cheats claim that The Fool is another manifestation of the Lord of Storms. This might also be why he was smitten to death.” Soest leisurely threw the telegraph aside.

Leonard glanced at it, lowered his feet, half turned, and chuckled.

“Aren’t we going to perform some investigations?”

“How? Are you going to feign ignorance and recite his honorific name?” Soest sneered.

This has a high probability of catching the tail of The Fool, but I will basically be bidding farewell to this world. My digestion of the

Nightmare potion has been going pretty well, and I just got another good item. There are still plenty of Sequences up ahead which are waiting for me. How can I enter into an eternal sleep so soon? Leonard stroked his drooping hair strands and said, "We can get a few criminals on death row to give it a try?"

"But he could just as easily not respond." Soest shook his head.

"We can start from the two cases that involved the tarot rituals. I'm more and more convinced that it has something to do with The Fool. Firstly, The Fool is one of the Major Arcana tarot cards. Secondly, the organization that is seeking or cracking down on his Blessed is the Aurora Order. And the first case that involved the tarot ritual is the Lanevus case. As such, the Aurora Order's attempt to allow the True Creator's descent was foiled." Lanevus pulled at his black vest and got up.

Soest thought about it seriously and said, "The clues from the other cases happen to have been cut off as well. For now, we have nothing else to do. You can try to investigate the two tarot ritual cases."

"Sure." Leonard smiled back.

This was exactly what he wanted. With a case that no one cared about being handed to him, he had won a certain amount of time to act freely.

...

At 2:50 p.m., Fors returned from the cold streets to her residence while trembling.

It wasn't that she wanted to go out in this damp, cold weather, but it was that she had run out of food at home. As for Xio, she had gone all the way to Pritz Harbor to capture a fugitive and collect the bounty. It was unknown when she would be able to return home.

She's always instinctively chasing after and capturing fugitives. It can be said that she has been acting in some way... Holding the large brown paper bag in her arms, she habitually fished for her keys to open the mailbox and take out the letters and bills.

She entered the house, put the food away, and took off her thick coat that tightly clung to her body. Fors began to look through the letters.

Suddenly, her eyes lit up. There was a letter from her teacher, Dorian Gray.

After she advanced to Trickmaster, the first thing she did was to write about it in her letter and mail it to Dorian Gray, hoping to receive her teacher's praise and subsequent guidance. However, days had passed without her receiving a reply. For a moment, she wondered if she should visit Pritz Harbor out of concern.

Fors quickly opened the envelope and began to read through it.

"...I'm sorry that I have only replied now. I previously left Pritz Harbor for some time for a relative's funeral.

"...Your talent leaves me gratified. Perhaps the stories hidden in your heart have helped you in acting. After you digest the Trickmaster potion, I'll provide you with the Sequence 7 Astrologer formula and some ingredients, as well as a gift...

"...The crux when it comes to acting as a Trickmaster lies in 'performing' and 'hoodwinking.' Hoodwinking can also be replaced with deceit. This has been verified by generations of Beyonders... You can take into consideration other pathways like Swindler and Magician. The meaning behind their names is, in some sense, similar..."

Fors heaved a sigh of relief, glanced up at the wall clock, and hurried back to her bedroom before locking the door behind her.

The weekly Tarot Gathering was beginning.

Not long after, a crimson light flooded her eyes, drowning everything.

In the ancient and mysterious palace, just as Fors was about to look at Mr. Fool, she suddenly saw a figure beside her.

That seat had always been empty!

A new member? A lady? The Magician Fors moved her eyeballs slightly, pretending not to care as she half turned her body.

Another new member? And it's a lady... Miss Justice was about to get up and greet Mr. Fool when she saw an unfamiliar figure.

While feeling puzzled and expectant, she discovered a problem. The women were on one side of the table, while the men were on the other side.

This should be divided according to Mr. Fool's intentions. I wonder if there's any symbolic meaning behind it... Yes, the ladies are on

the left, and the men are on the right. Being neither left or right is what defines a god like Mr. Fool. Ah, yes, there's also Mr. World... Heh heh, could it be that he's neither man or woman, or even a human? Audrey, you're thinking too much... Justice stood up and bowed, speaking with a light and brisk tone.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

Chapter 566: The Details of Clothes

Klein's lips curled up in a slight nod in response to Miss Justice's pleasant greeting.

He was just about to introduce The Hermit to everyone, and everyone to The Hermit when he noticed that Miss Justice didn't stop. Her gaze shifted to the other side as she greeted, "Good afternoon, Mr. Hanged Man."

This time, she didn't follow the order of the tarot cards but followed the order in which the person joined the Tarot Club.

After this round of greetings, The Hermit will essentially get to know everyone, and there's no need for The Fool to introduce her... Miss Justice is obviously doing it on purpose. She's really considerate. As long as a Beyonder of the Spectator domain gets serious, they act differently for matters like this... Klein was surprised for a moment before he praised her silently.

At the same time, Alger responded to Audrey's greeting while cautiously sizing up the new member.

Female. It's barely possible to tell that she's wearing a black gown with many patterns on it... Her hair is black and her eyes are a little purple... Alger managed to find certain traits in her blurred, distorted image.

Suddenly, his heart sank as he recalled the scene he saw a few months ago at the pirate convention.

Back then, scattered starlight had magically formed a long

bridge between the huge sailboat and the palace in the depths of the island. Admiral of Stars Cattleya, who was wearing a black classical robe, had walked in midair, carrying a celestial globe and a short scepter by her waist.

And the celestial globe resembled the strange weather bottle that Alger had previously received. The latter had coincidentally shattered after he had been pulled into the gathering by Mr. Fool.

Could it be her? She looks somewhat similar based on her attire… But the Admiral of Stars wears glasses, while she doesn't… It cannot be confirmed. It'll require further observation and evidence. Unfortunately, I only saw her from afar and know little…

Regardless, I should be careful. When exchanging information, I should try my best to avoid divulging details about my actual situation… The World is Mr. Fool's Blessed; letting him know of my identity is totally different compared to the others—no, the other members…

After the matter regarding the "Sea God," Mr. Fool has recovered a considerable amount of strength. He's even able to pull in a powerhouse like a pirate admiral?

Thoughts flashed through Alger's mind as he slightly fidgeted in his seat.

Mr. Hanged Man's body language tells me that he is alert and guarded… Does he know the female newcomer, or has he guessed something? How intriguing… Audrey's gaze swept across without leaving a trace and landed on Derrick.

At this moment, Cattleya was also carefully and seriously examining the members of the Tarot Club in the order they were

greeted in.

The mysterious purple color in her eyes slowly flowed in an indiscernible fashion. Although she couldn't truly see through the blurry concealment of the fog, she could still make out the details of their clothing.

The Hanged Man, a man in his prime, in his thirties, and has messy hair like seaweed with a rare deep blue color. This is a common mutation seen in the Sailor pathway... He's wearing a robe with the patterns of storms and waves... Someone from the Church of Storms? Cattleya's pupils contracted. She didn't show any abnormalities as she continued to observe the rest of the members.

The Sun, a young male, perhaps still underage. His attire is rare and has a simple ancient sense of beauty. It's very tight, making it suitable for combat. Is he a Beyonder in this aspect?

The World, neither an old man nor a young man. He has a gloomy temperament and wears a hooded robe. Eh, he has a feeling as though he's not a living person. Is this something similar to Senor or Steel Maveti? Or some other Sequence I'm unaware of...

The Magician, a young woman, wears a common Loen-styled dress. Apart from having a trait of languidness, she doesn't have any other characteristics. This kind of person is the easiest to ignore, so she needs to have more attention paid to her.

The Moon, a young man. He sits very casually. Black hair, red eyes, and wears an Earth Mother priest robe... There seems to be only one possibility for such a combination—a vampire...

As expected, the members of Mr. Fool's Tarot Club aren't that

simple. Just a preliminary judgment involves two Churches... Cattleya withdrew her gaze and met Audrey's gaze.

Sensing the other party's intention to ask, she nodded lightly.

"The Hermit."

Cattleya had spoken in ancient Feysac, deliberately avoiding the more familiar languages of Intis and Loen, as she had done so back when she was communicating with Mr. Fool.

And she had noticed one thing. Mr. Fool had previously told her that the time the gathering was being held was at 3 p.m. on Monday, Backlund time.

Does this mean that the members of this gathering are currently predominantly made up of people from Loen? Cattleya made her own judgment.

"Justice." Audrey smiled faintly in return. "Good afternoon, Ma'am Hermit."

She had noticed what The Hermit had been up to and had summarized the person's traits in her heart.

She's a very cautious woman who has rich experience in the Beyonder world. She's quiet but not introverted, and she's very confident in her observation skills or certain abilities related to her eyes. Furthermore, her clothing style and the short scepter hanging at her waist indicates that her Sequence pathway leans towards mystery. This requires confirmation. Perhaps it's just a hobby.

At the same time, Cattleya also managed to clearly make out Miss Justice's clothing.

She wears two hanging earrings, and the earrings are small and exquisite, inlaid with very high quality emeralds which accentuate her emerald-green eyes. They're obviously worth a lot…

The necklace around her neck looks unique. It's lined with diamonds that are quite difficult to count, but it's nothing ostentatious…

Her milky-white dress is simple yet beautiful. It's tailored to be elegant and befitting of her status, like the work of a stylish designer…

As she went through the details, Cattleya couldn't help but close her eyes.

A 17-18-year-old girl… Very rich… The way she moves and her etiquette makes her highly suspect to be a noble with high status, a Loen noble? Cattleya didn't know why she sighed in her heart.

After a round of greetings from Audrey, there was no need for Klein to introduce the original members of the Tarot Club to The Hermit or The Hermit to the rest.

Just as she sat down, Audrey once again turned to the very end of the long bronze table.

"Mr. Fool, I'm out of town and have only managed to find one page of Roselle's diary."

At the last gathering, she had provided two pages, so she was two pages short of paying off the debt. However, with her being in the manor, even if she often went to the city, all she managed was to collect one diary page.

In addition, due to the addition of the new member, Hermit, she was careful not to mention the Psychology Alchemists. She didn't mention Backlund or East Chester County at all.

Roselle's diary... Diary!? Cattleya almost lost control and couldn't help quickly turning her head to look at Miss Justice, who sat on the same side as her.

She clearly remembered that the tall and beautiful figure had once sighed.

"It's not a notebook. It's his diary. However, other than him, no one else would be able to understand it."

The members of the Tarot Club know that Roselle's notebook is a diary? Mr. Fool is collecting Roselle's diary? Is "He" trying to crack it to find the secret hidden in that part of history? This is more like a revived ancient god... All sorts of confused and shocked thoughts surfaced in Cattleya's mind.

She maintained her staidness, just turning her head in a normal fashion to observe the first "transaction."

After experiencing many things and trudging her way towards becoming one of the seven great pirate admirals, she understood that the most important thing for her to do after joining the Tarot Club was to listen more and speak less!

“Mr. Fool, I received three pages,” Fors said with a smile.

They had been mailed by Dorian Gray.

At last week’s gathering, as she hadn’t received her teacher’s response, and due to the cold weather, she hadn’t attended any Beyonder gatherings, so she couldn’t provide a single page.

Derrick followed immediately, “Mr. Fool, I’ve copied a new legend of the ancient gods.”

Tsk, he’s always using the legends of ancient gods as a perfunctory payment… Emlyn glanced contemptuously at The Sun.

Suddenly, he thought of something. Although The Sun claimed that the one they worshiped was the Lord that created everything, he had never tried to cover up the influence that Giant King, Aurmir, had on them. However, he had never mentioned that Giant Queen Omebella was who the Kingdom of Silver originally believed in.

Could it be that the City of Silver isn’t equal to the “Kingdom of Silver”? I’ll wait a minute and try it out… Emlyn had never been able to get over The Sun’s earlier slandering of the Sanguine.

Four pages of Roselle’s diary, a legend of the ancient gods; that’s pretty good… I wonder if it contains information about the high elf, Cohinem… Alas, after Mr. Hanged Man learned that The World is a Blessed, I cannot make The World ask questions without any qualms… Klein thought quickly and said with a chuckle, “Very good.”

He helped Miss Justice, Miss Magician, and Little Sun conjure their respective content, which flashed into the palm of his hand as he casually browsed through them.

Mr. Fool doesn't seem to be deciphering it… "He" can read Emperor Roselle's diary? Wh-what's "His" background? What is "His" true identity? A sense of indescribable terror and dread suddenly welled up in Cattleya's heart.

She quickly retracted her gaze and looked at the long bronze table, as if she was memorizing the simple patterns on the table's surface.

The reaction The Hermit showed when realizing that Mr. Fool is able to read Roselle's diary exceeded my imagination. Is she concerned with this matter, or is it somehow related to her? Audrey pursed her lips thoughtfully.

Although the other party hid it quickly and naturally, this was still obvious enough for a Sequence 7 from the Spectator pathway.

Klein sensed the abnormality of the new member, The Hermit, because he also wanted to see how this member of the Moses Ascetic Order, who had a great deal of knowledge, would react to it. The result left him surprised.

Isn't that a little too intense? Klein didn't have the luxury of time to think about it as his gaze fell to the first page of Roselle's diary.

Chapter 567: Source of the Matter

"9th April. I just returned from Countess Wawrinka's masquerade party when I suddenly felt an emptiness in my heart.

"One woman, one woman, one woman after another. The monotonous and mechanical movements, the indistinguishable smell of perfume, and the warmth from the entanglement of their limbs; all these in exchange for a few seconds of pleasure, followed by endless boredom, disgust, emptiness, and numbness.

"What pleasure is there in such a life? Is the meaning of life to just do this every single day?

"I can't go on like this. I have to get out of this sorry state.

"Also, I need to remind myself that I shouldn't habitually write Arabic numerals."

...Emperor, there are actually times when you reflect on yourself and act like a hipster? This doesn't fit with my image of you! Klein almost pricked his brows up.

He looked down at the second entry of the diary.

"11th April, Countess Wawrinka invited me to a private salon, and she told me that Ma'am Julia would be there, too.

"Ha, will this conservative blonde girl who hails from Loen

because of her marriage participate as well?

“I really look forward to it!

“I’ve been imagining her in bed for a long time. I hope her husband, Viscount Dellien, doesn’t mine.”

Emperor, have you forgotten what you wrote a few days ago in your diary. Tsk, how nice, isn’t it? Also, you have a typo. Mind! Klein couldn’t help but lampoon.

“14th April. I’ve been attending too many events recently, and the flesh is weak even though the spirit is willing…

“But that’s nothing!

“Although I’m still young, I should be careful about the risk of retrograding. Temperance! Temperance!

“The Archaeologist Sequence has improved my physique and effectively enhanced a certain degree of my powers. However, this isn’t its area of expertise, but just something that comes with it.

“As I continue raising my Sequence, the changes from the previous potions will also intensify. This is my motivation.

“Apparently, Apothecaries can concoct medicine that lack side effects. Perhaps, I should ask a few of them.

“Also, I really have to control myself. Unrestrained behavior will

only lead to continuous increases in the threshold, and the degree of satisfaction wouldn't be like how it would normally be.

"After calming down and thinking about it carefully, there are many things that can be done. Humans are always like this, bound by desire, unable to see what's of value. Why did I transmigrate over here? What secrets lie hidden in the cosmos above my head? Where did the original consciousness come from, and if self-cognition purely comes from one's consciousness, then who was I before I had the identity of Huang Tao? Who does the essential part belong to…"

Emperor, are you describing to me what it means to be a pervert and philosopher before and after the deed? Hehe, so you do have worries about such matters. I thought you were already fixed in certain traits… Thankfully, you didn't teach Chinese to your children. Yes, you likely didn't teach them. Otherwise, what would they think after seeing such content? Zaratul prophesied that your eldest daughter, Bernadette, would be at odds with you and betray you. It's not without reason… Of course, not teaching them is more of a form of protection… Klein was successfully amused by Roselle's diary entries, but he didn't show it on his face.

To him, the diary of Emperor Roselle was both a book of knowledge and a collection of jokes.

With this thought, Klein turned to the next page of the diary.

"2nd October, Zaratul came to visit me again.

"Now that I've become a demigod, he wishes that I can honor a promise. He wishes to steal that dangerous Sealed Artifact from the Church.

"That is a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, the Antigonus family's

notebook from the Fourth Epoch!”

At this point, Klein’s pupils contracted uncontrollably.

This was likely the notebook that the Secret Order lost later on.

This was likely the notebook that led to Klein Moretti’s death and how he, Zhou Mingrui, had used Klein Moretti’s corpse to successfully awaken in this world!

This was the source of everything!

It turns out that it didn’t fall into the hands of the Secret Order from the very beginning. Instead, it was sealed within the Church of the God of Craftsmanship which later turned into the Church of the God of Steam and Machinery. Zaratul successfully obtained it through Emperor Roselle.

Right, the Secret Order member inside Creeping Hunger was very fearful of Zaratul. He believed that Zaratul is an undying and abnormal monster. Does this mean that Zaratul gained benefits through the notebook, but an accident happened? He turned from a person who could communicate normally with Roselle into a monster. Therefore, this eventually led to the loss of the Antigonus family’s notebook?

Of course, it cannot be ruled out that Zaratul deliberately allowed it to be lost…

Yes… As Zaratul became a monster, the Secret Order lost all the mermaids, causing subsequent Faceless Beyonders to risk their lives out at sea? Rosago succeeded because he attempted to enter that sea which is a ruin of a battle between gods?

All of these thoughts flashed through Klein's mind, causing his heart to feel abnormally heavy.

He didn't assume that the Antigonus notebook that he had encountered was closely related to Roselle, because the theory he always had had stemmed from the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics, and that some of the details that followed were in line with similar logic.

Are they all involved with the upper echelons of the Seer pathway? Klein glanced over the palace and took in the endless gray fog.

Could it be the cause? he asked himself this question once more from the bottom of his heart.

Steadying his emotions, Klein went on to read the subsequent diary pages.

"Heh, I'll have to do it depending on the situation. If it's easy to steal and there's no risk of exposure, I'll try to do it. Otherwise, I'll pretend as though none of this ever happened.

"It doesn't matter even if Zaratul were to expose me. With my present identity, status, Sequence, and influence, as long as I'm willing to repent, the Church won't do anything to me."

The other two diary pages recorded Roselle's train of thought towards constructing his plans to steal the notebook, but none of them seemed likely to succeed. However, Klein knew that Roselle eventually obtained the notebook and handed it over to the head of the Secret Order, Zaratul.

After a moment's thought, Klein turned the page.

“10th December. I once again attended that ancient and secret gathering.

“At the gathering, I discovered that they were unanimous in being extremely hostile to the Solomon Empire of the Fourth Epoch.

“I raised the question which Mr. Hermes quickly answered. In the Fourth Epoch, the ally and supporter of the Solomon Empire was the True Creator.

“This is very real.

“I resisted the urge to ask what exactly our organization had done in the history of the Fourth Epoch, but as I left the palace and returned from my dreams, I found that Mr. Hermes’s route this time coincided with mine to a certain extent.

“This ancient man who lived since the Cataclysm definitely knew more. I build up a rapport with him and earnestly asked him the question—is that why the organization hates the True Creator? Is it solely because ‘He’ had used the Creator’s holy name in ‘His’ name?

“Mr. Hermes chuckled and said that they weren’t such superficial creatures.

“He asked me in return if I knew what the actual abilities of the Shepherd were.

“‘Of course’ was my answer.

“He asked again in a profoundly meaningful manner, ‘Who do you think would be most likely to develop in the direction of being omnipotent and omniscient among all the present gods?’

“This… The first thought that came to me was the Shepherd pathway which could engage in Devouring and Grazing, so as to control the souls and characteristics of other Beyonders.

“So that’s the reason…”

This page only had this diary entry, but it contains a lot of information… The Solomon Empire originally came under the True Creator’s camp… Yes, in the Tudor family’s underground ruins, there are humanoid statues of the six true gods. Although it isn’t certain whether they were worshiping or desecrating the gods, one thing is certain. The six gods were involved in the affairs of the three empires, and they later had a close relationship with the Trunsoest dynasty… Did the three great empires represent three different camps of gods? Klein tried to use his “archaeological” discovery and historical knowledge to decipher the hidden truth of the previous epoch, but he was still shrouded in fog.

Towards Hermes, the oldest master of mysticism, Klein’s answer came close to Roselle’s.

As a Beyonder’s Sequence was raised, the saints and angels of the Shepherd pathway were able to engage in the Grazing of more souls, gaining more and more Beyonder powers. In the end, if the True Creator had finished Grazing the other twenty-one Beyonder pathways, he would be, to some extent, the omnipotent and omniscient Creator.

There are still a lot of secrets hidden in the Sequence pathways… Klein turned to the fourth page.

This diary page recorded the actions Roselle took after he consumed the Savant potion. He read a lot, studied a lot, tamped down on his foundation very firmly, and increased the scope and depth of his knowledge to a whole new level.

In this period of time, he had almost no entertainment. Learning was his greatest form of entertainment.

In one of the diary entries, he wrote: "... When a person knows with certainty how much he will gain after putting in the effort, and is able to directly tell how much he gains, then he will certainly work as hard as I am now."

Isn't this the fundamental attraction of many games? Klein turned over the last diary page and read the legend of the ancient gods provided by Little Sun.

During the entire process, the majestic palace was completely silent. Be it Justice or The Moon, they were both considering what to trade and communicate later on.

It was the first time that The Hermit Cattleya had encountered such a situation, but she didn't feel uneasy or uncomfortable at all. Instead, she carefully analyzed the information that the scene revealed.

This isn't the first time this is happening... Mr. Fool has the habit of reading Roselle's diary at the Tarot Gathering... The members will proactively or passively search for the pages for "Him." However, it can't be confirmed if there were any advance payments...

"He" really can read Roselle's diary... He's searching for secrets that have sunken in the river of history?

Just now, that Sun mentioned that the information he handed in was about legends of ancient gods... This is roughly in line with my previous speculations...

At this point in time, Klein had roughly finished reading the new piece of information regarding ancient gods.

In the Second Epoch, in those dark years, every ancient god had a “god” attached to them, just like the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt and “His” child, the Dragon of Nightmare, Alzuhod.

Chapter 568: Subsidiary "Gods"

In the information provided by The Sun, there were detailed examples of some typical subsidiary gods, but most of the information didn't provide their true names, only their titles. These included the Goddess of Beauty and the Goddess of Life who were subsidiaries to Vampire Ancestor, Lilith; the Goddess of Misfortune and the God of the Dead who were subsidiaries to Annihilation Demonic Wolf, Flegrea; the God of Luck and the Queen of Calamity who were subsidiaries to Elf King, Soniathrym, and so on and so forth.

Queen of Calamity... Klein suddenly thought of the Book of Calamity and the golden wine cup he had taken from the ruins of the high elf. The name Cohinem and the word "Calamity" was engraved on it in Elvish.

This caused him to make the connection that Cohinem was the Elf King's subsidiary—Queen of Calamity!

Unfortunately, I can't directly seek confirmation with Little Sun. I'll have to wait for further information from him... Klein sighed silently.

At the same time, he made some theories about the fact that these titles didn't correspond with their true names.

The City of Silver was originally the Kingdom of Silver that came under the Giant King's Court's rule. Other than having sufficient understanding of its own forces and enemies, the information regarding the other ancient gods will only come from legends and rumors, and they aren't that detailed. Compared to the simple and easy to understand titles, a god's true name can consist of complicated and difficult words to remember which can make it

harder for them to be spread.

The information provided to Klein when he turned over the page confirmed his theory. However, it gave him new doubts.

The dragons also had a Dragon of Wisdom which was the equivalent of a god in the City of Silver, called Herabergen, and under Giant King Aurmir, there was also "His" eldest son, the God of Dawn, Badheil, and "His" queen, the Goddess of Harvest.

Why doesn't the Goddess of Harvest have a real name? Isn't "She" the queen of the Giant King's Court? The City of Silver should have records of it... These so-called subsidiary gods are equal to the angels or King of Angels of later times? Yes, the Sequence 2 of their pathway, and Sequence 1's of the other pathways? Klein suppressed his perplexion and inferred the truth from the information recorded in the Card of Blasphemy—within the same pathway, if there was a Sequence 0, then there wouldn't be a Sequence 1, and if there was no Sequence 0, then there would be at most three Sequence 1's.

However, Klein didn't dare to base his judgment on this. After all, his knowledge was partial, and he didn't even know if there were any preconditions for the Sequence 0 and Sequence 1, which was derived from the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Conservation and Indestructibility.

I'll assume this for the time being... Klein leaned back, letting the information in his hands disappear, smiling as he said, "You may begin."

At this point, Alger was still seriously examining himself.

After considering how to communicate properly, he used the technique of being in the other person's shoes. He started from

the point of view of The Hermit, who was suspected of being Admiral of Stars, to see what exactly he had exposed.

Mr. Fool's protects every member's true identity with a blurred and distorted image, but this method doesn't affect the representation of colors. Dark brown colors can be difficult to distinguish, but bright colors are easily grasped. At the very least, I can tell that Miss Justice is blonde with bright green eyes...

And for me, the most obvious thing I can't hide is my dark blue hair. But this doesn't say anything. It's not a problem to say that dark blue hair is a common mutation in Beyonders within the Sailor pathway, but the converse isn't true. This is because such traits are hereditary. On Sonia Island and in the Berserk Sea around Desi Bay, they were places where elves originally gathered. Many humans with traces of elven blood will also have dark blue hair. Heh, it's the same for districts where there are a certain number of Church of Storms Beyonders...

Ignoring any other trait, it's difficult for The Hermit to determine any further information based on the situation.

Just as Alger heaved a sigh of relief, he caught sight of the Storm robe he was wearing.

After returning to the Blue Avenger, not only was he the captain of the ship, but he was also the bishop of the sailors. He often needed to wear the corresponding clothes to celebrate Mass.

If he didn't show his devotion in his daily actions, there might come a day when he would be reported by his subordinates.

The Church of Storms has always been wary of those members who had been drifting out at sea for a long time, as prolonged acting as pirates might one day turn them into real pirates. In

any case, the Lord of Storms has never given a revelation to exclude pirates from “His” followers.

Under the cover of that blurred distortion, it’s hard to see the details of one’s clothing clearly. This isn’t a problem… However, I still have to pay attention in the future. During Tarot Gatherings, I should change into a set of ordinary clothes… Although I can’t be sure, I still have to treat her as a pirate admiral. I can’t afford to be careless… Alger thought cautiously.

At this moment, he heard the seemingly suppressed voice of The Moon Emlyn, which was a result of him being unable to hide his emotions.

“Mr. Hanged Man, I’ve done the preparations. When can you obtain the inheritance of that Sanguine baron? You mentioned before that it’s in the hands of some powerful pirate?”

You didn’t have to say the last sentence… Alger’s body instantly stiffened.

Powerful pirate… The Hermit’s eyes swept over The Hanged Man once again.

Alger’s expression didn’t change as he turned his head to The Moon and asked, “Have you obtained the funds?”

“Of course!” Emlyn raised his neck.

He originally wanted to wait until the three-month maturity was up before he went to the bank to withdraw the money, but he soon discovered that he was in a completely different mood after deciding to buy the Sanguine baron’s inheritance.

He no longer had any qualms or hesitation. He was filled with expectation and desire, wishing that he could get his hands on it immediately. It was just like how he felt in the past when he was about to buy a beloved doll!

He had held back for more than a week before finally giving up by selling the acceptance draft. Although he had lost some money, it was still acceptable.

In many situations, an acceptance draft could be used as a currency.

“I’ll get it for you within the week. Finally, let’s confirm the price: 4,500 pounds. Is that alright?” Seeing that a deal was about to be struck, Alger didn’t pursue The Moon’s act of exposing him.

Emlyn thought about the dolls in his room, cleared his throat, and said with his eyes furtively darting around.

“Can it be cheaper?”

“It’s not up to me to decide, but I can try to acquire it for you at a lower price. Also, don’t forget my commission. Let’s lower it. How about 300 pounds?” Alger’s tone didn’t change at all.

“Alright.” Emlyn exhaled quietly.

Not a very powerful vampire, an underaged or a recently matured one… Cattleya silently watched from the sidelines and made her judgment.

Seeing that the deal between Mr. Hanged Man and Mr. Moon

had been concluded in a few sentences, Audrey habitually felt that she should buy something.

In a week or two, I'll contact the members of the Psychology Alchemists in East Chester County and tell them that I've become a Psychology Alchemists member. I'll exchange my contribution points for the subsequent potion formula. There's no need to make a request to purchase it here for the time being... Once I find out what ingredients are needed, I can ask for everyone's help... There's no need to buy any mystical items for now. I've already had one of them reimbursed... Being able to obtain such rare items with too great a frequency might imply many problems... Audrey's thoughts raced, and she came up with an idea.

She turned halfway and looked at the gloomy man at the end of the table.

"Mr. World, you mentioned that you have clues to the characteristic left behind by a Psychiatrist. Have you successfully acquired it?"

I plan on buying it for Susie... she silently added in her heart.

In fact, when she was considering this matter, she had another slightly mischievous idea, which was to find an excuse for Mr. Fool to turn over the Black Emperor card which sat beside him.

From her point of view, Ma'am Hermit was particularly affected by the matter regarding Roselle's diary. And from how her reaction was extraordinarily excessive before she quickly hid it, it was quite possible that she knew about the Cards of Blasphemy; therefore, the moment she saw it, she would expose a lot of problems and express the truest thoughts in her heart.

But she dismissed the idea in the end, not because she thought it

would be bad to sound out Ma'am Hermit, but that this was a way of showing responsibility to both herself and the Tarot Club, and that she shouldn't make decisions for Mr. Fool.

If "He" wanted Ma'am Hermit to recognize the Card of Blasphemy, "He" definitely would've flipped it open himself. If "He" didn't want to do so, then any attempts would be against his will... Audrey nodded solemnly but almost imperceptibly.

At this moment, The World replied hoarsely, "If you're certain that you want it, then I will give it to you as soon as possible.

"The price is 1,800 pounds."

Normally, it would be more appropriate to charge 1,200 to 1,500 pounds for a Psychiatrist's Beyonder characteristic, but Klein had raised the premium slightly to see how much Miss Justice could pay.

"Alright," Audrey agreed with a light tone.

She had paid off the money owed to Viscount Glaint. She had received many gifts for having reached adulthood after returning to her family's fief. It was a time when her finances were in a rather good condition. She had even arranged for the money to be returned to Mr. Fool's Blessed next month.

In the future, her monthly income would be above 3,000 pounds, and a substantial portion of her normal expenses wasn't going to be borne by her, due to the love of her parents and the results of her previous meritorious exploits.

While the two were discussing, The Hanged Man was somewhat

surprised. The World had just sold the Faceless Beyonder characteristic the previous time, and he had recently acquired Steel Maveti's Beyonder characteristic. Yet, he appeared to have a Psychiatrist characteristic in his collection, and all of this happened in less than a month!

On second thought, Alger quickly came to an understanding.

The World represented a group of Blessed of Mr. Fool. That might be the harvest from the other Blessed!

As he imagined this, The World, who was Klein, was in a state of shock towards Miss Justice's opulence.

He had thought that Miss Justice, who had just spent 5,500 pounds on a mystical item, wouldn't be as well-off as before. It was just like last year, so he had reserved space for her to haggle. Who knew that she would still agree to the deal without hesitation.

Has she dug up a gold mine? Klein couldn't help but silently lampoon.

Seeing that they had finished their discussion, Derrick hurriedly raised his hand, having learned from Miss Justice.

"Which one of you has the fruit of the Radiance Spirit Pact Tree?"

He had rather successfully collected the other ingredients of the Solar High Priest potion.

Just as Cattleya had initially figured out that Miss Justice was a

yet-to-advance Psychiatrist, she heard this request. After a few seconds of silence, she said, “I do.

“What can you provide in exchange?”

After observing for a long time, she decided to intervene in a small transaction to gain a deeper understanding of how the Tarot Club operated.

“Uh… I can use the history of the City of Silver or the history of dragons, elves, and other dark creatures to barter,” Derrick said sincerely. “Ma’am Hermit, this is a list of commonly seen monsters around the City of Silver. You can choose any ingredients you need from it.”

How honest… Klein almost looked up at the dome of the magnificent palace.

What is he talking about… Cattleya frowned slightly, momentarily failing to understand a single word from The Sun.

Chapter 569: A Straw Will Show Which Way the Wind Blows

After a brief moment of consideration, The Hermit Cattleya made the choice that benefited her the most. She said without betraying her emotions, “I’ll make a decision after seeing what the commonly seen monsters are around the City of Silver.”

Another person who gains something without risking anything of her own... Are the people who spend too much time at sea good at fleecing others? Or is Little Sun in such a state that makes it impossible to resist fleecing him... Klein instinctively excluded himself from the group of seafarers.

“Alright.” Under Justice and company’s scrutiny, Derrick didn’t hesitate to agree to Ma’am Hermit’s request.

He recalled the content and conjured it, recording the most commonly seen monsters around the City of Silver into a list. However, it wasn’t as detailed as before, and there were quite a few missing. After all, the Sun pathway’s improvement in regards to his memory was rather limited. A few days had passed.

Cattleya received the piece of information and read through it in a serious manner.

The more she scanned through it, the more alarmed she became. This was because the types of monsters had far exceeded her expectations by nearly a hundred times!

Most of the names used were ancient names. If not for her being

a Moses Ascetic Order member who had been pursued by knowledge, and having reached Sequence 5, making her experienced and knowledgeable, there was no way she could've known what these names would really be referring to.

But even so, there were still a few monsters she had never heard of. They were like shadows who would never reveal themselves in dreams or imaginations, forever lurking in the depths of the darkness.

Where exactly is the City of Silver? Why are there so many monsters? Ten seconds later, Cattleya raised her head without a change in expression. She said with a staid tone, "Use the history of your City of Silver in exchange."

"Alright." Derrick's eyes lit up as he seemed to see hope in advancing.

He soon conjured the historical materials of the City of Silver with the help of Mr. Fool. Having had ample experience, he knew that even more complete and detailed information was worth more than the fruit of a Radiance Spirit Pact Tree; hence, he retained some of what he knew.

Cattleya knew that she wasn't Mr. Fool, so it was impossible for her to let the members patiently wait for her to finish reading. Therefore, she casually flipped through it. After confirming its value, she deliberated and asked, "How should I hand over the fruit of the Radiance Spirit Pact Tree to you?"

Just as she said that, she suddenly thought of something. With a guess, she looked to the end of the long bronze table.

"Mr. Fool, is it done by a sacrificial ritual?"

This left Audrey, who had prepared the answer, to be clearly stunned. She swallowed the words that she was about to say.

Ma'am Hermit is very impressive and knowledgeable. She directly guessed that it's done via a sacrificial and bestowment ritual! Audrey controlled her minute facial expressions as she clicked her tongue and sighed inwardly.

"Yes." Klein gently nodded without going into detail.

He believed that it was impossible for a pirate admiral, a Sequence 5 powerhouse of the Mystery Pryer pathway, to not know how a sacrifice was made. This was even something they were good at. Furthermore, she knew The Fool's honorific name, so she didn't lack any of the necessary conditions.

Indeed, with a godlike existence bearing witness to a gathering, a sacrificial and bestowment method is the safest and most convenient way of trading... And a conversation through the Soul Body can result in direct knowledge transfer... Cattleya thanked him before saying to The Sun, "I'll do it as soon as possible."

Although she didn't show any abnormalities, her heart was in no way calm. From her casual flipping of the information provided by The Sun, she discovered that the City of Silver was truly filled with oddities.

It included matters about being forsaken by the Lord, how it didn't have a sun, resulting in a state of eternal darkness and high- and low-frequency lightning. Matters like how strange and terrifying monsters hid in the darkness when there was no light, and how they survived thanks to Black-Faced Grass. It mentioned that they had survived for more than two thousand years since the Dark Ages. All of this exceeded Cattleya's expectations.

As a powerhouse at sea who was knowledgeable and had acquired many secrets, she instantly connected the time and descriptions to a famous concept in history—the Cataclysm!

Following that, she followed this line of thought and made a further inference.

The Forsaken Land of God!

Suddenly, the figure she looked up to surfaced in Cattleya's mind once again. A sentence filled with an emotive sigh surfaced.

"He had always been searching for the Forsaken Land of God back when he was alive. He said that the ultimate answer towards everything is hidden there."

The Sun comes from the Forsaken Land of God which Emperor Roselle couldn't find despite all his efforts? Mr. Fool can connect to that place directly? No, perhaps, "He" awoke from that place... Cattleya thought in alarm and solemnity.

She had previously belittled the Tarot Club because The Moon, Justice, and The Sun were of low Sequences. She believed that with Mr. Fool having awoken only recently, he was obviously unable to pull members of significant strength. However, she now had to reevaluate matters.

It involves the Forsaken Land of God, the Church of Storms, the Church of Earth Mother, the Loen aristocrats... Perhaps, it's precisely because they're low Sequences that these members can be nurtured to be able to reach higher ranks in their respective circles without being suspected. This will allow them to play a more important role... As for me, is it because of the Moses Ascetic Order or Her Majesty? Cattleya seriously analyzed the motives of Mr. Fool.

At this moment, the transactions were nearly coming to an end. The Moon, The Sun, and Justice had all confirmed their respective transactions. As for The Hermit Cattleya, she was still observing. Out of caution, she didn't rashly open her mouth to expose more information about herself.

Alger had originally planned on making a request to buy the Sequence 5 Ocean Songster's potion formula so that he could make the subsequent preparations, but with the addition of The Hermit, he became especially wary. He gave up on his decision at the last minute and prepared to push it back until he had really advanced to Wind-blessed. Only with him being stronger would he have the room to breathe.

As Fors would be able to obtain the Astrologer potion formula and a certain amount of ingredients from her teacher soon, she hadn't prioritized her purchases yet, so all she did was watch silently.

She actually curbed her desire to buy a mystical item to make up for her relatively showy Trickmaster powers that were lacking in strength, as well as how her Apprentice powers were only good for passing through walls and opening doors. However, her real life circumstances restricted her desires.

Up to this day, her savings had exceeded 400 pounds. For a member of the middle-class, that was rather good, but she clearly remembered how Miss Justice had bought a mystical item for 5,500 pounds previously.

Even if it was a relatively average mystical item without significant negative side effects, it will still require one to two thousand pounds... Fors languidly sat there, unable to open her mouth to make a purchase.

Klein controlled The World to scan his surroundings before

hoarsely saying, “I need a pair of eyes from a six-winged gargoyle.”

The supplementary ingredients of a Marionettist—drago bark and the spring water from Sonia Island’s Golden Spring—were commonly seen items in the mysterious world. As long as he purchased them at different occasions, he wouldn’t garner suspicion from anyone. Therefore, Klein only requested for the eyes of a six-winged gargoyle.

The Hermit glanced at The World and said without rushing, “300 pounds, or the equivalent cost in gold coins.”

She had noticed that the previous transactions were all made in Loen’s gold pound.

As expected of the Admiral of Stars who has a pirate crew with an ancient faction backing her. She is very resourceful, and her prices are cheaper than usual… If not for Little Sun’s imminent advancement, and how he would soon obtain the method for removing the mental corruption of a Beyonder characteristic, I would’ve even consulted her on this problem… Klein thought as he made The World smiled deeply.

“Okay.”

With the transaction completed, the palace that resembled a giant’s residence fell silent for more than ten seconds.

Without Mr. Fool’s reminder, Justice, The Sun, and company knew that they had entered the free exchange segment.

The Hanged Man Alger deliberately looked at Miss Justice and

Miss Magician without looking at Ma'am Hermit.

"Something major recently happened in the Rorsted Archipelago."

He didn't plan on divulging The World's involvement since it was very likely that Mr. Fool was in possession of the Sea God's identity. If he were to rashly confirm this matter, it might spoil Mr. Fool's plans and throw himself into danger.

He planned on using a normal tone to mention the happenings on the surface while emphasizing the Moses Ascetic Order member—archaeologist and adventurer, Leticia. He planned on using this to sound out The Hermit to figure out if she was Admiral of Stars, Cattleya. This was because this pirate admiral was rumored to also be a member of the Moses Ascetic Order.

"What happened?" Justice asked with piqued interest.

Alger said calmly, "A disguised archaeologist, Leticia, discovered an ancient elven ruin in Symeem Island and took out an item from it. This pushed the deity the locals believed in, Sea God Kalvetua, to be on the brink of collapse.

"This fake god wished to create tsunamis to drown the island so that everyone could accompany it in its death, but it was stopped by the Church of Storms's Sea King.

"Finally, Leticia was found and Kalvetua had died. The threat of the tsunamis was leveled, but strangely, the devout believers of the Sea God would still occasionally receive responses."

Leticia is dead? For an ancient elven ruin... Cattleya had heard of

this archaeologist, who was part of the same organization, before, but she wasn't too familiar with her. This was because formal members of the Moses Ascetic Order had to spend a certain amount of time in silent ascetic training. When fully paying attention, she was able to control her powers in a way that significantly exceeded the average person. Therefore, she only seemed slightly stirred as she listened seriously to The Hanged Man's description without showing any obvious abnormalities.

When The Hanged Man said that Kalvetua was dead and how the "Sea God" still responded to its believers, Cattleya first frowned in puzzlement before using her spiritual intuition to recall a certain scene.

Yesterday, she had seen Mr. Fool hold a milky-white scepter when "He" pulled her above the gray fog.

At the tip of the scepter were many tiny blue "gems" which were swirling with countless points of holy light.

And more importantly, it emanated an aura of godhood, one that seemed like the corporeal aura of the ocean and storm!

This… Cattleya instinctively turned her head to the end of the long bronze table, where Mr. Fool was shrouded in the grayish-white fog.

Chapter 570: Not Admitting or Denying

Eh, why is she looking at Mr. Fool… Audrey sharply noticed The Hermit's subtle motion. This left her somewhat suspicious.

From her point of view, this was an atypical response. Mr. Hanged Man was clearly mentioning something that had little to do with everyone. He was talking about the so-called Sea God Kalvetua's ability to occasionally reply to its believers despite its apparent death, so why would Ma'am Hermit look towards Mr. Fool?

Kalvetua's death… Occasionally replying to its believers… Ma'am Hermit is looking at Mr. Fool… Could it be… Audrey's eyes lit up as she came to a conclusion.

Could it be that Mr. Fool is the one replying to Kalvetua's believers?

Ma'am Hermit knows about this, so?

As thoughts whizzed through her mind, Audrey had turned her body halfway to look expectantly at Mr. Fool, who was seated leisurely at the end of the long bronze table.

Meanwhile, Alger was also surprised and alarmed about The Hermit's unexpected reaction.

I was only trying to sound her out about what connection she has with the Moses Ascetic Order member, Leticia. Why would she suddenly turn to look at Mr. Fool?

Could it be that she knows that the current "Sea God" is a manifestation of Mr. Fool?

Her reaction implies this is highly likely!

Before she was recruited into the Tarot Club, did she have a lot of secret exchanges with Mr. Fool, and was already secretly working for him?

The more Alger thought, the more he paid attention to The Hermit. Then, he subconsciously joined her in looking towards Mr. Fool, who was shrouded in the grayish-white fog.

He, The Hermit, and Justice turned around at different times, but their nearly unanimous actions made The Magician Fors and company notice something amiss.

Why are they looking at Mr. Fool? Does Sea God Kalvetua's death have to do with Mr. Fool? Believing they were smart, Fors and Emlyn began guessing at the reason as they cast their gaze to the end of the long bronze table.

Derrick didn't know who Sea God Kalvetua was, nor did he understand what it meant for it to respond to its believers even after its death. However, since everyone was looking at Mr. Fool, he naturally looked over as well.

The World was late by a second, as though he was deliberating over something.

He first scanned The Hanged Man, making him shudder in fear. Then, he changed the direction of his gaze.

At this point, Klein had already come to realize which detail Ma'am Hermit had used to guess that he was the one replying to Sea God Kalvetua's believers in its stead. He was still stumped over what stance to use.

Should I pretend that it's a trivial matter and that I didn't take it to heart, but since you mentioned it, I'll just admit it in passing? Or should I take the stance that since I'm a god, there's no need for me to explain myself to you, so there's no need for me to admit or deny anything... Klein recalled The Fool's persona and quickly made a decision.

The choice was to neither admit or deny anything, so as to prevent him from losing his standing as a god. However, he would add a single sentence on a particular point, making those who had failed to guess it become more puzzled, while the suspicious ones would be enlightened but would still be left shrouded in confusion as they realized, deep down, how unfathomable Mr. Fool was.

With this in mind, Klein, who had leaned back, chuckled. He said leisurely and indifferently, "Kalvetua became a demigod by relying on a relic left behind by Calamity Cohinem."

So they're consulting Mr. Fool about the situation with the "Sea God"... But that doesn't convince me. It feels like there's a deeper truth hidden behind this matter... Could it be... No way, right? Fors frowned as she began coming up with all sorts of thoughts.

As expected! Cattleya believed Mr. Fool was giving a straightforward answer while also informing them of some secrets.

That demigod scepter is Kalvetua's characteristic or Calamity Cohinem's relic, or is it something that covers both definitions? Who is Calamity Cohinem? The name sounds elven. Yes, The

Hanged Man mentioned that Leticia found an ancient elven ruin… It's the residence of a high elf?

How did Mr. Fool get that scepter? Did he rely on The Hanged Man or someone else? No, it doesn't seem like The Hanged Man; otherwise, he wouldn't have proactively mentioned this matter… What motive does Mr. Fool have behind responding to the Sea God's believers? Is this required for "His" awakening, something that can truly affect reality?

The more Cattleya thought, the more she found Mr. Fool unfathomable. It was just like how "His" body was being concealed by the thick gray fog. The clearer she could see him, the more puzzled, horrified, and apprehensive she became.

This might be a tussle between gods… Cattleya sighed inwardly as the emotions got the better of her.

I guessed right! Alger finally verified that the present "Sea God" was a manifestation of The Fool. His worries and indecision from before were instantly rewarded.

On certain occasions, as a fake Sea God believer, I can openly pray… I wonder how much Mr. Fool has recovered. How much of his power can he release from the seal? It's at least at the demigod level. He will be able to provide tremendous protection at sea…

The Hermit's unsurprised reaction implies that she had long interacted with Mr. Fool and had learned of certain things ahead of time. This implies that her Sequence isn't low. She might really be a powerhouse at the pirate admiral level… This is both good and bad news for me.

The good news is that I have an additional powerful faction at sea supporting me. At times, we can tacitly cooperate and complete

matters that were previously deemed unimaginable. The bad news is that a lot of my news and resource channels will be overshadowed by hers. My purpose in the Tarot Club will drastically decline. Of course, that's under the premise that she really is Admiral of Stars.

Yes, I have to adjust my focus from gathering news and resources and align it towards the Church. This is something she can't supplant me, Alger thought with joy and wariness.

That Sea God is really Mr. Fool! No, no, no, it should be said that the present Sea God is Mr. Fool's manifestation! "He" has truly begun interfering with the real world? This is great! In the future, I can pray to Sea God directly and receive a response when I'm out traveling at sea? Audrey felt surprised, overjoyed, and proud.

According to what she knew, the Churches didn't do fixed ritualistic magic internally. The ones who received responses by solely praying to the deities were mainly priests or a chance occurrence; otherwise, they were Blessed who just numbered at a handful.

As for receiving a response from every prayer, they would be an extreme exception, even among Blessed.

But I can! Mr. Fool is returning to his throne, one step at a time. Replacing Sea God is one of those steps... Audrey didn't hide the changes in her emotions as she smiled, sitting straight and elegantly.

Cohinem? That's an elf's name. I think I've heard someone mention it before... Emlyn attempted to recall, but it was in vain.

As for Kalvetua's death and how the "Sea God" still replied to its believers, as well as the reason why The Hermit, Justice, The

Hanged Man had looked towards Mr. Fool, he had made a slight guess without thinking too deeply about the matter.

What has this got to do with me? It doesn't affect my saving of the Sanguine, nor is it anything of interest! Anyway, I can just pray to Mr. Fool if there are any problems! Emlyn mumbled to himself, showing disdain towards the emotional changes the others had.

Calamity? Queen of Calamity? But there are no records that say that her name is Cohinem… Derrick turned his head to the left very slightly, a common tick he did when he recalled things.

From the looks of it, Little Sun isn't sure if Cohinem is the Queen of Calamity; otherwise, he wouldn't have such a reaction… Klein retracted his gaze in disappointment.

He controlled The World to cough, pulling everyone back from their thoughts.

Following that, The World conjured a picture with The Fool's help. He showed it to both sides of the table and asked, "Does anyone know her?"

It was a picture of the red-haired Helene. Klein mainly wanted to know if Admiral of Stars Cattleya or The Hanged Man Alger knew her. After all, they were well-informed people out at sea.

Alger glanced at it and just as he was about to say that he didn't know her, he heard Ma'am Hermit say with a deep voice, "Red-haired Helene. She's from a fallen noble family and has the bloodline from the Intis's Sauron family."

Cattleya paused before adding, "She was once a trader out at sea,

but she was later said to have been abducted by Ailment Maiden Tracy."

Abducted by Ailment Maiden Tracy? I thought it would be some contrived story about a domineering pirate and a noble lady… However, Tracy can be considered a domineering pirate. Heh heh… Klein instantly made some connections.

Fors was still lost in her thoughts over the connection between Sea God and The Fool when she suddenly snapped to her senses. She acutely noticed that great opportunities lay in red-haired Helene and Vice Admiral Ailment's story as she began to daydream.

To her regret, Ma'am Hermit had only said a few sentences without continuing.

The Hermit knows Vice Admiral Ailment… However, that doesn't imply anything. Beyonders of a certain Sequence or knowledgeable people will know who the seven pirate admirals are. Their bounty posters are everywhere… Hmm, The Hermit is rather aware of matters over at Intis. This is something that can be determined for now… The Hanged Man wasn't interested in red-haired Helene, only The Hermit's real identity.

With red-haired Helene's matter coming to a close, Audrey began considering if she should consult the others about the mind dragon.

Unlike before, there was now the addition of Ma'am Hermit, who was of unknown character and dubious allegiances. This left her hesitant.

After a brief deliberation, she said, "I recently sought out the traces of a mind dragon and went to a place which has the

tradition of worshiping dragons."

She had concealed the exact location as the details might implicate her.

Chapter 571: Huge Pressure

Audrey simply mentioned the ancient folk song, but she didn't describe the content in detail. She was afraid that the knowledgeable Ma'am Hermit would be able to guess at the exact location.

She only mentioned the inspiration she had, and how she used a Psychological Cue to retain her lucidity in her dream before beginning a magical journey.

Psychological Cue? She knows how to plant a psychological cue? She's likely a Sequence 7 Psychiatrist... Cattleya habitually made a judgment, but she immediately felt even more perplexed.

Then why would she be buying the Beyonder characteristic of a Psychiatrist?

Taking the same potion gives a limited increase in strength while being prone to losing control. Furthermore, it will be an obstacle towards the digestion of the potion...

To create a mystical item? But this will overlap with her own Beyonder powers. There's no value to that.

To give it to someone else?

Amidst Cattleya's guesses, Audrey had already mentioned her chaotic dream and how she came to the edge of her conscious. Then, she used the conjuring method she learned from Mr. Fool to create a staircase that led downwards. She then slowly delved deep into her conscious.

She didn't describe in detail the various points of light in her subconscious, as it involved embarrassing secrets she didn't wish to share.

She focused on her lonely and long journey with no end in sight. She also expressed how there were various monsters hiding in the surrounding grayness that placed immense pressure on her. She mentioned how she nearly broke down several times and barely managed to endure it thanks to her Beyonder powers. Then, she reached the point of her finally arriving at the illusory sea of collective subconscious.

The memory imprints of the human pioneers and the spread and reflection of the consciousness of the surrounding creatures were presented under Audrey's coherent and unhurried descriptions. Then, it was fixed onto the dragon with grayish stone scales that had flown out from the sea of collective subconscious.

There's a dragon that lives in the sea of collective subconscious? What a magical and beautiful journey! Although Miss Justice didn't encounter any enemies or danger, it still leaves me a little surreal... Fors suddenly thought of a title of a book: "Miss Justice's Dream Tour."

While rounding things up, Audrey scanned the area and asked, "Ladies and gentlemen, do you have any suggestions? Do you think that the dragon's City of Miracles, Liveseyd, is also hidden in the sea of collective subconscious?

"If I wish to continue searching, what should I take note of? What advanced preparations do I need to make?"

The Hanged Man Alger glanced at The Hermit and said in a serious tone, "I don't think you should continue exploring.

“It’s a very dangerous act.

“According to the records, most dragons are creatures with flesh and blood; this includes the mind dragon. By allowing itself to survive and swim through the so-called sea of collective subconscious, it means that the dragon you saw was a sufficiently high Sequence. At the very least, it’s at the level of a demigod.

“Before you reach Sequence 5, it’s best that you don’t consider this.”

Cattleya nodded and said, “There are many other dangerous things in the sea of collective subconscious—the accumulated maleficent thoughts of humanity, the desires that can corrupt Soul Bodies, the terrifying memories since ancient times that resemble storms and waves at sea—all of these will deal severe psychological harm to you. It might prevent you from ever waking up.

“Besides that’s the sea of collective subconscious of all creatures, which isn’t only limited to humans. There might be evil spirits, evil gods, or the consciousness of some terrifying existence hidden in there. They’re like gigantic maelstroms that can devour ships.

“Before you truly acquire Beyonder powers that allow you to travel through the sea of collective subconscious, it’s best not to rashly explore too deeply.”

Audrey, who was filled with expectations, felt disappointed. However, she couldn’t help but admit that Mr. Hanged Man and Ma’am Hermit had spoken very logically and sincerely.

She silently inhaled and said to herself, *Audrey, don’t be*

headstrong. Wait till you're Sequence 5 before making the attempt again!

She totally didn't consider how difficult it was to become a Sequence 5. At that level, one could even compete to become one of the seven pirate admirals, or even make the seven become eight.

From Audrey's point of view, with Mr. Fool and the Tarot Club, as long as she was careful and calm, she would definitely be able to successfully attain that level in a year or two if she didn't take unnecessary risks.

Only the gate to being a demigod was hard to push open!

Ma'am Hermit knows a lot and is very knowledgeable… Audrey clung onto the last sliver of hope and looked towards Mr. Fool at the end of the table, hoping that this godlike existence would provide a suggestion that was different from Mr. Hanged Man or Ma'am Hermit.

Don't look at me… I have no idea! Klein tried his best not to blink.

His understanding of the conscious, subconscious, and the collective subconscious was still stuck at a theoretical level that Spirit Medium Daly had described. He didn't understand anything more. Despite having his dreams intruded frequently, he had never thought of exploring the world outside the dream despite retaining his lucidity. Therefore, how was he to provide any suggestions to Miss Justice?

In fact, he had a natural idea regarding this. However, he wasn't sure if it would work without having done any verification.

In the past, even if he lacked the confidence, he could vaguely make a comment, but now, with Admiral of Stars Cattleya sitting at the side, watching, it only made it easier for him to make mistakes the more he spoke. The less he spoke, the fewer mistakes he would commit. And there was no chance of making mistakes by keeping silent.

What a pressure-inducing new member… Klein sighed inwardly. He didn't say a word and maintained his faint smile.

If not for him being above the gray fog and how he existed in the form of a Spirit Body, he suspected that such highly difficult acting would make the muscles around his eyes spasm.

Mr. Fool doesn't have any suggestions… Audrey retracted her gaze in depression. She stopped fantasizing about exploring the sea of collective subconscious so soon.

At this moment, The Moon Emlyn, who was already turning impatient, cleared his throat.

"I've seriously researched the history handed down by us Sanguine…"

Sanguine… He really is a vampire… Nurturing vampires and pulling vampires into the Church is really a tradition of the Church of Earth Mother… Cattleya nodded as she looked like she was listening seriously.

Meanwhile, she felt that some of her conclusions needed adjustments.

The Moon directly expressed his identity… Does this mean that

Mr. Fool has a potent deterrence, even in the outside world, that the members aren't afraid of information being leaked?

It seems like I don't have to completely hide my circumstances...

Emlyn paused and looked at The Sun before tipping his chin.

"Before the Cataclysm, there was no City of Silver, only the Kingdom of Silver!"

If it were anyone else who had thrown such doubt on him, Derrick would've hastened to retort, expressing the fact that the people of the City of Silver were descendants of the Kingdom of Silver and that he hadn't lied. However, after glancing at Mr. Moon and sensing his smugness, Derrick turned his head to the side, feeling that an explanation was beneath him.

Why must I let an arrogant vampire who doesn't acknowledge the City of Silver's history believe me? he thought silently to himself.

From his reaction, Emlyn could tell that the City of Silver was indeed related to the Kingdom of Silver. He tsked and said, "The faith of the Kingdom of Silver wasn't originally Giant King Aurmir, but 'His' queen, Omebella."

Omebella? Derrick turned his head and blurted out, "Our City of Silver has no records of this matter, nor are there any records of a queen named Omebella."

Emlyn chuckled and spread out his hands.

"That's why, there's nothing wrong with me saying that your

City of Silver's history is flawed and incomplete, right?

"Clearly, there are mistakes in your records of Sanguine history."

...You took such a roundabout way to prove this... Should I say that a vampire like you has clear logic, or that you're someone who bears grudges? Klein held back his laughter and stopped himself from sizing up Emlyn White.

The Moon and The Sun's debate benefited him greatly, allowing him to know that the Giant Queen, the Goddess of Harvest, was named Omebella.

The Sun Derrick was just about to give a retort to Mr. Moon when he heard Ma'am Hermit speak.

"Omebella is the Goddess of Harvest from the Second Epoch. She's also the queen of the Giant King's Court.

"Legend has it that she perished at the end of the Second Epoch, but it's impossible to verify since no one has seen her corpse or relics."

The Goddess of Harvest is really named Omebella... Derrick was stunned. He wished to retort, but he was unable to say a word as this matter proved that the history of the City of Silver had several holes. He instantly felt somewhat aggrieved.

When Emlyn saw this, he felt good. Pleasure rose from the depths of his heart.

After another round of exchanges, the Tarot Gathering came to

an end. Klein smiled and said, “Everyone, we shall meet next week.”

“By your will.” Audrey immediately got up to bow.

The others weren’t any slower, including The Hermit Cattleya.

…

Upon returning to reality, Admiral of Stars Cattleya looked at the shattered celestial globe on her desk. She then seriously recalled what had happened at the gathering.

A few details made her believe that the Tarot Club involved itself in many matters that made it nothing to scoff at. And hidden deep in the gray fog was Mr. Fool. Like The World, who was hidden behind thick shadows, “He” was unreadable and unfathomable. It was unknown what he was planning.

After more than ten seconds of silence, Cattleya retrieved a pen and some paper and wrote while deliberating: “Someone has been deliberately collecting the Emperor’s diary pages.”

She didn’t dare to expose any information that involved the Tarot Club, as she was afraid of being punished by Mr. Fool. All she could do was give a heads-up on things that could be discovered under ordinary circumstances.

After she was done writing and folding the letter, she took out a golden, exquisite harmonica she carried with her. Putting it to her lips, she blew it.

In the blink of an eye, she saw the letter strangely vanish.

Even though she wasn't wearing her glasses, she was unable to discover the arrival of the messenger.

Phew... Cattleya sighed and reached for her forehead and said silently, The pressure is really huge when participating in a gathering while under the supervision of a god."

...

With Admiral of Stars joining, the pressure on me as The Fool has greatly increased... Klein rubbed his temples above the gray fog and directly returned to the real world.

He wanted to attempt the inspiration Miss Justice had received from exploring her dreams.

Chapter 572: Recite My Name

After a series of chores, Klein opened his locked bedroom door and looked into the living room. He saw Danitz sleeping soundly on a reclining chair.

Although he had long heard it, Klein couldn't help but lampoon.

It's not even four in the afternoon!

Has this guy completely let his hair down now that he doesn't need to monitor the radio transceiver?

With a thought, he gradually smiled, feeling that this was exactly what he needed.

The premise of him maintaining his lucidity in dreams had involved someone invading his consciousness. Typically, his dreams were a turbid mess, which meant that he alone wasn't able to complete the experiment. After all, he couldn't plant a psychological cue on himself.

Therefore, he planned on using external forces to enter the dreams of others. This way, he could maintain his lucidity like a Nightmare.

He originally planned on heading out to find a suitable target, but Danitz's posture was in such a perfect state that he could hardly stop himself from kicking him.

No, I should be experimenting... Klein corrected his thoughts.

He contemplated for a moment and didn't use a Dream Charm. As a Sequence 7 Pyromaniac, with the ancient name being Fire Mage, Danitz's spiritual perception wasn't to be written off. Once he softly chanted an incantation that could stir the powers of nature, Danitz would definitely be awoken.

As such, it would be a question of whether he could evade the matter in a timely fashion.

After some deliberation, Klein took out another thing he had prepared. It was a gem-like object that seemed dark and deep; it was the Beyonder characteristic left behind by a Nightmare.

It could be used to a certain extent, just like Marionettist Rosago's All-Black Eye. However, the effects were inferior to one that was from a mystical item. For example, this Nightmare Beyonder characteristic didn't allow Klein to pass through the dreams of someone across the city from his inn's suite, nor was he able to forcefully pull people into a dream. However, it was still simple enough to perform the most basic form of intruding into someone's dream at a close distance.

Klein held the dark "gem" and spread out his spirituality.

The illusory darkness rapidly spread before his eyes, filling his vision. Everything before his eyes were blanketed over, including Danitz.

There was no longer a humanoid figure but an ellipsoidal blob of light.

Klein immediately extended his spirituality out and made contact with it.

Without any warning, various scenes flooded his surroundings as they flashed rapidly. Finally, it came to stop on a ship that was dozens of meters long. It had a smoke-churning chimney and large sails that were fully raised. The deck was polished abnormally bright, shimmering with the glimmer of a gold coin when sunlight hit it.

Danitz stood under the main cannon as he had his arms crossed. He was leisurely rushing the sailors, shouting from time to time, “Scrub that area again!

“Dogsh*t, do you wish to copy down the ancient Feysac dictionary?”

This fellow is quite impressive on the Golden Dream… Klein ignored the owner of the dream and flew to the other end of the ship. He found a hidden spot and landed on the deck before preparing to test his spiritual perception.

What he planned on experimenting on was simple. He wanted to know if chanting The Fool’s honorific name in a dream was effective. He wanted to know if he could sense someone praying!

This way, if Miss Justice encounters danger in the sea of collective subconscious, she can use this method to seek help… After stretching his back, Klein’s expression gradually turned solemn as he softly said, “The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era.

“The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.

“The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck.”

…

With the words in Hermes being spoken, he very quickly finished reciting The Fool's honorific name. However, Klein didn't hear the series of illusory pleas.

It doesn't work? Klein frowned in thought. He analyzed whether it was really impossible, or if he had made a mistake somewhere.

Yes... Chanting in the dream doesn't actually produce any noise. Relying on Hermes alone isn't sufficient... To achieve the effects of praying, I'll have to use a language like ancient Hermes that can stir the powers of nature. This is the same state as me copying the account password of my anonymous account... Klein nodded slightly and began to chant his honorific name in ancient Hermes.

He wasn't afraid that there would be an accident, but that his stirring of the powers of nature would wake Blazing Danitz from his sleep.

He recited each word, quickly finishing the three sentences. Following that, Klein heard the stacked series of irritable and illusory pleas.

At that moment, Danitz's dream quivered as the Golden Dream quickly disintegrated.

Klein didn't stay any longer and immediately left. He returned back to his bedroom before Danitz woke up.

After seven to eight seconds, Danitz sat up in a daze as he muttered to himself in fear, *Why did I dream of that madman Gehrman Sparrow causing trouble on the Golden Dream...*

What a terrifying matter!

*Dogsh*t! It must be the result of me worrying over this matter all this time!*

Inside the bedroom, Klein had already taken four steps counterclockwise and gone above the gray fog. Without any surprises, he saw a rippling light by The Fool's high-back chair. In it was the scene of him in the dream.

It really works. One can still receive a response when chanting The Fool's honorific name in languages such as ancient Hermes or Jotun! It's no wonder some people might suddenly die in their sleep despite not doing a thing. They might be reading some materials or had memorized certain symbols in the day and accidentally replicated them in the dream? The danger in this world really cannot be prevented… Klein dispelled the rippling light and considered if he should inform Miss Justice of the results of the experiment.

To only inform her later instead of saying it on the spot is a little damaging to The Fool's image… But Miss Justice is the kind of girl with a huge sense of curiosity. Although she has been warned by Mr. Hanged Man and Admiral of Stars, and even if she's a little more mature now, there's still the chance of her taking risks… Of course, if anything were to happen, it's on herself and it has nothing to do with me… Klein couldn't help but recall Miss Justice's adoration of The Fool and the thought of her optimism and cheerfulness that brought him happiness, as well as her contributions towards the Tarot Club all this time.

Finally, he sighed and said in a self-deprecating manner, "I still need to inform her and give a warning.

"This is the treatment a VIP gets…"

After making the decision, Klein didn't hesitate to spread out his spirituality to touch the crimson star representing Miss Justice.

...

In a room of the huge manor in East Chester County.

Audrey had her legs leaning sideways as she sat before her dressing table. She was recalling the words Mr. Hanged Man and Ma'am Hermit had said.

After being warned by two senior Beyonders, she suddenly realized something. It wasn't that the mid- and upper-echelons of the Psychology Alchemists wasn't aware that one could explore dreams, the icy mountain of the subconscious, and the sea of collective subconscious by using a self-induced psychological cue.

The reason why they didn't tell me anything is because it's too dangerous for a Psychiatrist. Many people have already died in such explorations... But they should warn me... Ah, right. From their point of view, I'm only a Sequence 8 Telepathist. I'm not equipped with the powers of a Psychological Cue, so there was no need to warn me... Audrey finally understood the perplexing matter.

Just as she was about to let Susie enter the room to calm the disappointment in her heart, she suddenly saw thick gray fog spew out, instantly flooding her vision.

In the middle of the endless grayish-white, a figure sat in a high-back chair. Looking down at her, it said, "Do not make attempts without careful consideration."

Before Audrey realized what was happening, she heard the deep and majestic voice sound out again.

"If you encounter dangers in your dreams, you can recite my name."

Recite your name? Audrey's eyes widened as she became overjoyed.

"Yes, Mr. Fool."

Seeing that Miss Justice was excited instead of showing any doubts, Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief and chuckled.

"Use ancient Hermes."

With that said, his figure faded away and the gray fog vanished.

Audrey sat there stunned for two seconds before hurriedly pursing her lips, afraid that she wasn't on her best behavior.

Mr. Fool actually specially warned me! He even permitted me to recite "His" name in my dream! Audrey excitedly took a few steps on the spot, believing that she had really become a Blessed of God.

Of course, she also remembered Mr. Fool's warning. She planned to understand more from the Psychology Alchemists and make another attempt only when she was sufficiently prepared.

The corners of her mouth curled up slightly as she randomly

tapped her chest, saying silently, “May Mr. Fool watch over me~”

…

Above the gray fog, Klein began to consider another matter.

Red-haired Helene, who had a reward worth 1,000 pounds, was actually related to Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy!

Tracy took over Qilangos’s crew and changed his flagship to the Black Death. As for Qilangos, he previously plundered a tycoon named Jimmy Necker… That tycoon had previously obtained parts of Death’s chronicles. It came from a Balam royal family’s mausoleum… This information came from that Nightmare inside Creeping Hunger. It should benefit Mr. Azik to a certain extent. I can also investigate the matter in passing… Klein found another reason to look forward to finding red-haired Helene.

He originally planned on using the magic mirror, Arrodes, to find her, but now, he planned on mobilizing Sea God believers to perform a search.

In the past, it’s quite demeaning to send a revelation for just 1,000 pounds. But now that it involves a pirate admiral, it can barely make people guess that there are secret motives behind it… Klein conjured red-haired Helene’s photo and summoned the Sea God Scepter.

He had never done a mass revelation, so it was possible that it would be a burden that he couldn’t withstand.

He chose higher-ups like Kalat and Edmonton. With waves reaching high into the sky as a background, he said in a deep

voice, “Find her and protect her.

“Be careful of Tracy’s forces.”

Klein didn’t provide further explanations as he broke down this scene along with red-haired Helene’s photo into many sets before projecting them into the corresponding dots of light.

Chapter 573: Teaching a Lesson in Reality

In a forest in Blue Mountain Island where the Resistance base was located.

Sitting in a wheelchair, Kalat raised his bald head and looked towards the sunlight that was scattering at the cave's entrance. His eyes couldn't hide his joy.

He acutely sensed that ever since God reappeared over the land and stated "His" ten commandments, the previous bloodshed and chaos had changed. From time to time, "He" would provide them with guidance which was filled with wisdom. Furthermore, "He" would observe all creatures and proactively interfere with the situation at sea in a bid to help the Resistance and everyone in Rorsted, allowing them to pass through a difficult, thorny path while still being able to see some hope.

Perhaps this is the true meaning behind "His" reappearance over the land... Kalat recalled the revelation he had just received and guessed that the red-haired woman named Helene was like a fulcrum for Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy and the forces out at sea. She was the key to spoiling the balance between the countries, and only by making the world's situation more chaotic would the people of Rorsted receive the opportunity of being liberated!

Kalat drew in a breath and quickly set up a ritual to pray to Sea God, conjuring Helene's picture.

After doing all of this, he instinctively turned his head to the side and wore a somewhat mixed expression.

Living in that direction was the high priest of the Church of Sea

God, a priest who was a high-ranking member of the Resistance.

Although they don't dare go against the revelations and have made tremendous changes, in many ways, they're still immersed in the past. They're obstinate, conservative, backward, and savage. They refuse to embrace a more civilized Church... If this goes on, they'll one day be abandoned by God... Kalat couldn't hide the smile in his heart while he felt a strong sense of anguish.

...

After scanning through all the believers' prayers and picking a few to respond to, Klein returned to the real world. He planned on heading out to search for a chance to enact true acting.

When his right hand gripped the door handle, a ridiculous but possible thought came to his mind.

My true goal is not to find red-haired Helene, but to use this opportunity to get to Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy and figure out what happened to tycoon Jimmy Necker, so as to get to know the location of the ancient chronicles of Death.

That is to say, I only need to lure Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy out with red-haired Helene. As for whether she's the real person or not, that doesn't matter.

I can make myself red-haired Helene and let Danitz send me to Strongman Ozil, get the reward, and easily meet Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy.

What an impressive sequence of actions...

Klein suddenly shook his head as he found a reason to reject the idea.

Although I'm a Faceless, I can't accept wearing drag!

...Could it be that overcoming my inner resistance is also one of the principles for acting?

Furthermore, I don't know red-haired Helene. Acting as her wouldn't work. I would just be like her on the surface, and I wouldn't be able to fool people who are familiar with her. That way, I won't be able to meet Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy.

Yes. The person searching for red-haired Helene might not be Tracy, but an enemy of hers.

I don't know Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy's background. Rashly doing such an act would result in immeasurable danger.

It's best to be safe and abide by my wishes. I'll first search for red-haired Helene, and after determining the details, I can consider the subsequent actions.

At that moment, Klein suddenly felt that something was amiss in the living room. Danitz's snoring had softened, and the time between each snore shortened.

Vice Admiral Iceberg is here? Klein turned the handle and opened the door to the bedroom.

While making this silent action, Danitz sat up with his eyes open.

He tried hard to hide his smile as he said, “Captain came.

“She said that Admiral of Blood’s crew was sighted at Longtail Island and is continuing south. His destination seems to be the Berserk Sea.

“The source of the news is trustworthy!”

Longtail Island? The island at the southern end of the Rorsted Sea? From the looks of it, Admiral of Blood previously planned on coming to Bayam, but the fight between Kalvetua and Sea King Jahn Kottman scared him away. He circled around the area and headed straight for the Berserk Sea… Yes, it’s probably because his intelligence officer, Old Quinn, didn’t send a telegram to inform him… Klein felt pangs of regret and could only lament how reality changed faster than his plans.

He had planned to make his hunt of Admiral of Blood become the crowning battle of the crazy adventurer and bounty hunter, Gehrman Sparrow.

Killing a single Steel Maveti ultimately lacks that shock and awe effect… Klein didn’t say a word as he calmly looked at Danitz.

Danitz felt a little uneasy from the intent stare as he gave a hollow chuckle.

“Admiral of Blood has fled. Your cooperation with Captain has come to an end, right?

“I can now return to the Golden Dream, right?

“Further developments can be done via your messenger!”

Klein pondered for a moment and took out a piece of paper from his pocket. He scribbled the method to summon his messenger.

Following that, he flicked his wrist, sending the piece of paper out like a metallic plate.

Danitz was a Hunter at Sequence 9, so he easily reached out and caught the piece of paper.

He scanned it before a scarlet flame rose in his palms, burning the paper to ashes.

“Haha, even if I forget it, Captain will have a way of making me recall it.”

He paused and squeezed out a smile before asking again, “I can now return to the Golden Dream, right?”

Klein nodded slightly and said, “Yes.”

I… I can! Danitz held back his urge to pump his fist in celebration, afraid that he would end up antagonizing the madman, Gehrman Sparrow.

He smiled cautiously and said, “I’ll first pay off the room for this period of time and buy a ship ticket. As you know, Bayam hasn’t been calm recently. Captain doesn’t wish for the Golden Dream to dock at the harbor here.”

At least you know how to settle the room's payment... Klein didn't say a word as he maintained his austere attitude. He draped himself with a coat and took his hat before walking towards his luxurious suite.

When his back disappeared into the corner of a staircase and vanished from Danitz's sight, Danitz shrank back into his room and clenched his fist, pumping them into the air.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!

"I'm finally free!"

He didn't delay in wearing his cap and heading to the front desk of the Wind of Azure Inn to settle the bill. He informed them that this didn't mean that he was checking out.

Danitz quickly hit the streets and ran straight for a place known as the Seaweed Bar. He found the air fresh and invigorating.

After he took a few steps, he suddenly noticed bounty posters pasted along the walls around a bend.

"...Blazing Danitz, 5,500 pounds!"

The posters were just two steps away from Danitz—that familiar face allowed for a clear comparison with his cap-wearing face.

"..."

Danitz clenched his teeth and revealed a sorrowful smile.

He hurriedly pressed down his cap, nearly concealing his normal line of sight.

But even so, he still felt uneasy. He went to a recent department store and bought a gray scarf. He wrapped it around his neck and hid his nose and mouth in it.

At this point in time, Danitz relaxed somewhat as he sped up his pace and rushed for his destination.

The Seaweed Bar was a place where gangs gathered. It was common for infamous pirates to appear there.

Although this place wasn't like the Swordfish Bar or Amyris Leaf Bar that allowed access to a lot of information and resources, it had its own unique niche—it had many resourceful secret channels!

What Danitz wanted to do was buy a scalped ticket to Galagos, as this wouldn't need him to provide any identification.

He knew very well that be it in the past or present, his bounty poster would be plastered across all the ticket booths. He had bought the first-class tickets to the White Agate via the same method as well.

After entering the bar, Danitz didn't take off his cap and scarf. He carefully surveyed the area and found Deniel who sold scalped tickets.

He didn't directly approach him and instead retracted his gaze from the thin and somewhat swarthy man who was in his thirties. He began searching for someone unfamiliar.

After a round of choices, Danitz squeezed through the crowd and arrived beside a lad who was drinking at the bar counter. He tapped him on the shoulder and suppressed his voice.

“Do me a favor.”

“What?” The lad turned his head warily and ended up seeing a suspicious man. The lower half of his face was covered in a gray scarf and the cap on his head nearly hid his eyes. He revealed almost nothing about his face.

Such a dress-up simply meant that he was suspicious!

This was because the Rorsted Archipelago’s lowest temperature during the winter was about 10°C!

Danitz pointed at Deniel.

“See that guy over there?

“Buy me a ticket for Galagos tomorrow.”

He handed over three one-pound notes and chuckled.

“The rest is yours.”

Although a scalped ticket was much more expensive than a retail ticket, Galagos wasn’t too far, making three pounds more than sufficient. Of course, this was also because the journey was relatively shorter, and there was no need for him to buy a first-class ticket.

The reason why Danitz didn't buy it himself was because he was worried that Deniel would recognize him, bringing him unwanted trouble.

Back when his bounty was only 3,000 pounds, pirates and adventurers at his level or lower had to consider how many people were needed to take him down. The bounty received wasn't something that could make them forget about their fear towards Vice Admiral Iceberg and the risk of losing their lives. Hence, very few people would take the initiative to attack him. As such, his safety was pretty much guaranteed in such black markets.

But now, his bounty reward had already reached 5,500 pounds. Even if several people joined forces, the amount of money each of them could get was a sizable sum. Furthermore, there were many people out at sea who were desperadoes!

Apart from that, there would be people who found their own bounties too low and wished to prove their strength. These people would definitely challenge a target like Danitz, who was infamous but was of little risk.

It was precisely because of this that Danitz was afraid that Deniel would betray him. Therefore, he hired a random person to buy it on his behalf.

The lad held the cash and gave Danitz another look before getting up from his seat. He then walked towards Deniel.

He deliberately slowed down his footsteps when he walked past some drunkards as he whispered to them.

When Danitz saw this scene, he suddenly became guarded. He thought of a problem—with him acting suspiciously, it was very

obvious that there was a problem with him. He was a perfect target for being betrayed.

Heh, do you think my reputation as Blazing was bought? Danitz planned on teaching the lad a lesson after he obtained the ticket.

At this point, he discovered that a familiar figure had walked in. He was an infamous pirate, Blue Eyes Meath, with a bounty of 2,800 pounds.

And this pirate clearly knew this group of people were planning to betray him.

Blue Eyes Meath still has a few rather powerful subordinates... Danitz didn't hesitate to get up and head for the bar's back door.

His speed increased as he agilely forced himself through the drunkards and escaped from the bar. Then, with his rich anti-tracking skills, he completely escaped from the group of people.

Danitz didn't dare to stay on the streets since it was already dark. The patrolling police and soldiers would begin increasing.

He went straight back to the Wind of Azure Inn and opened the door to the luxurious suite. Inside, he saw Gehrman Sparrow admiring the dusk.

Danitz had a thought as he forced a smile.

"There's something. I forgot to mention it just now.

“Captain wishes to ask if you have any interest in meeting her at Galagos?”

This was a question he had previously kept secret. He had planned on returning and telling his captain that Gehrman Sparrow wasn’t interested. But now, he realized that he had a low chance of surviving in Bayam once he was separated from the crazy adventurer.

Chapter 574: Fail to Accomplish

Head to Galagos to meet Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards? Klein was taken aback, nearly frowning in the process.

This wasn't something he considered unacceptable, but instead a chance for him to use this face-to-face meeting to ask about matters with trite details that were cumbersome to pen down. It was possible for him to be inspired and gain information for his subsequent advancement and High-Sequence potion formulas.

One more friend, one more channel... Klein silently muttered this sentence before taking out a heavy gold coin. He divined if there was any danger in front of Blazing Danitz.

The shiny gold coin flipped into the air and tumbled down into Klein's palm, tails facing up.

This implied a negative response, which meant that there wasn't much danger meeting Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina in Galagos.

Klein shifted his gaze upwards at Danitz and calmly said, "Okay."

"On the Captain's behalf, I thank you for accepting the invitation." Danitz heaved a sigh of relief and beamed, his brows easing.

Klein took a look at the wall clock and said, "I'll first head to the washroom."

Head to the washroom? You mean you plan on heading out later

to buy a ticket for me? Danitz's gaze followed Gehrman Sparrow's body as he sharply read in between the lines.

After using spirit dowsing to confirm things above the gray fog, Klein washed his hands and left the washroom and said to Danitz, "Let's go."

"Me?" Danitz pointed at himself.

Klein put on his coat and nodded.

"There's no need to, right? You can directly find Elland and get him to help us buy two tickets…" In this rare occasion, Danitz sincerely provided a suggestion.

Klein coldly swept his glance across him and didn't say a word. he wore his hat and went out the door.

Danitz trembled and swallowed his second suggestion of buying fake identification documents and use Gehrman Sparrow's ability to change appearances to buy two tickets via official channels.

He wrapped the scarf around him once again and pressed down on his cap before quickly following Gehrman Sparrow.

…

After nearly twenty minutes, Klein pointed ahead where there was a noisy commotion.

“Is it there?”

That was the Seaweed Bar where Danitz had failed to accomplish the purchase of scalped tickets.

“Yes…” Danitz never expected them to circle over and was momentarily stunned.

Along the way, he had roughly described his early experience; therefore, he wasn’t sure why Gehrman Sparrow would return here.

Amid his thought, he suddenly had a guess as he blurted, “A-are you going to seek revenge for me?”

This fellow might be crazy, but he’s quite nice to his friends. His act of venturing out into Bansy Harbor for Elland and the others is an example… Danitz couldn’t help but reflect on the matter.

Klein shot him a glance and didn’t say a word. He widened his strides and walked into the Seaweed Bar.

“There’s really no need…” Danitz followed behind as he weakly persuaded him.

To him, if he wasn’t afraid of escalating the matter, he would’ve baked those bunch of backstabbing b*stards in cement and sank them to the bottom of the sea!

The bar was noisy and lively, with local music reverberating through it, bringing about a trance-like feeling.

Danitz seriously surveyed the area in an attempt to find the bunch of backstabbers, as well as the infamous pirate, Blue Eyes Meath.

"That's Deniel," Danitz casually introduced the black market merchant.

What a pity that this place is just too chaotic. I've no idea if that group of people are still around… he thought with some regret.

Klein traced his gaze and touched Creeping Hunger with his right hand.

He turned his head and looked at Danitz, saying with his usual expression, "Take off your scarf."

His tone was akin to instructing Danitz to buy a glass of beer.

Ah? Danitz was left stunned on the spot as he wondered if he had heard wrong.

Klein widened the ends of his mouth and said, "Take off your scarf. Do not make me repeat thrice."

"Why…" Danitz choked back his question under the icy cold and crazy stare.

He blankly removed his scarf in puzzlement, and he had a baffling feeling that the people around him were sizing him up and also recognizing him as the great pirate worth 5,500 pounds, Blazing Danitz.

Klein maintained his smile that concealed madness and continued instructing, “Take off your cap.

“Go over and buy a ticket.”

In an instant, Danitz felt as though he had been struck by lightning. He nearly leaped up.

“I’ll be recognized…” Under Gehrman Sparrow’s stare, his voice became softer and softer.

At this point in time, he had already understood what Gehrman Sparrow was up to.

*He wishes to use my worth as 5,500 pounds as bait to fish out those greedy pirates and powerhouses behind those gangs! Dogsh*t! To think I thought he was nice to his friends a moment ago. No, why would I even consider him my friend? This son of a b*tch!* Danitz kept cursing inwardly with vulgarities.

He couldn’t put up any resistance since he knew how crazy Gehrman Sparrow was.

This was a madman who was even thinking of hunting a pirate admiral!

Danitz revealed a twisted smile. As he slowly turned his head back, he took off his cap and slowly walked towards Deniel.

Around him, gazes swept past him and paused for two seconds before they were retracted.

As the drunkards moved away from him like the receding tide, they opened a wide path for him as though the ocean was split.

Upon seeing their reaction, Danitz was surprised at this turn of events despite his horror and concerns.

This is the might of a great pirate? This is what it feels like to be the center of attention? Damn it, I heard someone say my name. Someone is whispering Blazing... Danitz knew he had been recognized. As he walked forward anxiously, he hung his hands down and prepared to do battle.

Among the crowd, Blue Eyes Meath blurted out, "Danitz? Blazing Danitz!"

His subordinates exchanged looks and said excitedly, "Boss, it's really Blazing Danitz! 5,500 pounds!

"Shall we attack?"

Meath narrowed his azure-blue eyes and raised his left arm, slapping the back of his subordinate's head.

"You stupid a**!

"If Blazing Danitz were a stupid a** like you, he would've been killed numerous times!

"He dared to appear here because he's not afraid of being attacked! He has a powerhouse hiding behind him?"

Meath suddenly felt horrified as he looked around.

He suspected that Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards had secretly arrived in the City of Generosity, Bayam!

Through the gaps in between the crowd, he saw a young gentleman in a black double-breasted frock coat. He wore a half top hat and had black hair and brown eyes. He looked thin, but he had an angled face.

Without any words, Meath's spiritual perception told him that this was a terrifying existence.

His high spiritual perception had previously brought him numerous troubles, but it had also helped him successfully evade even more dangers!

"Let's go!" he suppressed his voice as he ordered. Then, with the help of the patrons blocking him, he fled from the bar's back door just like how Danitz did previously.

Danitz came right in front of Deniel while shuddering in fear before buying two tickets to Galagos from a blank and horrified opponent.

Even after he returned the way he came and received the signal from Gehrman Sparrow to walk out the bar, he didn't notice anyone suddenly assaulting him.

Isn't it said that there are many desperadoes among pirates? Indeed, a last-minute and rushed trap is hardly effective... Something abnormal usually implies that something is amiss. Of course, one can use the abnormality to scare the enemy...

Unfortunately... Klein pressed down on his hat before following Danitz out.

At that moment in time, Danitz was loitering around a street lamp. When he saw Gehrman Sparrow walk out, he barely smiled and said, “Can I wear the scarf and cap already?

“Haha, that group of cowards!”

“Yes.” Klein didn’t stop as he sped up once he reached the other end of the street.

Danitz’s pupils contracted as he hurriedly chased after him and inquired, “Why are we suddenly running?

Klein didn’t turn his head as he calmly said, “Do you wish to stay here to be invited back by the Mandated Punishers?”

As he spoke, he took out a paper figurine, threw it out, and burned it to ashes.

Only then did Danitz snap to his senses. Although that group of cowards didn’t dare to attack him, they definitely had the courage to report him. If he was successfully taken down, they still had a chance of receiving parts of the reward!

They ran all the way into a secluded alley before Gehrman Sparrow stopped. Only then did Danitz have the time to wrap his scarf properly and wear his cap.

“Where are we heading now?” Danitz asked with a slight pant.

Klein glanced at him.

"Find Elland."

The corners of Danitz's mouth twitched, yearning to throw a fireball over.

"To buy tickets to the Dilynius Island," Klein added as he passed through the alley.

Dilynius Island was the first island past the south of the Rorsted Archipelago.

...Right, there's a ship there that heads for Galagos! Now, with everyone's attention focused on the liners from Bayam to Galagos, no one would imagine that we'd take a detour to Dilynius Island and travel from there! Danitz followed as he was enlightened.

...

On Tuesday morning, Klein personally helped Danitz don a disguise, making him look like a mixed-blood who wore gold-rimmed glasses.

Although there was no way to use his Faceless powers, it was still at least ten times better than Danitz's own attempts at disguising himself.

They successfully boarded the ship and prepared to head south to Dilynius Island Harbor. The journey was expected to take ten hours.

Whoosh!

The liner left the harbor and steered into the sea.

Under the bright sunlight, thin clouds, and blue skies, this hybrid-powered ship silently sailed through the gentle waves amid the cold breeze all the way into the afternoon.

At this moment, Klein was inside the cabin, pondering over some content in the Book of Secrets. Danitz was pacing about, thinking about how he could brag to his mates.

Suddenly, their vision darkened as though a cloud had drifted over to blot out the sun.

Klein subconsciously looked out and saw that a gigantic pitch-black sailboat had appeared at some moment in time. It was nearly a hundred meters long and had its sail fully opened. By the side were rows of cannons.

Before it approached, it steered in a different direction, but it still made the surroundings seem to have a black sun pass by.

Danitz revealed a reverent and apprehensive expression that was mixed with a longing but abhorrent look. He hissed before whispering in a dreamy manner, “Black Emperor…”

Chapter 575: Golden Dream

Upon seeing the gigantic black sailboat, Klein's first reaction was fear and wariness. He suspected that the demigod, King of the Five Seas Nast, was here for him.

But he quickly refuted that guess. This was because, apart from using the Black Emperor card in the spirit world, he had nearly never made the Card of Blasphemy appear in the real world ever since he came out to sea. There were only two or three times when they appeared due to a summoning before it quickly entered the spirit world.

With the gray fog's screening abilities and the Card of Blasphemy's anti-divination and anti-prophecy traits, it's impossible for Nast to lock onto me! Klein calmed down as he got up to walk towards the window. Together with Danitz, he looked at the Black Emperor which defied sailboat logic.

The gigantic ship slowly approached in the massive shadows as the scene on the deck became increasingly clear. The sailors were either washing the deck or bragging on the shipboard. None of them had drawn their cutlasses or guns. There was no sign of them planning to plunder the ship.

Near the cabin, there was a mottled stone chair that was two to three meters high. On it sat a colossal man that was comparable to a giant.

Before he could take in Nast's appearance, Danitz couldn't help but lower his head as his body became numb and trembled, to the point of prostrating himself.

Klein also sensed the inexplicable sense of might and awe.

He didn't forcibly resist it to keep his head up and continue looking at Nast. This had a high chance of attracting his attention, bringing him unwanted trouble.

As a person with many secrets, he had to bow his head when required!

Klein retracted his gaze as he admired the rugs on the deck.

After an unknown period of time, he saw the sunlight illuminate the area again as the shadow vanished.

He looked up and could no longer see the gigantic pitch-black sailboat. The wind and seas were calm, and the skies were clear.

"Why would he suddenly be here? Wasn't it said that he was still at the Fog Sea recently?" Danitz frowned as he muttered to himself in puzzlement.

That Black Emperor can cruise through the spirit world, so it's very normal for it to come all the way from the Fog Sea in a span of a few days... This is also probably one of the reasons why Nast is the greatest of the Four Kings... Klein thought to himself.

He believed that Nast was lured by the Black Emperor card, but it was likely that Nast could only determine a vague area.

Klein retracted his gaze and sat back down as though nothing had happened.

The straight line distance between Bayam and Dilynius wasn't great, but a sufficiently safe sea route was filled with twists and turns, so it took the liner until sunset before it reached the dock.

After that, Klein changed his appearance and used a fake identity to buy two early tickets and set off before it got dark. They arrived at Gargas at dawn.

Danitz didn't enter the city and instead brought Klein on a detour to a private harbor. They then took a simple fishing boat and set off to sea.

After nearly two hours, Klein saw a sailboat which was dozens of meters long. It was clean and produced a golden luster from the sunlight reflected on it.

Compared to similar sailboats, it appeared extremely special. Along the central axis was the main cannon which was stacked with symbols and patterns. Faint but pure light swirled around it.

"That's the Cannon of Purification. It can only be used ten times before six Priests of Light are needed to hold a ritual. They will pray to the corresponding deity to fill it up with spirituality," Danitz introduced smugly.

A gigantic version of a charm? After a certain period of time, it will likely automatically lose its spirituality... Backing Vice Admiral Iceberg is the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun? Or one that can nurture Priests of Light? Klein's remained stoic as he mumbled inwardly.

Back when he first saw the Golden Dream in Danitz's dream, he wasn't too surprised by the main cannon. After all, dreams didn't need to adhere to logic. Perhaps Danitz had seen an ironclad

warship and its main cannon had left a deep impression on him, causing him to reproduce it in his dream.

To Klein's surprise, the Golden Dream really had something that required extremely copious amounts of knowledge in mysticism —it wasn't something an ordinary faction could produce.

Soon, the Golden Dream dispatched a dinghy and quickly steered towards the fishing boat.

Danitz spread his hands open before clenching them tightly. He then jumped down and landed in the dinghy without causing it to shake.

He whistled and struck palms with the pirate who was steering. He found the former feeling of ruling over the ocean again.

However, this excitement didn't last long as the dinghy behind him suddenly dipped a little. One more person had joined them.

...*I forgot about that madman*... Danitz wiped away his smile and sat down.

Klein observed the pirates and pressed down his hat. He sat down calmly without a word.

Before long, he landed on the deck of the Golden Dream and saw Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards standing in silence.

This pirate admiral was nearly identical to how she looked when they met in the dream. There weren't any changes to her hair or looks; she now wore dark trousers with a pair of leather boots

instead of wearing a dress. She also had a valiant bearing to her wisdom and beauty.

She's more like a pirate this time than a teacher... Klein nodded gently and smiled politely.

"Good morning, Ma'am Captain."

"Good morning, Mr. Gehrman," Edwina replied with a smile.

She turned around and walked to a spot where fishing nets were being hung out to dry. She signaled the pirates to walk away and get busy with their own work.

Fishing nets... As expected of a pirate crew that's more like treasure hunters... This is in preparation to improve their meals? Klein followed in silence. Danitz very naturally found a few of his companions he was most familiar with to have drinks and to brag to.

Of course, he didn't let down his guard. From time to time, he would glance over, afraid that his captain would end up exchanging blows with Gehrman Sparrow. He was ready to get his companions to join the brawl at any moment.

This time, Klein didn't wait for Edwina to explain why she had invited him. After two seconds of silence, he asked, "What do you know of Tracy?"

He planned on asking all his questions before listening to Edwina's motives. He wanted to prevent himself from being embarrassed to ask further after rejecting a request he couldn't agree to.

“Tracy?” Edwina’s eyes quivered a little. “She’s a Demoness, a Sequence 5 Demoness of Affliction.”

Demoness? Klein nearly lost it. He felt that his fate seemed to be intertwined with Demonesses. First, it was Witch Trissy, and then there was Demoness of Pleasure Madam Sharon, and then there was Demoness of Pleasure Trissy Cheek, and a high-ranking Demoness he only heard the voice of. Now, there was another Demoness of Affliction, Tracy.

Edwina didn’t sense the upheavals he was going through and continued, “She’s different from the typical Demoness. She has her own ideals and pursuits. She’s quite an oddity in the Demoness Sect. However, she would still work for the organization doing work such as human trafficking or something else.”

Different from the typical Demoness? She doesn’t give up on herself and chooses to give pleasure to women? Klein suddenly thought of red-haired Helene.

However, he couldn’t be certain because not every Demoness was the result of a man changing into a woman. There were real women who wished to become an Assassin.

After asking for the details, Klein deliberated and asked, “We met Nast and his Black Emperor on the way here.

“In the recent months, matters involving you, Senor, Tracy, and Nast have happened in this area of the sea. This is rather abnormal.”

Four out of the Four Kings and Seven Admirals had involved themselves in the Rorsted sea in a short span of time. This wasn’t even including the recently recruited Tarot Club member,

Admiral of Stars Cattleya. In terms of probability, this was indeed quite abnormal.

Of course, Klein had some theories, but he wished to see if Vice Admiral Iceberg was able to provide some fresh insight.

Edwina listened without saying a word. She pulled the edge of a fishing net and held it in front of her.

She took out a fountain pen, a brass dagger, metallic bottles, and other things from her pockets and the inner section of her belt and placed them on the spread out net.

They latched on firmly without moving. It didn't seem like there would be any interaction between them.

At this moment, Edwina bent over and picked up a rock used to press down the net, and she placed it in the middle of the open net.

The net immediately depressed, causing the surroundings to contract. The fountain pen, dagger, and bottles tumbled towards the center and gathered beside the rock.

"It's probably something like this. Some unknown existence has appeared in the net of fate and is pulling us towards it," Edwina explained simply.

This is like an actual model of the law of convergence for Beyonder characteristics... Klein thought as he nodded.

With regards to this, he was both enlightened but puzzled as

well. He was enlightened because Edwina's explanation was nearly the same as his guess, but he was puzzled because it couldn't be used to analyze the problems.

The King of the Five Seas Nast appeared because of me… Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy can also be barely explained, since I did come into contact with Trissy Cheek… As for Vice Admiral Iceberg and Admiral of Blood, I can't find a reason… Perhaps it's purely a coincidence? Besides, it's the latter that attracted the former out… Klein retracted his gaze and asked about something else.

Then, he said, "Ma'am Captain, is there a reason for inviting me here?"

Edwina gave him a deep look and said, "Your identity indicates that you came from Backlund. According to what I know, this identity isn't authentic enough. There's no powerful bounty hunter named Gehrman Sparrow from there."

The faction backing you is very powerful. Furthermore, it has quite an extensive network in Backlund. You managed to so quickly notice a problem with my identity… Klein didn't panic as he smiled calmly.

"Everyone will have some secrets."

Edwina remained silent for a few seconds without pressing the issue. She then said, "Not long before Kalvetua died, you sacrificed something to it."

Klein turned his head slightly and swept his gaze across Danitz, who was drinking beer.

Cough! Cough! Alarmed, Danitz spewed the beer all over himself.

Klein retracted his gaze and didn't deny or admit it as he looked at Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina.

Edwina continued without a change in expression, "After Kalvetua died, the 'Sea God' is still replying to its believers."

Chapter 576: Vice Admiral Iceberg's Collector's Room

Is she suspecting something? Klein looked straight into Edwina's eyes without moving them away. Nor did his eyes blink or dodge.

After knowing that Danitz had divulged his sacrificial ritual to Kalvetua before it died, Klein had the necessary preparations. If he wasn't standing on the shipboard and was instead sitting on a sofa, then he definitely would've crossed his right leg and leaned back to give a calm and composed answer.

He smiled as he raised his left hand. He introduced with a calm tone, "This glove of mine is called Creeping Hunger."

Klein believed that Danitz, who had witnessed him in combat, had definitely passed the relevant details on to his captain. Therefore, with Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina being of equal rank as Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos, it wasn't difficult for her to guess that he had acquired Creeping Hunger. In that case, taking the initiative to divulge it gave him a psychological advantage rather than being exposed by her.

And for him to suddenly mention it gave it a double meaning. First, he was hinting to her that he had an organization backing him, one that could kill Vice Admiral Hurricane and orchestrate Kalvetua's death and reply to its believers in its stead. Second, it was a warning for Edwina that she was not to attempt to investigate or delve deeper into the matter. Otherwise, the instantaneous death of Vice Admiral Hurricane awaited her.

At this moment in time, Klein continued maintaining Gehrman

Sparrow's persona. He didn't directly threaten her or refuse to admit it. Instead, he provided a calm answer that hid madness within it.

Edwina Edwards nodded slightly and suddenly changed topics.

"I plan on providing a certain amount of assistance to the Resistance in the Rorsted Archipelago, mainly in food and fabric."

Assistance? Her backing faction is against Loen, or it just wants to make things difficult for the Church of Storms? Klein wiped his smile and calmly replied, "This has nothing to do with me."

Don't expect me to trip up... he said silently to himself.

Edwina turned her head and raised her arm to point to Blazing Danitz who was drinking while secretly stealing glances.

"I will entrust him to handle it, including contacting the Resistance and confirming the time. We'll arrange for a private harbor, and I wish you can provide sufficient help."

Pfft... Danitz spewed out a golden waterfall from his mouth.

Haha. Pfft! Bam! Bam! Bam! The two pirates sitting beside him laughed as they bent their backs and struck the deck, spewing out the beer that they had just drunk.

One of them had dark skin like he was covered in a layer of metal skin. His waist was rather thick, and although he wasn't fat, he had no curvature to speak of.

Edwina retracted her gaze and added in an unhurried manner before Klein could speak, “You’re an adventurer. I believe you won’t decline a job that pays well.”

You really have found me an excellent excuse… Klein smiled in response.

“Of course.”

He didn’t ask how much the payment was, while Edwina seemed to forget mentioning it.

This intelligent and beautiful pirate admiral gloomily said, “Senor got someone to pass me the news that he’s willing to buy the key of the giants, which I previously discovered, for 5,000 pounds.”

It was the item proclaimed to be Death’s Key. It was a gigantic black iron key that nearly made Danitz lose his life in Bayam. Klein suspected that it didn’t originate from the dark Second Epoch, but it was something that was connected to the Giant King’s Court.

She’s hinting at me to offer a price? Klein was first taken aback before he came to a realization. He couldn’t help but inwardly mumble, *5,000 pounds? I don’t even know if the key is of any use, or if it really involves the Giant King’s Court! If it doesn’t have anything to do with it, can I return it for a refund?*

Besides, there’s no prior information about it. Even if I take it above the gray fog to divine it, I wouldn’t receive any effective revelations.

Yes, a simple inference is that if it doesn't involve the Giant King's Court but some other treasure that I have no idea about, then it would be useless if I buy it. The only benefit is that it will disrupt Admiral of Blood's plans. It harms him without benefiting me. If it involves the Giant King's Court, Admiral of Blood is unlikely to find the target location even if he bought it, as it's located in the Forsaken Land of God. Besides, I plan to hunt him. When the time comes, I can obtain the key without spending any money. It's equivalent to having him buy it for me and watch over it for some time.

Although such thoughts are very idealistic, it's not impossible…

Klein pondered for a few seconds and said, "It might be hiding a huge secret."

He deliberately mentioned this to make Vice Admiral Iceberg unwilling to sell the gigantic black iron key to Admiral of Blood Senor. It was to prevent the latter from rapidly strengthening himself after obtaining the treasure and step into the demigod realm. That would bring a considerable calamity upon Klein.

Edwina listened silently and didn't continue on the topic. She turned her body halfway around and pointed at the cabin's entrance.

"Breakfast has been prepared for you."

"Thank you." Klein took off his hat and bowed.

As he followed Vice Admiral Iceberg into the cabin, he quickly recalled the conversation they just had and sought out the true motive behind Edwina's invitation.

From Gehrman Sparrow's identity problems, to the mystical item suspected to be Creeping Hunger, to the matter of the sacrifice to Kalvetua while the dead Sea God continued responding to believers, all of these matters put together does allow one to imagine that I have a secret organization backing me, one whose motives are unknown.

As for the faction that Vice Admiral Iceberg belongs to, it's very wary, guarded, and interested in this matter. Therefore, it got her to probe me in person to see if they can obtain something?

They're still rather friendly at the moment. Extending their assistance to the Resistance is a way to convey their intentions. It seems they're leaning towards cooperating with the organization backing me. Of course, the unknown always leaves others afraid. Without grasping the situation, the chances of Vice Admiral Iceberg and company attacking me is very, very low.

Heh heh, if they realize that the secret organization backing me was established only about half a year ago, including The World and Miss Xio, whose connection has been established but not recruited, there aren't more than ten people. I wonder if they will get so infuriated that they end up losing control...

As his thoughts raced, Klein entered the cabin and followed a dim passageway, passing through one wooden door after another.

He followed Edwina up some stairs and arrived at a brighter second level.

Before entering the pirate's dining hall, they passed by a half-opened room.

Klein casually glanced inside and saw a gigantic black iron key

sitting on a wooden table.

"These items are evidence from our various treasure-hunting expeditions. Most of them are mementos, while others have yet to show their value and require further study." Edwina appeared cold, but her explanations were in great detail. It had the feeling like she was afraid that he wouldn't understand her or was left puzzled.

And when she mentioned the word "study," her aqueous blue eyes clearly lit up a little.

Evidence of the various treasure-hunting expeditions? Klein couldn't help but look inside carefully.

At this point, Edwina pushed open the door and walked in. She then introduced in passing, "This is a gold coin from the Fourth Epoch's Solomon Empire."

Klein's gaze shifted over and saw a coin placed inside a frame.

It was entirely dark gold in color, as though it was combined from two semicircles of different dimensions. It looked extremely asymmetrical, and there was a sharp crown engraved on its surface. It looked very similar to the crown worn on the King of the Five Seas, Nast.

Edwina was like an owner who liked to flaunt her collection. She began introducing the items in the room, making Klein recall a familiar person—Old Mister Eye of Wisdom, the great detective, Isengard Stanton.

In regards to the trait of flaunting collections, they're very

similar… Is this a tendency of people with huge collections? Wait, Mr. Stanton had studied in Lenburg for four years. Vice Admiral Iceberg's description includes information that Edwina Edwards that hails from Lenburg. This… Lenburg's capital is the headquarters of the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. Mr. Stanton also admitted that he converted his faith to the God of Knowledge and Wisdom while studying abroad… Could the faction backing Vice Admiral Iceberg be them? Klein listened in thought until Edwina stopped in front of the huge iron black key.

Just like he had seen in the dream, the key was about the size of a seven-string zither. An ordinary human would have to wrap their arms around it to move it. It was dull and ancient-looking.

The patterns on it are similar to the City of Silver's style. It clearly has giant traits… Klein nodded and was just about to retract his gaze when he heard Edwina say, "You can study it."

You are letting me study it? You probably have no idea how many latent problems I've triggered in the past. Aren't you afraid that the Golden Dream will disappear once you let me study it… Klein criticized himself in a self-deprecatory manner before reaching out his right hand to touch the black iron key that seemed to belong to a giant's.

He found it ice-cold to the touch, and regardless of how much spirituality he injected into it, it was useless.

Unfortunately, I cannot bring it above the gray fog to study it… Klein retracted his right hand and shook his head indiscernibly.

He shifted his gaze onto a book in goatskin placed on the same table. On the brown cover were words written in ancient Feysac: "Groselle's Travels."

“It originates from a sunken ship. It had been soaked at the bottom of the sea for 165 years without suffering any damage,” Edwina introduced. “It records a story about a giant named Groselle. He had decided to head to the Nation of Frost to hunt the King of the North, a powerful frost dragon. Along the way, he encounters companions, a female elf, a devout ascetic, an aristocrat of the Solomon Empire, and a Loen soldier. The story develops until they encounter the King of the North before it suddenly comes to a halt. It’s not the end, but the later pages cannot be opened no matter what methods are used. You can give it a try.”

This isn’t a notebook in a journal style, but rather a novel? This novel sure is odd. It puts together characters from different epochs and eras. It should be something that was recently produced… Klein flipped through the book and allowed the yellowish-brown pages to slide past one after another.

The content was roughly what Edwina said, but the story appeared rather abrupt and fractured. It kept making Klein suspect if he had missed a paragraph. For example, the protagonists would become familiar with one another moments after encountering each other as strangers.

Soon, he browsed to the last few pages and found that they were stuck together. There was no way he could pry them apart.

Such effects… probably can be dealt with above the gray fog… I wonder what sort of accidents might happen… Klein turned his head to look at Vice Admiral Iceberg.

Edwina fell silent for a moment before saying, “If you wish to have it, I can sell it to you. I’ve studied it for years without gleaning anything from it.

“However, I have a condition.

“What is it?” Klein returned with a question.

Edwina pursed her lips and said, “If you figure out something, you have to tell me the result, so that I won’t have to be puzzled over it.

“As long as you agree to this condition, I can sell it to you for cheap.”

Klein’s interest was suddenly piqued.

“How much?”

“8,000 pounds,” Edwina said calmly.

“Uh…” Klein deliberately pondered as he nodded indifferently. “I’ll consider it.”

I’ll consider how to pretend that this never happened… he thought silently to himself.

Chapter 577: Book from More Than 3,000 Years Ago

Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina didn't show any changes in her expression when she heard Gehrman Sparrow say that he needed to consider it. She nodded calmly.

"No hurry."

She seems to feel that I'm unable to make the decision regarding a transaction of this scale and that I need to seek advice from the secret organization backing me... Is this a problem of me not being able to make the decision? This is a problem of not having the money! Klein lampooned and closed Groselle's Travels. He asked in a deep voice, "Do you know who the author is?

"What happened to the people who last possessed this book?"

Edwina walked in front of him and reached out her right hand. She rubbed the cover with her fingertip and said, "The owners from before cannot be identified, as the sinking of the ship has resulted in the relevant information being lost to history. Similarly, we are unable to confirm who the author is. Oh, the book doesn't include the author's name.

"I've used some mystical arts to study it and discovered that the goatskin was created at least 3,000 years ago, before the Cataclysm.

"This is why I believe it's worth at least 8,000 pounds."

A book from three thousand years ago. There's a dragon, an elf, and a human ascetic, a Solomon Empire noble, and a Loen

soldier... These are all concepts from years later! A magical book that contains the power of prophecy? Or did someone specially use an ancient goatskin to create it? But it's meaningless to do so. It's purely a hoax? Klein deliberately curled the corners of his mouth without any intent of smiling.

"The giant's name is Groselle. Could the author be Roselle?"

"No, Roselle's name originated from a root word in Jotun. When ancient Feysac evolved into Intis, there was a second change, making it have a different meaning..." Edwina explained in detail the origins of Roselle's name. It left Klein stunned as he felt like he was back in school.

He nodded gently and said in an unperturbed tone, "If it's an ancient piece of work, I'm very curious as to why a frost dragon would be named the King of the North. What Sequence and pathway does it correspond to?"

Edwina raised her gaze from Groselle's Travels and looked at Klein.

"Before the appearance of the first Blasphemy Slate, there was no concept of Sequences and pathways. Furthermore, many creatures didn't abide by such arrangements. In that Epoch, chaos and mania was the basic attitude to everything.

"Some dragons might gather many Beyonder characteristics related to frost, just like a Demoness's frost, a Zombie's frost, and a Weather Warlock's frost. As such, it would possess rather powerful strength and a relatively high level. Of course, such a gathering would definitely lead to death and a loss of control.

"This means that if it doesn't die, it would definitely lose control and become a monster. However, a dragon is a monster in and

of itself."

If there are many similar products of this sort from the dragons, giants, and elves, then it can be understood why the Second Epoch is known as the Dark Epoch... Klein pondered for a moment and inquired as though he was talking to himself, "This results in the wastage of Beyonder characteristics."

Edwina looked at him for a few seconds.

"Emperor Roselle once said this:

"Whatever separates will definitely converge, and whatever converges will definitely separate."

The Emperor said that before? I understand the first part. That's another form of saying the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics. But what does the second part mean?

After the convergence happens to a certain extent, it would tend to separate and dissociate? When one doesn't belong to a particular pathway, the extremely chaotic convergent mix will cause a dissociation? The more chaotic it is, the more repulsion there is between the characteristics?

Such words aren't likely to be said to anyone. It definitely isn't something that's spread out in the public... Last time, I guessed from the Vice Admiral's usage of the Roselle's Dream Spell and her last name that she's a descendant of one of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, Edwards... It's extremely possible...

After the Emperor perished, their family escaped to Lenburg and gradually converted their faith to the God of Knowledge and

Wisdom?

What a good teacher. She answers any question!

Klein didn't speak further as he continued admiring Vice Admiral Iceberg's collection.

At the same time, he had some thoughts. He planned on asking Little Sun via The World during the Tarot Gathering if he knew of the book, Groselle's Travels.

Of course, in order to prevent The Hanged Man from sensing something problematic with The World and hence, figure out that something was amiss with The Fool, he decided to communicate in private while blocking everyone else.

After a brief excursion of the room, Edwina led Klein out and entered the captain's room in the dining hall.

"The relatively special food here is yogurt. You can add strawberry jam and other things. You can also directly add honey…" Edwina pointed to the row of food outside. "There's some dried fish that isn't bad. They come from the deep sea, species that have yet to be named."

As she spoke, she gestured for Klein to take the food for himself to bring back to the room. She then got up and made herself an example.

Klein took some yogurt of unknown origins and added a few spoonfuls of honey. Then, he carried his tray and placed pork sausages, buttered bread, and other food on it.

During this process, he saw a young man dressed in a white shirt and black vest, decked out with a flowery bow tie, looking more like an office worker than a pirate, approach Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina and have a hushed exchange with her.

The man had pretty good looks with almost blond hair other than his slightly black hair roots. His hair was neatly combed to the sides.

His eyes were a very light lake-green color, and his nose was sharp. He had thin lips and that made him exude a trustworthy vibe.

“Don’t be fooled by that guy’s appearance. He’s a wolf-fish can. He stinks deep down!” Danitz whispered in contempt, having entered the pirate’s dining hall and arriving beside Klein at some point in time.

Klein turned his head and glanced at him without saying a word. This was because he knew Danitz would offer to explain without him egging him on.

Without waiting for Danitz to speak, a man with a swollen waist beside him said with a crude and sharp voice, “He’s the third mate, Jodeson. He used to be a casanova and part-time pirate, saying that he would steal our Captain’s heart, but he ended up getting a beating. He ended up staying to be educated. Dogsh*t!”

“In short, he’s a bad egg!” Danitz emphasized.

“He’s a bad egg!” another pirated with iron-black skin echoed.

Why do I have the nagging feeling that all of you are the same…

Klein thought and said, “Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson with a bounty of 5,200 pounds? Sequence 6?”

As expected of the standard Gehrman Sparrow reaction… Danitz glanced to the side as a lingering sense of fear was hidden within his contempt.

“He’s not that strong, but he’s very strange. In my brawls with him, no—when in combat, fireballs suddenly can’t be used, and he will be able to replicate my fire powers.”

A very familiar description… Klein subconsciously glanced towards Jodeson. After some careful thought, he recalled the familiarity.

This is very similar to the Sealed Artifact, Blood Vessel Thief, found behind Tingen City’s Chanis Gate!

Klein had already forgotten the Blood Vessel Thief’s Sealed Artifact number, but he still remembered clearly that it could temporarily steal a person’s Beyonder powers for themselves.

The corresponding pathway? Klein retracted his gaze and discovered that Danitz and his two companions were drinking while looking in that direction.

Thinking back to how Danitz divulged his sacrifice to Kalvetua, Klein took a cup of beer and carried his food tray towards the Captain’s dining room. He said indifferently, “All of you like her, right?”

Pfft… *Pfft…* *Pfft…* Behind Klein, there was the sound of alcohol being spewed out at the same time.

He saw Danitz jump backward through the corner of his eye, looking at him in horror before turning his head in relief to size up his companions.

They had unknowingly opened up a gap between themselves as the look in their eyes turned complicated. They looked like they had the fury of being fooled.

Klein didn't stop. He returned to the Captain's dining room and enjoyed breakfast.

After a while, Edwina carried a meal tray back.

She drank a mouthful of milk and paused before saying, "Danitz showed me the summoning ritual of your messenger.

"It mentions that one gold coin is a necessary component.

"I'm somewhat perplexed. Does it refer to Loen gold coins, or those from Intis, Feysac, or somewhere else? Their weights are all different, and the amount of gold they contain is different."

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "Loen's gold coin."

This is also the gold coin that's worth the most... It's not like I need to pay for it myself... Klein added inwardly.

Edwina nodded.

"Payment also needs to be done when receiving a reply?"

“Different spirit world creatures have different hobbies,” Klein said.

He knew that Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina was a researcher of spirit world creatures, and he believed that she could understand what he meant.

Furthermore, he wasn’t lying. He just hid the fact that the messenger’s owner could also pay for it.

“Yes,” Edwina very seriously answered him, “I once attempted to find a messenger, but I could only use trial and error for the incantation. Not only was it dangerous, but it was very difficult to satisfy the requirements. I eventually had to give up.

“This is one of the reasons. The other reason is that simulating the power of the undead isn’t enough to sign the contract.

“Your incantation has given me quite the inspiration.”

Klein ate his breakfast in silence without explaining anything. This was because this was the knowledge he had learned from Mr. Azik. He wasn’t at liberty to teach it to others without receiving permission from him.

After a delicious and quiet breakfast, the Golden Dream approached a private harbor and dropped Klein and Danitz off.

Danitz looked back at the glimmering golden ship and suddenly sighed.

“I feel like my friendship has sunk into the ocean!”

Klein pressed down on his hat and calmly said, “Losers can always form alliances among themselves.”

“…”

Danitz was unsure whether he should be happy or sad.

After changing their identities and creating fake identification, they successfully bought tickets back to Bayam and boarded the ship. Klein finally had a private space for himself.

He entered the washroom and went above the gray fog and began scanning through the believers’ prayers.

This time, the first thing that appeared before him was the bald member of the Resistance, Kalat.

“Honorable God, we have discovered the whereabouts of red-haired Helene. She’s currently hiding in the Intis embassy.

“This has been confirmed by a laundry maid and gardener.”

Chapter 578: "Abduction"

In the Intis embassy of the City of Generosity, Bayam.

Helene sat in front of a dresser, looking at her beautiful yet somewhat frail reflection. She sat there in a daze for several minutes.

Her escape from the Black Death had been filled with anticipation and torment. She was afraid that any tiny mishap would cause her to be discovered by pirates or adventurers, causing her to be caught by Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy once again and making her lose all her freedom. She would then never be able to return to her hometown and return to the life she originally enjoyed.

Only when she used the meager connections left by her family did she manage to hide inside her country's embassy and obtain a ticket to leave the sea, providing her a little relief.

However, this still wasn't enough to make her feel at ease. She believed that everything would only be truly over when she stepped onto the Northern Continent.

With this in mind, Helene couldn't help but raise her right hand and touch her cheeks which weren't considered fair but was sufficiently healthy. She realized that her exquisiteness had improved significantly since her time as a sea merchant. She felt like time had reversed, making her mistake herself as returning to her days as a young lady.

In fact, after entering the Intis embassy, she had an additional choice other than escaping the sea—cooperate with the Church

of Storms, Loen's military, or the embassy. By using herself as bait, they could capture Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy.

But after considerable thought, she finally gave up on this plan. She even begged her family elder who was an officer in the embassy to keep the information of her hiding in there from others.

Regardless, she ultimately didn't cause me any actual harm. Many a time, she indulged and satisfied me... Apart from every night... every night... But that's only on the surface... Amid her recollections, Helene quickly blushed red.

Those intoxicating nights, the fiery passion from having limbs intertwined with each other, and the unimaginable pleasure flashed past her mind, leaving her unable to compose herself.

Helene slowly took a deep breath before exhaling.

She shook her head and made her pining for freedom, her homeland, and her family occupy her heart again.

She once again looked at her reflection and coiled up her drooping red hair.

Then, she thickened her eyebrows with makeup and darkened the contours, making her facial features sharper and pronounced.

After this round of make up, Helene looked more androgynous, with a masculine air to her.

Finally, she took off her clothes and used a cloth to flatten her chest. She then wore a white shirt, a black vest, men's trousers, and a double-breasted frock coat.

Finally, she took a silk hat and wore it on her head, hiding the coiled red hair inside.

At this moment, her reflection appeared more like a handsome young man than a lady. Her emerald-like eyes specifically seemed to suit her getup, giving her an alluring level of profundity.

Helene patiently waited until someone knocked on her door.

She picked up her luggage and walked out the door. She followed the good friend of her senior family member all the way to the side door in the embassy's garden.

A carriage was there waiting for her. It was to send her to the harbor where she would board a liner and head for the Loen Kingdom's Pritz Harbor. There, she would make a detour to return to Intis.

Helene had anti-tracking Beyonder powers. She carefully observed the surroundings, including the carriage driver.

A thin and virile local. Doesn't like wearing hats. His looks are identical to the one I met before. He looks a little nervous, but that's normal... After Helene did her final checks, she thanked her family senior's friend, carried her luggage, and boarded the carriage.

As the wheels started to roll, she pursed her lips and looked out

the window, watching one Intis parasol tree after another being quickly left behind.

This gave her an inexplicable feeling as though she was back in Trier.

It was a huge city filled with sunshine, located in the region of the Ryan River and Srenzo River. It was a radiant and enchanting scene with all sorts of roses. It was a place with bustling arts and humanities, a sacred land for artists, musicians, and novelists.

That was Intis's capital. After Emperor Roselle rebuilt it, it was in the true sense of the word, a world-class metropolis. It was also Helene's hometown. She grew up there and often cried when she saw it in her dreams.

After an unknown period of time, Helene suddenly felt something was amiss. The surrounding streets were turning more deserted and remote.

As a sea merchant, although she spent most of her time in the Fog Sea and wasn't too familiar with Bayam in the Sonia Sea, being a Sequence 9 Hunter made her sufficiently alert.

"Is this route correct?" Helene moved from her seat and carefully asked the carriage driver.

She was prepared to jump off the carriage and produce a fireball at any moment.

The carriage driver didn't look back as he continued looking forward. He said with a sycophant smile, "Honorable Lady, this route is closer, and it's not that easy to get into jams.

“As you know, Bayam was built years ago. Back then, there weren’t that many people or carriages. Many streets are narrow. Around noon and in the evening, it’s very easy to encounter jams. Walking would be even faster than taking a carriage.”

Is that so? Helene thought about it and believed his explanation. This was because she had encountered such situations in several cities.

Trier is still the best. When Emperor Roselle reformed the old city districts, he had the foresight to widen the roads. There’s sufficient space even today… Helene had this thought flash through her mind when she heard the horse pulling the carriage neigh, seemingly in pain.

“Wait a moment. It seems to have stepped on something.” The carriage driver stopped the carriage to the side and jumped off.

Helene originally didn’t think much of it, but sweeping the area with the corner of her eye, she realized that they were in an uninhabited quiet alley.

Her heartstrings tightened as she didn’t hesitate to attempt breaking through the carriage walls and escape.

Regardless of whether it was an overreaction or not, she believed that it was necessary.

At that moment, an intense horror surged out from the bottom of her heart. It felt like she had been locked onto by an extremely hungry monster.

The pressure she felt at a spiritual level left her hesitant. She

didn't dare to rashly take action.

Following that, she heard a deep voice.

"I won't harm you.

"I have some questions for you."

Helene's mind raced as she quickly considered the options placed before her.

Ultimately, she didn't rashly escape. She sat back in her spot under the tremendously terrifying pressure.

She planned on assessing the situation first before adjusting her plans.

The door to the carriage opened, and the thin and virile local carriage driver walked in. He sat opposite Helene, and he was none other than Faceless Klein.

In order to act as the carriage driver, he had specifically practiced how to drive a horse and carriage. This was a technique he had failed to properly learn while he was on the Tingen City's Nighthawks squad. Due to the little amount of time he had, he didn't master it sufficiently and could only use Creeping Hunger's aura to successfully make the horse obedient.

At the same time, Danitz, who was hidden nearby, quickly ran over and took the carriage driver's seat and began driving the carriage.

His round felt hat was pressed low, and he was dressed like a real carriage driver.

Helene bent her back in a guarded manner, like a leopard who was ready to pounce at any time.

She felt that the gaze of the man opposite her was sweeping through her forehead, her eyebrows, her eyes, nose, mouth, neck, chest, waist, and legs. It left her extremely uneasy.

She had encountered such gazes and methods of sizing her up back in Intis, in Trier, and during the days when she was out at sea. It was something that disgusting perverts filled with sexual desires possessed.

But this time, she strangely didn't feel insulted. She didn't have the feeling that the man would rip off her clothes or was fantasizing about something abnormal.

Instead, he looks like he's studying food... He's like a icy-cold snake that's slithering across my skin... Helene finally couldn't bear it as she asked, "What questions do you have?"

After fully grasping her looks and features, Klein leaned forward and placed his arms on his thighs in a natural manner. He slightly clasped his palms and said, "Have you heard of a person named Jimmy Necker?"

Helene took a few seconds to recall before firmly shaking her head.

She slightly frowned and asked in a daze, "Have you gotten the wrong person?"

“He’s a tycoon, someone who likes to collect things. Have you heard of such a person from Tracy?” Klein asked again.

Tracy... Helene sighed secretly and replied seriously, “No. She never mentioned a tycoon who likes collecting.”

Klein looked at the red-haired lady’s eyes and said with an unhurried tone, “Then, does her room have any ancient documents regarding the Southern Continent’s Balam Empire?”

“No. She’s not someone who enjoys reading documents. She hates reading. She even gets me to read novels to her.” With that said, Helene revealed a bitter smile.

“What novels does she read?” Klein asked without a change in tone.

“Those classics by Roselle, as well as any contemporary romance stories,” Helene answered frankly.

Klein nodded.

“Does she have a collector’s room?”

“Yes, but apart from her and a few mysterious visitors, no one is allowed entry, including me,” Helene said as she recalled.

Klein fell silent for a few seconds as he maintained an unchanging posture.

“Tell me your story.”

“Mine?” Helene pointed at herself in surprise.

Klein nodded gently without repeating himself.

Helene said after momentarily being dazed, “My story is very simple.

“My father is a member of the former Sauron royal family of Intis. He received quite a bit of wealth, but he lost himself to alcohol, mistresses, marijuana, and gambling, causing him to eventually go bankrupt.

“In order to repay the debts, I chose to accept some conditions raised by the family and became a Beyonder. I then went out to sea to become a sea merchant.”

Chapter 579: Academic Question

As she spoke, Helene's eyes moved up slightly as though she was immersed in her memories.

"Early on, I transported iron and coal from Midseashire to Feynapotter, then I shipped back tobacco, coffee, cocoa, and other native specialties back to Intis. This is a sea route that borders the shore, so it was rather safe. The competition was intense as well. In order to quickly get out of my predicament and save up money, I worked hard to raise my Sequence, hoping that I could trade in the colonies.

"Unfortunately, just as I familiarized myself with the sea route and made some money, I chanced upon Ailment Maiden Tracy, who wasn't Vice Admiral Ailment at the time, in one of her raids during my second trip to West Balam. She only had one ship back then, but she was very powerful. My partner and I resisted with our lives, but all of that was in vain.

"She doesn't have the habit of killing mindlessly. All she did was snatch the goods, as well as myself..."

As expected of an oddity among Demonesses... Klein listened in silence and used his Clown powers to suppress his embarrassed emotions to expressionlessly ask, "How far did the relationship between the two of you go?"

"We didn't!" Helene instinctively denied. "She forced me! I-I didn't want to die. I-I could o-only choose to accept it. B-besides, she's a woman!"

Lady, there's no need to get so worked up. If I had asked if the two

of you had a relationship that went beyond friendship, would you have jumped out? It's only because I'm kind enough and had considered your shame which had prevented me from being so direct... Sigh. Under the facade of the crazy Gehrman Sparrow is a gentlemanly me... That's the true me... Klein switched to asking without a change in expression, "What kind of food do you like? Are there any dishes you especially like? Do you prefer sweet or salty food, or somewhere in between?

"What food do you dislike? What food are you allergic to?

"Do you have any dietary restrictions? If you do, what are they?

"..."

These questions made Helene feel like she was in a dream, as though everything was surreal.

She never imagined that the man would ask her such questions. It was like a pursuer was asking his crush what hobbies she had.

No! No pursuer would ask such questions! These are all indirectly obtained from numerous chats, or are obtained by other means! No woman would like to be questioned like that! T-this is like a survey which Emperor Roselle created... W-what does he want? He's asking these questions without any expression. I'm so afraid... Helene fell silent for a few seconds before answering them one after another under Klein's cold, unmoving gaze.

Klein maintained his seating posture of leaning forward and continued asking, "How do you usually sit? Do you have any habitual motions..."

The more Helene answered, the more panicked she became. She had the inexplicable feeling that answering these questions would make her disappear.

By the time the perplexing and terrifying “survey” was done, she felt heavy deep down, constantly suspecting that a terrible outcome awaited her.

Why don’t I risk it and jump off the carriage while he isn’t paying attention? Helene seriously considered the possibility.

However, the man didn’t seem to have any indication of attacking her, and this made her indecisive. She felt that there was hope to resolve the matter amicably.

After grasping Helene’s personality, habits, and preferences, Klein turned the topic towards Vice Admiral Ailment.

“What do you know of Tracy?”

Helene fell silent as her mouth quivered a few times. She couldn’t bring herself to speak.

After the carriage continued on for quite a while, it was only then that she finally smiled ruefully.

“She possesses excellent combat abilities. She’s good at infiltration and curses, with her being capable of turning invisible and becoming light.

“She grasps the means of swapping bodies with a mirror or magic staff, as well as black flames and frost. She can make

enemies in a certain range suddenly fall sick, including colds, pneumonia, gastroenteritis, and other illnesses. The longer the fight lasts with her, the worse the ailments inflicted. Some Beyonders might even directly die from a heart attack.

"She c-can also create invisible threads to control her enemy. She knows human ana-anatomy very well. She can easily give people pleasure through contact—th-that kind of pleasure.

"She has an active charming ability that would make many pirates give up putting up a resistance once they're near her.

"S-she's often friendly, but she's cruel to her enemies. She enjoys destroying the perfection that others would wish to protect, making them suffer immense pain and torment…"

Helene didn't go into detail on how Tracy destroyed the state of perfection of others. There were many cruel stories and hilarious matters. This Ailment Maiden had once made her enemies—a father and son duo—kill each other, as well as instigate an enemy's wife to betray him and let him come across the scene.

As expected of a Demoness. She's a Sequence 5 Demoness who's one Sequence higher than Demoness of Pleasure… Klein gained a basic grasp of Tracy's combat style, and he calmly asked again, "Does she have any mystical items?"

"…Yes. A bangle that's inlaid with diamonds. As long as she wears it, it's very difficult for Tracy to be injured." Helene hesitated before revealing Vice Admiral Ailment's secret.

Klein asked a few other detailed questions as he straightened his body a little.

“Tracy is helping the Demoness Sect perform human trafficking?”

This was something he took great notice of when he heard Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina mention it.

The Demoness Sect cooperated with Ince Zangwill, and it was related to the royal family. It involved an underground ruin whose location was unknown.

Tracy helped them in the human trafficking.

Baelen, who was pointed out by The Hanged Man, was someone who orchestrated numerous disappearance cases of slaves and the disappearance of primitive tribes in the Southern Continent. With him appearing at the underground ruins, he would be a member of the upper echelons.

The biggest human trafficker, Capim, had Beyonders who were of the Arbiter pathway protecting him. And this is a pathway controlled by the Loen and Feynapotter royal families, as well as their military…

All of these matters that Klein was aware of linked together to form a line, but he wasn’t sure what it actually exposed. Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy was a breakthrough point.

“What Demoness Sect?” Helene asked in puzzlement.

“You don’t have to know,” Klein calmly replied.

If you don’t know what a Demoness is and end up suspecting that

the extremely charming Vice Admiral Ailment who gives you pleasure is a dirty and savage man, then I'm afraid that you would've lost control on the spot... You don't have to thank me. I'm a good person... Klein lampooned inwardly.

Helene suppressed her puzzlement and said while recalling, "In recent years, she's been busy shipping slaves. The other end of the trade is Crazy Captain Connors Viktor. Rumor has it that he and many human traffickers and slave merchants in Loen have a deep partnership."

Crazy Captain Connors Viktor... Klein remembered the nickname and name.

He nodded and no longer spoke in a heavy voice. Instead, he said in a relatively gentle voice, "Did you involve yourself in such matters? Such as being a part-time pirate?"

This very polite and amiable tone left Danitz trembling for some baffling reason. He felt that Gehrman Sparrow being in such a state was much more terrifying than his cold and expressionless state.

"No." Helene shook her head. "The blood of the Sauron family flows in me. I will not bring shame to my family. Be-besides, Tracy always said that she wouldn't let me be tainted by bloodshed and darkness. All of that would be faced by her."

She must've read too many romance novels... Klein took out a gold coin and allowed it to weave between his fingers like it was dancing.

He didn't keep it from Helene as he performed a divination in front of her to confirm that she wasn't lying.

The result was that she was rather honest.

This is also because I didn't ask in detail about her emotional entanglements with Tracy; otherwise, she wouldn't be that honest... Klein secretly reflected and put away the gold coin.

At that moment in time, the carriage had circled around the harbor, no longer heading for the ship that Helene was meant to board.

Klein looked at the scenery outside the window and took out a small metal bottle. He handed it to Helene and said, "Use the liquid inside to wipe away your makeup."

"Why?" Helene subconsciously asked.

"This isn't something you should be asking," Klein leaned forward once again and said without expression.

Despite feeling aggrieved and furious, Helene didn't wish to agitate the man and get on his bad side at such a critical moment. She could only remove the bottle cap and took a sniff at it to test if it was poisonous.

"Can it be used directly?" she asked.

Klein tersely acknowledged in the affirmative.

Helene took out a white handkerchief and dabbed it with the bottle's liquid. Then, she began wiping her face and quickly cleaned away her prior disguise.

Her aesthetically-pleasing masculinity vanished and her contours became softer as Helene's original looks were presented before Klein.

After careful observation, Klein calmly said, "Take off your hat and let down your hair."

Helene furrowed her brows and had a nagging feeling that what followed would be unacceptable instructions such as taking off her clothes.

She took a deep breath, removed her hat, and released her coiled red hair. Immediately, she appeared extremely feminine.

Klein straightened his body and leaned back on the carriage wall before calmly instructing, "You can put on your disguise again."

Is he a madman? After all this, he wants me to revert to how I was before? Helene didn't dare to voice her displeasure, afraid that the man would raise unacceptable requests. She hurriedly opened her suitcase and took out a mirror to look at herself.

The makeup has been removed so cleanly... She was stunned for a moment before she quickly put on makeup and coiled her hair.

When the carriage came to a stop, she was already looking like a handsome young man.

Klein nodded indiscernibly and looked out the window before retracting his gaze.

"One last question."

“What?” Helene asked nervously.

Klein raised his line of sight a little as his facial muscles moved.

“How big are your breasts?”

“…” Helene was first taken aback before her face flushed red.

This wasn’t a redness caused by embarrassment, but an anger from wanting to punch the man in the chin.

Klein didn’t move his gaze as he calmly added, “It’s an academic question.”

“…” Noticing no sexual intent from his eyes, Helene inhaled and closed her eyes to answer the question.

Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief and took out a boat ticket and a stack of papers.

“New identification, tickets to Tiana Port.

“Once you’re there, buy tickets to Pritz Harbor.”

Helene glanced at him vigilantly before receiving the tickets and documents. She carried her suitcase and carefully alighted the carriage to see the ship she was taking.

Klein followed behind her and watched her leave. From the

corner of his eye, he saw Danitz trying hard to hold back his laughter.

Chapter 580: Wormtongue

Klein slowly turned his head and shot a glance at Danitz.

The pirate with a bounty of 5,500 pounds immediately shut his mouth and clamped up. It was as though nothing had happened.

After confirming that Helene boarded the liner without issues, he turned around and walked to the side of the carriage. He pretended to casually ask, “Did you hear the conversation?”

“No, no. A little, just a little…” Danitz shook his head as he gave a hollow chuckle.

Klein nodded slightly and said, “You have to remember; otherwise, it’ll be easy for people to see through you.”

“See through… me?” Danitz raised his hand and pointed at his nose and said blankly.

Klein said without changing his expression, “She’s from the Sauron family. She has anti-tracking Beyonder abilities. Together with her ticks and behavior, it can be confirmed that she’s a Sequence 7 from the Hunter pathway, Pyromaniac. She’s very similar to you, and you’ll be able to do a good job acting as her.”

“Me? I won’t do! I won’t be able to disguise myself like her! I’ll be identified with just a look!” Danitz jumped in fright.

Klein held back his laughter and said in a deep voice, “I’ll lend you Creeping Hunger.”

"...No, no! I have no experience in such matters. I won't be able to fool Vice Admiral Ailment's subordinates!" Abnormally nervous and horrified, Danitz declined the mission.

To him, this was an extremely embarrassing and dogsh*t matter. Only a pervert or a madman would complete it without any qualms.

Klein nodded in agreement and said without an expression, "Indeed, you are rather stupid."

Danitz forced a smile. "Yes, I'm very stupid."

Klein didn't say a word as he walked past Danitz and opened the door to the carriage.

Danitz followed him with his eyes when he suddenly saw Gehrman Sparrow's hair turn red.

He blinked his dull eyes and saw the man's facial contours turn soft and his eyes turning emerald-green. His lips turned thin as they pursed, making him look frail and insecure. He had a masculine beauty and looked identical to Helene who had just left.

"..." After watching Gehrman Sparrow enter the carriage, Danitz turned his head back as the corners of his mouth twitched.

He was silent for a few seconds before he muttered silently, *What a madman. He changed into a woman without any hesitation!*

I have to say that Helene looks pretty good when disguised as a man.

This Beyonder power sure is useful. If I can receive an item like that and figure out what Captain's ideal type is, then I can make the corresponding changes and make her fall in love with me.

But in that case, would the person that she falls in love with still be me?

Danitz found himself pondering over philosophical questions until he heard a cough from the carriage behind him.

He snapped to his senses and drove the carriage away from the harbor. He planned on making a huge detour before circling back.

Inside the carriage, Klein wasn't as calm as he appeared. Although Helene was in male clothes, allowing him to temporarily not bother about the most embarrassing parts, he still felt quite embarrassed to have his face change into a woman's while squeezing out breasts. This left him feeling down and awkward.

Sigh, a Faceless's change in appearance is very easy. The difficult part is apparently the mind. To act as a good Faceless, I'll have to cross many mental blocks. If I don't, then I'll have to spend a great deal of time to act as a real person for many years. My identity has to be recognized by everyone as I fully immerse myself into that character until I almost treat it like it's real... This is more challenging on my bottom line. It's crazy and warped.

To speed up my progress, I have to overcome a certain number of obstacles.

Klein pulled out a suitcase from under the carriage's seat. He rummaged for some cloth and clothes before replicating Helene's disguise.

He could've gotten Danitz to act as Helene and borrow the mystical item with the Faceless Beyonder characteristic from Justice for a few days without a problem.

However, that meant that there was a high chance of Danitz facing Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy directly. Without the Clown's powers, it was almost impossible for him to hide it from her, putting his life in extreme danger.

It was impossible for Klein to make others bear such huge risks for his own matters; therefore, he could only challenge himself and do it himself.

Soon, he looked identical to Helene. Under the black top hat was a handsome androgynous face with soft and pronounced contours. His emerald-green eyes looked as beautiful as gems.

He adjusted his build, making himself shorter by a few centimeters and narrowing his shoulder width. His frame shrank and he looked like he had lightened significantly.

His current appearance quickly surfaced in Klein's mind with his Clown powers.

It's still not bad. There's not much to it... Perhaps it's because I'm not in female clothes, so it doesn't feel much different from turning into Gehrman Sparrow, Danitz, or someone else. I just look prettier and have some discomfort in my chest... If I look like that on Earth, I wouldn't have needed to worry about not having a girlfriend, he mocked and consoled himself as he curled the corners of his mouth.

What looked like a normal action on Gehrman Sparrow now looked pitiful and sorry.

*F**k*! Klein cursed silently as he quickly adjusted his state of mind. Bit by bit, he immersed himself into the state of true acting.

With the passage of time, he discovered that the resistance he had had lessened significantly. Following that, he felt relaxed and calm as though the potion had harmonized itself further.

And that meant that the speed of his digestion would speed up.

It really is useful... Klein said silently as he got up and took four steps counterclockwise. He went above the gray fog and once again confirmed the danger level of his upcoming operation.

After returning to the real world, he switched to using Helene's voice and deliberately suppressed it.

"Head to Pier 6 at the harbor."

Danitz didn't find anything amiss, but he suddenly came to a realization after changing directions. He couldn't help but tremble. *It's like the real person... I wouldn't be able to distinguish him if the day comes where he transforms into Captain to fool me...*

After a while, the carriage reentered the harbor and went to the liner which Helene was originally meant to board. But it didn't truly approach it and had instead circled around to a nearby warehouse.

Danitz jumped off the carriage and knocked on the warehouse's door, according to a prior agreed pattern.

Out came a group of dock workers who were clearly of native blood. Following that, they made way.

After confirming that there wasn't anything amiss, the bald member of the Resistance, Kalat, came out on a wheelchair.

"Where is she?" he looked at Danitz as he asked.

Through Helene's matter, Danitz had successfully established communications with the Resistance.

Danitz laughed mischievously.

"In the carriage.

"She's been drugged with medicine that makes her lose her strength. Its effects will last another ten hours.

"Remember, I want 70% of the thousand-pound reward."

Kalat raised his right arm and waved it. Immediately two thin members of the Resistance got onto the carriage.

"Boss, it's that woman," they soon poked their heads out and said in the tone of a local gang.

“Take her down. Our mission is to protect her,” Kalat emphasized again.

Helene, who was disguised as a male, was helped down from the carriage with two soldiers supporting her on either side of her

With his control as a Clown, Klein pretended to be weak in the knees as he staggered.

He was soon moved to a room among the Bayam populace. At the same time, Kalat instructed a local gang member, who believed in Sea God, to find Strongman Ozil and tell him that they had found the target. He was to bring 1,000 pounds in exchange for the woman. As for Danitz, he had returned to the inn to await the news.

At noon, Ozil replied saying that he couldn’t be sure if the person was the real deal and had planned on sending a person over to confirm things.

Kalat agreed to his request.

Closer to the evening, a figure appeared outside the house.

He was a man wearing pantaloons and a jacket. He was Loenese and was dressed in the style of a native. He had short brows, about half of the average person’s. His brown eyes were recessed, and his face looked cut.

Kalat pushed himself on a wheelchair and appeared by the door. After seeing the man, he said in a heavy voice, “Mithor King?”

“Should I be honored that you actually know me?” The man laughed.

He was originally a captain of one of the pirate ships under Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos. After Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy took over the crew, he took on the role as third mate of her flagship, the Black Death. His nickname was Wormtongue, with a bounty of 5,400 pounds.

Kalat didn’t reply as he wheeled himself to make way.

Mithor entered a nearby room after being led by a gang member. Inside, he saw Helene sitting by the bedside in a gentleman’s outfit. Her eyes were darting about and glaring at him. Her teeth bit down on her lip as she looked furious and fearful while having feelings of despair and obstinacy.

“It’s her alright. However, I can’t be certain because she’s wearing thick makeup. It’s hard to tell what a woman really looks like once they don thick makeup. Wipe her face clean for me. Hey, why didn’t you cuff her? Don’t you know she’s dangerous?” Mithor surveyed the area and took two steps back in a guarded manner.

“She’s been drugged. She doesn’t have much strength and hasn’t resisted. But since you asked…” Kalat lifted his chin to a Resistance soldier.

The soldier found a pair of cuffs and walked over. After pulling Klein’s hands back, he cuffed him.

Klein continued wearing mixed emotions like before, trying hard to act like he was struggling despite having a lack of strength.

Then, another gang member got some water and wiped his face with a rough towel.

Thankfully, most of the makeup in this era isn't waterproof... Klein began changing his face's contours as the towel covered his face.

Before long, Mithor saw Helene's moist face. She looked extraordinarily frail and beautiful in this state. Her emerald-green eyes shot out with intense hatred and a look of perplexity.

Unfortunately, she's Captain's... Mithor's throat moved.

As a man and a pirate, he often fantasized about Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy and red-haired Helene falling into his embrace at the same time, but of course, it was only his imagination.

The way he looks at me is disgusting... Klein nearly puked.

Although he knew that it was targeted at red-haired Helene and had nothing to do with him, he couldn't help but feel goosebumps.

In that instant, he got to know the real him a little deeper. He knew what things he couldn't accept at all.

"It really is her." Mithor turned his head and said to Kalat, "This is your reward."

He threw the tiny leather bag in his hand over to him.

Kalat did a brief inspection and threw it to his subordinate. He pondered for a second and said, “We still need your help.”

“No problem. Seek out Ozil when needed.” Mithor pointed to red-haired Helene in the room and asked, “I’ll take her away, right?”

“Yes.” Kalat made way once again.

Klein didn’t wish to be helped by Mithor as he pretended to have regained some of his mobility while stumbling out.

Mithor was afraid of Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy, so he could only hold her by her shoulder and lead her to the carriage parked outside.

The carriage left the city and came to a private harbor. Mithor led Klein, who was disguised as red-haired Helene, onto a fishing boat which had been long prepared. Under the cover of the night, they left Bayam.

After about an hour, they saw a ship docked under the shadow of an island’s cliff. Fluttering in the wind was a huge flag with white bones drawn on it.

Black Death!

Chapter 581: Both Getting into Character and Detachment

Only a single Black Death… The other ships are anchored beyond the Rorsted Archipelago's confines because they're afraid of being discovered? This is good news… Klein retracted his gaze and deliberately bit his lip to express his agitation.

After taking a glance at Helene's side profile, Mithor lit a torch and began swinging it to signal to the flagship.

Before long, a dinghy came and took him and the disguised Klein back to the Black Death.

As the dinghy was being hoisted up, Klein boarded another pirate admiral's flagship. Under Mithor's lead, he entered the cabin.

Waiting for them up ahead was a blonde female attendant. She glanced at Helene with a cold stare before pointing sideways to the room.

"Go in."

This attitude… It's like meeting a love rival in the flesh… Both men and women fall to this Vice Admiral Ailment's charm… The cuffed Klein instantly increased his vigilance as he wore a heavy expression and followed the blonde female attendant into the room.

He originally believed that he would immediately meet Tracy and obtain a chance to meet her in private. He was already ready

to strike, but apart from a wardrobe, sofa, and full-body mirror in a cramped carpeted room, there was nothing.

Could it be that Tracy has deliberately given Helene the cold shoulder to express her anger? Klein recalled the romance novels and contrived television serials he had previously watched while contemplating the reason for the Ailment Maiden's actions.

The blonde female attendant shot a glance at "Helene's" male attire that lacked the androgynous beauty to it due to the lack of makeup, took two quick steps, opened the wardrobe, and pointed to the dresses inside.

"Captain doesn't like your present attire. Change."

*F**k*...* Klein cursed inwardly.

He originally imagined that he could be granted a meeting with Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy while looking like Helene and dressed as a male. He was thankful that he didn't need to overly humiliate himself to achieve his goal, but in the end, he didn't manage to escape this outcome that he wanted to avoid.

Seeing Helene standing there in a daze, the blonde female attendant glared at her.

"You have two choices. Either you change yourself, or I'll help you!"

Klein did one of red-haired Helene's habitual motions and inhaled slightly.

“Remove my cuffs.”

He turned his body sideways and gestured with his chin towards the door.

“And go outside.”

“Conniving whore…” the blonde female attendant cursed under her breath and used the key given to her by Mithor to release Helene from her cuffs.

After she left the room and closed the door, Klein walked to the wardrobe and stood there in a daze for twenty seconds.

Suddenly, he closed his eyes and extended his right hand.

After an unknown period of time, he came in front of the full-body mirror and saw Helene’s red hair cascading down in the reflection. Her green eyes shimmered while she wore a golden-red dress. By her waist was a ribbon tied into a flower. It was pulled tight, accentuating her slender waist.

Helene’s beautiful face was flushed red as her lips were tightly pursed. Her expression was heavy, looking very identical to the picture from before.

Klein looked at his present image and first felt somewhat embarrassed. However, he had gotten over it to a certain extent while changing. Besides, there wasn’t anyone inside. Second, he gradually found a different feeling.

This wasn’t to say that he was gradually liking such acts.

Instead, while overcoming his mental aversion, he gained some form of detachment from his self-awareness. It felt like his soul had flown out of his body, allowing him to calmly observe "Helene" dressing up in female attire and adjusting her clothes through the mirror with a calm attitude. He believed this was a necessary step in his mission and that there was nothing embarrassing or odd about this.

Klein felt a baffling sense of familiarity as he tried hard to recall and compare this feeling, in a bid to fix it in place and gain an understanding of it.

Soon, he found the source. This was similar to him playing role-playing games. In it, he could choose a female character, carefully choosing the facial features and attire of the character, allowing the beauty to please his eyes.

There was nothing kinky or embarrassing while doing this. On the one hand, he was viewing it from an angle of a god through the screen, making his attitude detached; and on the other hand, he was seriously acting and going through the plot. By combining the two perfectly and not distinguishing between them, he didn't have any aversion to it because he was playing a game.

This… Klein suddenly opened his half-closed eyes, feeling like this was the Faceless state he had been searching for!

He could act as anyone, but he was still only himself.

As he got into character and worked hard to act, he could detach his feelings and observe things calmly. By making comparisons, he could figure himself out and find his true self!

It's both getting into character and detachment… This is the

actual application of the Faceless's main principle. Klein suddenly felt at peace as the remnant embarrassment coexisted with his changed attitude.

With a detached attitude, as though he was playing a role-playing game, he observed himself in the full-body mirror and tried hard to find any flaws.

Thankfully, I got Danitz to get two sets of female clothing to study the way it's all put together. Otherwise, there's no way I could wear them so quickly and normally as a first timer. It will be easy to expose any flaws. Heh, this is called professionalism. Women's clothing sure is complicated... From the perspective of a Faceless, there are many flaws in Helene's facial features and contours. She might be beautiful, but it's definitely nothing I call stunning... Yes, with this state of mind, I can clearly feel the potion digesting... Klein looked at himself in the mirror as though he was looking at a character named Helene.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The blonde female attendant banged on the door and asked impatiently, "Are you not done?"

Klein's face instantly sank, as though she hadn't returned him the ten thousand pounds she owed him.

He maintained this state as he walked to the door and pulled it open.

The blonde female attendant shot him a glance and raised the handcuffs.

“Put your hands to your back.

“You’re now a prisoner!”

As red-haired Helene was on the Black Death, she wasn’t afraid that she would bring her any harm. All she wanted was to humiliate her as much as she could.

Klein grunted and half-turned his body, putting his hands to his back. He felt relaxed because the woman wasn’t paying too much attention to his attire.

After putting on the cuffs, he was led by the blonde female attendant to the entrance of the captain’s cabin.

The door was half open, allowing a fragrance of warmth emanate outside. It wasn’t too strong, but it was sufficiently long-lasting. It was a scent that kept pulling one back as they would involuntarily wish to head to bed for pleasure.

The blonde female attendant knocked on the door and was just about to say a word when a gloomy but sufficiently beautiful female voice sounded from the inside.

“Let her come in alone.”

The blonde attendant’s face instantly sank as she pushed open the door, signaling with her eyes for Klein to enter.

The moment of truth is here… Klein took a deep breath and stepped into the room.

The door behind him closed with a thud, isolating the inside from the outside.

Klein walked across the thick carpet and, using the candlelight from the golden candle racks, saw a rather beautiful lady sitting behind a desk while leaning back. She was wearing beige trousers with her feet extended diagonally while crossed.

Her brows were long and straight, and her azure-blue eyes were sharp and bright. She wore a white linen shirt, allowing her intimate body to faintly peek through. Raven-black curled hair cascaded down to hide the critical bits, making Klein instantly feel uncomfortable.

Upon seeing red-haired Helene enter, Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy raised her left hand and asked with an ambiguous smile, “Tell me, how should I punish you?”

She held a black leather whip in her hand.

…Ma’am, there’s always room for discussion… Klein lampooned to resist his discomfort.

His eyes first moved upwards before leveling towards her. He said without a hint of emotion, “Returning to this place is already the greatest punishment. Anything else is just a bonus.”

“You’re as stubborn as usual, yet always so indecisive…” Tracy stood up. She was tall and slender, and under the illumination of the candlelight, her figure’s shadows danced with extreme charm.

She held back her smile and walked towards red-haired Helene,

with the leather whip in her left hand. She didn't have an ounce of doubt.

During this process, Klein noticed that she wore a bangle with inlaid diamonds on her right wrist.

The mystical item described by Helene? It can reduce most forms of damage? Klein, who had originally planned to take action the moment the gap between them narrowed, held back his urge.

"Oh, they cuffed you. That's nice. We haven't played such a game before," Tracy said with a smile, but her azure-blue eyes seemed to be a stormy ocean that was gathering strength.

Ma'am, your lines are quite terrible... Klein pursed his lips tightly and didn't say a word.

Tracy came in front of him and raised her right hand to slide down his cheek.

"Returning is the greatest punishment?"

As she spoke, her eyes turned misty, looking extremely alluring.

"You usually don't seem to think so. Although you always resist in the beginning, you're often more passionate than me towards the end..."

Before she finished her sentence, Klein pulled out his left hand from the handcuff, and he grabbed the bangle on her wrist in a manner that was as fast as lightning. He then violently swiped it down!

At the same time, that hand turned a shade of gold. Klein's green and deep eyes suddenly lit up with two bolts of lightning.

This was Creeping Hunger! This was Psychic Piercing!

And the ability to pull his hand out of the cuffs was a Magician power. It was the Bone Softening power which Klein very seldom used!

He had long made plans and preparation for what he would do after infiltrating. It was to find a chance to be alone with Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy and assassinate her without holding back.

Only by doing so did he have a chance of defeating a pirate admiral. Only by doing so could he severely injure and capture her.

And even if it couldn't be done, he didn't mind killing her. He was already very accustomed to channeling spirits above the gray fog. He wasn't afraid of not being able to obtain the intelligence he needed. A human trafficker didn't deserve any pity!

In addition, in order to prevent himself from tripping himself up, he only brought the most difficult-to-detect Creeping Hunger, which was good at disguising itself. The other mystical items were placed in the mysterious space above the gray fog. Furthermore, he was on the Black Death with several opposing Beyonders on board. He had to finish the battle as quickly as possible!

This was also to avoid being taken down by Tracy's ailment powers.

The longer he fought her, the worse the ailments inflicted on him would be!

In that instant, the bangle with inlaid diamonds was removed from Tracy's wrist. Klein's green eyes flashed with lightning while the beautiful and charming Vice Admiral Ailment remained in a daze. All she did was instinctively dodge.

She couldn't believe that Helene would attack her, or dare believe that she possessed such reactions and abilities.

Chapter 582: "Provocation"

Tracy saw two bolts of lightning light up in Helene's beautiful emerald-like eyes as the blinding silver occupied her entire vision.

Her beautifully contoured chin was suddenly lifted as though she was about to let out a tragic scream.

However, she stiffened on the spot, shattering like a mirage. The full-body mirror placed in the room cracked and quickly crumbled, scattering to the floor.

Mirror Substitution Spell!

Tracy's figure, in her pure white shirt, beige trousers, and black leather boots, appeared in the corner where the full-body mirror was located. Before she could catch her breath, she heard heavy footsteps and saw red-haired Helene's dress fluttering to the back as she charged forward like a chariot. The glove she wore on her left hand was pale and gloomy green.

Klein had already switched to a Zombie state. His muscles were taut, and his strength had increased substantially.

His sleeves fluttered as he clenched his fist tightly before throwing it at Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy like an iron hammer.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Although he continued maintaining Helene's appearance, his

actions were like a ferocious beast's. He was fierce and formidable. As he bombarded Tracy with his punches and kicks, all she could do was desperately parry his attacks without having the time to use other Beyonder powers.

If a Demoness of Affliction's corresponding Sequence 9 wasn't Assassin, allowing her to have extraordinary combat skills and dodging capabilities, this barrage of attacks would've left her heavily injured.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Klein's fist emanated a white, frosty air, causing Tracy to tremble with every time she made contact. Gradually, ice began to form on the surface of her body.

This was a Zombie's mastery of frost powers!

Seeing her blood gradually stiffen, Tracy didn't hesitate and took the blow.

Her lips turned pale as her mouth opened slightly as she let out a formless scream.

Accompanied by this scream, a blue illusory halo surged out from her body. It left stacked layers of frost in its wake.

In just one or two seconds, both of them found themselves in a frozen world. They were surrounded by thick and transparent ice, and there was loose frost blanketing the exterior. The two looked very close to one another, but they needed to break through the various obstructions to fight each other.

A smile appeared on Tracy's gallant and brilliant face as a silent black flame ignited within her body.

It quickly melted the surrounding ice as it began to launch a counterattack, allowing Ailment Maiden to grasp the advantage.

At this moment in time, she saw Helene, who was often frail and indecisive, snap her fingers without an expression.

A matchstick she hadn't noticed lit up as scarlet flames leaped. Instantly, it enveloped the red-haired figure's dress.

Tracy's pupils constricted as her spiritual intuition gave her an extreme sense of foreboding.

In the silent black flames behind her, Klein leaped out in the form of Helene. He extended both his arms and hugged Tracy, locking her arms in the process.

At the same time, he opened his mouth and shouted, "Bang!"

A formless Air Bullet shot out with might that exceeded that of a revolver. It was comparable to the latest rifle models.

It passed through the void and accurately hit the back of Tracy's head.

Oof!

The bullet drilled through her skull, but Vice Admiral Ailment's figure suddenly contracted, turning into a broken black staff.

Magic Staff Substitution Spell!

Tracy rapidly appeared diagonally across him. The buttons on her shirt dropped as she revealed a mesmerizing view of fair skin.

However, what caught Klein's attention wasn't that but the blood on her palm!

While Klein restrained Tracy, she had clawed behind her, ripping off a piece of fabric and injuring his thigh.

At this moment, Tracy quickly opened and closed her mouth twice as illusory black flames appeared from her palms to burn the blood.

This was black magic, a Witch's curse!

Klein couldn't help but tremble. A black flame ignited from within, from his soles to the top of his head. He was rapidly reduced to paper shreds.

Just as he appeared in another corner, he felt countless invisible spider webs swirl towards him. Some were hard and attempted to bind him, while others were soft, in a bid to stimulate different parts of his body. Klein, who was a Beyonder who acted extremely calm during combat, felt his heart race as his ears heated up. His body turned numb and sore, having the discomfort of a cold while having the urge to have his blood surge downwards.

Compared to Madam Sharon from Tingen City, Tracy's spiderweb was far more terrifying!

Klein didn't dare to underestimate it as he immediately snapped his fingers.

The snap ignited all the surrounding spiderwebs as scarlet flames extended from where they came from and surged towards Tracy like a tidal wave.

Back in Tingen, Klein already knew that the spiderwebs from a Demoness of Pleasure were weak against fire!

Instantly, the middle of the room became a huge ignited web. Tracy was caught by surprise as the flames swept towards her.

"Humph!" She exhaled as an eerie blue illusory light surged outwards and froze her within a transparent but gigantic crystal.

The scarlet flames surged over and kept melting the ice, but it gradually weakened.

Klein didn't pick up the diamond-inlaid bangle, because he wasn't sure what negative side effects it might have.

To rashly use a mystical item without sufficient comprehension of it was highly likely to be harmful rather than beneficial!

He straightened his body and opened his arms, letting his left glove be dyed in the lustrous glow of the sun.

Priest of Light!

At that instant, Tracy, who was hiding inside the ice, felt that

that extremely familiar Helene wore a holy luster. In between her brows, an unprecedented tenacity surged out. She was pretty and no longer frail. Like a blooming sunflower, she was like a flower of war stained with blood.

Tracy shouted with a clearly hoarse voice, “Who are you?

“Why don’t you dare to show yourself!?”

While wearing a dress, using my own looks would look so odd. It’s more suitable to use Helene’s appearance… Klein detached himself as this thought flashed through his mind.

Following that, he praised the sun.

A magnificent pure beam of light descended with golden flames swirling around it. It completely blanketed the ice and Tracy.

As the ice rapidly melted and vanished at a discernible pace, the bright and holy light dimmed before disintegrating.

The color in Tracy’s face drained as she did a somersault and agilely dodged Klein’s Psychic Piercing from his switch to the Interrogator soul, letting whatever damage she received happen inside the beam of light.

The Light of Holiness was strong against the undead and corrupt, so it was only considered an ordinary Sequence 5 strike on a Demoness.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Tracy did multiple somersaults and dodged Klein's Air Bullets, leaving holes in the carpet.

As she rolled, her figure vanished from her enemy's sight.

A Demoness's invisibility... Klein bent his back slightly as he was on high guard. He then used his spiritual perception and his sense of danger as a Clown to seek out Tracy's location.

However, he was unable to find her in that short amount of time. Furthermore, his forehead was heating up and his lungs were burning. His throat hurt and itched. He nearly couldn't keep himself from coughing any longer.

No, I can't let this drag out any longer! Klein's thoughts raced as he suddenly laughed deeply. He then used a stiff male's voice and said, "Helene told me your secrets.

"She also told me all of her secrets..."

Before he finished his sentence, his spiritual perception was triggered. This was because he discovered an intense emotional fluctuation in a particular corner. The emotions of rage and hatred were impossible to hide from him.

Klein immediately turned around and looked over.

Instantly, layers of golden scales appeared on his left glove. His eyes were tainted with a pale gold color as his pupils turned vertical.

Silently, Tracy's figure was outlined as she wore a painful and

twisted expression.

Her extremely feminine raven-black curly hair grew uncontrollably as they spread in every direction.

Psychiatrist's Frenzy!

Tracy, whose emotions had been stirred, nearly broke down when faced with such an attack. She temporarily lost her reasoning.

Klein took the opportunity and snapped his fingers.

An Air Bullet crossed the distance between them, heading straight for Tracy's face that remained beautiful despite the twisted expression.

Suddenly, a wisp of thick, raven-black hair swept over, changing the trajectory of the Air Bullet. It struck Tracy in the left shoulder, causing her clothes to tear and blood to spurt. Even her bones were exposed.

"Ah!"

Tracy let out a shrill cry as immense amounts of black flames spewed out of her body and enveloped her.

Following that, thick ice crystals formed outside the black flames.

Beyond it, raven-black curly hair that frantically grew wrapped

Tracy, the black flames, and the ice in thick layers. It seemed to form a gigantic cocoon made of human hair.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Klein's Air Bullets shot out one after another, but they only penetrated the black hair and got stuck in the ice.

He paused and made his left glove emit the brilliance of the sun.

At that moment, his throat itched. Unable to control himself any further, he began coughing violently. He failed to produce the attacks he was preparing to deliver.

Inside the black-haired cocoon, Tracy had recovered her senses. She raised her voice and shouted sharply, "Enemy assault!

"Enemy assault!"

At that instant, Klein paused for a second. In his moment of adrift thoughts, he felt as though he had returned to Backlund, returning to the first time he encountered the Devil dog. He knew he wasn't its match and could only shout "murder" and "save me," before successfully escaping from the danger.

At that moment in time, Tracy's cries had the same effect.

Even if there weren't a dozen Beyonders on the Black Death, the number was close to that. Furthermore, there were relatively many Beyonders of relatively high Sequences.

Indeed, killing a pirate admiral in a short period of time is too difficult, even if it's an assassination... Klein coughed twice and snapped his fingers. He stopped attacking and hesitating. He turned and ran for the window in the captain's cabin.

The last thing he noticed was the diamond-inlaid bangle, but he didn't dare to retrieve it.

Firstly, he was afraid that the severe negative effects would affect his escape, and secondly, he was afraid that Tracy would be able to lead a bunch of Beyonders to pursue him with the help of the item's location after she recovered. A pursuit at sea would then unfold.

I can't be greedy! Klein turned his head and smashed through the window and fell onto the deck.

Two pirates happened to come over as they thrust their cutlasses forward.

Oof! Oof!

Their cutlasses pierced through a paper figurine.

Klein's figure instantly appeared behind one of the pirates, as he extended his left hand, opening up a ferocious and creepy mouth on his palm.

Creeping Hunger bit down on its "food" while Klein lifted the pirate up before other Beyonders rushed over. He took wide steps and ran to the shipboard. Under gunfire, he plunged into the dark sea under the night sky.

Chapter 583: Contingency Plan

The ice-cold water instantly inundated Klein, drenching his golden-red dress and making him sink like a rock.

At the same time, Creeping Hunger had already finished eating the pirate, lightening his load.

Klein didn't attempt to float up and had instead continued sinking downwards. He could faintly hear splashing sounds across the distant waves. Apparently, pirates from the Sailor pathway had engaged in pursuit.

This was their home ground!

They could act like fish in such environments for a very long period of time!

Klein wasn't alarmed. As a Magician who never performed unprepared, he had obviously thought of his escape plans if he met with failure. After all, there was nothing guaranteed about such matters.

To do his best acting as Helene and not be discovered by Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy, he had not only left the other mystical items and cash above the gray fog, but he had even done so for the charms that came under the water and wind domain that he recently made. However, this didn't affect him. As a god, a Blessed, and a believer trinity, he had many miraculous methods to deal with the corresponding situation.

He quickly made Creeping Hunger turn pale and be dyed in a

gloomy green. The surrounding seawater froze, forming layers of frost.

Before the frost completely turned into ice, Klein spread his wing muscles and spread out his arms. With the strength of a Zombie, he shattered the frost, sending them slightly further away.

This way, he temporarily produced a narrow space that didn't have any seawater around him.

The water instantly surged backwards to fill the space. Klein extended his left palm and released the terrifying cold and spread it out, creating layers of ice walls.

For a brief moment, he seemed to be encased in an ice prison. He could stand in it and produce sound, but he was only limited to that tiny space.

Klein immediately took tiny steps in a counterclockwise fashion while murmuring "The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings," before rapidly letting his Spirit Body go above the gray fog.

Just as his body appeared at The Fool's high-back chair, he immediately picked up the Sea God Scepter which he had placed on the table.

Without needing to identify anything, he selected the point of light representing Gehrman Sparrow who had recently been promoted to a believer of Sea God. Through a previously established connection, he raised the short milky-white scepter and made the blue "gems" on it emit a blurry luster.

He replied to his “believer” and augmented himself with all sorts of spells, including but not limited to underwater breathing, freedom of movement, and pressure resistance.

Finally, he used a paper angel to interfere with any divination. He then ordered the nearby undersea creatures to help protect Gehrman Sparrow’s escape.

After doing all of this, Klein didn’t delay and had immediately returned to the real world and gained control of his body.

At that moment, the seawater’s pressure had crushed the constantly melting ice wall and had retaken that “independent” space.

However, Klein could already breathe easily and swim rapidly.

Through the rippling but crystalline water, he saw fishes swimming towards him. A dark shadow rose up from beneath his feet as an unknown behemoth rapidly rose.

It was a strange brownish-red creature that looked like a squid. It was so massive that its tentacles were enough to bind an entire ship.

It spewed black ink and instantly dyed the surrounding sea black. The few Sailor pathway Beyonders who were pursuing Klein instantly saw black as their bodies turned numb.

Unclear of what was happening, they immediately floated to the surface and dealt with the abnormalities in their bodies.

By the time they dived down again to find the enemy, they had already lost track of Klein.

At this moment, Klein was swimming at the bottom of the sea with great satisfaction; he even had the time to divert his attention to recall his failed operation and reflect on what he had done.

I had sufficient preparations to act as Helene. Even Tracy, who had shared numerous nights with her on the same bed, couldn't instantly see through me. It accelerated the digestion of the potion.

During this process, I still had to overcome my aversion and find a way to both get into character and be detached. This was extremely helpful to the digestion of the potion.

I basically did the best I could for the battle. It can be considered a prepared performance, but I underestimated the strength of a Sequence 5 Demoness of Affliction and the experience of someone who inched her way to becoming Vice Admiral Ailment. Even though she lost her mystical item in the beginning, just my present strength and my mystical item weren't enough to kill her quickly, unless I had used the Sea God Scepter... But this is around the Rorsted Archipelago.

Through today's battle, I can clearly tell that I lack a mystical item with powerful offensive abilities...

Facing the reality of a failed mission, Klein was no doubt somewhat disappointed. However, he wasn't depressed, because this wasn't the end of this matter. He planned on writing to Mr. Azik to see if he was interested in the ancient chronicles related to Death and if he had the time to pay a visit.

Before Klein left the captain's cabin, he had snapped his fingers to ignite the male clothing he had left in the changing room, as well as any hair or skin he had left behind. This was to make it seem like he didn't wish to leave any traces, but it was in fact a form of concealment and deceit.

What he was concealing was the hair and button he had secretly thrown into a particular room without anyone noticing after he entered the cabin.

Having wiped away any traces of himself, Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy would mistakenly believe that the assassin was afraid of exposing himself because of the fear of suffering a remote curse. Then, it would be difficult for her to seriously get the pirates to check for any remnant items.

With the hair and button, Klein could use divination to lock onto the location of the Black Death up to a certain amount of time. This way, as long as Mr. Azik was willing, he could bring him to Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy.

Sigh, I originally thought I wouldn't need Mr. Azik's help. I thought I could succeed just by myself, alone. Ultimately, I fell just short... Klein sighed and felt a blow to his self-esteem.

This was one of the reasons why he didn't seek Mr. Azik's help in the beginning. The other reason was that he wasn't certain that Tracy was in possession of the ancient chronicles related to Death. If she really didn't have it, it would be rather awkward to have Mr. Azik make a trip for nothing. Furthermore, he was worried that even with Mr. Azik's help, that he would still need to act as Helene to find the Black Death and Tracy. He still needed to wear her clothes and use himself as bait.

That would be too embarrassing to do it in front of someone he knew!

In fact, if it wasn't to obtain intelligence and solely to eliminate Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy, it would've been a lot simpler. Once I swim back to Bayam and go above the gray fog, I simply need to lock onto their location and use the Sea God Scepter to create a storm…

This isn't to say that a huge area-of-attack blast will definitely kill Tracy on the spot, but it will attract Sea King Jahn Kottman's attention. When the time comes, the Black Death's location would be exposed to the Church of Storms… Sea King will happily take down Ailment Maiden…

Klein shook his head with self-deprecating mockery. With his Seer's spiritual intuition guiding him, he rapidly swam towards the shore.

…

On the Black Death, Tracy removed her layers of defense and walked to the diamond-inlaid bangle, in her damaged, blood-stained clothes. She bent down to pick it up.

What a cautious attacker. I might not even be comparable to her back when I was an assassin… No, him… Tracy suddenly clenched her teeth.

This wasn't because she nearly died at his hands, but because he had sensed that the man had done something to Helene.

According to the way Emperor Roselle put it, she suspected that there was something green [1] growing on her head.

"Helene, are you really that cold and heartless? No, perhaps she

was forced." Tracy turned her head to look at the nasty wound on her left shoulder as she felt the heart-wrenching pain.

If not for the strengthening of her physique brought about by the Assassin and Instigator Sequence, with a significant enhancement in subsequent Sequences, just that one blow alone could've made her lose her entire arm. She would be like those pirates who had their arms blown off by rifles.

As the blood flowed and stained her vision red, Tracy got the blonde female attendant to enter and use her abilities to help her deal with her injuries while instructing the surrounding pirates who had their eyes fixated on her to search for any items the attacker had left behind.

Unfortunately, the pirates informed her that all of his clothes had been automatically destroyed.

This made Tracy recall the snap the enemy had made before he left. She sighed once again.

"How careful.

"Furthermore, he's not one bit greedy. If he had taken the bangle, then I wouldn't need to worry about not catching up to him."

Tracy waved her hand, motioning for most of the pirates to leave, leaving behind Wormtongue Mithor King and a few high-ranking members of the crew.

"Third Mate, go to Bayam again. Perform a thorough investigation to figure out where the Resistance found that Helene," Tracy ordered in a solemn voice.

With great difficulty, Mithor retracted his gaze from his captain's chest.

"Alright!"

Tracy thought for a moment and added, "Spread this matter. Say that I'm seriously injured and will not be able to recover anytime soon.

"Also, First Mate, immediately set sail. Don't stay here any longer."

As she issued orders, silence was quickly restored around Tracy.

Only at this point did she have the time to figure out which faction the attacker came from, why he would attack her, and what motives he had...

Unfortunately, the more Tracy thought, the more puzzled she became. She had no idea what the truth was. Although she had many enemies, none of them possessed similar powers.

Finally, she found a clue as she muttered to herself, "Creeping Hunger?"

...

In the middle of the night, in a private harbor on Blue Mountain Island.

Standing by the receding and advancing waves was a female

figure. She was none other than Klein, who was still disguised as Helene.

He circled under the water and quickly came onto shore. He infiltrated the house of a nearby fisherman and got some tattered clothes to change into before changing back into Gehrman Sparrow.

Leaving behind the rather expensive dress as compensation, Klein rapidly left the private harbor and returned to the City of Generosity, Bayam, before daybreak.

He wasn't in a rush to meet up with Danitz. Instead, he found a random motel to stay in. He used a ritual and brought back Azik's copper whistle, other mystical items, and cash back to the real world.

After confirming that he could divine the location of the Black Death, he blew the copper whistle.

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1. A Chinese saying of being cuckolded, wearing a green hat.

Chapter 584: Scapegoat

After lowering the copper whistle, Klein had already activated his Spirit Vision.

He saw illusory white bones being weakly thrown up from the ground as they slowly formed a gigantic figure. If the past scenes were like a fountain in a fantasy setting, then this was more like the flow from an ordinary reversed tap.

The corners of Klein's mouth moved indiscernibly as he pretended as though he hadn't noticed anything amiss.

After a few seconds, the skeleton messenger finally took form. Its nearly four meters body tore through the ceiling once again as the pitch-black flames in its eye sockets burned silently.

Klein folded the letter he had finished writing and threw it up.

He described in detail the tycoon, Jimmy Necker, in the letter. He mentioned the connections between the Death chronicles found in the Southern Continent's Balam Empire's mausoleum, as well as the connection the item had with Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos and Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy. He also mentioned how he had successfully sneaked in, and although his assassination had failed, he had left behind something that could be used to determine the location of the Black Death.

Of course, he didn't go into detail how he sneaked in. He had only roughly recounted Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy's combat techniques and style.

After the messenger caught the letter with a swipe that could send an adult human flying, Klein coughed and cleared his throat.

"I already have a messenger."

The pitch-black flames in the skeleton messenger's sockets clearly flickered before its body collapsed like a waterfall before drilling into the parquet.

You don't have to be afraid of becoming my messenger anymore, right? Am I that detestable to your kind? Yes... These messengers from the Underworld probably can't bear to leave Mr. Azik. After all, that's a direct descendant of Death. There might not even be any skip in the generational line. You want to cozy up with someone powerful. I get it! Klein was just about to pack up and check out when his nose itched suddenly and sneezed.

Achoo! Achoo! Cough! Cough! Cough!

Mucus flowed out as he coughed. His forehead slowly but decisively began burning with heat.

Oh no. Vice Admiral Ailment's ailment is still lingering in my body. And I confronted a 10°C cold wind in order to return to Bayam. I really fell ill as a result... Klein used inferior tissue paper to wipe his mucus, contemplating whether to summon himself and act using a Spirit Body state, so that his physical body could heal by itself.

After serious consideration, he believed that it was impossible. Firstly, his physical condition would clearly affect his Spirit Body's condition. The two were closely related in some magical manner. Secondly, if he ignored it, his physical condition would definitely worsen.

I'm becoming a little dazed from the fever... Klein touched his forehead and prepared to return to the Wind of Azure Inn to meet up with Danitz. Then, he had to consider if he should head to a hospital or clinic to buy some medicine.

...

In the Berg household in the City of Silver.

Derrick finally obtained the Radiance Spirit Pact Tree fruit from Ma'am Hermit, and he successfully concocted the Solar High Priest potion.

It was golden in color and had a scorching hot temperature. When Derrick drank it, he felt the burning sensation in his throat.

His eyes lit up suddenly as they grew brighter like there were two miniature suns hidden in them.

His body radiated concentric ripples of pure light as his exposed skin protruded to form black patterns that were visible to the naked eye.

At the same time, his body hair grew longer, as though they were changing into feathers that were swirling with golden flames.

Derrick knew that there would be similar changes when consuming a potion at Sequence 7. He didn't panic or become flustered. He clenched his teeth and repeatedly recalled that pain of him personally killing his parents and the hope that arose from the depths of his heart after meeting Mr. Fool. Despite

being on the brink of losing control, he managed to persevere through it.

After a while, everything abnormal about him was restored back to normal. However, the air he exhaled was mixed with the warmth of the sun.

He felt that his body had become stronger again, and he had some considerable resistance against ailments and treacherous environments.

However, that wasn't the main point. Derrick liked the various theurgical knowledge that appeared in his mind.

They included Fire of Light, Horror Immunity, Holy Oath, Cleave of Purification, Sun Halo, Holy Light Summoning, Holy Water Creation, etc.

Derrick paced around in delight as he felt that the related theurgical spells he had were very suitable for him in dealing with the evil monsters that hid in the dark.

He didn't hide the news and immediately ran to the twin towers and recorded the information of his advancement.

This way, after a preliminary inspection, he would have the qualifications to helm a small patrolling team as its captain. He could come into contact with more of the City of Silver's information.

This includes the method to removing the mental corruption of a Beyonder characteristic, which Mr. World wants... While Derrick was answering the registration clerk's various questions, he

couldn't help but recall the promise that he hadn't been able to fulfill all this time.

Owing something to others often left him uneasy and uncomfortable. And now, he could finally see the light that could restore his calm.

...

In the Amyris Leaf Bar, Wormtongue Mithor King was holding a cup of red wine. He sat across from the elderly Strongman Ozil, crossed his right leg, and leisurely asked, "Did you figure out anything specific?"

He had been instructed by his captain, Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy, to return to Bayam and investigate the fake Helene. For this, he found Ozil who had originally issued the mission. He couldn't directly seek out the Resistance, because there was a small chance that they were cooperating with the fake Helene. To question them in person was no different from directly bringing his head to the governor-general's office in exchange for the bounty reward.

Ozil pulled a chair and sat down.

"They didn't hide anything, but I can't be sure if they're speaking the truth or not. As you know, I prefer using fists rather than brains.

"They said that Helene was brought over by Blazing Danitz. He represented Vice Admiral Iceberg and hoped to establish a cooperative relationship with the Resistance. They wanted to provide a certain amount of help, and Helene was a way to express their goodwill."

“Blazing Danitz? Vice Admiral Iceberg…” Mithor ruminated over the two names as his expression slowly turned solemn.

He leaned back into his chair as he knitted his brows bit by bit.

As one of Vice Admiral Hurricane’s former captains, he was now the third mate of Vice Admiral Ailment’s flagship. He was no stranger to the other pirate admirals, and he knew that Vice Admiral Iceberg was powerful and had a rich collection. With just one ship and a few subordinates, she was able to resist the other pirate admirals. In terms of strength, she was a little stronger than two of his bosses. More pertinently, Vice Admiral Iceberg seldom involved herself in the conflict between pirates. She sought information and explored the unknown to seek out treasure. She was more like an adventurer than a pirate.

Why would she suddenly want to assassinate Captain? This doesn’t suit her character… She previously suffered a setback because of Admiral of Blood’s rumors. She should be focusing on seeking revenge on him… Mithor took a sip of red wine as he rubbed his forehead with his other hand.

He temporarily stopped thinking about Vice Admiral Iceberg, and he placed his attention on Blazing Danitz.

As he carefully recalled, his pupils suddenly shrank. He discovered that there were some recent problems regarding this fourth boatswain of the Golden Dream he was familiar with.

He laid a trap and killed Steel Maveti, Blood Brambles Hendry, and Calm Squall. His bounty was raised to 4,200 pounds, and in a short period of time, he got embroiled in some matter, causing his bounty to rise again, reaching 5,500 pounds. This has already exceeded my bounty… Mithor thought to himself silently as Blazing Danitz’s figure surfaced before him. He found him mysterious and terrifying.

He advanced? Or did he receive some great benefits because of something? Mithor leaned forward and put down the cup.

He whispered seriously, “I originally treated his bounty increase as a joke.

“But reality has informed me that Blazing Danitz is a great pirate worthy of a 5,500-pound bounty!”

Mithor looked up and said to Strongman Ozil, “Help me seek out intel on Blazing. The recent ones!”

…

In the luxurious suite in the Wind of Azure Inn.

When Danitz opened the door and saw Gehrman Sparrow, he glanced around warily before making way.

“How was it? Did the hunt succeed?” he asked in excitement and curiosity after closing the door.

Vice Admiral Ailment is a famous beauty. Back when I saw her, she was even more charming than I imagined. What a pity if she were to just die like that. She should be locked up forever without parole… Pui! How can she be prettier than Captain? Those with looks like her are plenty in the Red Theater! Contradictory thoughts ran through Danitz’s head.

Klein clenched his fist and placed it to his mouth before coughing violently.

After calming down, he answered coldly, “Almost.”

“What a pity…” Danitz sighed.

But deep down, he was thinking, *This madman, Gehrman Sparrow, is really strong!*

He infiltrated the Black Death to assassinate Vice Admiral Ailment but was only just fell short of success. Even though he failed, he successfully returned almost without any injuries!

One had to know that the reason why every pirate admiral was famous throughout the Five Seas, being second only to the Four Kings, wasn’t only because they themselves were strong; it was also because they represented a crew, a force to be reckoned with. They had many Beyonders under them. To be able to escape from the Black Death after a failed assassination had indicated that Gehrman Sparrow was in no way weaker than any pirate admiral!

Is Creeping Hunger really that powerful? No, even if I were in his shoes and had Creeping Hunger, I wouldn’t be able to go that far… Danitz was increasingly convinced that his choice of not resisting during his first encounter with Gehrman Sparrow was extremely wise.

Klein coughed twice again and prepared to instruct Danitz to buy some medicine for him from the hospital.

He then recalled that the cause of his illness was complicated. The medicine provided to him without a doctor’s careful examination might not be effective. Even the many medicines that Emperor Roselle had previously invented were the same.

If it wasn't because it's impossible to use the gray fog to establish a remote treating system, I really wish that I could consult Emlyn White to make me some medicine... Klein went to the washroom to wash up and change into his original clothes and burn the clothes he obtained from the fisherman.

Upon seeing him come out, Danitz went over with a paper bag and said in a sycophantic manner, "This is the 700 pounds they gave."

At this point, he and Klein heard someone knock on the door. It was Captain Elland.

When the captain rushed into the room, he gave Gehrman Sparrow a deep look and suppressed his voice.

"I planned on returning to Pritz Harbor, but I received a piece of intel.

"Something huge seemed to have happened at Bansy Harbor."

Chapter 585: Buying Medicine

The Church of Storms has finally taken action on Bansy Harbor? Klein clenched his fist and placed it to his mouth before coughing. He asked calmly without any qualms, "What happened?"

Elland didn't notice any abnormal reaction from Gehrman Sparrow. He retracted his gaze and surveyed the area.

"I don't know what exactly happened. I only know that it might've involved the upper echelons of the Church of Storms.

"And for a period of time before that, all routes that lead to Bansy Harbor were canceled. This might've been a so-called omen."

Involved the upper echelons of the Church of Storms? No, it should be the most elite forces. I suspect that the pontiff of the Church of Storms, that Grounded Angel, had personally taken action. He might've even used a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. After all, he might be facing a King of Angels, one that's even older than the Fourth Epoch, as well as "His" descendants... Klein nodded and calmly asked, "What's the outcome?"

He wasn't the least bit surprised that the Church of Storms had only taken action on Bansy Harbor in the past few days. Even though the Mandated Punishers were known for being rash and irascible, there was still a protocol that needed to be followed for serious matters like this. For example, they needed to make a confirmation, evacuate a portion of innocent residents, or seal off the surrounding sea. All of this needed time.

Elland was unable to read Gehrman Sparrow's true emotions as

he sighed with a smile.

"There won't be a Bansy Harbor for a very long period of time."

...As expected of the Church of Storms... Klein secretly clicked his tongue, feeling even more curious about the detailed process.

He wanted to know whether Red Angel Medici had appeared, and if "He" really was sleeping near Bansy Harbor. He wanted to know if "He" had been wiped out by the Church of Storms and wished to know what happened to the natives in Bansy Harbor. He wanted to know what it meant for them to speak in such a staccato manner, and he wished to know what secrets were hidden in the Green Lemon Restaurant and the telegraph office.

Unfortunately, with Bansy Harbor's destruction, it was difficult for him to obtain any actual answers.

Perhaps the internal record of the Church of Storms would mention them, but Klein had no way of getting them. With The Hanged Man's rank, there was no way he could gain access to such confidential information.

I'll have to nurture Mr. Hanged Man into a High-Sequence demigod before I can know the answers to my questions... Klein sighed silently and said without a change in expression, "That place is indeed very dangerous..."

Before he finished his sentence, his throat itched as he coughed violently.

"You fell ill?" Elland asked, puzzled.

He originally imagined that Gehrman Sparrow was like him, a Beyonder whose physique had been considerably enhanced. It was unlikely for Beyonders like them to fall ill before they grew weak from age. But from the looks of it, his previous guess might've been wrong.

Klein answered tersely without giving an explanation.

A question of no value or meaning... It would be odd if he isn't ill after an intense battle with Ailment Maiden... Danitz grumbled in contempt from the side.

Elland chuckled and said, "I can recommend you an Apothecary that's better than a hospital or clinic.

"That's his Beyonder job. He has a tiny herb store in the alley diagonally across Red Theater. Heh, he's known for selling male enhancements, but that's not what he's best at."

Does every Apothecary develop such medicine? That's right. It's absolutely one of the most profitable medicine based businesses. It's only odd not to do it if they're capable of doing it... Klein nodded slightly in response.

"Why haven't I heard of him?" Danitz asked, surprised.

"He only came to Bayam in the past few months. When was your last visit here in the City of Generosity?" Elland asked with a chuckle.

When I took your crappy boat... Danitz answered silently in his mind.

He carefully recalled and discovered that in the past few months, apart from this period of time, he had passed by Bayam once during the early days of his vacation. At other times, he was drifting out at sea in search of treasure. Otherwise, he was at other places or harbors enjoying himself, so it was true that he wasn't aware of any minor changes in the City of Generosity.

"I've already spent quite a few days in Bayam. I've been to the Red Theater several times, but I've not heard anything about this Apothecary! This can only serve to imply that his male enhancement medicines are limited in effect!" Danitz bragged as he said stubbornly.

Elland smiled and didn't debate with the great pirate. Instead, he said to Gehrman Sparrow, "If it's only an ordinary ailment, the Apothecary will only charge a slight premium.

"And for you, it doesn't matter if it's expensive. What's most important is to recover your health as quickly as possible. No adventurer wishes to stay in a sick state. This implies danger and that you might become the target of someone else. It implies the increased risk of losing control."

Indeed, maintaining a good state is a rather important matter for Beyonders. However, the price is still very important, alright? If that Apothecary were to charge 1,000 pounds, then I might as well buy medicine from the hospital. Or I can describe the situation of my illness and get that vampire, Emlyn White, to make me some medicine! Although I already have 6,000 pounds in savings and have several Beyonder characteristics, I still need to consider it. I still want to add a mystical item with lethal offensive power and seek out clues to the High-Sequence potion formula... Klein mumbled inwardly.

High-Sequence potion formulas were impossible to put a price on in this mysterious world. Therefore, Klein only thought of buying the relevant clues.

After Elland left, Klein took the 700 pounds and gave Danitz 200 pounds.

Wearing his hat and holding his cane, he coughed and wiped his snot before stepping out the door in preparation to take a carriage to the vicinity of the Red Theater.

Danitz was very curious about the Apothecary's medicine. He pasted two mustaches on his face, wore a cap, and followed. With Klein's guidance, he already knew that using a scarf to hide his face was an act that strongly attracted attention in Bayam. He took his advice to buy some fake mustaches.

...

In the alley diagonally across the Red Theater, the moment Klein entered, he saw a man furtively come out of a nameless herb store. The moment the man saw someone, he hurriedly lowered his head and rushed off.

Don't worry. We won't be guessing what medicine you're buying... Klein coughed twice again, increased his pace, and walked into the dark herb store.

He scanned the area and was surprised because the boss was someone he knew.

The boss was wearing a black robe that resembled a village witch doctor. He was in his thirties, with black hair and brown eyes. His face was round and his body chubby. He was none other than the chubby Apothecary who often liked to use sarcasm at the gathering held by Old Mister Eye of Wisdom in Backlund. Klein had once recognized him at a circus.

He stopped showing up at Old Mister Eye of Wisdom's Beyonder gathering because he left Backlund… Klein coughed and took two steps forward.

"Make some medicine for me."

On the chubby Apothecary's shoulder stood a round-eyed owl. The man and the bird looked up at the same time at Klein.

After a brief examination, the chubby Apothecary revealed a warm smile.

"Friend, it's cold outside. Don't do those deeds out in the open, although it's true that it can be rather exciting."

What the hell… Klein was first stumped before he understood what he was getting at.

When batting Tracy, I was influenced by her Pleasure powers. Blood flowed down to my nether regions, and my desires undulated. This resulted in my body emptying out, making it faster and easier for the ailment to strike me. When escaping, the ice-cold sea was fine since I had theurgical spells protecting me. But the wind on the way back was rather cold. It worsened my sickness. In conclusion, doesn't this look like getting sick as a result of having pleasure out in the open? As expected of a Apothecary; he has sharp eyes… Klein maintained a composed expression and just looked at him without answering him. All he did was wait for him to concoct the medicine.

Danitz turned his head to look out the herb store as he held back his laughter with great difficulty.

*What dogsh*t Apothecary is this? He can't even distinguish the ailments released by Ailment Maiden!* he thought in glee.

When the chubby Apothecary didn't get a response, he dully opened some cabinets, took out some common or strange herbs and insect carapaces, stuffed them into a paper bag, and handed it over.

"Put it all in water and cook it for half an hour. Drink the liquid that's left over.

"4 soli."

It's a little expensive... Klein glanced at Danitz.

The latter immediately took out the money automatically.

As the chubby Apothecary collected the money, he bent his back and suppressed his voice to say with a chuckle, "I have medicine that can make you stand out in that area. The kind that has mummy powder added. Need it? I guarantee you that you'll be satisfied.

"I know you might be very strong, but men always seek to be stronger."

Firstly, I need to have a girlfriend... Klein coldly shook his head and rejected the chubby Apothecary's recommendation.

The chubby Apothecary straightened his back in disappointment.

He turned his gaze and sized up the two before asking, “Are the both of you adventurers?”

“Yes,” Klein answered simply.

The chubby Apothecary rubbed his hands and said, “I have a request, but you’ll only be paid after completing it.”

“How big is the reward?” Klein pinched his nose.

“100 pounds!” the chubby Apothecary shouted as his heart pained for the money. “Help me find someone. His name is Roy King. He’s my teacher. He got me to meet him here, but I haven’t seen him after waiting for months. And I have no way of contacting him.”

“Is there a portrait—Cough! Or a photograph?” Klein inquired.

The chubby Apothecary took out a photograph from a secret pouch by his waist and handed it over.

It was of a relatively young man. His hair was neatly combed back and he wore glasses. He appeared very gentlemanly.

“Your teacher?” Klein asked.

I might believe it if you’re the teacher…

The chubby Apothecary coughed dryly and said, “He’s at least sixty, but he looks young.”

A Beyonder power or a mystical item? Klein nodded in thought and began asking about the specifics.

After confirming that there weren't any items he could use to divine, he took the paper bag and left the store.

After he disappeared from the alley, the owl standing on the chubby Apothecary's shoulder suddenly said, "Darkwill, that guy might know you."

Chapter 586: Farewell and Reunion

“What? He knows me?” the chubby Apothecary, Darkwill, was alarmed as he whispered back.

The owl’s round eyes looked ahead and said, “I noticed that he clearly paused for two seconds the moment he saw you when he came in.”

“Perhaps he thinks someone like me doesn’t match his image of an Apothecary?” the chubby Apothecary retorted.

The owl spread its wings and landed.

“Suit yourself if you wish to think so.”

“...What books have you been reading recently?” The fat on the chubby Apothecary’s face trembled.

The owl replied sternly and seriously, “My reading is based on your knowledge standards such as those involving soccer.

“Unfortunately, the words you grasp and can teach me are limited. I have no choice but to read popular novels that have a lower requirement on one’s vocabulary.

“Besides, they’re all serialized on the newspaper.”

Darkwill chuckled.

“I’ll buy a recipe cookbook later. It’s called Guide to East Balam Bird Culinary Methods.”

Without waiting for the owl to answer, his expression sank and he muttered to himself, “He knows me? He looks like the standard Loenese man. More than half his blood is at least Loen.

“I used a fake name to stay in a few cities in Loen. It’s not odd to be recognized by him. But I still need to be on guard. If I don’t receive any news about Old Man before March, then I have to leave this place…”

Having said that, he turned his head to look at the owl who was perched on his shoulder.

“At times, you’re still rather useful.”

“No, your eyes and your body language tells me that your real thoughts are ‘darn it. I wanted to buy a pet that can help me beat monsters and gangsters. I sought out Beyonder ingredients of a potion recipe according to the standards of a dragon, but I ended up getting a silly bird who only knows how to read newspapers and plays. Darn it. I want to stuff another potion down its throat!’” the owl repeated like a parrot by mimicking the chubby Apothecary’s tone.

Darkwill’s expression stiffened for a few seconds before he chuckled.

“It’s good that you know this, silly bird!

“If I didn’t have the powers of a Beast Tamer, you wouldn’t have even managed a single potion!”

Inside the herb store, the man and bird fell into silence.

After a while, the owl pretended as though nothing had happened as it asked, “Darkwill, is it really going to work? You’ve already entrusted this to dozens of adventurers.”

“I’m not good at finding people, so I can only entrust it to someone else. Besides, they have to find and confirm Old Man’s location before I make a payment. I don’t even need to spend a single penny!” the chubby Apothecary tsked as he said before he sighed. “Old Man always calls himself a lucky person and a winner of fate. He should be fine…”

…

“Will the medicine brewed from this really be effective?” While returning to the Wind of Azure Inn via carriage, Danitz looked at the paper bag beside Klein.

The things inside were black herbs, strangely-shaped insect carapaces, and weirdly-colored flowers. It didn’t seem like anything reliable.

Klein nodded.

“Yes.”

“You haven’t drunk it…” Danitz subconsciously retorted.

I trust him. Although his mouth stinks and is rather vile, he has a rather kind heart… Besides, Captain Elland believes that his medicine is sufficiently effective… As Gehrman Sparrow, Klein

didn't respond to Danitz's doubts. He directly picked up the paper bag and threw it over.

Without needing any spoken words, Danitz knew what he meant. He was in charge of brewing the medicine.

Furthermore, he was accustomed to doing similar matters recently, so he didn't have any urges to resist.

After returning to the Wind of Azure Inn, Klein got a chair to sit in while he watched Danitz light up the fireplace and prop up a pot. He then added water and the herbs into it.

Leaning back, Klein felt his head feel groggy. He was very exhausted and felt like he could fall asleep at any moment.

In order to wait for the medicine to finish brewing and for him to quickly resolve his illness, he forced himself to consider various problems to combat the fatigue.

On careful consideration, during the battle with Vice Admiral Ailment, if I hadn't succeeded in sneaking in an attack on her and suppressing her from the very beginning, preventing her from getting into her rhythm until she eventually found a chance to force open a gap between us by turning invisible, then I might've not been her match.

The two powers of invisibility and ailments are really like a bug in a game. Matched with an Assassin's lethal strike, and the interference of pleasure, it really makes one unable to find and hit her or escape. One can only watch their body gradually weaken and become inflicted with all sorts of ailments. One can even get mesmerized and give up resisting...

On the one hand, it's because every Sequence 5 is very powerful. As expected of the Sequence just before a demigod. On the other hand, it's because Creeping Hunger's various powers aren't a good match. It cannot be considered to be multifaceted without any weaknesses.

Yes. The powers of a Sequence 5 Marionettist of the Seer pathway is highly effective against invisibility...

I can try to help the chubby Apothecary find his teacher in the meantime, but without any information, with just a picture, I can only try my luck. I'll have to see when I can directly find a clue. After all, I'm not a god, and I can't find people remotely...

Wait, in a certain way, I am a god!

I can get Sea God believers to help find him. As long as that old gentleman named Roy King once visited Bayam, he would've definitely encountered others and be seen by them. Most native residents secretly believe in Sea God... This is what it means by a sea of people...

Also, before Captain Elland leaves Bayam, I should get him to introduce me to a point of contact for the military. In the future, I can get him to reimburse me for any intel. They can also check if there were any travelers named Roy King, who registered on any liners in recent months.

There's another method. I've placed the radio transceiver above the gray fog for some time. I should be able to contact the magic mirror, Arrodes, if I take it down. I was originally planning on asking for Helene's location, but I no longer need to find the red-haired lady anymore. I can switch to Roy King.

Hehe, for a matter which many adventurers have no clue on how

to begin, I have three solutions!

...

Amidst his thoughts, Klein finally held on until the medicine was successfully brewed.

Looking at the bottle of blackish-green liquid that Danitz brought over, he hesitated for two seconds before extending his hand to receive it and placed it to his mouth.

Gulp!

Klein immediately felt his throat burn as his face flushed red.

This made him recall his attempt at eating crazy spicy food in his previous life.

Suddenly, his entire person awakened as his stuffy nose quickly cleared.

Gulp! Gulp... He barely finished drinking it and felt as though he had nearly recovered from his sickness.

By night time, he had fully recovered. He no longer showed any doubt towards an Apothecary's abilities.

No wonder the potion's name is Apothecary Klein wore his hat and left the inn with Danitz. Under the cloak of night, they left Bayam and came to a secret harbor hidden on the other end of the jungle.

Tonight, the Golden Dream was providing aid to the Resistance.

After some coordination and hassle, Danitz used the Soulfall Ritual to contact Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina.

After some time, the ship, that was often scrubbed clean and had a strange main cannon, docked by the private harbor. Its gigantic sails drew five types of gold coins. They were the gold pound of Loen, the gold hoorn of Feysac, the verl gold of Intis, the gold risot of Feynapotter, and the sassen gold of Lenburg.

This was the flag of the Golden Dream, it was also the symbol of this pirate crew.

It's still not professional enough. If it were me, I would add porter gold from Masin, złoty from Segar, motif gold coins from Balam Empire, etc... Klein stood by the side with his hands in his pocket as he watched Edwina Edwards appear at the bow.

At that moment, she was wearing a hunter's hat, a rider's shirt, and a black coat. She matched the image of a female pirate admiral in the minds of the Resistance.

She often dresses like she's a private tutor... Klein mumbled and took a few steps back, allowing Danitz to run around and busy himself.

This pirate worth 5,500 pounds did the liaison, sending a batch of food and fabric to Kalat and the Resistance before the transaction came to a close.

Danitz secretly inhaled and came to Klein's side and forced a smile.

“There’s nothing else, right?

“I can now return to the Golden Dream, right?

“Also, how do you plan on settling the hiring fee?”

That’s only an excuse your captain and I used. In a particular sense, this batch of food and fabric is my payment… Klein nodded.

“Your Captain has already paid.

“You can return.”

“For real?” Danitz found it unbelievable.

Although Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina wasn’t far behind him, he was still afraid that Gehrman Sparrow would suddenly have a crazy fit.

Klein didn’t reply and turned around, walking straight towards the path that led out of the private harbor.

Danitz exhaled silently and held back his excited feelings before briskly running back to the Golden Dream.

Only when the Golden Dream steered far away into the night, with the private harbor that belonged to the Resistance slowly shrinking in size, did he really believe that he was back on the Golden Dream.

At that instant, he felt that he had experienced just too many things over the past half a month or so. It was an unprecedented level of exhilaration, as though it was an interesting dream.

At this moment, a sailor came close and asked out of curiosity, “Boss, was Steel Maveti really killed by you?”

Danitz immediately laughed out loud and secretly stole a glance at Captain Edwina before saying to his subordinate, “I contributed greatly to this deed. Let’s talk over drinks!”

Above the dark sea, the Golden Dream drifted off into the distance.

…

After returning to the Wind of Azure Inn, Klein was just about to sleep when he saw the surrounding colors turn abnormally bright.

The white bedsheets turned whiter, and the brown floorboards turned more brownish-yellow. The dark red curtains appeared like fresh blood…

In the scene with all sorts of colors stacked upon each other, Azik Eggers suddenly walked out from a rippling aqueous void.

He was dressed in his usual shirt, bow tie, tailcoat, and a top hat. His skin was bronze in color, and he had soft facial features.

How enviable… I also wish to have such powers of traveling through the spirit world… Klein silently sighed as he smiled in

greeting while maintaining his appearance.

“Good evening, Mr. Azik.”

Azik took off his top hat and looked at the rather unfamiliar face. Without finding it strange, he chuckled.

“Apologies. I came in a hurry. I should’ve knocked on the door.

“What’s the exact situation with those Death chronicles?”

Klein invited him to have a seat. He then described in detail things he couldn’t explain in the letter. Towards the end, he mentioned in passing about the matter regarding Bansy Harbor, saying how it involved King of Angels Medici and “His” descendants.

Azik leaned back into the chair and said with a frown, “There’s such a name in my memories. ‘He’ should have the two titles of Red Angel and War Angel…

“However, ‘He’ had perished long ago.”

“Perished long ago?” Klein asked in surprise.

Azik nodded and thought over it.

“I remember that ‘He’ was killed by Blood Emperor Alista Tudor.”

Killed by Blood Emperor Alista Tudor? Klein's pupils shrank as he recalled the evil spirit that loitered in the underground ruins beneath Backlund.

It had claimed to be an innocent killed by the Blood Emperor!

Chapter 587: Confusing

Could it be that that evil spirit is Red Angel Medici, the King of Angels who once served that Creator and was one of the founders of Rose Redemption? Klein instantly generated such a thought and began utilizing backward inference to seek out any traces or clues.

The former holder of the Red Priest card was attracted to the underground palace because of a certain level of attraction and had died beside the Tudor descendants.

The evil spirit I saw in my dream could easily kill a powerful dragon back when it was alive.

It knows the potion formula of the Mutant pathway's Sequence 4 and even more.

It's very aware of matters regarding Rose Redemption.

The orthodox Churches that have existed ever since the Cataclysm don't know that the former Binsy and that the present Bansy has a descendant of the Medici family residing there, but the evil spirit was able to provide the corresponding information.

There's a very high chance of deriving this from the death of Red Angel Medici... And this King of Angels was actually killed by Blood Emperor Alista Tudor. Does this mean that the latter had already exceeded Sequence 1 and had reached the rank of true god as a Sequence 0 and could no longer be witnessed directly...

That evil spirit said so itself that in the late stages of the Fourth

Epoch, Solomon Empire's Black Emperor, Tudor Empire's Blood Emperor, and Trunsoest Empire's Night Emperor were fighting for the position of Sequence 0 until Alista Tudor went crazy... Does this mean that from that point onwards, Blood Emperor was a half-crazy true god?

Right, Mr. Azik mentioned in the letter that he lost his senses from merely being glanced at by Blood Emperor Alista Tudor. Back then, he was at least a Sequence 4 demigod. To have such might, it can only be explained that Blood Emperor was at the true god level...

Mr. Azik also described the revival of the true Black Emperor in his letter. He described "Him" as sitting on a gigantic throne as he overlooked the land... For the Black Emperor to revive and return, there is a high chance that he was a true god at the Sequence 0 rank... If that were the case, the War of the Four Emperors was of a higher order than I previously imagined. It's no longer a battle of three Sequence 1s fighting for the position of Sequence 0... Klein connected all the dots from the past, gaining a brand new understanding of Fourth Epoch history.

But as a result, many questions arose.

If that ancient evil spirit really is King of Angels Medici, then the underground palace might very well belong to Blood Emperor Alista Tudor. Then, why would there be two thrones of equal standing? Why would there be six humanoid statues of the true gods?

Why would the half-crazy Blood Emperor kill Red Angel Medici? After "He" became Sequence 0, which spot did he occupy? Firstly, Black Emperor can be eliminated... It can't be Red Priest, right? Red Angel Medici was killed for its Beyonder characteristic?

But Red Priest and Black Emperor do not seem like neighboring pathways that allow exchanging. I can basically confirm that the

former is paired with the Demoness pathway. Yes… Captain mentioned before that consuming the potions of other pathways might not mean death, but there's a high probability of going mad and obtaining warped but terrifying powers. This matches Blood Emperor's half-crazy trait!

In "His" final step, as there was no hope for Black Emperor and any neighboring pathways, "He" took the craziest choice and switched to another pathway that's completely unrelated, becoming half-crazy as the price?

But the same problem arises. Advancing to Red Priest requires King of Angels Medici to be killed, but before advancing, Alista Tudor wouldn't have been able to complete it by "Himself." Unless—"He" had more Sequence 1s helping him or other Sequence 0 true gods…

Upon realizing this, the statues in the underground palace suddenly flashed past Klein's mind.

The Evernight Goddess statue who used the moon as a pillow, the Earth Mother statue that hugged a baby in her bosom, the Lord of Storms statue that had lightning flashing behind him, the handsome Eternal Blazing Sun's statue, the tall and royal God of Combat statue, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom statue who wore a hood all cast ice-cold gazes at him from the darkness.

At that instant, Klein couldn't help but tremble.

However, he remembered that the six gods supported the Trunsoest Empire, not the Tudor Empire.

The history of the Fourth Epoch becomes more harrowing and confusing the more you delve into it… Klein sighed secretly.

“What are you thinking about?” Azik Eggers noticed his pause.

Klein said in passing, “I was only thinking that since Red Angel Medici had long perished at the hands of Alista Tudor, then who is the God of Weather who has a following in Bansy Harbor during the recent centuries?

“And what’s the reason for their odd behavior…”

With this in mind, Klein came to a pause. This was because the matter regarding Bansy Harbor was unlike what he imagined.

He originally believed that Red Angel Medici was asleep there, but to his surprise, ‘He’ had long perished.

In that case, the secrets underlying the Green Lemon Restaurant and the telegraph office became even more indecipherable. He had no way of deducing anything without any further information. The more he thought about it, the more horrified he became.

Could that evil spirit have expected such an outcome when “He” indicated Binsy Town? That might’ve been a required step for “Him” to escape the seal? Should I tell this matter to Mr. Azik and gain his opinion?

Yes, I’ll let Miss Magician, whose in Backlund, to monitor the area and see if there’s any abnormalities. If there’s none, it can wait till I return to Backlund and contact Miss Sharron. After seeking her opinion, I can inform Mr. Azik. After all, it’s a ruin we explored together. I have to respect her opinion. If there are any abnormalities, then the matter can only be expedited due to the seriousness of the issue… Klein quickly made a decision.

When Azik heard his question, he laughed.

“Don’t think about such matters. They’ve definitely been buried by the Church of Storms. To forcibly seek out the reasons will only bring about extreme danger. Even at the level of an angel, there’s still a chance of perishing.”

In the mysterious world, curiosity is often the leading cause of death… Klein recalled the matters he had experienced and heard of in the past.

He switched to saying, “Mr. Azik, I already have a messenger that I can call my own.”

“Much faster than I imagined,” Azik said with a smile.

Klein simply explained how he changed the incantation and how he completed the summoning and ended up encountering an oddity in the spirit world.

“When summoning spirit world creatures, there’s indeed a chance of such things happening when it’s not done by someone of the corresponding job. It requires repeated trial and error before obtaining the desired result. But repeated attempts make it easy to encounter danger. Even if you add descriptions like ‘friendly,’ it isn’t absolutely safe. The spirit world creature which is summoned might not have any malicious intent towards you and wouldn’t wish to harm you, but it doesn’t mean that its very existence won’t hurt you. Perhaps just the aura it has can reduce you to a pile of blood.” After Azik heard about the creature whose speed surpassed imagination, the being who was easily neglected, and the creature with extremely high survivability, he laughed and warned him. After that, he asked, “How did you succeed in the end?”

Klein said in embarrassment, “I changed the final sentence to ‘a unique being that is willing to be my messenger.’”

Azik was taken aback for a second as he curiously looked at Klein.

“...This description is too generic. Typically, it wouldn’t succeed.”

“Perhaps I was rather lucky...” Klein cautiously described his messenger’s appearance and even hid the matter of her request for a gold coin.

Azik thought over it carefully and said, “I do not have an impression of this spirit world creature, but since you’ve already signed a contract and have had it witnessed by the Underworld, she likely wouldn’t cause you any harm. However, before you fully understand her, try not to get her to do anything apart from sending letters.”

“...Alright.” Klein originally wanted to say that he had nothing he needed her for other than sending letters when he recalled his battle with Mr. A.

The room fell into a brief moment of silence before Klein pulled the conversation back on track.

“Mr. Azik, when can we head for the Black Death?”

The longer the delay, the higher the chances of whatever he left on the Black Death to be cleaned up during the daily cleaning jobs.

“Now.” Azik stood up and put on his hat.

Klein was dressed properly, and just as he was trying to find an excuse to head to the washroom to divine if there would be any danger taking action tonight, Azik grabbed his shoulder and pulled him into the spirit world.

Amidst the stacked colors and nearly formless figures, he heard Mr. Azik say, “Let’s begin.”

That direct? Don’t you need to confirm things? Perhaps a big shot has his own way of determining the level of danger… Klein silently mumbled and held up his cane and began divining the location of the items he left behind.

The cane flew automatically as it tumbled ahead.

Azik followed closely behind with Klein in tow as they smoothly passed through the spirit world.

Before long, the black hardwood cane paused with thick black and stacked shadows ahead of it.

Through this abstract scene, Klein could vaguely identify it as something resembling the Black Death.

At this moment, Azik’s body came to a pause as he solemnly said, “The spirits here tell me that there is danger.”

There is danger? Something that can make even Mr. Azik find it dangerous? Vice Admiral Ailment got help? A high-ranking member of the Demoness Sect? Klein frowned suddenly.

He fully believed the judgment of the big shot, since Sequence 7 of the Death pathway was Spirit Medium. After advancing to the realm of demigod, being able to notice this was considered very normal.

Azik half-closed his eyes for two seconds before opening them.

“But the problem isn’t serious. Let’s enter.”

Problem isn’t serious... That’s probably the case when it’s directed at you... The corners of Klein’s mouth twitched as he decided to change his looks.

This way, even if he was no match and had to flee pathetically, he didn’t have to be afraid of someone coming to knock on his door!

In an instant, Klein possess a distinctive broad chin and cold blackish-green eyes. His hair turned brown and was tied into a bun at the back of his head like an ancient warrior.

He had disguised himself as the former owner of Creeping Hunger, Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos!

Azik gave him a glance as the surroundings suddenly seemed to plummet as all sorts of bright colors flew by.

In a blink of an eye, Klein found himself in Ailment Maiden Tracy’s captain’s cabin again.

This gallant and brilliant female pirate was wearing a different white shirt. On her left shoulder was a clear bandage while her

black hair was coiled up instead of cascading down amorously.

Faced with this sudden visitor, she didn't show any panic but smiled.

At this moment, a gentle female's voice from a difficult to identify location sounded.

"It's you?"

Chapter 588: Old Acquaintance

"It's you?"

Upon hearing this surprised and curious female voice, Klein jumped in fright, imagining that he had been recognized by someone.

He immediately composed himself because he had already changed his appearance to that of the deceased Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos. And inside Qilangos was the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sherlock. And inside Gehrman Sparrow was the identity of the great detective, Sherlock Moriarty. And inside Sherlock Moriarty was the identity of Klein Moretti.

This wasn't the end. Deep within Klein Moretti was Mr. Fool as well as Zhou Mingrui.

There's no reason that she can directly see my true essence. Besides, how can she know of a trivial character like Klein Moretti... Even Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos wouldn't have left the Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy's helper surprised! To be specially invited by a Sequence 5 pirate admiral to protect herself and deal with her enemy, the person must be at least a Sequence 4 demigod...

Therefore, that sentence was directed at Mr. Azik? That high-ranking Demoness recognizes Mr. Azik, who had destroyed their cooperation with the royal family and Ince Zangwill in Backlund, or does she recognizes him from one of his former lives? Klein quickly cleared his train of thoughts and remained guarded against Tracy and her helper's sudden attacks. He also looked through the corner of his eye to observe Mr. Azik's reaction.

He wasn't too surprised that a mysterious powerhouse would appear. Firstly, this was because Mr. Azik had already given a warning, and secondly, it was because he believed that Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy wasn't a self-conceited person. To almost be assassinated without knowing the assassin's backing faction and motive, there was a high probability that she would leave the sea around the Rorsted Archipelago to seek help from the upper echelons of the Demoness Sect.

The only thing hadn't expected was that her helper would arrive so quickly. It was as though she was nearby or had a mystical item like that of a Traveler.

Combining the female characteristics of the voice and the gentleness within it, Klein suspected that it was a Demoness at the demigod level.

Azik stood on the thick carpet and said after two seconds of hesitation, "You know me?"

This tone sounds uncertain... Could it be that my big shot had once spent a period of time with a Demoness? No, I can't think of it that way... Klein began to imagine things before he seriously felt penitent for having those thoughts.

He noticed that Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy wore an aghast look. Her certainty and calm had turned into puzzlement.

The gentle female voice sounded out from an unknown location again.

"I obviously know you. You should also know me."

Azik turned his ears to the side to listen before he shook his head and gave a rueful smile.

"I'm sorry. I've repeatedly lost my memories and am in the midst of recovering them.

"If you can remind me and invoke more of my memories, I'll be very grateful to you."

Upon hearing their conversation, Tracy's puzzled and confused look settled.

She cautiously swept her gaze at Klein but frowned when she saw Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos's face.

The gentle female voice sighed.

"The last time we met was 1,300 years ago. Back then, Primordial and Death were working together, instigating the Pale Disaster in the Northern Continent. You might've already forgotten that we once fought the Saints and Angels of the Church of the Evernight Goddess.

I know this piece of history. It was recorded in Emperor Roselle's diary... Mr. Door said that it resulted in the Primordial Demoness being heavily injured, and she had only managed to descend only in recent times. As for Death, "He" directly perished and created the Berserk Sea that separated the Northern and Southern Continents... The Demoness Sect and the forces of Death had previously cooperated, so it's no wonder that a demigod-ranked Demoness knows Mr. Azik. Man, she's also a monster that has lived for at least fourteen hundred years! Klein thought with a creative mind.

Following that, he felt puzzled again. He originally imagined that Mr. Azik had suffered heavy injuries from being glanced at Blood Emperor Alista Tudor during the War of the Four Emperors, which resulted in him constantly losing his memory and forgetting his past. However, what the demigod-ranked Demoness indicated was that not only did Azik survive the War of the Four Emperors, but he had even participated in the Pale Disaster many years later. He didn't seem to have any problems in between.

Azik closed his eyes as though he was trying to squeeze out his memories.

After a few seconds, he asked hesitantly, "Katarina Pellè?

"You... are already a Demoness of Unaging?"

"I'm very happy that you can still remember me. I could only be considered a weakling compared to you back then." A figure outlined itself beside Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy. She wore a simple and pure white gown which had high slits that revealed her flawless legs. Her skin was as white as snow and as tender as a young maiden's.

The woman had black hair and blue eyes, and she looked elegant and pretty. She had an indescribable charm.

She looked towards Azik Eggers as a faint smile curled at the corner of her lips.

"More than a thousand years have passed. It's a cause for celebration for us to meet, alive.

“Balam Empire’s Mr. Death Consul.”

Mr. Azik was Balam Empire’s Death Consul… This is the name of a later potion in the Death pathway? This Demoness of Unaging Katarina Pellè looks like she’s in her thirties. She’s elegant and pure, yet she exudes a mature charm… Wait, why am I thinking of this? Her Pleasure charms are already that potent? Klein hurriedly moved his gaze away and nearly had to use Cogitation to calm his emotions.

Without waiting for Azik to say a word, Katarina Pellè said with a melodic voice, “I’m curious over why you would still be constantly losing your memories.

“I remember that it only happens for your pathway during the Undying stage. Dying once every sixty years to revive again and forget the past. However, you have long advanced past that and escaped from that curse.

“What happened to you at the end of the Pale Disaster?

“Heh heh, the seven gods had fractured back then and treated each other as enemies. We both believed that Primordial and Death would succeed, but who knew that the proudest Sun and the most arrogant Tyrant would bow ‘Their’ heads. They quickly joined forces again. If I hadn’t managed to advance by chance, then I might’ve already perished at the end of that divine battle. I believe you should’ve suffered some damage which resulted in your present state. Death’s perishing is itself the greatest injury for you.”

Azik fell silent as he wore an indistinct painful expression.

“I-I can’t remember…”

At this moment, Klein realized that Katarina Pellè looked somewhat familiar, and he suspected her of being the white-robed lady who had led Madam Sharon onto the path of a Demoness.

Suddenly, Katarina's eyes turned to sweep a glance at Klein. She chuckled at Azik and said, "I believe you haven't forgotten the reason for visiting today?

"I'm very curious why he would assassinate Tracy. Could it be for justice?"

The glance the Demoness of Unaging swept over was filled with hidden amorousness and sweet playfulness. She resembled an underage young maiden, and her facial features and bearing had magically accentuated that feeling. She didn't have the jarring feeling of a mature lady acting young at all. At that moment, Klein viewed her as a maiden who was sixteen or seventeen.

...She can already perfectly present every charm a woman can bring. She has the skin, facial features, and bearing to match it... As expected of a Demoness of Unaging... Klein had already attempted to use Cogitation to resist this indescribable charm.

He took the initiative to look at Ailment Maiden Tracy.

"Do you know the tycoon named Jimmy Necker?"

Tracy gaped her mouth before closing it again. She replied blankly and aggrieved, "Who is he?"

"You might not know him. He once collected a batch of ancient chronicles related to Death. He died at the hands of Vice Admiral

Hurricane Qilangos," Klein said while bearing the appearance of Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos.

Tracy narrowed her eyes. She wore a dazed look before turning angry.

"You came for those documents?"

It really is in your hands... Klein determined based on her tone.

He answered indifferently.

"That's right."

Tracy inhaled slightly and said, "Where's Helene? Did you do anything to her? I know she's still alive. If something happens to her, my spiritual intuition will tell me."

Klein didn't attempt to speak ambiguously as he directly answered her, "She has already returned to Intis to lead a brand new life."

Tracy's expression sank. A storm raged in her eyes as the aura of a pirate admiral fully revealed itself. However, Azik casually swept his gaze over and instantly made her calm down.

The corners of her lips curled up.

"That batch of documents from the mausoleum of the Balam Empire's royalty is indeed in my hands.

“But I wasn’t interested in it. I flipped through it casually before handing it to the sect.

“Hehe, even if you had succeeded in assassinating me, you wouldn’t have received it. I didn’t read it much, so even if you channeled my spirit, I wouldn’t be able to reproduce it. Unfortunately, I can’t bear to part with my life; otherwise, it definitely would’ve been interesting to see your disappointment.”

Klein calmly said, “No, I won’t be disappointed. I can obtain the soul and characteristic of a Demoness of Affliction. I can Graze you and subdue you.”

As he spoke, he raised his left palm which had Creeping Hunger on it. It was in the shape of a black glove.

Tracy narrowed her eyes. The look in her eyes became extremely dangerous, like a provoked tiger. If not for the two High-Sequence Beyonders beside her, she might’ve already attacked.

And the moment Klein finished his sentence, he noticed something amiss.

I’m not acting as Gehrman Sparrow at the moment, so why am I speaking in accordance with his persona… Klein was alarmed as he suspected whether he had been too into character recently.

Remember, you can only be yourself.

I cannot be influenced by the character I act as, because of prolonged acting… This will cause me to become lost and result in losing control!

He quickly reflected on himself and added his conclusions into the acting principles of a Faceless.

Noticing his brief silence, Azik looked at Katarina Pellè and said in his usual tone, “Can you copy a set of those documents for me?”

“That’s not a big problem.” Katarina gave Tracy a glance. “Any requests?”

Tracy stared at Klein and said with a clearly hoarse voice, “Tell me where Helene is.”

Klein withdrew his thoughts and looked at her before looking at the pure Demoness of Unaging, Katarina.

He had already made his decision, but he couldn’t help but feel hesitant.

He turned to look at Mr. Azik and discovered his warm smile. He wasn’t urging him or forcing him.

Klein retracted his gaze and simply said, “I refuse.”

Chapter 589: "Sowing Discord"

For an instant, Klein imagined that Tracy would directly attack him, as her face was already flushing red with anger. Her blue eyes had turned dark like the surface of a sea before an impending storm.

But eventually, Tracy didn't act rashly. She looked towards Katarina Pellè and awaited the decision of the Demoness of Unaging.

She knew very well that, although Sequence 5 and Sequence 4 were just separated by one level, there was a qualitative difference between them. There was no way to bridge the gap with one's battle skills or execution. One was a normal human with special powers, while the other was already a demigod, a legendary creature possessing godhood.

Furthermore, the two present were clearly not Sequence 4. Placed before them, Tracy felt like she was a Low-Sequence Beyonder.

Katarina Pellè didn't seem furious. She looked at Klein, who wore the face of Qilangos, and chuckled as her eyes moved across him.

"What an interesting lad. If not for Mr. Death Consul being here, I might've not revealed the upheavals within my heart and have an unexpected encounter with you which would lead into having a pure and romantic story with you."

No, you don't want to... This sounds really terrifying... Klein didn't dare look at her as he continued looking at Tracy.

Seeing no response from Azik Eggers, Katarina retracted her gaze and said to Tracy with her melodious voice, “Embrace the afflicted pain; this might be something beneficial for you.”

She then looked towards Azik.

“I remember that batch of documents. It records the various attempts used by the Balam royalty to revive Death, but unfortunately, they seemed to fail miserably. Towards the end, they seemed to consider creating an artificial Death.

“Are you still interested?”

An artificial Death? How can Death be artificial? Apart from the Uniqueness and Beyonder characteristics, how can there be other methods? It’s not like it’s something you can find on the street… Was the former Balam Empire and the present Numinous Episcopate all crazy? Klein mumbled silently and didn’t interrupt the conversation between the demigods.

Azik pondered for two seconds before asking, “What price do I need to pay?”

Katarina smiled youthfully.

“No, there’s no need.

“I thought it over. Helping you regain your memories and find your past in order to become the Death Consul from before should be a rather interesting matter. This can bring more changes and fun to this world.”

Those words sound like a rebellious teenage girl… A Demoness of Unaging not only doesn't age in body but in mind as well? Klein felt it somewhat impossible to grasp her thought process.

Perhaps only a Sequence 6 or 5, or even Sequence 4 of the Spectator pathway can tell? he subconsciously guessed.

Azik nodded and extended his right hand. A piece of paper and a fountain pen in the room automatically flew over as though invisible spirits were at his service.

After scribbling, he threw the paper over.

"You can summon my messenger."

So there's only one copper whistle… For it to remain effective for more than a thousand years, that copper whistle is definitely no simple item… Klein instinctively wished to reach out to touch Azik's copper whistle inside his pocket, but he held back.

Katarina caught the piece of paper and scanned it before pursing her lips into a smile.

"I thought you would've directly told me where in the Underworld."

She looked up as her blue eyes effused an indescribable warmth as she smiled faintly.

"I still remember how Mr. Death Consul from before was such a powerful but cold man. He left a deep impression on me.

“I’m also curious as to why you would become so soft.”

Azik held his fist to his mouth and shook his head with a bitter smile.

“I’m immortal, but that doesn’t mean I don’t age. Once a person ages, they will often become placid.”

“No.” Katarina’s eyes flickered deep down as she said without concealing anything, “I look forward to the day you recover all your memories. I wish to see how you would evaluate the present you.”

Upon saying that, she curled her lips slightly and winked at Klein.

“Perhaps we will release an existence more evil than a devil.”

…This is her trying to sow discord, right… Klein muttered inwardly, but he couldn’t help but recall the Pale Disaster recorded in many historical books and Church tomes. It had caused a large number of casualties and had turned the Northern Continent into a living hell. And this disaster was mainly led by Death and the Primordial Demoness, with Death’s entourage and the Demoness Sect from the Southern Continent. In this entire matter, Mr. Azik, who was known as Death Consul, definitely played a rather important role…

Azik fell silent for a few seconds as he grabbed Klein’s shoulder and pulled him into the spirit world and traversed it. Instantly, there was only Demoness of Unaging Katarina Pellè and Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy left in the Black Death’s captain’s cabin.

The latter looked at the spot where the two had disappeared, and after taking a while to calm herself, she clenched her teeth and said, “I’ll never forget this matter!”

Katarina resumed her pure demeanor and smiled faintly.

“Feel the afflicted pain. The more pain you feel, the more you will realize how weak you are. When the pain reaches a threshold, the desire to change yourself will reach a certain intensity, allowing you to withstand the potion and obtain godhood during the ritual to become a demigod…”

When Tracy heard this, she suddenly thought of something. Her expression froze as she blurted out, “Helene was able to escape the Black Death because of…”

Katarina smiled mildly.

“You are my youngest child, but you are the one who’s most promising at becoming a demigod. As a mother, I will naturally want to help you.”

Tracy’s facial muscles twitched as she said with a warped expression, “That’s right. I have a mother like you, and a mom…

“Why didn’t you tell me the truth in the beginning. You clearly knew the mid- and low-Sequences of several other pathways!”

Katarina turned her body as her white gown fluttered. She said ethereally, “We all need to approach the Primordial.

“We are all ‘Her’ children.”

As she spoke, surging but silent black flames soared over the huge sailboat which was dozens of meters long. The flames covered every corner as they burned silently without injuring any of the pirates on the Black Death, as though they were clearing up any accumulated dust.

...

The stacked colors quickly receded, and the indescribable transparent figure went far into the distance. Klein's spirituality suddenly stirred as he felt that the items he had left on the Black Death had all vanished.

As expected of a Demoness of Unaging... Klein sighed. Just as he was about to say something, he felt himself plummet. He had left the spirit world with Azik.

He found themselves in a mountain valley with a river flowing. There were fertile fields with a manor and town that was built in a Loenese style.

Klein looked around him and discovered that he was standing in a dark cemetery that had long been abandoned.

"Mr. Azik..." he shouted in puzzlement.

Azik walked to a grave with a broken tombstone that was covered in weeds. He said solemnly, "After meeting Katarina Pellè, I recalled some matters again.

"I once told you that in a particular dream, in one of my lives, I had a daughter. She had soft black hair and enjoyed sitting in a swing I made myself while requesting sweets from me.

“When traversing the spirit world, I suddenly sensed the call of my bloodline.”

Klein was infected with his emotions as he asked solemnly, “Is this her…”

Azik nodded and crouched down. He touched the halved tombstone as his bronze face wore a gentle, sorrowful, and confused look.

“This is her grave.

“If I recall correctly, she’s been dead for 926 years…”

926 years… Klein wanted to say something, but he was stopped by that extended period of time.

If it wasn’t for the Churches compelling people to be buried in cemeteries and providing a certain degree of surveillance, it would’ve been hard to find this grave and tombstone, since there hadn’t been any all-out wars since the Fifth Epoch.

A human’s life was on the order of decades, but this was 926 years.

After a long moment of silence in the cemetery, Azik got up again and grabbed Klein’s shoulder.

“I’ll send you back first.”

After a few minutes of traversing the spirit world, Klein saw the

white bedsheets and yellowish-brown floorboards.

Azik pressed down on his hat and said in a deep voice, “I’ll continue my journey while you continue on your adventures.”

Klein nodded. Just as he was about to say something, he saw Mr. Azik curl his lips and smile.

“Were you afraid that I would become an evil person like a Demoness after fully recovering my memories?”

Before Klein could reply, Azik sighed.

“I’m also very worried.

“But, I have a greater desire for discovering myself.”

After saying that, the surrounding aqueous void around him rippled as he vanished from the room.

For a long period of time, Klein stood in his spot, silent.

He shook his head and laughed silently as he consoled himself, *Perhaps when the time comes, I’ll already be a powerhouse at the level of angel. I can establish a treatment facility that treats antisocial personalities and have Miss Justice be the head doctor…*

Retracting his thoughts, Klein sat down and habitually reflected over his operation.

I originally thought that I could Graze a Demoness of Affliction and obtain Death's chronicles while making further progress in the human disappearances. Who knew that the development and outcome were completely out of my expectations. I only managed to complete the initial goals.

Sigh, I cannot incite Mr. Azik to take action since he hasn't completely recovered. Furthermore, the person we were facing was a Demoness of Unaging... What's most important is to be strong myself. Relying on myself is better than asking for help from others. Heh heh, on careful consideration, I do rely on myself most of the time...

I can attack the human disappearance cases from the angle of the buyer, that Crazy Captain Connors Viktor.

Klein changed his sitting posture and nodded to himself as he murmured inwardly, *The greatest gain that I received was to establish the preliminary acting principles of a Faceless. It's to get into character and be detached, overcome any aversions, and to be careful about being too immersed in the role.*

This way, by relying only on simple, ordinary, real acting, perhaps it will take a year or two to digest the potion. But for me, I should be able to fully digest it in about four to six months...

After reflecting on the matter, Klein prepared to sleep. He planned on taking down the radio transceiver from above the gray fog once it was daybreak, so as to establish communications with the magic mirror, Arrodes.

Of course, he had to first divine the level of danger above the gray fog.

Chapter 590: Arrodes's Bottom Line

Early in the morning, above the gray fog.

Klein conjured a pen and paper as he deliberated over the divination statement: "Using the radio transceiver is dangerous."

After carefully checking the statement twice, he took out the spirit pendulum under his left sleeve and began divining.

During this process, he was on high alert and was somewhat afraid. He was like a child covering his ears while lighting firecrackers—if the outcome would involve the True Creator or the Primordial Demoness, then he would encounter danger simply from divining it. If it were any other person, they would only end up losing control or dying. However, Klein had the gray fog to shield him and prevent him from having such a tragic outcome. Hence, it was obvious that anything that happened above the gray fog was better than courting death in the real world. He was afraid that the using it repeatedly would allow the evil gods to lock onto him and personally pay him a visit.

He quickly entered the state of Cogitation and silently recited the divination.

After chanting seven times, he knew the answer without opening his eyes, since he was completely fine sitting there in his seat and wasn't suffering from any extreme pain.

When Klein looked at the dangling topaz, he discovered that it was indeed spinning counterclockwise.

Phew... Klein heaved a sigh of relief and immediately returned to the real world and began preparing a ritual to bring the radio transceiver from above the gray fog to the real world.

After about half an hour, he finally heard the radio transceiver produce its clickety-clack. An illusory piece of white paper was spat out with lines of Loenese words written on it.

"I'm here.

"Great Master, is that you?"

Why does it feel like it's craning its neck... Klein suddenly recalled the emoticons from his previous life. It was an adorable alpaca that craned its neck out.

He took two steps forward and tersely answer in a reserved manner.

Amidst clicking sounds, more illusory paper was spat out.

"Your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, at your service."

Klein hid his discomfort in the depths of his heart and asked, "Arrodes, tell me. Where is Roy King from the Life School of Thought?"

Due to the chubby Apothecary's description, he knew that the organization developed itself based on a master and apprentice system. He inferred that they grasped the two Beyonder pathways of Monster and Apothecary. This matched the characteristics of the Life School of Thought.

Meanwhile, Klein prepared Roy King's picture, with the intention of relying on himself rather than on others.

The tapping sounds intensified as Arrodes produced a portrait with the radio transceiver. It was none other than Roy King with his hair neatly combed back while wearing a framed pair of glasses.

"Is this him?" A line of Loenese appeared behind the portrait.

Klein nodded.

"Yes."

Arrodes made the radio transceiver's tapping sound turn abnormally brisk.

"Great Master, the person you wish to find is imprisoned in the governor-general's office of the City of Generosity, Bayam."

Locked in the governor-general's office? Klein frowned slightly and wasn't in a rush to continue asking. He said with confidence and frankness, "Alright, according to your rules, it's your turn to ask."

Tap. Tap. Tap. Arrodes used the radio transceiver to produce a smiley face and a line of text.

"I've already asked, and you have already answered."

When did that happen? Klein was taken aback before looking at

the content before the illusory piece of paper. He saw the previous question: “Is it him?”

This works? That actually counts? In that instant, Klein finally understood how much freedom Arrodes had to its rules. Against any ordinary person, it could be as strict and vile as it wanted. It even needed spectators, but when it came to Klein, those rules were ignored, and he blatantly made it easy.

How did this guy adopt such a personality… Klein considered for two seconds before asking another question.

“Arrodes, do you know the book ‘Groselle’s Travels’?”

Arrodes fell silent for two seconds before making the radio transceiver type. It spat out more illusory paper.

“Great Master, your question is too nice for me. All I needed to do was answer ‘yes’ to be done with the question. I’ve modified the question a little, changing it to ‘tell me what you know about Groselle’s Travels.’

“This is a very magical book. Many of its owners have vanished.

“I’m unable to tell who it’s creator is, but I’m certain that it first appeared among the dragons, after the disappearance of the City of Miracles, Liveseyd.”

It appeared after the City of Miracles, Liveseyd, which was conjured by the Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt? I might be able to recommend this to Miss Justice. She might be interested. If she really wishes to buy it, as a middleman, I can study it ahead of time above the gray fog… If something bad happens from the

study, resulting in the complete destruction of the book, I can tell her that the seller went back on their word and a refund was made… Thinking of this, being a platform is really promising! Klein's thoughts raced as he said to the radio transceiver, "It's your turn."

I do want to know what kind of odd question you can ask… Klein thought silently.

Arrodes didn't pause as he produced a line in Loenese: "Great Master, I've already asked and you have already answered."

When did that happen… Klein looked in confusion and amusement at the first few pages of illusory paper before finally seeing the so-called question at the beginning: "Great Master, is that you?"

I have to say that this magic mirror named Arrodes really shows no shame when it tries to suck up to me… However, such a paired question format really satisfies an OCD. It's like the AND operator back when I studied programming languages myself… Klein cleared his throat and continued asking, "Why was Roy King imprisoned in the governor-general's office?"

The radio transceiver produced its clickety-clack and spat out illusory paper.

"Ever since the disappearance of the Snake of Mercury from the Life School of Thought, the organization fractured and encountered plenty of danger. Some even died at the hands of the Rose School of Thought.

"The Life School of Thought developed in a secretive manner with the master and apprentice format, but they have an Elder Council among the upper echelons. They harmonized the

conflicts between the different internal factions. Since the Fifth Epoch, the Elder Council changed to a more trendy name known as the Fate Council. There are seven councilors, and the Snake of Mercury is the president.

"Roy King's teacher is one of the Fate councilors and had got into trouble after the Snake of Mercury's disappearance. And before this, he had handed an important Sealed Artifact of the Life School of Thought to Roy King. This is the reason why Roy King was secretly captured by the Loen military."

The disappearance of the Snake of Mercury? Klein instantly made the connection to Will Auceptin, who was hiding in Backlund, as well as the other Snake of Mercury that had been pursuing him without ever showing its face. Klein suspected the other Snake of Mercury to be Angel of Fate, Ouroboros.

The Life School of Thought's Snake of Mercury is definitely not the one searching for Will Auceptin, as he has had plenty of opportunities to contact his organization and not be "missing"... Perhaps it's Will Auceptin or a third snake. This cannot be determined... Klein gently nodded and said to the radio transceiver, "Ask."

I'm sure you haven't asked me any other questions. Hehe, let's see what you'll ask... I have to say, people have a little bit of masochism in them. Others are afraid of Arrodes's questions, but it has already waived off two questions for me. Now, I do wish for it to formally ask me a question... Klein waited with piqued interest.

Tap. Tap. Tap. The radio transceiver's sounds suddenly became somewhat solemn as the illusory piece of paper spat out with increasing difficulty.

"Well, Great Master, what should I do to be a better, loyal, and

humble servant?"

...I've underestimated your bottom line... Klein restrained his exasperated expression as he replied in a deep voice, "Just maintain your present state."

"Alright." The tapping sounds became lighter again. "The aura is about to disperse. Your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, awaits to be at your service."

Finally, Arrodes added a drawing of a hand waving.

It's really talented... That's right, it's not hard for a magic mirror that knows so much, to know such things... Klein watched as the radio transceiver turned silent.

He took a few steps and sat by the edge of the bed, considering the matter regarding Roy King.

He had no intention of infiltrating Bayam's governor-general's office and rescuing Roy King under the military's tight security. This was because he didn't know the man at all, and he hadn't even seen him before. The only connection they had was through the chubby Apothecary.

The basement of the Church of Storms definitely has many Beyonders locked up there. But what has that got to do with me? Klein chuckled as he shook his head.

In the information provided to him by Arrodes, Klein noticed that the mystical item which Admiral of Blood Senor had, which made him sufficiently lucky, came from the Life School of Thought. There was a high probability that the faction backing

this pirate admiral was the Rose School of Thought. They were taking advantage of the Snake of Mercury's disappearance, so they could kill members of the Life School of Thought.

This also reminds me that I need to be more careful than before when dealing with pirate admirals. Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy had gotten Demoness of Unaging Katarina Pellè without any notice. The other pirate admirals wouldn't be without their supporters. They often represent a faction, an organization… Admiral of Blood is backed by the Rose School of Thought, while Admiral of Stars is backed by the Moses Ascetic Order, as well as for our Tarot Club. The backer of Admiral Hell is likely the Numinous Episcopate and the King of the Five Seas. As for Vice Admiral Iceberg, she's likely backed by the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom…

The backers for Vice Admiral Deep Sea and Vice Admiral Dusk are currently unknown, but it's definitely impossible that they relied solely on themselves to reign supreme over the seas for so many years.

Now on second thought, which faction was backing Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos? The one that gave him Creeping Hunger, or the unspeakable organization that instigated him to assassinate Duke Negan?

Yes, I must be careful not to expose my intention of hunting pirate admirals in the future. Furthermore, I can only make one attempt and immediately distance myself if I fail. As Klein's thoughts varied, he suddenly thought of something.

The paper crane that was personally folded by that Snake of Mercury, Will Auceptin, was still with him!

Chapter 591: Making Good Use of Things

Klein's memories of the paper crane were still fresh on his mind. Back then, Will Auceptin had used this item to locate Dr. Aaron's Astral Projection and injected information into him while he was dreaming of the spirit world in his dreams. It created a revelation that evolved into a specific dream.

Klein later exchanged a paper crane, he had folded himself, for Will Auceptin's and had gone above the gray fog to make a divination. He failed to gain any effective conclusions until Dr. Aaron's wife got pregnant. By calculating the time and from his understanding of the situation between a Sequence 1 and Sequence 0, he guessed that Will Auceptin was performing a cyclic restart, and he guessed that Will was in an intense battle with another Snake of Fate for the position of Sequence 0. And the nightmare that came with the paper crane was only an auxiliary outcome. Its true purpose was to help Will Auceptin secretly become a fetus.

What was most humorous about this matter was that the paper crane, that Klein had folded, had ended up being treated as the original from Will Auceptin, and the Nighthawks had used even cruder means to replicate one to swap them.

Will Auceptin's paper crane had always been above the gray fog after I had thrown it up there. I nearly forgot about it... Performing divination on it can only gain an extremely vague revelation. If there weren't any other developments, it would be hard to infer that the child conceived by Dr. Aaron's wife was Will Auceptin. On the contrary, Will Auceptin can use it to locate it in the spirit world, just like how Arrodes can rely on the gray fog's aura to connect to the radio transceiver via the spirit world...

Eh, there seems to be some possibility for this matter... Klein suddenly sat straight and had an extremely creative idea.

He wanted to use the paper crane to communicate with Will Auceptin in a dream!

This might not be of any use to me, the present me. There might even be certain hidden dangers, but if Will Auceptin is really the Snake of Fate from the Life School of Thought, my act of providing him with intelligence will definitely win me a favorable impression... Towards an existence at the level of a King of Angels, it's necessary to make investments ahead of time. If I wait until he's really born, I might be repaid dozens of times over. Since I won't die from trying, uh—I can still revive if I die... Although Klein had such a thought, he was in fact very cautious. He planned on divining the danger above the gray fog before deciding on executing his plan.

After busying himself and confirming that the danger involved was acceptable, he used a ritual to bring back the paper crane from above the gray fog into the real world.

Perhaps it was because it came from a Sequence 1 Snake of Fate, the paper crane didn't exhibit any peculiarities from its prolonged stay above the gray fog. It remained ordinary.

I hope the aura above the gray fog didn't neutralize its uniqueness; otherwise, Will Auceptin won't be able to locate it. Hmm, the Sequence before Snake of Fate is Soothsayer. Would this matter already be within Will Auceptin's expectations?

The reason why he chose Dr. Aaron is because he's my friend. And by doing so, he can establish a connection with me? Am I being too narcissistic...

However, this question is worth suspecting. After Will Auceptin used the paper crane to locate Dr. Aaron, he could've directly "reincarnated," so why did he repeatedly make him have nightmares? Furthermore, the dream also indicated the struggle

between the Snakes of Fate. To an ordinary person, they would neither understand it or play a meaningful role in this matter. Isn't this like using a gaze to entice a blind person?

Will Auceptin created the dream for me?

Klein frowned slightly and had certain guesses.

He suppressed his puzzlement and picked up a fountain pen. As he filled it with ink, he considered a sentence to leave on the paper crane to garner Will Auceptin's attention.

What should I write? Klein recalled what Arrodes had informed him about the situation with the Life School of Thought, and he felt that there was one line that could encompass everything while feeling extremely fresh and filled with emotions.

That line was: "Your home blew up!"

This sentence is overly crude and direct while lacking manners. Besides, Will Auceptin might not be the president of the Life School of Thought... Klein deliberated and slightly spread open the paper crane. On the different surfaces, he wrote different words that formed a very short sentence: "Roy King has been captured."

After doing all of this, Klein put down the fountain pen and placed the paper crane into his wallet, just like Dr. Aaron had done before.

...

In the periphery of the Rorsted sea, on a gigantic fog-covered

island far from the main sea routes.

Amidst a shrill cry, a blue bird of prey that resembled a shadow had plummeted from the sky and crashed heavily into the ground. It sent soil scattering as its blood splattered.

Alger Wilson remained cautious. He stood far away and raised his left hand which had an iron-black ring on his thumb. He pointed it at the terrifying Beyonder creature known as a Blue Shadow Falcon.

On the tip of the ring was a spike-like protrusion. It was tainted with old blood, looking ancient and sinister.

This was the mystical item he had bought from an Artisan, using Steel Maveti's bounty. He publicly claimed that it cost him 5,200 pounds despite it actually only costing 3,100 pounds.

The ring's name was "Whip of Mind." It could deliver irresistible intense mental damage to an enemy. Apart from that, it could strengthen Alger's mastery of various weapons; therefore, it wasn't actually very expensive.

Back then, the Artisan and his friend had two mystical items. One was the "Whip of Mind" and the other was the "Ring of Witchcraft." The latter had more abilities and high adaptability while costing almost the same as the former. It was a better choice, but after serious consideration, Alger still chose the Whip of Mind. He believed that without such an item, his hunting of the Blue Shadow Falcon would be several times more difficult. This was because it was a Beyonder creature that could fly. And reality had proven that his judgment was right.

For this, Alger was willing to experience a constant headache, a nagging feeling that made him want to slam his head into a

wall.

After waiting for several minutes, he saw points of light float up from the Blue Shadow Falcon. Six crystalline feathers condensed around its wing as Alger heaved a sigh of relief and walked over.

He had a flaxen cloth tied around his forehead, and embedded inside it was a blood-red gem that emitted a light that resembled the moonlight.

This was meant to be the Vampire Baron inheritance for Emlyn White, but Alger wasn't in a hurry to complete the transaction after obtaining it. Instead, he used the characteristic, which he could use to a certain extent, to add insurance to his hunt for the Blue Shadow Falcon.

At times, being a middleman is rather nice... Alger put away the six crystalline feathers as he sighed silently.

He straightened his body and looked towards the towering mountain peak and dense forest around it on the primitive island. He felt that many indescribable dangers lurked there.

My strength is insufficient to explore the area... Alger retracted his gaze and walked towards the island's periphery, constantly wary for any "predators" around him.

Soon, he jumped into the sea, and with his powers as a Seafarer, he easily swam into the distance. His ghost ship was anchored there, and his sailors were still sleeping thanks to the Sanguine's anesthetic gas.

To come to this primitive island, the ship had to steer away from

the main sea routes. In a situation where sea monsters lurked while the storms lingered, navigating would take at least six hours, with the danger of sinking at any moment. Only a Seafarer who was familiar with the route could bring the ship close.

...

Deep into the night, Klein, who had rested an entire day, put down his newspapers and burrowed into bed.

Just as he was about to fall asleep, he suddenly thought of a problem.

Now that Danitz has returned to the Golden Dream, would it be a waste for me to stay in a large suite alone? Klein nodded indiscernibly and decided to check out at daybreak and switch to another inn.

After making up his mind, he quickly fell asleep. Suddenly, his mind became clear from its prior haziness.

He knew that some force had intruded into his dream!

I'm very impressive to be able to sense the dream intrusion of a Snake of Fate. No—the gray fog is very impressive... Klein surveyed his surroundings and discovered that he was located in a pitch-black desolate plain. Not far away was a black steeple.

This was a scene he had formerly seen in Dr. Aaron's dream, but at this moment, there wasn't a mysterious silver giant snake on the steeple.

Klein nodded in thought as he sped up his pace and entered the pitch-black steeple. It remained ancient and decadent. The layout was chaotic, with the staircase occasionally spiraling upwards and dropping downwards diagonally at times. Some of the rooms were normal; others were upside down, and there were others that were embedded into other parts.

Passing through, door after door and wall after wall, Klein once again arrived deep inside the black tower.

There were tarot cards scattered around here as they clustered towards the ground in the middle which was slightly protruded.

There was a line of silver words and a portrait.

The portrait was that of the chubby Apothecary, and the silver words formed the sentence: “Inform Darkwill.”

So the chubby Apothecary’s name is Darkwill… Will Auceptin really is the Snake of Fate from the Life School of Thought. And I really can use the paper crane to communicate with him in a dream… Klein waited for a moment, and seeing that there weren’t any other revelations, he exited the dream and fell asleep again.

…

After daybreak, Klein asked if there weren’t any additional charges for checking out at noon, he then put on his top hat and rode a carriage to the Red Theater’s entrance.

This famous brothel was in its quietest period of the day, it was like it was a ghost house.

Klein glanced at it before walking diagonally across to the alley and arriving outside Darkwill's folk herb store.

He suddenly sensed something as he looked up at the roof, and he saw a fat owl perched there, looking at him.

The chubby Apothecary was apparently attempting to tame a Beyonder animal before... Klein retracted his gaze in thought as he knocked on the door.

Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump!

After waiting for a while, he saw Darkwill open the door with his eyes hardly open.

"...You aren't sick," Darkwill said after observing him.

Klein maintained Gehrman Sparrow's cold expression and politely widened the corners of his mouth.

"Good morning, Mr. Apothecary.

"I've found your teacher."

"For real?" Darkwill asked in disbelief. "You just received the mission the day before yesterday..."

Chapter 592: Three Advancements in a Week

What has "me receiving the mission the day before yesterday" have to do with when I find him? If I didn't need to spend a day waiting for the Snake of Fate, Will Auceptin, to locate me, I could've done so 24 hours earlier... That's what professionalism is! Klein answered calmly, "You can choose not to hear what I have to say."

Darkwill choked back the words he had prepared as his facial muscles twitched.

"Go ahead and say it."

Klein described flatly, "I received intel that Roy King has been captured by the military and is presently imprisoned in the governor-general's office."

News I received from Arrodes... he added inwardly.

"For real?" Darkwill couldn't hold back again as he widened his eyes and blurted out a retort.

Klein nodded indiscernibly and said, "My information source is sufficiently reliable."

"But I have no way of confirming it..." Darkwill said in hesitation.

"This is because it involves an important Sealed Artifact of the Life School of Thought," Klein said directly.

Darkwill immediately jumped in fright as he took two steps back and looked around warily, afraid that someone had heard what Klein had just said.

Can this sort of thing be said out on the street? He knows that we're from the Life School of Thought, and he knows that Old Man is involved in an important Sealed Artifact... I only learned of that from my last communication with him... Darkwill gradually began to believe the adventurer in front of him.

Klein swept a glance at the owl who swooped down and landed on the chubby Apothecary's shoulder.

"You can make your payment."

"I can't confirm it. I can't just believe what you say, right..." Darkwill said stubbornly.

Then, he saw the eyes of the adventurer in front of him turn abnormally cold.

He trembled and hurriedly said, "Alright. I'll barely count it as you completing the mission."

Unwillingly, he took out a wad of cash from a secret pocket in his witchdoctor robes and handed Klein 100 pounds in change.

Although he was a Beyonder, the physical enhancements he obtained from his job as an Apothecary and Beast Tamer wasn't enough to play a role in direct combat. He wasn't necessarily able to defeat an ordinary person with a revolver. As for the Beyonder pet he reared, it was also a fellow without any combat powers. Faced with an experienced and resourceful adventurer

who was also likely a Beyonder, both he and the owl together wasn't necessarily his match. All he could do was act as he said.

It wasn't easy saving up that amount of money... he lamented inwardly.

It was indeed profitable being an Apothecary, even more so when out in the colonies. There were pirates, sailors, and adventurers. There were all sorts of people, and the official organizations were more relaxed on enforcing the rules. He could sell certain banned medicine without anyone coming to knock at his door. For the past two months, just the customers from the Red Theater was enough to earn him more than what he previously earned in a year.

However, as a Beyonder, his expenses were huge as well. The savings he had had primarily been expended when advancing to Beast Tamer. Later, he reared a pet and, with great difficulty, bought the potion formula and ingredients for it. He also purchased defensive charms for himself, leaving him only a few hundred pounds in savings.

Klein received the cash and, while counting it, verified their authenticity before putting it in his pocket and leaving.

After seeing Klein's figure disappear from the alley, Darkwill's expression sank.

It's too dangerous here... Too dangerous... I have to leave as quickly as possible! As he mumbled, he returned inside his herb store. Once inside, he dragged a brown suitcase and quickly stuffed all sorts of clothes and cash which had been folded neatly into it.

Finally, he poured out the notes and coins of different

denominations from the cash register, stuffed them into his pocket, and took the fake identification documents he had spent a fortune on. With the brown suitcase, he walked out of his folk herb store.

Looking back at the various medicinal ingredients he hadn't finished selling yet, Darkwill's chubby face clearly twitched.

He took a breath and locked the door while resisting his aching heart. He went straight for the harbor by getting a rental carriage, heading for Bayam's liner ticketing company.

It's too dangerous, way too dangerous. Old Man has been caught... He's been caught... he sat in the carriage and repeated himself silently as he trembled.

In this state, he finally arrived at the ticketing company, and after paying for the carriage, he rushed into the lobby and queued up for the liner to East Balam.

Phew... Phew... Darkwill kept taking a few deep breaths as he closely followed the customer ahead of him and shifted forward.

"Get me the first ship out of here," he emphasized to himself.

As he sporadically inched forward, Darkwill finally calmed down.

His expression occasionally turned twisted before quickly calming down. This repeated numerous times.

When there was only one customer left in front of him, Darkwill

paused on the spot.

Dumbass! You dumbass! he cursed himself and immediately turned around, carried his suitcase, and walked out the ticketing lobby with his identification documents.

...

Klein didn't care how Darkwill was saving his teacher, Roy King. He believed that it wasn't something that needed his concern.

They have the Life School of Thought backing them. Even if they recently fractured, they're an ancient organization that was born in the early Fifth Epoch, making it have hundreds of years of history. It has a considerable heritage. Chubby Apothecary will naturally be able to find someone to help... If even the Life School of Thought can't do it, it will be useless even if I get the entire Tarot Club to help. So there's no need for me to worry for him. The military in Bayam has a demigod... Of course, he might not be in the governor-general's office and might be in the military base. Inside the carriage, Klein took out his wallet and looked at the paper crane in it, wondering if he should immediately throw it above the gray fog.

I'll wait longer. Perhaps that Snake of Fate, Will Auceptin, might want to give me some perks... I should prepare a pencil next time. I neglected a problem. A paper crane is only this big. Using a fountain pen will quickly leave it without space to write... That will make me unable to contact Will Auceptin and end up just waiting passively. And I can't keep the paper crane on me all day. In a few days, I'll send it back to the junk pile above the gray fog. After all, I cannot always have Will Auceptin tracking me. I have to be careful... Klein quickly made a decision and returned to the Wind of Azure Inn, packed his suitcase, and checked out of the luxurious suite.

To his delight, on Danitz's second time here, he had made a prepayment, making him responsible for the 5 soli in fees.

Soon, Klein switched to a different district and came to Otum Street, which was close to Amyris Leaf Bar. He stayed in an inn called Teana. He got a clean and simple room which cost him 2 soli 2 pence every day. There was also a complimentary cup of fruit juice squeezed from the gigantic fruit named Teana.

As he drank the slightly sweet milky fruit juice, Klein no longer cared about his image. He slumped into a reclining chair and decided to daze off and take a nap for the next two hours before going above the gray fog to browse through the prayers of his believers to experience the different facades people have.

...

Backlund, the White family.

Emlyn looked at the blood-red "gem" that appeared in front of him at the altar, and he seemed to be able to hear it resonating with his blood.

After thanking Mr. Fool, he picked up the gem and felt the uniqueness flowing within it, so as to confirm that it was the inheritance from a Sanguine baron.

As long as I prepare the corresponding inheritance ritual and supplementary ingredients, I'll become a Baron. And this isn't difficult at this stage, Emlyn thought with anticipation and glee. *According to the humans' system, I would be a Sequence 6 Beyonder. The corresponding name is Potions Professor!*

...

In the blink of an eye, it was Monday again. Above the Fog Sea, a fleet was tearing through the thin fog and blue sea.

Their flagship was a gigantic sailboat which hung a unique flag on it. It depicted an eyelash-less eye with ten stars surrounding it.

Admiral of Stars Cattleya stood by the window of the captain's cabin as she quietly looked at the sunlight that shone through the thin fog until the wall clock produced its cuckoo.

She glanced at the time and quickly converted the time to Loen time. She then pulled the curtains and sat behind her desk.

Placed on the red wooden table were a brass sextant and a light-blue celestial globe. The latter's surface had a large swath of blankness, regions that hadn't been explored or were impossible to explore.

Cattleya reached out her fingers and played with the celestial globe before closing her eyes as she awaited The Fool's summoning.

Before long, a crimson light flooded her eyes, drowning the prepared her completely.

By the time she got used to the changes, she found herself in the holy palace propped up with stone columns. She was before a long, mottled bronze table.

While Miss Justice was greeting everyone energetically, Cattleya also expressed her respects to Mr. Fool who was still covered in the grayish-white fog.

She did a simple sweep, and her black eyes with a slight tinge of purple suddenly constricted.

She realized that The Hanged Man, The Moon, and The Sun who were sitting opposite her had slight changes in their outward spirituality. It was different from before!

This indicated that they had advanced!

This meant that they had advanced in the past few days!

In just a week, three Tarot Club members have advanced. It's likely that The Hanged Man and The Moon have already reached Sequence 6... Is this a coincidence? They happened to consume the potion this week? In terms of probability, there's a possibility. The Moon and The Sun were purchasing ingredients last week, but this also serves to show that the Tarot Club members advance very quickly; otherwise, there wouldn't be such a coincidence...

Of course, it's not strange to advance quickly below Sequence 5 once a Beyonder masters the acting method and isn't lacking in resources... From Sequence 6 to Sequence 5, there's a need for a ritual, and the digestion becomes increasingly difficult. It's difficult for such matters to happen again... Cattleya retracted her gaze.

Following that, Audrey apologized to Mr. Fool, saying that she hadn't been in contact with the Psychology Alchemists recently and wasn't able to provide any Roselle diary pages. Fors was in a similar situation. Her teacher was slow in replying to her, and the cold weather outside left her resistant against the idea of

heading out.

Having just advanced and having many things to settle, Derrick wasn't able to produce new ancient myths. Klein could only calmly nod.

Upon seeing this Derrick heaved a sigh of relief and turned his head to the other end of the long bronze table.

"Mr. World, I've obtained the method for separating a Beyonder characteristic from the mental corruption left by a Rampager."

Don't say it so directly... At the other end of the bronze table, Klein's expression nearly froze.

Little Sun, although you have promised several times in the past, making Miss Justice and Mr. Hanged Man know of this matter, can't you see that Ma'am Hermit just joined? Klein resisted the urge to facepalm.

Chapter 593: Solution

The method for separating a Rampager's mental corruption from a Beyonder characteristic... The Hermit Cattleya shot a glance at The World and guessed that he might've obtained one to two Beyonder characteristics that a Rampager left behind. In addition, one of them likely involved the advancement characteristic for The World or someone close to him.

This was a very easy inference since if one didn't use a Beyonder characteristic as the main ingredient of a potion, the mental corruption of a Rampager in it didn't matter if it was made into a mystical item. At worst, the negative side effects would be extremely strong, making it equivalent to a Sealed Artifact, but that didn't mean that there was no way of using it.

After adjusting his emotions, Klein controlled The World to answer hoarsely, "Write it on a piece of paper and pass it to me."

With that said, Klein originally wished to encourage Little Sun for being a trustworthy person, but upon considering how The World's image was that of a gloomy and reserved person who didn't say anything else unless he had ulterior motives. He instantly fell into a slight dilemma.

No, there's an ulterior motive... By letting Little Sun maintain his principles, it will make things a lot easier in the future. To put it simply, it will be easier to fleece him... Of course, I'll have to suffer the damage from his honesty and uprightness as a result... The World is an experienced and shrewd Beyonder in the eyes of Miss Justice, Mr. Hanged Man, and the others. They likely wouldn't notice any problems... Klein's mind raced as he made The World let out a deep laugh.

“You’re really a trustworthy person. Your character is worthy of praise.”

The Hanged Man pricked up his brows and took the initiative to say to Derrick, “I’m also interested in the knowledge regarding this. What can I use to trade for this information?”

He planned to do the transaction if it wasn’t too expensive, and he would give up if it exceeded his expectations. After all, he didn’t have any use for it at the moment.

Having been praised, Derrick was still lost in his joy. After two seconds of thought, he said with abnormal sincerity, “Mr. Hanged Man, there’s no need. You’ve often been giving me suggestions in the past when I was faced with trials. Just treat it as a way of showing my appreciation.”

…If The World is a real person and was drinking, he definitely would’ve spewed out all the water in his mouth. Thankfully, he’s neither drinking, nor is he real. Klein mustered all the Beyonder powers of a Clown to ensure his expression remained unchanged.

“…”

The Hanged Man was briefly at a loss for words. The Sun’s reply was completely out of his expectations.

He had been traveling the seas for years and had experienced numerous encounters. His outlook on things was no longer that of black and white, with it mainly shades of gray. At this moment, he felt a baffling sense of guilt.

“Your character is really worthy of praise,” Alger quickly composed himself and praised Little Sun.

Don’t copy what I said! Can’t you use a different sentence… The World glanced at The Hanged Man as The Fool lamented how wily old foxes were all one and the same.

Dumbass! No, he’s dumber than an ass! A dumb sheep! The Moon Emlyn silently condemned The Sun.

From this morning, he had been filled with anticipation for this Tarot Gathering, as he had already advanced to Baron and had wished to find a chance to covertly flaunt himself.

They might not be able to tell, apart from Mr. Fool… Mr. Hanged Man likely can guess it… I should do something later to let them know that I’m an honorable Lord Baron… Emlyn pondered as he listened.

Towards Little Sun’s words, Justice Audrey didn’t feel any guilt or anger, as she knew very well that Mr. Hanged Man had been the one who had been guiding him every time. The others were only occasionally giving suggestions.

This is the natural result of being a good person… I hope Mr. Hanged Man will become kinder in the future… She watched this scene in delight and didn’t have the urge to spend money to obtain the method for separating the mental corruption from a Beyonder characteristic.

Derrick quickly turned around and obtained Mr. Fool’s approval and conjured two yellowish-brown goatskin parchments.

Klein controlled The World and took a piece. He scanned it impatiently.

"There are two methods. The first is to use an item that can steal the Beyonder powers of others. Extract the mental corruption left behind by a Rampager and concoct the Beyonder characteristic into a potion before the theft loses effect. This way, the mental corruption will have nowhere to go and will directly dissipate.

"The second is to hold a ritual and pray to one of the two mystical items in our City of Silver. Use its feedback to shatter the Beyonder characteristic and let the mental corruption expire. After that, the Beyonder characteristic will automatically gather together slowly.

"I only managed to obtain the corresponding ritual's procedure and was unable to obtain the precise description of the item. Only the elders of the six-member council have the right to know it and preside over such a ritual.

"The ritual's procedure is…

Hmm… Thoughts went through Klein's mind as he nearly forgot to control the dummy, The World.

The first method is indeed something I never considered before… The Sealed Artifact, Blood Vessel Thief, behind the Chanis Gate in Tingen City is able to steal a target's Beyonder powers. By viewing a mental corruption as one of them, there's nothing wrong with this logic…

But here comes the problem. The mental corruption inside the All-Black Eye isn't that of an ordinary Beyonder but from the evil god, True Creator. Regardless of if it's the Beyonder who's stealing the power or a mystical item of a similar trait, it will not be able to

withstand such mental corruption. The former has a hundred percent chance of losing control, while the latter will directly be corrupted...

In theory, I can sacrifice a similar mystical item and use it to replace the All-Black Eye's corruption. However, the timing has to be done perfectly without any errors; otherwise, the two items might end up corrupted.

Klein quickly analyzed the viability of the first option. As for the second option, it was similar to his and Edwina's previous guess. Only the details were somewhat different.

The two powerful mystical items in the City of Silver are, at best, Grade 0. Basically, it can't be a true god's Sequence 0 remains; otherwise, they wouldn't be in such a pathetic state in the Forsaken Land of God. Therefore, does it mean that in order to shatter a Beyonder characteristic, one doesn't need a god's strength? It's enough to do it at the level of an angel? According to Little Sun, an angel is equivalent to a subsidiary god and can barely be considered a god...

Yes... This matter can be verified. Sea God Kalvetua only obtained a portion of Calamity Cohinem's characteristic. The remaining part is in the Book of Calamity... There might even be a third part. I wonder where it's hidden since it helps this high elf, at the level of an angel, be able to resist death. In short, it can be seen that Cohinem's Beyonder characteristic was split into at least two parts. This is essentially the same as shattering a Beyonder characteristic.

With all the evidence validating each other, I can make a preliminary conclusion that as long as the ritual is right, the feedback of a powerhouse at the angel level will be able to shatter a Beyonder characteristic. Then, here comes the problem. Where do I find an angel...

Mr. Azik might be one at his peak, but he clearly hasn't recovered yet. As for Saints, Snake of Fate, Will Auceptin, is only a fetus that hasn't even been born at the moment.

Klein didn't spend too much time thinking, deciding to consider how to resolve the problem after the Tarot Gathering ended.

With that, Alger quickly scanned the area and gained an understanding to a certain degree.

Towards this, he had a theory.

Getting The World to seek the method to separate the mental corruption from a Beyonder characteristic is likely a test Mr. Fool had given to his Blessed.

But does this imply that Mr. Fool's strength has only recovered to the level of a Saint and not an Angel? Otherwise, there's no need to go through such trouble. He could've directly removed it.

How long has it been? It's just been seven months and Mr. Fool has already recovered to this extent... Right, "He" can already respond in place of Sea God Kalvetua!

In another one to two years, he will likely be able to escape from his seal. Standing at the pinnacle as an Angel, he will just be one step short of the ultimate goal.

Ignoring The Hanged Man's reaction, Cattleya looked at The Hanged Man and thought for a few seconds before chuckling.

"I'm not sure if those methods include one of the methods I

know of.

"I can provide it for free. An Unshadowed of the Sun pathway can directly cleanse away the mental corruption in a Beyonder characteristic."

Ma'am Hermit is a lot more proactive than the last time... Has she adjusted her state of mind, or does she have a motive? Or could it be that she's discovered that everyone else is a weakling, so there's no need to be too careful... Klein was first surprised with Cattleya's attitude before being delighted that he had obtained a third method. It was from the Sun pathway which the City of Silver lacked.

But I can't find the help of an Unshadowed, although I do have an incomplete Unshadowed potion formula... He controlled The World to deliberate for a moment before having him turn to Cattleya to laugh deeply.

"Thank you for your generosity, Ma'am Hermit."

Following that, he switched to the demeanor of a salesman and asked Derrick, "Do you know of a book named Groselle's Travels?"

Derrick thought seriously before honestly shaking his head.

"No."

No... Klein nearly failed to continue what he had to say, but thankfully, he steadied himself and let The World explain himself, "It's a magical book that originates from dragons. Many of its owners have vanished."

“Originates from dragons?” Audrey keenly noticed this important point as she asked with interest.

“Yes, a Beyonder plans on selling it for 8,000 pounds,” The World said hoarsely.

He didn’t raise the price above Edwina’s offer because he had yet to bargain with her. This was where he could profit on the trade. Besides, even if Edwina insisted on 8,000 pounds, he could still obtain Groselle’s Travels and study it. It was worth the time he spent closing the deal.

Audrey pursed her lips slightly as she darted her eyes around a little and cautiously asked, “What’s so magical about it?”

“...It requires further study.” The World chose to be honest.

“I’ll consider it.” Audrey wasn’t in a hurry to agree to it because 8,000 pounds was also a considerable sum of money to her as well. Especially with her having just been reimbursed for Lie, it was very difficult for her father, Earl Hall, to accept a book of unknown purpose. And if she were to rely on herself, it would take her at least three to four months—this was built on the premise that she had already purchased the Psychiatrist’s Beyonder characteristic for Susie.

Hence, she turned to ask The World about the Psychiatrist Beyonder characteristic.

...I mainly spent this week hunting Vice Admiral Ailment and failed. I didn’t find a Grazing target to switch to... Klein was instantly left somewhat embarrassed, feeling as though The World’s shrewd image had been damaged.

Chapter 594: The World's Commission

Thankfully, The World didn't have the ability to blush red. As long as he wasn't controlled, there was no change to his state.

He chuckled darkly.

"Another few more days."

Audrey nodded with a reserved attitude and didn't rush him. This was because Susie didn't express any desire in advancing anytime soon. After all, she was only a dog.

The Hanged Man, The Moon, and The Sun had just advanced a few days ago, so they were in the stage of converging their spirituality and practicing their new Beyonder powers. They had no desire to purchase the subsequent potion formulas or corresponding Sanguine inheritance. They calmly waited until the transaction phase came to an end.

Besides, they didn't have spare cash. Although Alger had "lowered" the price Emlyn White had to pay for the Sanguine Baron inheritance to 4,300 pounds and 300 pounds in commission, allowing him to earn 1,400 pounds, he had spent quite a bit on the Whip of Mind. All he had left was 1,445 pounds.

After purchasing the Sanguine Baron inheritance, new dolls, and doll dresses, he still had 2,300 pounds in savings. Although it seemed like a sizable amount, the subsequent ingredients were that of a Sanguine Viscount. It would cost at least 8,000 pounds. As for Derrick, he had exchanged all his merit points that he had previously accumulated, and he was waiting to be sent out for a patrolling or exploration mission.

Fors and Audrey were similarly not seeking to purchase the potion formulas of the subsequent Sequences since they could obtain them from their own resource channels. Furthermore, there was no need to hide it or waste money at the Tarot Club. Audrey simply wasn't too nitpicky when it came to money; it didn't mean she was dumb.

On the other hand, Cattleya was still observing and wasn't in a rush to reveal what she needed. On the other hand, she didn't believe that the other Tarot Club members apart from Mr. Fool could provide anything she needed. After all, to a pirate admiral who had advanced to Sequence 5 for years, what she desired most was the level of demigod. Therefore, she only looked calmly at The Sun and the others, with her slightly dark purple eyes, and without making any attempts at speaking.

Klein thought for a moment and controlled The World to add, "Is anyone able to obtain a mystical item with very potent offensive strength?"

The target of his question was directed at The Hermit. This was because only Admiral of Stars, who had traveled the seas for so many years, could satisfy his request. Even The Hanged Man and the that Artisan he knew couldn't do it unless he could provide them with a corresponding Sequence 6 or even a Sequence 5 Beyonder characteristic.

Cattleya fell silent for two seconds before slowly shaking her head.

"If something similar appears at the Beyonder gatherings I participate in, I'll help you take note."

All these years, she had killed several Beyonders and had indeed obtained a certain number of Beyonder characteristics and mystical items, but they were either rewarded to her pirate

subordinates, or she had exchanged them for two powerful items that greatly enhanced her strength and survivability. She didn't have anything to spare. Furthermore, she needed the two items and wouldn't sell them before she advanced to the level of demigod.

From the looks of it, Admiral of Stars isn't a well-to-do person either. A huge faction implies large expenses... Klein silently sighed and made The World thank her with his hoarse voice.

With the transactions quickly coming to an end, he controlled The World to look at Fors.

"I wish to entrust you with a mission."

"Me?" Fors was a little surprised.

Could it be something like buying a radio transceiver again? she thought as the corners of her mouth twitched slightly.

The World nodded.

"Go to Williams Street, which borders West Borough and Empress Borough, and circle the place. Do it once every two to three days. Take note of any abnormalities. If there are any, then inform me immediately."

He didn't use Mr. Fool to bring focus on the matter, as everyone was already used to it and experienced. Furthermore, beneath Williams Street was precisely the location of the Tudor family's ruins where the evil spirit was lingering.

“Abnormality? What would be considered abnormal?” Fors asked, feeling puzzled and cautious.

There might be something abnormal about Williams Street in Backlund? Audrey was originally not very interested in the topic, but at that moment, she pricked up her ears and paid close attention.

She trusted Mr. World’s ability to gather intelligence to a great extent. The Great Smog of Backlund was evidence of his ability!

West Borough, Empress Borough… Sounds like it’s located at Loen’s capital, Backlund… Miss Magician is presently in Backlund? Indeed. She looks ordinary, but she isn’t in any way. To a secret organization, members in a city are often more powerful in other places… Of course, she might also be like me—a coincidence of fate because she requested to be roped in… Cattleya swept a glance at Fors and quickly analyzed the information revealed from the conversation.

Alger was suddenly interested since he knew that The World was the representative of Mr. Fool’s Blessed. Whatever he paid attention to had a high chance of involving a conflict at the upper echelons!

Just what secret lies within that street named Williams Street? Alger couldn’t help but try to guess at the deeper truth.

How would I know what abnormalities there will be… Klein mumbled before getting The World to answer gloomily, “I believe there will be sufficient abnormalities.

“I have to warn you that if you really notice anything abnormal, do not attempt to investigate it on your own or hire someone to do the investigation. It will be very dangerous.

“How much do you think is an adequate reward?”

Very dangerous… Fors instinctively wished to decline the mission.

However, considering how immense the influence of the Great Smog of Backlund was, one that even affected her, she wasn’t sure if this abnormality wouldn’t cause her harm. As such, she became hesitant.

After a few seconds, she changed her languid seating posture and said, “100 pounds.”

“Much lower than I imagined.” The World chuckled.

Fors spread her hands and said, “It’s because it’s for myself as well.”

I’ll just treat it as “people observation” in order to gather material for my novel… That’s right, I can’t stay at home all day. It’s time for me to get out. I have to push forward the matter of acting as a Trickmaster. Just conjuring tricks to amuse Xio isn’t enough to digest it… How should I act? Join a circus to perform tricks? Or should I do individual performances at different squares? I don’t have to be worried about how the people I know view me. As an author, life experience is a basic trait… Fors’s thoughts gradually dispersed.

After settling this matter, Klein made The World turn his head to The Hanged Man and chuckle darkly.

“I received intel that the Church of Storms has taken action. The matter at Bansy Harbor has been preliminarily been resolved.”

Having been drifting out at sea for the past week, Alger, who hadn't had any contact with the Church, immediately replied with a solemn voice, "What's the final outcome?"

"There won't be a Bansy Harbor for some time," The World replied with a concealed smile.

At this moment, Audrey and company realized what they were talking about.

That was the place with the ancient name Binsy, and it had the present name of Bansy!

It was the place where descendants of the King of Angels Medici resided!

Is Mr. World implying that the Church of Storms has leveled Bansy Harbor? That's really in their style. That's good too. There's no need to worry that the innocent there will be corrupted... I wonder if the King of Angels Medici appeared or escaped. Would the pontiff of the Church of Storms appear in person, or was a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact used... Audrey heaved a sigh of relief as she asked with brightened eyes, "Mr. World, do you know of the specifics?"

"No, no one knows, other than the upper echelons of the Church of Storms." The World stole a glance at The Hanged Man.

The Hanged Man fell silent, feeling the burning ambition in his chest once more.

I want to become a member of the Church's upper echelons! he emphasized to himself.

The Hermit Cattleya, who had joined the Tarot Gathering a second time, basically didn't understand what they were talking about.

As a pirate admiral, she was no stranger to Bansy Harbor, but she didn't know what had happened there. She also had no idea why the Church of Storms would destroy the place and why it would require a long period of time to rebuild it.

It should be a very serious matter that deals with the higher-ups… The members of the Tarot Club seems to be aware of the reason… Although their Sequences aren't high, they seem to know a lot and are involved in many matters… apart from The Sun… This is the reason why Mr. Fool tacitly agreed to have them establish this gathering? Through the Tarot Club, they will indirectly influence various matters of different organizations? Cattleya once again reevaluated her understanding of the other members and was increasingly impressed with them.

She still maintained her silence and didn't inquire. This left Audrey, who was waiting to flaunt via answering in response to The Hermit's puzzlement, disappointed.

Even for Ma'am Hermit, it's unlikely that she'll be involved in matters regarding a King of Angels. No, she might not even know about the existence of a King of Angels… Audrey thought spontaneously.

After talking about the outcome of Bansy Harbor and waiting for a moment, Emlyn White immediately cleared his throat and said, "Thanks to Mr. Hanged Man's help, I'm already a Baron.

"I have a question. As a Sanguine, do I need to use the acting method like you humans do in order to expedite the so-called digestion after advancing to a Baron, so as to better grasp the Beyonder characteristic?"

His back was extremely sharp as his neck was slightly elevated while his chin was slightly tipped upwards.

I'm sorry. Mr. Fool isn't able to answer this question of yours. But in theory, it's required. After all, you are using the "inheritance" of others... Klein leaned back in his chair and sat amidst the gray fog as he leisurely looked at the other members of the Tarot Club.

Cattleya scanned her surroundings and said, "A Sanguine Baron corresponds to the Sequence 6 Potions Professor?"

"Yes," Emlyn replied, unable to hide his smile.

He wasn't stupid. From the previous transactions and interactions, he had determined the Sequences of the other members apart from The World. He believed that he was one of the strongest members of the Tarot Club. Of course, this was excluding Mr. Fool and the recently recruited Ma'am Hermit.

Mr. Moon is already at Sequence 6? Why does he seem more immature than The Sun... Audrey pursed her lips.

At that moment, Cattleya said, "It requires acting because this pathway only has the name Vampire at Sequence 7. As for you, you were born in that state. There's no need to act, but it's required for the other Sequences."

"Ma'am Hermit, which pathway does that Sequence 7 belong to?" Audrey blinked her eyes as she curiously asked before Emlyn White could say a word.

Chapter 595: Domain

Without waiting for The Hermit to answer, Audrey added, “If you believe this is an important piece of information and isn’t something to be given for free, then I can provide you with some payment.”

“No, there’s no need to. Anyone familiar with the Feynapotter’s Church of Earth Mother will have some understanding of this.” Cattleya didn’t doubt Miss Justice’s sincerity when it came to the principle of equal exchange. She believed that Miss Justice was fully capable of satisfying her price in terms of wealth and resources, but she decided to provide the information for free.

Firstly, it raised Miss Justice’s impression on her and would build a foundation for any future transactions. Secondly, by providing the information, she could observe the reactions of the members and estimate their standing in their own organizations and factions.

I’m very familiar with the Earth Mother’s Blessed, Bishop Utravsky, but I didn’t know anything about that… Of course, I truly am a little scared of him. His height and build are just too intimidating. Every time I’m there, I only seek out Emlyn White… Sitting at the end of the long bronze table, Klein thought in a self-deprecating manner.

Cattleya didn’t pause as she continued, “Vampire is from the Moon pathway. The corresponding Sequence 9 is Apothecary; Sequence 8 is Beast Tamer; Sequence 6 is Potions Professor; Sequence 5 is Scarlet Scholar; Sequence 4 is Shaman King. I’m not sure about the higher Sequences.”

“Ahem.” Emlyn White coughed. “Ma’am Hermit, I have to

emphasize that it's Sanguine, not Vampire. Heh heh, I won't object it if you call those humans who consume the characteristics of my kinsmen vampires. I would even be very agreeable to it."

So Vampire is from the Apothecary pathway. So is Shaman King. It's no wonder they revere the Primordial Moon and not the Goddess...

Could the Scarlet Lunar Corona, that Ma'am Sharron obtained, be from a dead Scarlet Scholar or Sanguine Viscount? Apart from being able to recreate the effects of a full moon and neutralizing the corresponding effects, it can provide terrifying speed, unimaginable recovery speed, and rather powerful darkness-related spells. The negative effects can be neutralized by drinking the fresh blood of the living... Indeed, it does seem to be a result of a Sanguine...

Among the various jobs of this pathway, there are some that resemble the Seer pathway. There's no connection between the Sequences, while there are some that have an obvious progression. How strange...

Klein joined the bits of bread crumbs together, feeling somewhat enlightened and puzzled.

Alger, Fors, and company were either in thought, listening in relish, or pretending to be disinterested. Everyone had different reactions, but Cattleya was able to figure out that they didn't understand much about Vampires prior to this.

They are low- or mid-ranking members in their organizations or factions. They match the characteristics of being recently pulled into the Tarot Club and at the stage of rapidly advancing... The World didn't react. Either he's very staid, or he long knew of the matter regarding Vampires, or both... After repeated observations,

I have to admit that The World is the Tarot Club member that needs to have the most attention paid to and be guarded against...

Audrey listened with great interest as she thought over it carefully. As though she was attending a family education class, she raised her hand slightly.

"Ma'am Hermit, why are the Sequences in the Moon pathway seemingly unrelated?"

The Hermit Cattleya looked at Miss Justice and discovered that the dress and accessories she wore were completely different from the last gathering. There was no repeat, but it exuded her luxurious and noble bearing.

As her mind went adrift, she seemed to see the portrait of the Queen back when she was young. Every piece of clothing she wore was completely different. The same set of clothing was never worn a second time at a formal event.

After a moment of silence, Cattleya said, "A pathway's Sequence doesn't necessarily need to be related or superficially connected. The common trait is that this pathway corresponds to the god's domain. For example, the Moon represents spirituality, plants, beauty, parts of life, parts of darkness, and parts of mystery. Therefore, this pathway has Apothecary of the plant domain, Vampire of the life domain, and Beast Tamer of the intersection of life and spirituality."

"Sanguine!" Emlyn White emphasized and lifted his chin slightly. "This should be why us Sanguine are very handsome and beautiful."

No, that's not the case. The vampires I've seen are all disgusting and ferocious... Derrick retorted weakly in his heart.

It can be explained in such a manner? It's quite different from Captain's and Daly's explanations… Different pathways represent the domain possessed by a Sequence 0… Or could it be that the two combined is the most accurate answer? I wonder what the domains the Sequence 0 of the Seer pathway represents. From the symbol behind my chair, it represents strangeness and change? Klein's expression didn't change as his mind whirled.

Audrey easily understood Ma'am Hermit's explanation and couldn't help but guess the name of her pathway's Sequence 0.

It's definitely Dragon. There are many species of dragons. Many powers are not contained within this pathway. It's closer to the domain represented by the mind dragon…

I wish Mr. Fool can quickly find the Card of Blasphemy of this corresponding pathway…

That Groselle's Travels originates from dragons. I wonder if it has anything to do with a mind dragon…

At this moment, Emlyn asked as a form of validation, "That is to say that to successfully become a Sanguine Viscount, I similarly have to act as a Potions Professor, even if I'm a favorite of the Moon?"

My dear Emlyn, I know you are trying to bring attention to the latter half of your sentence… Klein nearly reached out his right hand to pinch his chin.

This was also one of the reasons why he had entrusted Miss Magician to check for abnormalities in Williams Street. He ultimately felt that Emlyn White, a vampire who didn't enjoy going out or socializing, was rather unreliable at present. Another reason was that he knew that he was being controlled

by the Sanguine's upper echelons in secret. Getting him to head to Williams Street made it easy to expose the matter regarding the underground ruins.

"Yes." Cattleya nodded.

The exchange continued, and as it came to a close, Audrey seemed to recall something. She turned her body and looked towards the end of the long bronze table.

"Mr. Fool, the second round of the Civil Servant Unified Examination officially ends today. What's left is the final interview."

Her tone was brisk and with clear delightful emotions. It was like an excellent student reporting her results to her parents.

From her point of view, the Civil Servant Unified Examination was a suggestion raised by Mr. Fool in passing. She had pushed forward the idea via inconspicuous methods, the first time she had attempted to use her Beyonder powers to change reality. Therefore, she had always paid great attention to it, often reporting the situation to the suggester.

The second round of the examinations are over? I wonder if Benson can pass and have the opportunity of entering the final interview... Klein leaned back and suddenly felt wistful.

He nodded slightly and said with a smiling tone, "Not bad."

Audrey, who had been praised by Mr. Fool, became happier. She felt that she was indirectly changing the fates of many people, allowing people who were stuck in the lower and middle classes

to have a chance at entering the middle and upper classes.

When Cattleya heard this exchange, she couldn't help but frown. She felt that this was very different from the style the Tarot Club had previously shown.

Could it be that the reforms of the past half a year in the Loen Kingdom were a result of the Tarot Club's turning of the wheels? As a young noble lady, Miss Justice played an important role? If that's the case, I have to reevaluate my views... Although the members aren't of a high Sequence and are low-ranking members of their organizations, they're still able to influence the situation of the world to a certain extent? Cattleya retracted her gaze and considered whether she wanted to use her different resource channels to figure out the backstory of Loen Kingdom's reforms.

After a few minutes of exchanges, The Fool Klein announced the end of the Gathering.

While Miss Justice and company got up to express their farewells, he severed the connection and leaned back into his seat. He silently watched the endless grayish-white fog around him for a very long while.

...

Backlund. In a coffee shop next to King's Avenue.

Melissa was holding a porcelain teaspoon as she gently stirred the black tea which had a lemon in it. From time to time, she would turn her head to look out into the faint fog.

Her black veiled hat was sitting beside her. Placed in front of her

was a plate of the cheapest toast, but she hadn't taken a single bite.

She originally imagined that she would anger the coffee shop's owner for sitting there all this while, preventing him from earning more. But she later discovered that there were many people waiting for the end of the test opposite the road like her.

As seconds turned into minutes, the water condensing on the glass windows grew thicker. Melissa couldn't help but extend her hand to clean up a relatively clear spot.

Finally, she saw a bunch of people surge out of the test venue. The glass-inlaid wooden door of the coffee shop was pushed open as about eight men and women entered.

Just as Benson took off his rather old top and before he could smooth his rather high hairline with his fingers, he discovered his sister standing as she asked nervously, "How did you do, uh —Were the questions tough today?"

"It might've been considered difficult for others, but it was a piece of cake for me. Mathematics is my forte." Benson looked around and saw everyone discussing it without noticing him. Hence, he chuckled. "After the test ended, I saw quite a number of people with blank sheets. Do they think a low-ranking civil servant will have a mathematics secretary? If that's the case, what's the difference between hiring a curly-haired baboon and them?"

Melissa heaved a secret sigh of relief and looked to her side before turning her head back.

"Benson, if you're really confident, you should consider the matter regarding the interview.

“You need to buy a new decent set of clothes.”

“Let’s leave that to tomorrow. We should celebrate today. I’ve already decided on the restaurant.” Benson smiled as he pointed outside.

Melissa pursed her lips and looked at her elder brother in an extremely serious manner.

“I’ve already bought the meat and vegetables.”

Benson locked his gaze with his sister for a few seconds before moving it away in submission.

“Alright, let’s go home.”

…

Above the gray fog, Klein gradually found his train of thought and calmed his emotions. He began considering how to separate the True Creator’s mental corruption of the All-Black Eye.

Chapter 596: Clue

In the majestic palace with stone columns propping it up, Klein sat in a high-back chair as he lightly tapped the corner of the long mottled table. He first eliminated the method of seeking a Sequence 4 Unshadowed from the Sun pathway.

This was because he had almost zero contact with the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun. It was very difficult for him to find help from anyone. Secondly, he suspected that an Unshadowed was unlikely to be capable of cleansing the mental corruption in the All-Black Eye. After all, The Hermit Cattleya's suggestion was directed at remnant influences by an ordinary Rampager, and not the True Creator!

Seeking the help of an angel or true god's power isn't realistic either. In theory, I can use the mysterious space above the gray fog to perform a divination on the Eternal Blazing Sun and use "His" help to shatter the All-Black Eye and evaporate the mental corruption, but the problem lies with the fact that an experienced "Him" might be able to use this opportunity to invade this place and take over the gray fog. If that happens, it wouldn't be worth it...

And when a power that exceeds my level an unknown number of times instantly comes into effect, there's no delay. It targets me, and I'll have no time to redirect it to the All-Black Eye. I will lack the ability to control the situation.

Also, it's not like I can divine it as I wish. I need a medium. I previously used the mutated Sun Sacred Emblem, which had the Eternal Blazing Sun's divine blood in it, as well as the ear that was corrupted by the True Creator.

Currently, the mediums I have are Mr. Door and the Hidden Sage. I can use the ravings that Miss Magician hears during the full moon, as well as knowledge's pursuit of Admiral of Stars to make an attempt. But similarly, the counterattack isn't directed at the All-Black Eye, and I don't have the means to divert the attack.

Mr. Azik has yet to recover. Snake of Fate Will Auceptin has yet to be born. From the looks of it, I can't find an angel to help me either. Sigh, I still know too few high-ranking figures... Right, there's also something akin to an angel, the evil spirit in the ruins under Backlund that's suspected to be King of Angels Medici! But that fellow is scheming with unknown plots and malicious intent. Unless there's no other method, I will not consider it.

Yes, taking the risk isn't worth it at all. If that's the case, I might as well give up on the All-Black Eye and search for the main ingredients of a Marionettist. It's only the dust of ancient wraiths and the core crystal of a six-winged gargoyle. It's even possible that the former can be found in the Underworld!

In that case, performing a new search is a viable choice, while finding a mystical item that's similar to the Blood Vessel Thief is another choice. With the gray fog shielding me, I can use its theft abilities to its full extent. I'll definitely be able to separate the True Creator's mental corruption from the All-Black Eye, and I wouldn't be afraid that it would return.

The easiest method is to throw the corrupted mystical item far away once the theft is completed. Then, I'll bring the pure All-Black Eye back to the real world, causing the "physical" separation of the two items.

Well... How am I to find a similar mystical item? Mr. Hanged Man didn't say anything after seeing the methods, which implies that he doesn't know either. However, I can ask at the next Tarot Gathering. Ma'am Hermit, Miss Magician, Miss Justice, Little Sun, and Emlyn White all have their corresponding information and

resource channels…

I can try searching for it myself this week. I'll start with Vice Admiral Iceberg. Her third mate, Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson, has Beyonder powers that can steal. Perhaps he might know where there might be similar mystical items.

Klein's thought process gradually cleared up as he formulated an initial plan.

He first performed a divination before rapidly returning to the real world. He got out of the decadent state of lying slump in the reclining chair drinking beverages and reading newspapers as he quickly set up a ritual.

It was still three candles, but the difference was the symbol he drew. It was the Sacred Emblem of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom—an omniscient eye on an open book. The ritual's silver dagger also switched to a brass knife. In mysticism, the Blue Planet corresponded to the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, and the metal that belonged to the Blue Planet's domain was mercury and brass.

Klein had long considered the problem of contacting Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards. Therefore, he prepared a set of Soulfall Ritual materials. After a series of processes, he burned the corresponding herb powder, and he dripped the extract and essence from lavender and mint.

Amidst the faint, clear, and mysterious fragrance, Klein took a step back and used ancient Hermes to recite an incantation.

"I pray for the power of knowledge;

“I pray for the power of rationality;

“I pray for the God of Wisdom’s loving grace;

“I pray that you allow me to communicate with the spirit of Edwina Edwards, the teacher who pursues knowledge, the researcher of spirit world creatures, Vice Admiral Iceberg of the seas, who hails from Lenburg.”

…

Klein’s voice reverberated as the altar instantly turned gloomy and cold. Be it the brass knife or the metallic bottles, all of them floated up.

It succeeded. The Golden Dream is still within 500 nautical miles… Klein first felt a sense of delight before he saw the flames of the three candles lengthen. They were tainted with a pale white with a hint of dark green.

He knew that the Soulfall Ritual was essentially to free his body and allow the target’s Astral Projection to possess him to establish an effective communication channel. He would be lacking in the necessary protection, making it easy to be attacked by the target of the Soulfall Ritual. Therefore, he had divined ahead of time to determine the danger from this matter. Besides, after meeting and conversing with her, he believed that Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina wasn’t a person with malicious intent. He temporarily found her trustworthy.

At this moment, the wind within the wall of spirituality produced mournful sounds. Klein only felt an ice-cold power descend upon him from the void in an attempt to enter his body.

Then, he was surprised to discover that it wasn't like he expected. He had the necessary strength to resist and control himself instead of being possessed by her!

What's happening? Just as he had the thought, he began to see a faint, formless gray fog around him.

This was a trait he possessed after advancing to Faceless. The power of the gray fog was able to slightly leak into reality!

Amidst his racing mind, Klein didn't hesitate to wave his arm. He pointed to a coat hanging on a coat rack, throwing the ice-cold power onto it.

The black tweed coat on the coat rack strangely floated up as the arms raised up, looking somewhat clumsy.

It was as though an invisible person was wearing his coat!

The black coat floated two meters forward before coming to a pause.

The two sleeves raised up and formed an ×.

What does that mean? Klein was taken aback before he realized what Vice Admiral Iceberg meant.

Without a mouth, I can't speak! Without hands, I can't write!

This is awkward... Klein thought for a moment and directly said, "I need a mystical item that can steal the Beyonder powers of

others. Ma'am, might I know if you have one?

"If you don't, can you ask your third mate for me? Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson?

"The corresponding answer can be written in a letter. Summon my messenger to send it over."

The black coat's sleeves spread out and motioned with a lowering gesture.

Following that, it lost its soul and fell to the ground, no longer appearing as straight as before.

That means "yes?" Klein sighed silently and quickly ended the ritual. He hung up the black coat and used a brush and handkerchief to clean it.

Then, he wrote a letter and asked Mr. Azik a similar question.

He summoned the messenger by blowing the copper whistle. After the letter was taken away, Klein attempted the third method with great drive.

He took out the paper crane from his wallet and carefully spread it out. He wrote with a pencil on it: "Might I ask where I can get a mystical item that can steal the Beyonder powers of others?"

Putting down the pencil, Klein restored the paper crane according to its lines. He was quite pleased with his improvement at handicraft.

...

In the evening, after Klein browsed through the prayers of his believers, he returned to the real world and went to the washroom to enjoy a rather comfortable hot bath.

This allowed him to quickly fall asleep after entering his bed. This continued until he suddenly sensed an external force invading his dream.

It was the same desolate plains with the towering pitch-black steeple. With familiarity, Klein passed through the doors and walls until he entered deep inside the tower.

There was still a deck of tarot cards scattered here. They surrounded a central protrusion as though they were making a declaration. However, as a Seer, Klein could only interpret it as chaotic and contradictory.

On the protruded area, the text had already changed. The silver words formed three sentences.

The first line wrote: “I’m only a child that has yet to been born.”

Klein’s expression froze as though he was hearing an infant cry, “Please, I beg you. Don’t make things difficult for me. Such communication is very tiring...”

The second line was equally succinct.

“The clue lies in you.”

The third line was: “Don’t ask me what the clue is because I have no idea either.”

That is to say that Snake of Fate Will Auceptin can foresee a clue on me, but he is unable to foresee what it is exactly… That feels like a charlatan’s divination. No, I can’t say so. I can’t include myself in such criticism… Klein remembered the information and exited the dream before returning back to sleep until daybreak.

After breakfast, he began recalling the items and matters he had experienced before to seek out the so-called clue.

At this moment, his spiritual perception was triggered as he quickly activated his Spirit Vision.

The skeleton messenger remained huge, but unlike the last time, its head didn’t pass through the ceiling.

This was because it had spewed up from the floor, so half its head was in the level below.

In such a situation, it looked at Klein at his eye level and placed the return letter on his palm.

Seeing the messenger crumble like a falling waterfall, Klein was taken back. He muttered, feeling both angry and amused, *So you do know some manners!*

You’re getting more considerate after all!

You’ve changed greatly after knowing that you wouldn’t be

transferred to me…

Klein rapidly retracted his gaze and opened the letter to read Mr. Azik's reply.

"…Stealing the Beyonder powers of others is from the Marauder pathway. In the Fourth Epoch, it belonged to the Amon family, the Zoroast family, and the Jacob family… They seldom appeared after the War of the Four Emperors. Rumor has it that some of their members have formed an alliance and call themselves Hermits of Fate.

"I can't remember any further. You can try attacking from the angle of the descendants of these three families."

Amon… So a Blasphemer refers to this pathway? The Jacob family was one of the five Angel Families of the Tudor Dynasty. It was equal to Abraham, Amon, Antigonus, and Tamara. As for the Zoroast family, it's from the Solomon Empire… Hermits of Fate. Fate, Hermit… The clue lies in me… Klein suddenly sat up and recalled an item.

It was the mysterious badge from Lanevus. The symbols on it were none other than that of fate and concealment!

Chapter 597: Klein's Plan

Lanevus is likely a Sequence 8 Swindler. This happens to be from the Marauder pathway. It's not incomprehensible or unacceptable that he would have the "admission ticket" to the corresponding gathering. On the contrary, it's very logical... Purchasing a mystical item, which can steal the Beyonder powers of others, at a gathering with the Hermits of Fate is definitely much easier than other circles... From the looks of it, this is the so-called clue Will Auceptin mentioned... Klein sat by the edge of the bed and suddenly brightened up.

He hurriedly set up a ritual to summon himself and went above the gray fog to bring back the eyeball-sized badge to the real world.

On the front of the badge was a symbol that depicted fate and concealment, and behind it was a ring of tiny and compact words in ancient Hermes: "You can join if you have this item."

Klein was just about to inject his spirituality to activate the badge and send out the "information" to synchronize it with the latest gathering time and location when he suddenly turned hesitant.

...How careless am I. I actually forgot to divine if doing so will be dangerous! If that gathering has Lanevus's demigod senior and he uses it to lock onto me, that will be troublesome. It's just like how Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy was able to quickly find a Demoness of Unaging to help her. I must take precautions... A person should be rash when the time calls for it, and be a coward when necessary! Klein smacked his forehead and cautiously returned to the mysterious space above the gray fog where he used spirit dowsing to perform a divination.

After receiving a revelation that there wasn't any danger, he breathed a sigh of relief and left the gray fog. He then sat in the reclining chair in his inn room.

With the injection of his spirituality, the badge emitted a blurry luster and quickly condensed into an inconspicuous light beam, shooting out into the air.

Before long, the same light beam returned and dispersed, transforming into a palm-sized piece of illusory goatskin parchment. On it was written the words in ancient Feysac: "6 June 1350, 9 p.m. at the Tussock River's estuary."

That's another four more months… With this much time, it wouldn't be a problem for me to find the Marionettist's main ingredient all over again. The only obstacle is a lack of money, but that's not too difficult. I now have a wealth of 6,945 pounds. I should have more than enough after selling another one or two Beyonder characteristics. Besides, there are so many moving bounties at sea, no… I can't be so conceited. I have to eliminate the Four Kings and the Seven Admirals… What kind of clue is this? Klein leaned forward, arched his back, and began thinking hard.

As he thought about the gathering of the Hermits of Fate, he suddenly thought of someone: Leonard Mitchell!

My dear poet had participated in the Hermits of Fate gathering in Babur Valley. Regardless of his goal, whether it's for official work or private matters, there's a possibility of him obtaining a mystical item that can steal the Beyonder powers of others… I can borrow it from him or buy it through him? This is the real clue? Klein felt energized as he quickly came up with a rough plan.

First step. Place the radio transceiver above the gray fog to accumulate its aura;

Second step, use the radio transceiver to contact Arrodes a few days later;

Third step, ask it where I can, with relative ease, obtain mystical items that can steal the Beyonder powers of others;

If the answer is very clear, the fourth step will follow what the information says, easily completing my goal. If the answer is vague or fraught with danger, the fourth step can be to ask my dear poet's present location.

The fifth step is to get Emlyn White to take this badge to find my dear poet to see if he has any corresponding items and if it's possible to do a transaction. I won't appear in person, for I might end up being recognized. That will similarly make it very troublesome. As for Emlyn, he's presently considered someone from the Church of Earth Mother, no—considered a ghost of the Church of Earth Mother. To get him to initiate first-contact, even if he were reported by my dear poet or ends up captured on the spot, he wouldn't be framed or put up for torture.

With the plan on what to do and how to proceed, Klein immediately felt refreshed. In his good mood, he decided to head out to eat a Bayam delicacy—roasted fish.

…

Above the blue sea, the Golden Dream, which was sparkling thanks to the setting sun's golden rays, was silently cruising forward.

Receiving his captain's permission, Danitz apprehensively walked into her room with his head up as people stared at him with envy.

Bookshelves filled the room and on top of them were different books.

Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina stood in front of a desk as she held a black fountain pen in her hand. She quickly wrote the following: "...I do not have similar items. Same for Jodeson. He says he will help you look out for it, but that will require you to be sufficiently lucky."

Edwina raised her head and turned her clear, aqueous blue eyes to look at Danitz.

"You, hold the ritual, the ritual to summon Gehrman Sparrow's messenger."

At that moment, Danitz was wondering if he would receive any special treatment from his captain, but when he heard that, he pointed at himself in astonishment. "Me?"

"Yes." Edwina folded the letter, straightened her body, and nodded. "This can help you familiarize yourself with similar rituals. In the future, I'll be testing you on this."

"Alright..." Danitz hid his disappointment as he tried his best to recall the procedure as he slowly set up the ritual that only needed one candle.

Finally, under Edwina's watch, he took out a shiny Loen gold coin and placed it on the altar.

After taking the letter, Danitz ran through the subsequent ritual in his mind twice before he dared to do it.

He took a step back and said in ancient Hermes, “I!

“I summon in my name:

“The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated, the messenger that belongs to Gehrman Sparrow.”

Whoosh!

The wind howled in the wall of spirituality, sending Danitz’s yellow hair flailing upwards.

The flame rapidly burgeoned to the size of a human’s head. It was as pale as the letter in Danitz’s hand.

Soon, Danitz saw long blonde hair, bloodshot eyes, and a gorgeous head appear.

Hiss. Gehrman Sparrow’s messenger is very unique. How can a spirit world creature look like a human, and it’s so beautiful at that. She’s just slightly inferior to Captain, uh… Danitz suddenly choked because he discovered that the head didn’t have a neck underneath. Furthermore, it was held up by a pigtail with a hand.

He looked in a daze as one head after another appeared. he saw the headless figure dressed in a complicated dress appear before him.

She’s indeed a creature from the spirit world… He felt ashamed for having those thoughts.

Taking a deep breath, Danitz hurriedly handed over the letter and saw one of the beautiful heads open its mouth to bite at it with pearly-white teeth.

At this moment, Reinette Tinekerr's other head bit on the gold coin on the altar.

However, she didn't immediately leave. The four bloodshot eyes on other two heads darted towards Edwina Edwards who was outside the wall of spirituality. She sized her up a few times.

Edwina felt herself being observed, and it made it impossible to contain the horror that ensued.

Reinette Tinekerr retracted her gaze as her body turned illusory, fusing into the white candlelight.

The flame lit up again as the colors spread outwards. Everything had restored to normal.

Just as Danitz removed the wall of spirituality, he heard his captain say in a deep voice, "That's not an ordinary creature from the spirit world..."

Not an ordinary creature from the spirit world? Danitz was stunned.

He knew that his captain's profession was a researcher of spirit world creatures. If she said it wasn't ordinary, it definitely wasn't one. It was far more extraordinary than ordinary!

Gehrman Sparrow really is a man with many secrets... Danitz

reflected.

...

Backlund, Cherwood Borough.

Fors mustered every fiber in her body before she triumphed over the laziness brought from the fireplace. She switched to a thick dark blue cotton dress, wrapped a light gray scarf around her, and wore a warm lady's hat. In the not-too-cold temperatures, aside from the cold that seeped into her bones thanks to the prevailing fog, she took a carriage to Williams Street.

She took in the cold air and told herself that this was a common excursion for an author to gather material outside. There was no need for her to be nervous or appear abnormal.

Taking a few steps forward, Fors entered a coffee shop and sat by the window. As she drank the thick, warm liquid, she observed the pedestrians and the houses across the road.

There's nothing abnormal. There's no fighting or theft at all... This is a place where the rich live, so the security is much better than East Borough... Heh, I can still see someone from Feysac. He's really tall and muscular, like a bear. He also has companions... Haha, are those people from Intis? They really wear exaggerated clothes, it's like they're acting in a play... Backlund is indeed the Capital of Capitals. I can meet many foreigners here... Fors gradually forgot her goal and opened up a notebook to record down material for her novel.

After she finished her coffee, she circled the street and left after finding nothing peculiar. She planned to come again on Thursday.

…

After taking Edwina's reply letter from Reinette Tinekerr's "hands," Klein watched as the messenger vanished, confirming that she hadn't asked for an additional gold coin.

From the looks of it, using a gold coin as a ritual material works… He smiled, feeling pleased with himself as he opened the letter.

With a fruitless answer, he planned on going out to walk the streets to find a chance to engage in true acting so as to conclude the principles.

At this moment, he heard knocking at the door. It was Captain Elland.

Klein silently opened the door and said, "I was just about to look for you."

Elland chuckled and said, "There's no need. As long as you register a place with your identity, I'll be able to know where you're staying."

The governor-general's office and the military have quite good control on the inns after all… Klein nodded without a word.

Elland turned his body halfway and pointed at the corridor.

"I'll bring you to see someone.

"The White Agate is about to return to Pritz Harbor. If you need

help or have any information to provide, you can find him. We're often generous when it comes to payment."

This was what Klein had previously mentioned to him before.

"Alright." Klein reached out to the coat rack.

After wearing his coat, Elland led him straight to the Amyris Leaf Bar and to a corner inside.

...

In the basement of the Amyris Leaf Bar.

Wormtongue Mithor King looked at Strongman Ozil opposite him and asked, "Have you gathered the recent intel about Blazing Danitz?"

"Yes," Ozil said with a smile. "Last week, Blue Eyes Meath saw Blazing Danitz with an unknown adventurer."

Chapter 598: Windfall

In a corner of the Amyris Leaf Bar.

Elland found a man wearing a coffee-colored jacket, patted him on the shoulder, and laughed.

“Why aren’t you drinking Lanti Proof?”

The man was in his thirties, having a rather common face. It was obvious that he had Loen blood running through his veins.

He had brown hair and eyes, with a somewhat high nose bridge. His tipsy appearance instantly vanished as his eyes turned sharp.

He swept a glance at Elland and Klein before his eyes turned turbid again. He said, sounding completely intoxicated, “I’ve already drunk. I’m drinking Zarhar to lessen the effects of the alcohol.”

Zarhar was a locally-produced malt beer. It was cheap and tasted quite good.

Elland chuckled and pointed at Klein.

“Gehrman Sparrow.”

Then, he introduced the man to Klein, “Oz Kent. You can call him

Kent.

“Chat amongst yourselves. I’ll have to return to make preparations. I’ll be setting off early, tomorrow morning.”

He waved his hand and left without any hesitation.

Klein pulled over a nearby chair and sat down. He didn’t get any alcohol as he expressionlessly looked at Oz Kent.

The staring made Kent feel extremely uncomfortable as he downed a mouthful of Zarhar and said, “Find me if there’s anything in the future. You’ll be paid as long as you provide any intel of value, or if you help us do certain things.”

He wasn’t worried that the drunkards around them would hear their conversation, as many gangs and pirate crews would say the same thing. The words used to rope in informants were usually the same.

“Alright.” Klein had the strong urge to ask if he could be reimbursed for dressing up as Helene to assassinate Vice Admiral Ailment despite it being paid by Danitz.

However, it was just a thought.

Oz Kent chuckled while appearing completely drunk.

“I heard Elland mention some things about you, but I have to remind you that one shouldn’t be too crazy out at sea. You need to take note and try your best not to provoke the pirates. What I mean is to not fight them head-on. Privately providing us

information would be fine. We will keep it a secret for you."

This time, he had clearly suppressed his voice.

Seeing no response from Gehrman Sparrow, he added, "Pirates wouldn't bother with any chivalrous code, nor will they abide by the kingdom's laws and rules. *Burp*. If you have a family at different port cities or some island colony, they'd definitely be capable of attacking your family."

Family... Klein fell silent for a second before calmly saying, "I do not have a family."

"..." Oz Kent was nearly at a loss for words. All he could do was say, "They will also attack your friends."

Then, he heard Gehrman Sparrow reply in an unperturbed tone, "I do not have friends."

"..." Oz Kent instantly choked up. He subconsciously drank a mouthful of Zarhar beer to calm himself.

After coughing twice, he said in a deep voice, "They will also ambush you. They will also bribe people to learn about your schedule and intercept your ship. At sea, a single person's strength is often so inconsequential."

Klein said rather calmly, "I wouldn't reject them from giving me money.

"That's basic courtesy."

Giving money? Oz Kent was clearly taken aback as he found Gehrman Sparrow's words incomprehensible.

A few seconds later, he realized that the man was treating pirates as mobile bounties.

He drank mouthful after mouthful of beer, momentarily at a loss for words.

…

In the basement of the Amyris Leaf Bar.

"An unknown adventurer?" Wormtongue Mithor King's mind stirred as he sat straight up.

Strongman Ozil nodded.

"According to Blue Eyes Meath, that adventurer is new. He likely hasn't been to the archipelago for long, but Meath felt that he was considerably dangerous."

Considerably dangerous? Could he be the person who killed Steel Maveti and company with Blazing Danitz? Could it be the person who disguised himself as Helene to attack Captain? Mithor immediately made certain connections as he asked with a deep voice, "Do you have his photograph or a portrait?"

Ozil beckoned to a subordinate and received a piece of white paper.

“We used a ritual to get Blue Eyes Meath to draw the unknown adventurer’s appearance. As you know, it’s different having a firm footing in Bayam’s underground world than being a successful pirate. I need supporting members. Sigh, to hire them, I spent quite a bit of money.”

Mithor could read between the lines as he chuckled.

“As long as you get to the bottom of this matter, Captain wouldn’t be stingy with her reward.”

He took the portrait, spread it out, and discovered a cold-looking man with black hair and brown eyes. His face was slightly thin, and he had a cut face. He wore a black double-breasted frock coat and a half top hat.

Never seen him before. It’s impossible to confirm if he’s the person who disguised himself as Helene… Mithor raised his head and said, “Find out his identity and whereabouts.”

“I’ve already instructed my men to do it,” Strongman Ozil said with a deep laugh.

The two fell silent at the same time as they drank their Southville red wine.

A few minutes later, a bar bouncer entered and broke the silence.

He glanced at Wormtongue Mithor, leaned in towards his boss’s ear, and whispered.

Ozil’s expression instantly turned odd as an unconcealed smile

appeared.

He put down the wine glass and said after pausing, “That unknown adventurer has been found.”

“Where is he?” Mithor asked.

Ozil pointed upstairs.

“At this very bar.”

Mithor looked up at the ceiling and remained silent for a few seconds.

“I’ll go up to verify.”

He believed that having had some interaction with the disguised Helene, he had a general understanding of the man’s abilities. He believed that no matter how good the man was at disguising himself, he would definitely feel a sense of familiarity; therefore, he decided to confirm it himself.

According to his usual habits, he wouldn’t have taken such initiative and would instead perform an investigation from the outskirts. Only with enough confidence would he get himself involved. But this time, he wasn’t too convinced of Ozil’s subordinate. If it was really the person who disguised himself as Helene, he would immediately change his appearance and identity and vanish once he noticed something was amiss.

Besides, Mithor knew that he was presently being punished by his captain. He had to quickly perform a deed of merit in order to

return to the Black Death.

Sigh, regardless if I was lacking in ability or not being careful enough, the outcome cannot be changed. I was fooled by that disguise and brought "her" onto the Black Death, nearly killing Captain...

If it were Qilangos, he wouldn't have spared me. Heh, he has always been very greedy. He had long thirsted for my Beyonder powers...

Captain didn't believe that I had been in cahoots with the assassin simply because Qilangos could also change his appearance with Creeping Hunger. She didn't summon people to surround and kill me. She only sent me to Bayam to investigate this matter. She's already being forgiving enough... Compared to Qilangos, she is truly a captain worthy of being loyal to. I have to quickly provide some meritorious service and find an excuse to contact her, so as to live up to her treatment towards me. As Mithor King got up and walked out, he couldn't help but have these thoughts churn through his mind.

Although he was a pirate who had killed countless and had plundered countless ships, he had a soft spot in his heart. Besides, he didn't notice that he was being constantly mesmerized by Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy via prolonged interactions with her. His fondness for her had seeped deep into his bones. Even if Ailment Maiden didn't have helpers, he wouldn't have resisted, kneeling down and kissing her toes at her behest.

Of course, this didn't affect his fantasies of doing countless deeds with Tracy. If he had the chance, he believed he would take the initiative to do so even if he didn't get her permission.

As a pirate, he had done such things plenty of times.

When he went upstairs, Mithor King followed the guidance of Ozil's subordinates and circled halfway around the bar's walls. From afar, he saw the unknown adventurer sitting in the corner.

Identical to the portrait... but I don't feel any familiarity... Is it because his disguise is sufficiently good, or is he someone else, for example, Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina? She can mimic the Beyonder powers of those she had seen before. It's not impossible for her to change appearance like Qilangos... Mithor's gaze paused for two seconds before he cautiously retracted it.

But at this moment, Klein's spiritual intuition as a Seer told him that someone was observing him.

Without concealing anything, Klein immediately turned to look back. He saw a man with short eyebrows, deep eye sockets, and bronze eyes.

Wormtongue Mithor King... Third mate of Vice Admiral Ailment's flagship, Black Death... Klein instantly recognized the person observing him.

Instantly, two thoughts flashed in his mind.

One of them was: *5,400 pound bounty!*

The other was: *Why is he observing me? He managed to find me by investigating Danitz?*

The military contact person, Oz Kent, discovered Gehrman Sparrow's abnormality as he traced his gaze. However, due to his angle, he was blocked by a few drunkards.

At this point in time, Klein already instinctively came up with a solution. It was to pretend that he didn't recognize Mithor King, retract his gaze, and get a cup of alcohol to drink. He could then secretly observe where he went, and then use his powers as a Faceless to infiltrate where Mithor hid himself before silently hunting him.

As this thought flashed past his mind, Klein suddenly discovered a problem.

That's me being myself.

But I'm now Gehrman Sparrow, a seemingly calm but crazy adventurer!

With this thought, he suddenly turned around, drew his revolver, and aimed at Wormtongue Mithor King inside the rowdy bar.

Bang!

A gunshot rang through the bar as many customers reflexively crouched down while hugging their heads. All of them were extremely experienced.

Many drunkards slumped to the ground, with more than ten people throwing themselves to the side or rolling on the ground to dodge. These series of actions were well-practiced. And Mithor King was one of them.

However, Klein didn't really pull the trigger, as he was afraid of injuring the innocent bystanders by mistake. There were many customers in between him and Mithor.

The gunshot stemmed from his powers of Illusion Creation!

At that moment, everything before him opened up as people crouched down. Hence, having aimed at Mithor, who had thrown himself sideways to the ground, he pulled the trigger this time.

Bang!

Chapter 599: Dragon Might

Bang!

The brass bullet traversed past half the bar, flying straight for Wormtongue Mithor King's body.

But just as it was about to hit him, Mithor's brown eyes suddenly turned dark.

The bullet made a turn, and its trajectory was thrown upwards slightly as it accurately hit a glass cup filled with golden beer.

Amidst a loud noise, the glass instantly shattered, splashing beer everywhere.

At the same time, Mithor grabbed a cup from a customer, extended his arm, and threw it at Klein.

What's the point of that? Klein only dodged slightly to allow the glass cup to miss him, shattering onto the wall.

At this moment, Wormtongue Mithor immediately lunged forward and rolled, heading for the entrance to the basement. He attempted entry in order to get help or escape via a secret path.

He had initially confirmed that the unknown and crazy adventurer was the assassin, who had disguised as Helene and boarded the Black Death, targeting Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy.

Furthermore, his series of actions, which had nearly succeeded, told him that in a one-on-one situation, he wasn't a match for him!

This was a powerhouse at the pirate admiral level!

Tap! Tap! Tap! Klein quickly chased after Wormtongue Mithor.

He was fast and agile. Despite being inside the chaotic bar, he didn't step onto anyone.

Seeing that the bouncers in the basement were coming with revolvers in hand and how Mithor King was about to enter the basement with bouncers in the bar approaching, Klein didn't hesitate. He suddenly clenched his left hand.

The black glove was instantly covered with dense dark golden scales. His dark brown irises turned pale and became vertical.

Right on the heels of that, an invisible wave surged outwards with him as its epicenter.

In the areas where the wave passed, the customers who were holding their heads down turned limp or trembled. The military contact, Oz Kent, also clearly lost his sense of reason, as though he had encountered the most terrifying thing in the world. All he wanted to do was to escape.

The bouncers who had approached were no different. Extreme horror gripped their hearts as they ran around aimlessly, making the situation turn even more chaotic.

Clang! Clang! Clang! The bouncers in the basement threw away their weapons, either running to a corner and shrinking into a ball, or they were trembling on the spot, their crotches rapidly turning moist.

Wormtongue Mithor felt as though he was struck by lightning. In his fear, he began running in circles at the entrance.

This was a Psychiatrist's Awe, also known as Dragon's Might or Mass Chaos!

This was Klein's only crowd control Beyonder power!

At this moment, Klein's rapidly approaching figure didn't stop. In a few steps, he had arrived beside Mithor.

In that instant, a scene suddenly surfaced in his mind. Mithor, who looked to be lost in extreme horror, suddenly raised his head and swung his right fist over, aiming straight for Klein's head.

Without any thought, Klein fully trusted his Clown's intuition for danger. He immediately bent down and turned his body sideways.

Almost at the same time, Wormtongue Mithor suddenly raised his head. His brown eyes were dark and clear, without any sense of muddleheadedness.

At some moment in time, he had shaken off the effects of Dragon's Might!

This was something that exceeded Klein's expectations.

Bang!

Mithor's muscles bulged as he bent his back and threw a punch that resembled a cannonball. However, he didn't hit his expected target and instead hit the wall of the entrance.

Creak!

The spot where his fist connected threw up pulverized bricks. Quickly, a huge hole that seemed to be covered in a "spider-web" appeared. The entire bar seemed to shake.

The power of the punch was far stronger than a revolver's bullet!

But at this moment, Klein had already flashed behind him. His body straightened up again as his glove seemed to be covered in a layer of gold.

His brown eyes lit up with two flashes of lightning as they shot out like bullets.

Interrogator's Psychic Piercing!

"Ah!"

Mithor King let out a shrill cry, but he didn't fall to the ground. He rolled as he grimaced in pain, holding his arms to protect his head.

He soon magically recovered from the pain of Psychic Piercing, but he felt ice-cold metal at his forehead. He saw the cold and thin adventurer pull the trigger.

At such a close distance, even though Psychic Piercing's effects could only be maintained for a second, it was enough for Klein to raise his right arm and place the revolver's barrel at Wormtongue Mithor King's head!

Bang!

Mithor King's pleas shrank back from his half-agape mouth and into his throat as a picture seemingly formed of blood and white material appeared on the wall behind him. it was melancholic, fresh, and messy.

The luster in his eyes vanished as Mithor collapsed backward, leaning against the wall before sliding to the ground.

At noon on the 1st of February 1350, Wormtongue Mithor was hunted.

Klein glanced around at the chaotic bar and closed the door to the basement. He chained the door with the existing chains and forcibly made a knot.

He bent down and dragged Mithor King down a few steps, but he didn't directly enter.

As he was wary of enemies who might suddenly charge out from inside, he opened up his palm and aimed it at Wormtongue Mithor's corpse from above.

He had no qualms about Grazing the Black Death's third mate. He believed that he was definitely someone with heinous crimes to his name. Firstly, he was once a subordinate of Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos, and the deceased pirate admiral had once massacred an entire ship. He was a rather coldblooded person. It was simply obvious from what the Red Glove Nightmare inside Creeping Hunger had encountered. Secondly, Mithor was working for Vice Admiral Ailment, which was equivalent to working for the Demoness Sect. It was unknown how many cases of human trafficking he had been involved in.

Creeping Hunger restored its thin human skin appearance as his palm cracked open, producing two bloodshot eyes.

In an instant, a biting cold wind stirred in the entrance's passageway to the basement. It constantly spun around Wormtongue Mithor's corpse, slowly outlining a blurry figure with short eyebrows and deep eye sockets.

Black but undull points of light rapidly surged out of the corpse, combining with Mithor's Spirit Body. All of them were injected into Creeping Hunger, where an empty finger was waiting for it, forming a connection with the surroundings to a certain degree.

Creeping Hunger first went from a black color with a sinister and noble vibe before returning to its original state as it suffused its desire for flesh and blood.

Klein silently diverted his senses to it for a few seconds and was pleasantly surprised that the powers he received were rather useful. Although there were only two, they were much better than the previous three he had obtained from the Zombie Sequence!

At this point, he learned that the Mid-Sequence Beyonder was a Sequence 6 Baron of Corruption from the Lawyer pathway. One of

them came from a Baron of Corruption and the other came from the Sequence 7 Briber.

The former was Distortion. By distorting the target's words, actions, and intent, he could formulate a certain order that provided himself with an advantage, so as to achieve the goal of restraining and influencing his opponent.

The latter was Bribe, which was one of the various powers of a Briber. More accurately, it would be Bribe—Weaken.

The premise behind using this power was to give the target a certain item, then for a certain amount of time, greatly weaken the target's attacks, defense, and control over him.

Give the target a certain item? His act of throwing a cup of alcohol was considered a Bribe? As expected of the Black Emperor pathway. It finds loopholes in "order" while it appears domineering… It's no wonder my Dragon's Might and Psychic Piercing powers weren't as effective as I imagined them to be on Mithor. Even my bullet's strength was reduced. I thought that shot would've blown his entire head up… Klein came to a realization.

At the same time, he understood why he had involuntarily flown towards the Black Emperor where King of the Five Seas, Nast, was. It was because Nast had distorted his intent to proceed forward, making it impossible for him to stop.

Not bad at all… Klein lowered his head to steal a glance at Wormtongue Mithor's corpse before he went down to the basement.

He was trying to find some food for Creeping Hunger.

It was unknown whether it had to do with him throwing Creeping Hunger above the gray fog repeatedly, but Creeping Hunger wasn't as crazy anymore. It seemed to be able to bear with its hunger; therefore, Klein wasn't in a hurry. He slowly proceeded forward so as to be careful of encountering any accidents.

Before long, he saw Strongman Ozil leading his subordinates over. There were Beyonders and gunmen, and their numbers were sizable!

Klein's expression remained stoic as his black glove was covered in dark golden scales once again.

His irises turned light in color as they suddenly turned vertical. Invisible waves instantly surged forward.

Psychiatrist's Dragon's Might!

Chapter 600: Clearing the Place

With Dragon's Might surging out, Strongman Ozil and his subordinates quaked on the spot, as though a gigantic hammer had struck them.

Suddenly, some of them ran in every direction, escaping aimlessly. Some kept going in circles on the spot, while others stood on the spot, trembling uncontrollably. There were all kinds of different reactions.

Unlike previously when he was afraid that Wormtongue Mithor would recover, making it necessary to make every second count, Klein had plenty of time to observe his surroundings at that moment. He instantly grasped the situation.

Different reactions stem from their mental fortitude and resilience. The weakest and most ordinary ones were the ones who ran wildly. Those with relatively stronger mental fortitude among the ordinary people would run about aimlessly. For Beyonders, who had their psyche enhanced, as well as ordinary people who had strong mental fortitudes, they would circle around on the spot, trying to escape but stopping themselves as well. The strong Beyonders with strong mental fortitude would stand on the spot as they tremble or go around in circles on the spot.

Those who suffer from incontinence as a result of fear belong to the escaping and avoiding group...

Klein swept his gaze and was about to raise his gun to shoot, making the enemies who could threaten him lose the ability to do combat.

At this moment, he discovered that a man who had been trembling on the spot had recovered the clarity in his eyes. He was about to escape the influence of Awe, as for the others, they were also showing symptoms of recovering.

Considering how he didn't have the ability to finish all of them off in such a short period of time, and how a gunshot would jolt a number of them back to their senses, as well as how different Beyonders, when combining their different powers together, could cause him harm, Klein changed his mind and made the glove on his left palm be tainted with a sinister, reflective blackness.

His eyes turned dark as he forcefully distorted the intents of the people who were waking up.

The trembling man pounced forward suddenly. He could no longer resist his thoughts of fleeing. He ran straight for the secret exit, leaving his employer, Strongman Ozil, as a constantly shrinking back.

Klein rapidly switched between Psychiatrist and Baron of Corruption, using Dragon's Might followed by Distortion as he repeated this sequence. Soon, and he chased all the mentally Ozil's strong or resilient bouncers to the basement.

Although there was no way of comparing Creeping Hunger to a genuine Shepherd, switching between different souls required a certain amount of time to cooldown, Klein grasped this rhythm very well. He easily completed his goal while there were still some remnant effects from Dragon's Might.

However, he also discovered a problem. For certain targets, if they were repeatedly exposed to Dragon's Might and Awe within a short period of time, the effects would weaken with repeated use. Of course, most of Strongman Ozil's subordinates were

already slumped on the ground after repeatedly being hit by Dragon's Might. They were pissing and defecating themselves, emitting a stench.

Dragon's Might and Distortion are quite a good combination… If Mithor hadn't tried to counterattack, he could've escaped with Bribe—Weaken and Distortion, and I might not have necessarily been able to catch up to him and finish him off. Yes, that counterattack of his was very potent. There weren't any signs prior to it. If it wasn't due to a Seer and Clown's reliance on their spirituality and intuition, I might not have been able to use Paper Figurine Substitutes in time, much less talk about dodging the strike.

This reminds me that even though Creeping Hunger provides the combat strength of a Sequence 5, I shouldn't belittle other Sequence 6s. A careless mistake might have me killed…

Amidst his thoughts, Klein made the glove turn as though it was gilded. His eyes suddenly lit up with two bolts of lightning.

Strongman Ozil immediately cried out in pain as he couldn't bear it anymore. He crashed to the ground like a toppling mountain peak. He held his head as he struggled in pain like a catfish that had just been caught.

Unfortunately, I don't have Beyonder powers that can perform an area-of-effect attack. Otherwise, I'd be able to keep the other Beyonders back… I remember that there's a Lightning Storm in the Sea King's domain… However, such charms are of too high a level. It exceeds the realm of my knowledge… Klein swept his gaze across all the goons before unhurriedly walking to the basement.

This place was originally a market, but with everyone fleeing, it was empty.

Dressed in his double-breasted frock coat, Klein pulled a chair out from behind a stall. He placed it before Ozil and leisurely sat down. He leaned forward as he observed the boss of the Amyris Leaf Bar without a word.

After Ozil tumbled around for a while, he finally recovered from the pain that nearly made him lose control. However, he still suffered from a splitting headache.

He was just about to stand up when he saw a pair of pale-colored eyes that reflected pale gold light. He saw a glove covered in dark golden scales.

In that instant, cold sweat was still dripping from his forehead. He felt that one maelstrom after another was appearing in his eyes, sucking in all his attention.

Klein calmly asked, “Were you once a pirate?”

“Yes.” Ozil realized that he had the strong intention of answering the man.

This was a Psychological Cue!

Klein asked again without a change in tone, “What deeds have you done in the past that violate the kingdom’s laws?”

Ozil didn’t hide anything from him. He simply explained what he had done as a pirate and as the boss of the Amyris Leaf Bar. It included his plundering of liners, raping female passengers, and killing the innocent. This included striking down competitors and kidnapping their family members, setting ambushes to sink an entire family to the bottom of the ocean.

Klein listened to all of this in silence, and the corners of his mouth curled up slowly. He clapped his left palm against his right hand and said, “What a competent pirate and passable gang boss.”

Amidst his praise, he extended his left hand as a ferocious mouth opened up on the thin human skin.

Shrill screams resounded in the basement, but it stopped after a few seconds. All that was left were echoes.

Klein sat in his seat, watching silently as the bright points of light slowly gathered in front of him.

Around him, all the goons who were suffering from incontinence instinctively distanced themselves from him. As they crawled, they left stains on the ground.

Moments later, Klein slowly stood up. He bent down to pick up a pure spherical light that was the size of a baby’s fist, as well as the wallet inside Ozil’s clothes.

After stealing a glance at the thickness of the wad of cash, he put away the two items and holstered his revolver. He took off his half top hat and bowed at the trembling goons in the corner.

Klein checked the underground area after he was done with everything. To his regret, he didn’t discover any items like a safe. All he could do was return via the passageway, pick up Wormtongue Mithor King’s corpse, and walk to the entrance.

He paused for two seconds as the scene outside was naturally outlined in his mind. He discovered that the bouncers, who he

imagined would attempt to open the door to provide help, had already disappeared.

The Dragon's Might from just now made them realize that it's a battle between Beyonders, so they retreated? As expected of a region where pirates are everywhere. Some ordinary people still have a chance of understanding about Beyonders... It seems such matters happen often here? Some fugitive suddenly gets arrested by the Mandated Punishers? Klein undid the metal chains and reached for Mithor King's pocket in passing and took his cash.

He held back the urge to count his earnings as he burned a paper figurine and threw it outside before opening the door to the entrance. He then walked out with Mithor's corpse.

At this moment, most of the customers in the bar were gone. There were only about eight people hiding in different spots to await the outcome.

Klein surveyed the area without any expression as he saw gazes frantically retract.

The only person who dared to look at him head-on was Oz Kent. he was frowning as he watched Gehrman Sparrow carry a corpse over slowly.

Bang!

The corpse flew in front of him, smashing over a table.

Oz Kent focused his gaze as his pupils instantly contracted.

Wormtongue Mithor King! Vice Admiral Ailment's third mate, Mithor King! He looked up in shock, stealing another glance at Gehrman Sparrow.

Klein revealed a faint smile.

"Remember my bounty."

With that said, he took his half top hat, bowed slightly as a form of bidding farewell, and turned to leave through the Amyris Leaf Bar's main door.

...

Bayam Harbor. On the White Agate.

Elland watched as the door to his captain's cabin was slammed open. He asked in surprise, "Kent, what happened?"

Oz Kent questioned him with a warped expression, "Elland, what kind of monster did you introduce me to?"

"...Gehrman Sparrow?" Elland returned with a question, feeling somewhat uncertain.

Oz Kent nodded.

"He killed Wormtongue and Strongman without batting an eye, right inside Amyris Leaf Bar, right in front of me! It didn't even take him five minutes!"

He felt like he was going crazy.

“Mithor King?” Elland asked, but he sounded like he was repeating the name to himself.

Then, he revealed a rueful smile.

“From the looks of it, we have to report to the higher-ups.”

He didn’t mention Blazing Danitz nor Steel Maveti’s death.

“Alright!” Oz Kent was waiting for him to say that.

At three in the afternoon, inside a garden building near the governor-general’s office.

Elland and Oz Kent were sitting in an elegantly decorated living room as they awaited the reply from an important figure.

After an unknown amount of time, a young man with neatly combed back blond hair walked down the staircase and said to the two, “The General says that since he temporarily doesn’t show any animosity, we should honor the agreement and continue our cooperation from before. However, we must be careful. Send a telegram back to Backlund and secretly investigate his true identity and intentions here at sea.

“Also, spread the news that he killed Mithor King. To the pirates.”

“Yes, Mr. Luan.” After receiving clear instructions, Elland and Oz Kent immediately heaved a sigh of relief.

...

Inside the inn, Klein did a divination and counted his cash, confirming that he had received 327 pounds 9 soli 5 pence, and a Beyonder characteristic from a Sequence 8 Pugilist from the Warrior pathway.

This is also an item worth six to seven hundred pounds... Furthermore, there's Mithor's bounty. Even if I deduct the "labor fees," there will still be several thousand pounds. Heh, Oz Kent might not dare to take his cut... This is quite a good harvest. It's like a windfall! Klein thought in comfort before holding a ritual, sending Creeping Hunger up to the gray fog.

To be frank, he felt that Dragon's Might, Frenzy, and Psychological Cue were three rather useful Beyonder powers that he couldn't bear to part with. However, since he had already promised Miss Justice, he ultimately chose to abide by his promise.

Chapter 601: Scaring Oneself

Above the gray fog, Klein leaned back into his high-back chair and held Creeping Hunger. He remained silent for several seconds.

Finally, he released the Psychiatrist's soul according to the specific steps.

A tall figure quickly appeared by the side of the bronze table. It was a woman whose face looked somewhat blurry. Her pain and distorted feelings was apparent.

Klein looked at her and asked her as though he was chatting with her, "Do you still remember who you are?"

In the mysterious space, he could directly channel her spirit.

The Psychiatrist's enmity reduced substantially as she smiled bitterly.

"Of course I remember.

"I was a member of a secret organization and was planning to meet a friend in Toscarter Island, but I ended up encountering pirates on the way.

"Although I used my powers to resolve the disaster, the pirates who escaped informed Qilangos of the corresponding situation. In order to obtain my powers, he deliberately changed course and intercepted our ship. You can probably imagine what

happened after that.

“Thanks to his meticulousness, I was killed instantly, unlike the other female passengers who encountered things that were worse than death.”

Klein fell silent for a few seconds before nodding slightly.

“Do you know of the ancient book known as Groselle’s Travels?”

He believed that since Groselle’s Travels came from the dragons, it was possible that the Psychiatrist had heard of its name or the corresponding information.

The female Psychiatrist thought over it carefully before shaking her head.

“I’m sorry. I’ve never heard that name before.”

Klein no longer bothered with the topic and switched to asking, “Since you’re about to dissipate and gain eternal peace. Do you have any last wishes?”

The Psychiatrist lowered her head and chuckled.

“I wish to be revived.

“Alright. I know that this wish cannot be satisfied. Everything else isn’t necessary. I’ve been dead for years. My family and friends have probably already received news of my death. Informing them again of my death will only dig up the pain of

those memories.

“Let’s leave it at that. Thank you. That should be it…”

Her figure quickly dissipated and vanished, leaving behind a huge golden iris that could expose the thoughts of everyone’s hearts.

This was the Beyonder characteristic of a Psychiatrist.

Klein sighed and began pondering over the details of what the Psychiatrist had said.

She was visiting a friend at Toscarter Island alone without any family…

Toscarter Island is located at the easternmost front of the Sonia Sea, and it’s south of the Gargas Archipelago.

That’s the easternmost colony of the Loen Kingdom, while the Gargas Archipelago belongs to the Feysac Empire… What kind of friend would be there? What kind of friend is worth visiting after taking such a long trip?

Although she only said that she’s from a secret organization, the chances are that it’s the Psychology Alchemists. Was she out on a mission?

Klein respected the deceased and didn’t wish to dig out her secrets, so he didn’t probe deeper. Without any clues, he quickly stopped thinking about such matters and considered something else.

After hunting down Wormtongue Mithor King, regardless of the reason, I have to leave Bayam for the time being... I've really done quite a bit in the City of Generosity during this period of time... Yes, I'll participate in about three Beyonder gatherings and confirm whether there are the main ingredients of Marionettist before leaving... Klein rapidly made a decision and conjured a scene of The World praying. Covering it with the gray fog, he threw the scene to the crimson star representing Miss Justice.

...

Audrey was standing on the balcony on the third floor looking at the nearby village. The rooftops were mainly brick-red in color as they showed depictions, abstract pictures, or real pictures of dragons.

Suddenly, the familiar endless void surfaced in front of her eyes.

Amidst the gray fog, a blurry figure was standing high above, praying to the god above.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, please inform Miss Justice that she can make preparations for the transaction."

I can make preparations for the transaction? He has obtained the Beyonder characteristic of a Psychiatrist? But he still didn't have one yesterday... The World's efficiency shocked Audrey as she nearly forgot to thank Mr. Fool.

Thankfully, she was no longer the green and naive lady from before. She had been exposed to several major matters and rapidly calmed her mind as she sincerely thanked him. She passed on the message for Mr. World to wait another two to three days as she was preparing to pay off the money she owed to Mr. Fool's Blessed. Although she had sufficient money, she had

to maintain a minimum balance, otherwise it was easy for others to notice something amiss.

After the illusory gray fog dissipated, Audrey silently looked down at Susie, who was admiring the garden on the first floor, before pacing around and secretly clicking her tongue.

Mr. World is really terrifying...

...

Evening, in the Seaweed Bar.

Having just squandered all his money at the casino, Blue Eyes Meath sat before a bar counter and ordered a cup of Lanti Proof.

He was just about to raise the cup when he suddenly heard the bartender whisper to him with a suppressed voice, “Wormtongue Mithor is dead.”

“What... Who did it?” Blue Eyes Meath was first alarmed before he asked excitedly, “Someone is challenging Vice Admiral Ailment?”

“An adventurer named Gehrman Sparrow. He wasn’t known at all before. Who knew that he finished off Mithor!” The bartender didn’t hide his shock and alarm. “He also killed Ozil, the real boss of Amyris Leaf Bar, Strongman Ozil!”

Blue Eyes Meath was just about to sigh when he frowned suddenly.

Back when Ozil's men came to ask him about Blazing Danitz, he had mentioned that the boatswain of the Golden Dream was seen mixing in with an unknown adventurer. He had used a ritual to provide the corresponding portrait.

Ozil is dead. Mithor King is dead. It's done by an unknown adventurer named Gehrman Sparrow... Blue Eyes Meath suddenly trembled as a scene that left a deep impression on him surfaced in his mind.

The young man that looked like a gentleman was standing by the entrance of the bar. He had black hair and brown eyes, with a thin and cut face. His eyes coldly observed the customers as though he was seeking out his prey.

Blue Eyes Meath shuddered and couldn't be bothered with drinking his alcohol. He got up immediately and took wide strides out of the bar.

Terrifying! That guy is too terrifying! Even Wormtongue died at his hands. He's definitely a powerhouse at the admiral level! He will definitely seek me out and finish me off. No, I can't stay in Bayam any longer. I have to return to the ship and be far away from here! Blue Eyes Meath ran to the Red Theater and forcibly pulled his companions with him. They headed for the woods and circled around to the private harbor ran by the Resistance.

Opposite across the Red Theater, the herb store in the alley remained open. The chubby Apothecary, Darkwill was sitting behind the counter, wearing a calm expression, but internally, he was deeply worried.

He had already contacted the Life School of Thought members he knew via various methods and sought their help. However, he had no idea who they were or when they would come. He could only bear with his fear and anxiety as he continued running the

store, pretending as though nothing had happened.

"Darkwill, you're extremely uneasy." The chubby owl flew over from an unknown location and landed on the counter.

"There's no need for you to remind me. I know my state of mind very well." Darkwill waved his hands impatiently.

He could still remember the times when he was still under his teacher's tutelage. He was often warned to be careful of the official Beyonder organizations and be careful of the true Sanguine. In regards to this, Roy King raised several examples, such as being imprisoned underground forever, with no sunlight or woman to be seen; being made into experimental subjects where their bodies would be used to test the dangers of particular Sealed Artifacts. There, they would experience all kinds of experiments, and after mutating, they were monsters who acted on instinct. It was also possible to be sucked and eaten by the Sanguine and made into puppets.

These examples had deeply imprinted themselves in his mind. It made his already lacking courage vanish instantly. After leaving his teacher's side, he often stayed in a city for a short period of time, immediately leaving once there was a risk of exposure.

Darkwill tried hard to keep his horror under control, placing his attention on the problem of rescuing his teacher.

...Old Man has been captured for some time. Why is he still imprisoned in the governor-general's office? With the military's abilities, they should be able to gather any information they wish to know. Be it an outright execution, the gathering of materials, or being used as an experimental subject, they would definitely move Old Man... Could it be that Old Man used some techniques to hide his secret, or they wish to make him into a spy? Sigh, just agree to it! Darkwill scratched his head as his thoughts wandered

aimlessly.

Gradually, he recalled the last letter he received from his teacher, Roy King.

Old Man often likes to give hints in things that seem to be normal and ordinary matters. Could that letter contain similar information? That letter didn't say a thing. It just said to meet him near the Red Theater and flaunted his gambling techniques. Pui! He clearly relies on luck. He even wanted me to go to Enmat Street's Mabel's Sundry Store and buy a die to make preparations to be educated... I thought I would buy it only after we met, so I haven't been there all this time. Perhaps there a secret there? Darkwill was like a drowning man who seemed to clutch at a straw.

Many of Bayam's streets were named after Loen Kingdom cities.

Darkwill used a few minutes to muster his courage, brought the owl with him, and closed the door to his shop before walking out of the alley.

While waiting for the rental carriage, he bought a copy of the News Report from a paperboy as he flipped through the international and domestic news, as well as news about the archipelago.

Suddenly, he saw a familiar face—it was the adventurer who had informed him of Roy King's location.

In the afternoon, Gehrman Sparrow killed Wormtongue Mithor King who's worth a bounty reaching 5,400 pounds... I actually entrusted a mission to such a powerful adventurer! Darkwill clicked his tongue.

He soon threw the matter to the back of his mind and got onto the carriage and headed straight for Enmat Street and found Mabel's Sundry Store.

The owner of the shop was a genial old lady who said after sizing him up, "The die you want costs 1 pound."

This is a robbery! Darkwill roared angrily in his head, but this only made him more certain that there might be clues hidden in the die.

After paying, he received a tiny ring box and opened the lid. He saw a milky-white six-sided die which had four red dots pointing up.

Although he was puzzled with how ordinary the die looked and how it was stuffed tightly into the ring box with no remnant space, Darkwill still acted cautiously by not studying it on the spot. He placed it into his pocket and walked to another side of the street.

When he came to a secluded spot, he couldn't help but give it a glance, unable to find any problems with it.

At this moment, a carriage flew by and gave him a fright. His wrist trembled as he dropped the die on the ground.

The die continued rolling and ultimately came to a stop, a single red dot pointing up.

Darkwill cursed the carriage driver and widened his stride to pick it up.

Just as he took this step, his body suddenly staggered, and he collapsed to the ground loudly despite the lack of any obstacles. All he saw were stars.

His mind went blank for a moment as he lay there, the milky-white die right in front of his eyes.

Chapter 602: Becoming Famous

Darkwill sprawled on the ground, momentarily forgetting to stand up. His mind remained blank.

Ever since he had matured, he had never encountered a scenario of tripping himself. After consuming the potions, his body had experienced enhancements to a certain degree, making it even more impossible. Now, for some baffling reason, he had fallen down in an inexplicable manner.

Did I step on something? Darkwill suddenly snapped to his senses as he struck down with his palm and rolled to his feet. He pretended as though the one who had just fallen wasn't him.

He looked left and right without finding anything odd on the ground. Filled with puzzlement, he took a few difficult steps forward to pick up the milky-white die.

At this moment, a patrolling constable seemed to have sensed the disturbance as he jogged over with baton in hand while holding his other hand down on his revolver.

Upon seeing this scene, Darkwill suddenly felt worried, feeling suspicious that he had fallen for a trap.

They caught Old Man but haven't come for me all this time. It's because they were secretly observing me and waiting for me to find some clues?

Now, I've gotten my hands on this strange die, they've started taking action?

The official Beyonders are here to catch me?

Darkwill instinctively turned around and ran, but he had suffered a rather heavy fall, causing him to feel pain in his knees. He was momentarily only able to walk.

Seeing the patrolling constable approach him, and with him not being able to run, a scene of an underground prison instantly surfaced in Darkwill's mind. In an environment with only an everlasting candlelight, locked with Beyonders who would heave intensely like monsters...

"What happened?" the patrolling constable pressed down on his revolver as he kept his distance and asked cautiously.

Darkwill suddenly felt an irrepressible fear. As his wrist trembled, the milky-white die he had just picked up fell to the ground again as it rolled a few times.

This time, six red dots pointed up.

Faced with the constable's scrutiny, Darkwill replied with a trembling voice, "I just stepped onto a damn banana skin and fell."

The moment he said that, he felt his heart skip a beat. This was because there wasn't any banana skins on the ground.

Damn it. I was too nervous. I should've said that I tripped myself... Darkwill thought in frustration.

He decided to summon the owl perched on the roof opposite him,

preparing to make a last stand.

The patrolling constable gave him a glance and chuckled.

“Make sure to watch where you place your feet when walking. I was imagining that you had been robbed.”

He released his palm on his revolver, raised his baton, and walked away.

“…”

In a daze, Darkwill looked at the constable’s back that was opening up a gap from him. He wasn’t sure how the constable had so easily believed his excuse that was filled with mistakes.

He retracted his gaze and looked at the milky-white die which was sitting on the ground in silence. He slowly frowned.

I’m not pure Loenese. The constables here don’t need to suck up to me… Could it be all thanks to this? Be it my strange fall or my weird way of convincing the constable, it was all because of this? Is this that important Sealed Artifact which Teacher was taking care of? Darkwill quickly made certain connections as he carefully proceeded forward. He picked up the die again and stuffed it into the extremely tiny ring box. In the box, the die had no room to roll.

Signaling to his owl, Darkwill picked up the News report copy, stopped a rental carriage, and hobbled up. His destination—Red Theater.

The carriage smoothly proceeded forward. Because dusk was setting in, the street lamps which were relatively far away didn't illuminate the area much. He wasn't in a rush to study the ring box or the die inside. He patiently waited until he returned home.

After entering the herb store and heading up to the residential area on the second floor, he lit the wall lamp and chased the silly bird out of his room. He sat in front of his desk and repeatedly checked on the ring box and milky-white die.

Finally, he took out a folded piece of paper about the length of a finger segment from the bottom of the ring box.

Darkwill inhaled silently as he quickly spread open the piece of paper and discovered that there were three paragraphs written in ancient Feysac.

"If I didn't appear three days after the appointed time, then I must've been betrayed and have been arrested. Therefore, do not seek out help from the other members of the School of Thought. This is because I'm unable to determine who did it. This will bring you great danger.

"There is only one thing that you need to do. Bring the die to Oravi Island and hand it to the bellman, Carnot, in the port city. My teacher, Ricciardo, is hidden there. The subsequent matters will be handled by him.

"Don't worry that I'll divulge this secret. Once I finish writing this letter, all relevant memories would completely disappear. I wouldn't even remember having an apprentice like you until I'm rescued. Remember, try your best not to use the die. It has living characteristics. The more you use it, the easier it is for it to awaken. It will roll itself when you aren't watching it, even without any space. When it's at '1,' please trust me when I say

that you'll suffer from worse than a direct death. This is because almost everything you do will end in failure, including your bed activities."

Indeed, this die is very dangerous... Darkwill subconsciously sighed and immediately realized the dumb act he had done out of goodwill.

In order to rescue his teacher, Roy King, he overcame his cowardliness and remained in Bayam, as well as sent out a cry for help to the Life School of Thought members.

And according to the information, this meant that he might very well have been targeted by the person who betrayed Roy King!

Why didn't you say so earlier! No, why didn't I head out to buy the die earlier!? Darkwill raised his hands and yanked at his hair.

He didn't dare stay any longer. He decided to leave his residence and buy a scalped ticket at night. He would head for Oravi Island early the next morning. That was an island that was on the route between the Rorsted Archipelago and Toscarter Island.

My charms, my revolver, my bullets... Darkwill quickly counted the items that could provide him with safety, feeling concern over his lack of combat strength.

He quickly thought of an idea as he paced around and mumbled, "I need to hire a bodyguard. A bodyguard..."

Who should I hire? How much money must I spend? Amidst his thoughts, Darkwill's gaze swept across the News Report copy

which he had just brought back.

Suddenly, he thought of an excellent bodyguard—Gehrman Sparrow!

A powerful adventurer who could hunt a pirate worth 5,400 pounds!

If he's willing to accept the mission, I should be able to successfully arrive at Oravi Island if the "councilor" doesn't take action... How can I find him? Right! I should paste notices in the bars where adventurers frequently appear! Darkwill nodded indiscernibly as he stuffed the items back into his packed suitcase. With this plump owl, he left the herb store once again, his heart feeling the pinch.

...

In the seas beyond the Rorsted Archipelago, in a small port belonging to Loen, the Black Death was docked there without any scruples. It was being surrounded by three ships.

Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy, who had just taken a hot bath, wore a loose man's shirt, and she finished the final treatment for her mostly recovered wound.

To a Demoness, scars weren't a thing.

At this moment, the blonde female attendant knocked on the door and entered the captain's cabin after receiving permission.

When she saw Tracy, her cheeks flushed red as she moved her

gaze away.

“Captain, a telegram was sent from Bayam to the port over here.

“Mithor, uh—Third mate has been killed.”

Tracy stopped her actions as her expression sank. She asked hesitantly, “Do you know who did it?”

She had sent Wormtongue Mithor to Bayam to investigate the assassination attempt on her, firstly as a form of punishment for his dereliction of duty, and secondly, to spread the news that she was heavily injured so as to lure others who harbored malicious intent into attacking her. She never expected Mithor to be able to make any breakthroughs or developments in a short period of time.

After the demigod addressed as Death Consul by the Demoness of Unaging visited her, she had deliberately concealed this matter and didn’t quickly inform Mithor. She allowed the punishment to continue as she felt that it was naturally for the best if his investigations turned fruitful. Even if there was nothing, she wouldn’t be too disappointed either.

She never thought about the possibility of Mithor being placed at risk, as it was a part of the punishment.

But to her surprise, Mithor had been killed so quickly!

The blonde female attendant handed over the telegram and said, “It was done by an adventurer named Gehrman Sparrow. It can be confirmed that he had used a Beyonder power similar to Dragon’s Might.”

“Gehrman Sparrow… Dragon’s Might… Heh heh. Qilangos also knew Dragon’s Might. He likely Grazed a Psychiatrist or Hypnotist with Creeping Hunger.” Tracy sneered after receiving the telegram as she spoke to herself.

She was quite certain that Gehrman Sparrow was the enemy who had disguised himself as Helene to attack her. Furthermore, he had been using the Faceless powers which Qilangos had Grazed.

Creeping Hunger is with him, and he has an ancient demigod, who Mother addressed as Death Consul, backing him… Does this mean that Qilangos was really killed by that Death Consul? Tracy muttered silently as she waved her hand to send the blonde attendant out.

After the door to the captain’s cabin closed, she chuckled to herself.

If I were to divulge this information, the organization that ordered Qilangos to assassinate Duke Negan would definitely be very interested.

For a brief moment of time, she really had the urge to do so, but her rationality stopped her.

This was because it meant that she would directly offend the Death Consul!

And with the single chance of him being recognized as the murderer, she would immediately be suspected of divulging the information.

When the time comes, unless I hide back at Mother's side, I'll be under the shadow of death at any moment... I'm not afraid of other Saints. They will have to find me before they can attack me. Besides, there will definitely be some indication of that, and a significant amount of time is needed. I will have sufficient chances to escape danger, b-but the Death Consul can travel using the spirit world. As long as he determines my location, he will quickly appear beside me... Tracy bit her lip as she thought in depression.

She gave up her previous thoughts and decided to take note of Gehrman Sparrow's whereabouts. She wouldn't spare him once a good opportunity arose!

At this moment, Klein was still living in the Teana Inn, waiting for his bounty to be delivered to him.

Chapter 603: Conditions

10 p.m. Swordfish Bar.

After waiting an entire afternoon and having not received his bounty, Klein deliberately went out. He went to Oz Kent and received the news that the process had been kickstarted. However, he would only receive the money tomorrow morning.

He disguised himself and participated in a private exchange among the adventurers in the Swordfish Bar, but he didn't find the main ingredients of the Marionettist potion or any mystical items.

After restoring his appearance, Klein pressed down on his hat and attempted to squeeze through the crowd. He left the bar which was in its rowdiest and noisiest time of the day.

At this point, gazes swept past his face as most of them were momentarily taken aback before they clearly froze for two seconds, as though they had recognized something.

Suddenly, they retracted their gaze and retreated far away from Klein like the receding tide.

They had already learned of Gehrman Sparrow's appearance and strength in the papers and rumors. More details had gradually spread in areas where adventurers, pirates, and gang members gathered. Many people gained a basic understanding of the present situation and knew that Gehrman Sparrow had taken the crazy action of instantly drawing his revolver once he discovered Wormtongue Mithor King. Therefore, everyone knew better and chose to stay away from the dangerous man.

The merchant, Ralph, was drinking in front of the bar when he suddenly sensed the disturbance. He instinctively half-turned his body around and looked over.

He soon saw a quiet gentleman with a thin face and cut features, and the corresponding portrait which appeared on News Report surfaced in his mind—Gehrman Sparrow who hunted Wormtongue!

Following that, Ralph recalled his conversation with Resistance leader, Kalat, in the evening. He confirmed that the crazy adventurer before him wasn't averse to Sea God, and he had even witnessed the private trade between the Resistance and Vice Admiral Iceberg.

Perhaps I can develop him into being a believer of Sea God... Even if he has no interest in the archipelago in the future, he might be able to provide certain help in certain matters... Ralph clasped his hands and held them to his mouth as though he was blowing at a sea conch. This was one of the gestures used to pray to Sea God Kalvetua.

Then, he suddenly got up and walked to Gehrman Sparrow with a beer in hand.

At this moment, Klein also noticed Ralph's approach and recognized him.

That was a devout believer who was willing to offer up a third of his twenty-thousand gold pound wealth to Sea God!

That was the former pirate and the present merchant who he had convinced to set up a children's charity foundation!

Based on the news regarding the charity foundation and his frequent pious praying, he understood Ralph in all aspects. Therefore, he was very puzzled as to why the man would attempt to approach Gehrman Sparrow.

He has a job to entrust to me? Things that the Resistance isn't able to do for some reason or another? Klein looked at Ralph as he slowed down his pace.

"Mr. Gehrman Sparrow?" Ralph raised the cup of beer in his hand.

Klein nodded and maintained his persona by saying, "I don't know you."

"Haha, it's always so simple to get to know each other among adventurers. Perhaps a cup of beer is all it takes." Ralph pointed at the bar counter. "Are you interested in a drink?"

"Alright," Klein was deeply puzzled as he answered simply.

They sat in the corner of the bar as he ordered a cup of Southville beer. As he drank, he looked at Ralph without saying a word.

Being stared at silently by a powerhouse at the level of a pirate admiral wasn't a good experience. Ralph drank a mouthful of beer to hide his high-strung nerves and laughed.

"I've heard about you. Before what you did today, I know that you're a true gentleman that shows no discrimination towards the natives of the colonial lands."

Different things to say flashed through Klein's mind as he finally decided on a few sentences that corresponded to his persona.

"Get to the meat of the issue."

"..."

Ralph nearly choked as he cleared his throat.

"Do I have the honor to introduce you to our god, the savior of the archipelago, the Blessed of the sea, Kalvetua?

"As you know, the sea is so vast. The storms are that terrifying. It's impossible to guarantee that one can defeat the various difficulties at sea and live on, even for the Four Kings. We need a god, a god that can respond to you and hold authority over the sea and storm."

Introducing me to myself and then getting me to believe in myself... Klein resisted the urge to twitch the corners of his face as he turned to say, "I'm more interested in whether you have any mystical items, the kind that has powerful offensive strength."

Ralph revealed an honest smile.

"We don't have any.

"However, as long as you piously believe in Sea God, there might be a day when you would be bestowed with one."

I don't have one... Don't make promises for me! Klein instantly found it amusing and laughable.

He felt that he couldn't carry on the conversation. Hence, he downed his half-filled cup of Southville beer and said, "I'll consider it."

He was about to leave when the bartender suddenly came over and squeezed a smile.

"Mr. Gehrman Sparrow, someone entrusted you with a mission."

"What is it?" Klein glanced at Ralph.

Knowing his place, the latter left his seat with his beer.

He was already very pleased with today's outcome. This was because he never had the intention of developing the crazy adventurer into a believer of Sea God in one try. His goal was only to let him know of the possibility and to think about the pros and cons of doing so.

After the silence in the corner of the bar resumed, the bar counter immediately said with a smile, "He says he's an apothecary you know. He has a mission to entrust to you. If you're interested, you can wait here for him. We will contact him with the previously established method."

An apothecary I know? The chubby Darkwill? The Darkwill who rears a plump owl? What kind of mission would he have for me? Rescue his teacher, Roy King? That isn't something I will do. The risk is just too high... As his thoughts raced, Klein decided to first figure out the details of the mission.

“Okay.”

…

At nearly 11 p.m., Klein met the apprehensive Darkwill in Billiard Room 3 of the Swordfish Bar.

He had already changed into a rather eye-catching witchdoctor robe and was dressed as a native. He was in a Taraba shirt, pantaloons, and a brown jacket. As for this round-faced owl, it was perched silently on his right shoulder, observing the adventurer with his penetrating eyes.

It’s very similar to the feeling of how Miss Justice observes the other members of the Tarot Club… This owl might really be a Beyonder creature. A Spectator? Klein made a judgment as he said in a deep tone without a change in expression, “What mission is it that you have?”

“It’s this.” The chubby Apothecary kept his left hand in his pocket and clenched the ring box tightly. “I’ll be making a trip to another island. Heh heh, it will probably take three days. Due to certain developments, I might encounter danger. Of course, it might not happen as well. In short, I need a bodyguard, and I think you’re the best choice.

The way you put it sounds like I’m actually not that impressive; it’s just that you know a few people… You aren’t rescuing your teacher and had chosen to leave Bayam to seek out helpers? Or he has already been saved and the danger comes from the military’s pursuit? Klein pondered over the truth behind the matter as he calmly asked, “How great would the danger be?”

Darkwill’s lips trembled as he said, “I can’t be sure. I-if, the danger exceeds what you can handle, you can directly hand me

over to the other party. This will be a promise we make now. It will not spoil your reputation."

If I didn't know that you just have a nasty mouth, then I would've imagined this as a form of goading... Klein thought and said, "What kind of payment can you provide?"

Darkwill originally wished to directly give the answer he had considered long ago, but he felt hesitant for a moment. This was because the matter was indeed very dangerous. Without enough chips, he couldn't move Gehrman Sparrow into agreeing. He was afraid of the appearance of the councilor, and that before the matter reached a level of despair, his bodyguard would give up resisting. This was also the reason why he had to hire a powerhouse.

Klein glanced at him and coldly said, "You can first consider it for a moment.

"I'll use the washroom. Tell me your answer when I'm back."

With that said, he turned around and walked to the door. Pulling the handle, he stepped outside.

The way he responded made him seem experienced, having the coolness and coldness of an adventurer and bounty hunter, but in fact, he wasn't really giving the chubby Apothecary time to think. He was only finding an opportunity to head to the washroom to divine the matter above the gray fog.

This was key to whether he accepted the mission!

Once he left the billiard room and arrived in front of a

washroom. He got in line before finally getting an empty cubicle.

When he entered, he frowned as the dirty environment and disgusting stench left him grossed out. He nearly turned his head and left.

He held back his disgust as he pulled the flush lever in contempt. As he sighed at the terrible environment for his divination, he took four tiny steps counterclockwise and began the ritual.

Inside the billiard room, Darkwill agilely went to close the door after he saw Gehrman Sparrow's back completely disappear. He asked the owl on his shoulder, "Will he betray me?"

"No," the owl mumbled. "Also, when asking me questions, be polite. Call me Mr. Harry."

The fat on Darkwill's face trembled.

"Mr. Harry, what kind of payment do you think he will accept?"

"I can't see through him. He's good at concealing his emotions," the owl said frankly.

Darn Mr. Harry. No, darn silly bird! Darkwill cursed inwardly as he paced around and considered the chips he could offer.

After a while, Klein returned to Billiard Room 3 and asked, "Have you thought it through?"

He had already divined above the gray fog that the mission's

danger was acceptable, and he happened to plan on leaving Bayam for the time being.

"800 pounds for three days, as well as our friendship. I'm referring to the friendship of my teacher and his friends," Darkwill said without confidence.

Klein remained silent for a few seconds and said, "1,000 pounds for three days.

"In addition, your organization needs to help me obtain a mystical item with powerful offensive abilities. I will pay in cash based on a reasonable price."

1,000 pounds. How could I have that much… Darkwill hesitated for a moment before saying, "I'll pay an advance of 300 pounds. The rest will be paid by the person I'm looking for when we arrive at my destination."

He planned on getting his teacher's teacher to pay the rest.

Klein nodded slightly and said, "Deal."

Darkwill immediately heaved a sigh of relief before puffing his face and said with a smile, "Can I believe that the protection is in immediate effect?"

Chapter 604: A Different Enemy

Upon hearing the chubby Apothecary's question, Klein smiled inwardly as he wore a stoic expression.

"From the moment you make the first payment."

Darkwill didn't hesitate to take out a huge wad of cash as he counted it while his heart pained for the money.

"Here's 300 pounds.

"You can carry out your promise."

Klein received the notes and nodded.

"That wouldn't be an issue."

Darkwill immediately felt relieved, as though he was a drowning person who had finally caught onto a float.

Half an hour later, in the Teana Inn, Darkwill watched in a daze as the powerful adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, said to the reception counter, "Switch us to a luxurious suite."

With that said, Klein took two steps backward as though giving his spot to the chubby Apothecary.

Darkwill gulped his saliva and asked hesitantly, “I’m paying?”

“During the mission, all expenses are borne by the employer. This is the rule adventurers follow,” Klein said without a change in expression.

I’d be a dumbsss if I believed you! Am I to help you pay if you call for a few Red Theater prostitutes? Darkwill thought as he squeezed out a smile.

“We can use an ordinary room. This will make the protection job easier.”

“Then, you stay by yourself.” Klein acted as Gehrman Sparrow without any effort.

Darkwill laughed and walked to the counter and said without expression, “A luxurious suite.”

When Darkwill finally checked in and entered the smaller bedroom, he opened the window and left an “opening” for the owl, Mr. Harry. He took out the ring box in his pocket and checked the situation of the strange die.

After confirming that the die was the same as before, with four points facing up, Darkwill gradually heaved a sigh of relief.

...

Backlund. Inside an ordinary house.

Ince Zangwill woke up from his slumber, and the first thing he did was check on his body.

This was something he had to repeat every day. This was because he had no idea what kind of story 0-08 would compose after he slept, bringing about unknown accidents.

After confirming that he wasn't injured, Ince Zangwill wore a pair of bright leather boots and stood up.

Without any surprises, he saw 0-08 silently sitting on his desk as though it was an ordinary quill.

However, it had been locked in a metal box that was covered with symbols and magic labels.

Ince Zangwill walked over with a heavy heart and grabbed 0-08. He flipped open the notebook beside him and discovered that there was another page of text.

"Ince Zangwill couldn't recall what he had done last night, but he acutely sensed some problems.

"He looked into the mirror and found his reflection somewhat unfamiliar, as though his body had given birth to another Ince Zangwill.

"He looked down and saw there were obvious abnormalities under his fingernails, but he couldn't recall what he had done the previous night no matter how hard he tried..."

After seeing this description, Ince Zangwill instinctively looked

at the full-body mirror in the room. He saw that he was still blind in one eye. His classic chiseled face didn't have a single wrinkle, but there was a smile lingering at the edges of his mouth. It formed a stark contrast with his heavy gaze.

At this moment, Ince Zangwill felt that his face was a little livid. He had eye bags, and it was matched with the smile he couldn't understand. He appeared sinister, vicious, and strange.

He lifted his hands, lowered his head, and saw black stain blocks under his fingernails. It was as though he had spent half the night digging up roots in the garden.

Although he had switched from the Death pathway to the Evernight pathway, and he had become a Nightwatcher, Ince Zangwill didn't lose the Beyonder powers he had from before. He was still a powerful Spirit Guide, a Spirit Guide in the domain of dead spirits. Therefore, he immediately planned to communicate with the spirits inside and outside the house to figure out what had happened last night.

At this point, he saw the final passage on the notebook through the corner of his eye.

"Ince Zangwill attempted to channel spirits, but sadly he realized that it was to no avail. It was as though a person of a similar profession had wiped out all clues. He was very worried, unaware of what he had embroiled himself with the previous night."

Ince Zangwill's expression turned heavy as he attempted to channel spirits. Within his expectations, he didn't receive any outcome which could be called a pleasant surprise.

...

Wednesday morning, outside Amyris Leaf Bar that had its shadow boss replaced.

Klein circled around to a secluded alley and saw Oz Kent carrying a tiny suitcase.

“Your bounty.” Oz Kent threw the small suitcase over.

This actually wasn’t the bounty money in the true sense of the word. It was money the military had put forth—the former involved the governor-general’s office and the kingdom’s finance ministry. The procedure was complicated and needed at least three days to complete.

Klein caught the suitcase and opened it on the spot. He saw stacks of neatly arranged cash, with most of them in one- or five-pound denominations.

“A total of 5,400 pounds. We didn’t take a cut,” Oz Kent said as he forced a smile.

If it were any other adventurer, he would have given 4,000 pounds at most. The rest was the income for the personnel involved in the entire procedure.

But faced with the crazy man whose strength was close to a pirate admiral, all he could do was volunteer work thanks to his fear of being executed on the spot by him.

The military is unlikely to fool me with fake notes… Klein grabbed a stack of cash and waved it.

5,400 pounds… Hiding outside the alley, Darkwill heard Oz Kent's words and secretly shot a glance at the suitcase. The stacks of pound notes seemed to blind him.

This was the first time he was seeing so much money placed together.

An adventurer really is a profitable profession. Successfully hunting a pirate earns thousands of pounds. Protecting me nets him 1,000 pounds and one request. Occasionally, he can find sunken ships and treasure… Why did I become an apothecary instead of an adventurer? If I had known, I would have chosen that lucky Beyonder pathway… Darkwill thought with atypical admiration.

However, he quickly recalled his reality. Most adventurers didn't live such rich lives. Even if they could make a killing, a third of their income was given to apothecaries, either to treat their injuries and remove any latent injuries, or to buy medicine to add to the fun and deal with unmentionable diseases.

It's still safer being an apothecary… Darkwill sighed inwardly.

At this moment, Klein, who had only did a rough count of the money, closed the suitcase and said to Oz Kent, "I'll be leaving Bayam for some time. If I have any intel, how should I inform you?"

"You're leaving Bayam?" Oz Kent asked, finding it odd.

Klein nodded slightly and said, "I received a bodyguard mission."

Oz Kent was first enlightened before he felt a baffling sense of

ease.

If this madman were to stay in Bayam for long periods of time, there will ultimately be a day where he causes problems. It's better to drift out at sea and fight those pirates... Oz Kent immediately said with a smile, "You can directly send me a telegram and include my address. We have people planted at the telegraph office."

"Alright." Dressed in a black tweed coat, Klein didn't speak further. With the suitcase in hand, he turned to leave the alley.

He headed for the harbor together with Darkwill and planned to catch the earliest liner to Oravi Island. The owl flew in between the trees and appeared furtively—they had already bought scalped tickets the night before.

Half an hour before they boarded the ship, Darkwill reeled with anxiety. He was afraid the person who had betrayed his teacher would suddenly rush over and attack him.

This feeling continued until he entered the first-class cabin that belonged to him. As long as the liner went out into the sea, Beyonders without flight capabilities or their own ships would find it difficult to intercept him.

"Quickly start the ship. Quickly start the ship..." Darkwill looked out the window as he muttered to himself.

At this moment, the owl had followed and perched on his left shoulder. Klein sat on a chair in the room, prepared for any possible attacks.

At this moment, the sky suddenly turned dark as the wind howled with increasing strength. The air's humidity also clearly climbed.

"A storm?" Darkwill widened his mouth as he blurted out.

This meant that the ship might not set sail at the scheduled time. It might be delayed for hours!

And with that, Darkwill wouldn't be able to withstand many of the unnecessary risks!

He turned his head to look at Gehrman Sparrow and forced a smile.

"Do you have any solutions?"

I do have one. For example, you can immediately pray to Sea God Kalvetua, and I'll immediately answer your prayer above the gray fog. I'll disperse the storm... But it's without a doubt that in minutes, or maybe seconds, Sea King Jahn Kottman will rush over. And his attacks will arrive earlier... Klein looked at the chubby Apothecary and said calmly, "I'm only an adventurer."

Darkwill knew that he shouldn't have had any expectations. He cursed the weather silently and turned around, looking out the window to check on the exact situation.

Boom!

A silver bolt of lightning struck Darkwill before Klein could even react.

Darkwill immediately collapsed, convulsing as smoke emitted from his body. His skin was charred as snakes of lightning buzzed.

Klein nearly felt into a shock. This was the first time he was seeing someone getting struck by lightning during a storm.

That's way too unlucky, right... He briefly forgot to rescue Darkwill.

The owl, Mr. Harry, was similarly stunned for a few seconds before it screamed, "Quick! Quick! There's a bottle of medicine in the second secret pocket on his left. Feed it to him!"

This owl can talk... Klein pricked up his brows, took a few steps forward, bent down, and found a bottle of blood-red medicine. Then, he poured it down Darkwill's throat.

After a few minutes, Darkwill finally regained his senses. As charred black skin peeled off, he stood up with great difficulty.

"I-I'll deal with my wounds."

He staggered to his room and locked the door.

After doing all of that, he took out the ring box and opened it with a solemn look.

In the ring box with almost no room to roll, the milky-white die had already changed at some point in time. Two red dots were facing up!

In the living room outside, Klein stood on the spot and recalled everything that had happened before frowning.

At this moment in time, he had a baffling feeling that the enemies he would face during this bodyguard mission was probably going to be different from the enemies he encountered in the past.

After Darkwill partially recovered and came out, Klein sat on the chair and leaned forward slightly.

“Explain.

“This determines how I should provide you with protection.”

Chapter 605: "Judgment"

Upon hearing Gehrman Sparrow, Darkwill's first reaction was to reveal everything about the strange die. He wanted this adventurer, that he had spent huge sums of money on, to grasp the problem at its root so as to effectively ensure his personal safety.

But on second thought, he recalled his teacher's exhortations. Believing that the die might very well be a rather important Sealed Artifact of the Life School of Thought, he was afraid that the truth would entice him to cause even more negative developments!

There are plenty of rumors about adventurers who killed their employers during missions in order to earn greater benefits for themselves. I don't know Gehrman Sparrow, and I have no idea what kind of character he has. I need to be cautious! Besides, the die had automatically rolled a two. The situation isn't at its worst and most despair-inducing. I can still wait for a chance... Darkwill hesitated for a few seconds and finally decided to talk about superficial matters while avoiding the key points.

He subconsciously dodged Gehrman Sparrow's seemingly calm eyes.

"It's this. My teacher and I belong to a secret organization. I'm escaping because a traitor has appeared internally.

"They grasp the pathway related to fate and can make themselves sufficiently lucky and their target unlucky... I-I might have been cursed, so I was unlucky enough to be struck by lightning."

After the explanation, he forcefully hid the nervousness in his heart and awaited Gehrman Sparrow's reply.

Will he believe me? This kind of adventurer with rich experience and strength is likely hard to deceive... If he were to discover that I'm lying, he will likely sink me into the ocean... Darkwill stood there anxiously, like a student being summoned to the teacher's desk.

He's indeed from the Life School of Thought... Monster pathway... Klein nodded in thought.

"I understand.

"Try to do as little as possible. I will consider how I'll deal with your bad luck."

Uh... Darkwill was taken aback, completely unable to believe that Gehrman Sparrow would so easily accept a lie he fabricated on the spot.

He forced a smile and quickly expressed his gratitude. Then, he returned to his room, leaning his back against the door as he took out the ring box.

Pa! His hand trembled as he opened the lid, only to discover that the milky-white die had already strangely rolled itself to have the six side facing up!

Does this mean that I was lucky enough to successfully fool Gehrman Sparrow? Darkwill thought in enlightenment.

Mr. Harry swooped down and didn't choose to perch on the chubby Apothecary's shoulder. Apparently, it was still somewhat worried about how it could've also been implicated when Darkwill was nearly struck by lightning.

It stood on a wooden desk and stared ahead with its round eyes.

"Darkwill, you're very nervous."

"You don't have to tell me that," Darkwill said in frustration.

The owl spread its wings and said, "Alright, I'll use a different explanation.

"I believe I should consider changing owners.

"Gehrman Sparrow seems to be a pretty good choice."

"...Then what about me?" Darkwill asked in surprise, momentarily forgetting his anger.

Mr. Harry tsked and said, "Don't you sense the concern and fear in your heart? You're already suspecting whether you can see tomorrow's sun. That strange die is really, really dangerous!

"If I were you, I would've thrown it out the window and into the sea and get your teacher's teacher to fish it out himself."

"...How do you know about my teacher's teacher?" Darkwill blurted out the question.

Mr. Harry proudly lifted its head and said, “Don’t doubt an owl’s vision.”

Darkwill fell into thought and didn’t faze himself with its answer.

“No, that won’t work. Throwing the die into the sea wouldn’t resolve all my problems.

“According to Old Man, even if it’s buried out at sea, any powerful person will be able to find it in days. That will mean that I’ll really lose it. Silly bird. You lack general knowledge in mysticism, and you don’t know how some important Sealed Artifacts are just like the most popular prostitutes in Red Theater. They’ll always be able to attract hungry men.”

“Including you,” Harry calmly replied. “As for the problem of being lacking in general knowledge in mysticism, I believe a famous quote can explain it. Emperor Roselle once said that if a child doesn’t receive a good education, then it’s the father’s fault. This sentence can also be used to describe problems between a pet and its owner. Alright, Darkwill, regardless, I believe you need to discuss the die with Gehrman Sparrow. Otherwise, there will only be greater danger.”

“Let me wait and see a little longer. Perhaps it will be fixed at six…” Darkwill said with some hesitation.

He sat on the edge of the bed before lying down.

At this moment, the storm that had been howling had gradually calmed down. The sky began to turn calm as the liner blew its horn, indicating that it was setting sail.

Inside the first-class cabin's living room, Klein looked out the window and saw blurry rainbows that appeared after the rain. Yet, his heart wasn't calm.

He wasn't too afraid of enemies. Out at sea, apart from the Four Kings and the official demigods, or the pirate admirals who appeared with their fleet, there were very few matters that could threaten him, who had Creeping Hunger and several mystical items. Even if the ship was sunk, he was able to escape thanks to the many charms he had from the Sea God domain.

But luck was something he really had no confidence in. It wasn't within the limits of his abilities, nor could he think of a way to handle it.

Although my title is "the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck," that was modified from the luck enhancement ritual. And the luck enhancement ritual clearly wasn't to allow people to get out of bad luck... Darkwill's matter is quite difficult to handle. I can only invest more effort into keeping a close eye on his situation. I'll immediately rescue him if something unlucky that can cause death happens... Let's hope that we can last for these few days until we arrived at Oravi Island. His seniors should be able to help him change his luck... Klein rubbed his temples, but he didn't show any abnormalities.

...

Darkwill, who had been too nervous the previous night, fell into a deep sleep without realizing it.

After a while, his stomach's growling informed him that it was time for lunch.

He tried hard to open his eyes, but he felt as though an invisible

person was pressing down on him, making it impossible for him to move.

He felt the back of his head swelling with a sharp pain. He felt his breathing become more difficult as his heart raced at an abnormal pace.

D-don't tell me that I'm going to experience a sudden death in my dreams… Darkwill struggled with all his might, but he failed to wake up. He became weaker and weaker with time.

At this moment, his mouth was opened up by a sharp object as an ice-cold liquid was poured in. The liquid also flowed down his face, wetting his chin and neck.

Darkwill's body recovered as he finally managed to open his eyes. He saw two bright, round, gold-like eyes nearly slamming into his head.

Rearing a Beyonder pet can be quite effective sometimes… Darkwill first felt wistful before he rapidly sat up and took out the ring box.

Inside, the die had rolled to another side.

1 point!

So unlucky that I almost died in my sleep? No, I don't think it's that simple. It seems to magnify certain probabilities such as the chances of being hit by lightning or the chances of experiencing sudden death while asleep… No, this can't carry on. If this continues, I'll definitely die! Darkwill thought in hysteria.

Horror quickly overwhelmed his thoughts as he spurred his hand to hold onto the ring box and rush to the door.

Perhaps as a result of nearly suffering a sudden death, he was lacking in strength. He could hardly twist the handle.

“Help! Help!” Mr. Harry screamed sharply.

Bang!

The door was opened, slamming into Darkwill’s head. If Klein hadn’t controlled his strength, the chubby Apothecary’s head probably would’ve cracked open with blood spewing out everywhere.

Without even rubbing his bruise, Darkwill frantically shouted, “It’s this! It’s this!

“It’s this die that gives me bad luck!

“When it’s at 1 point, I’ll fail at everything I do!”

He had already decided to inform Gehrman Sparrow of the whole truth, and he looked forward to the powerful adventurer giving him some effective suggestions.

He didn’t eliminate the possibility of him killing him out of greed, but he had weighed the matter. If he had to make a choice, he definitely chose the one which wasn’t as terrible.

Telling Gehrman Sparrow might lead to death, but not telling

him would spell certain death. This choice was no longer something that needed consideration.

I don't care if the die is lost. My life is more important! Darkwill thought with righteous indignation.

Then, he saw a smile appear across Gehrman Sparrow's mouth.

"Thank you for your humor.

"The joke isn't too bad."

...It's not a joke... Darkwill looked down at the ring box and saw that there were no changes to the blood-red single point on the die.

C-could it be that even an explanation with plenty of logic will fail... The chubby Apothecary suddenly fell into despair.

"It's real! He's speaking the truth!" Harry flapped its wings.

Darkwill, who felt hope arise in him, heard Gehrman Sparrow say in a deep voice, "Then why don't you throw it into the ocean?"

With that said, Klein politely closed the door and returned to the living room.

This fellow must be hiding a secret. I mustn't be fooled by such a clumsy excuse... Klein sat in his chair and waited for Darkwill to describe the situation in detail.

Darkwill sat down, depressed. He sat there motionless, afraid of encountering another failure.

He didn't notice that the die had already switched its face again to a three.

Before lunch, Klein entered the washroom to clean out his digestive system.

After washing his hands, he went above the gray fog in passing, preparing to browse through the prayers of the Sea God believers.

Just as he sat at the high-back chair of The Fool, he suddenly recalled many details as his eyes widened.

H-how could I believe such a weak explanation...

Why do I think that it's because of that die?

In the past two events, it felt like my mind had been clouded. No, it's not that. Darkwill's explanation happened to match certain theories of mine. Therefore, I instinctively believed it to be real and fake. Klein's eyes constricted as he thought about it.

At that moment, he had already made a judgment.

That die is indeed problematic!

Chapter 606: Intimidation

Above the gray fog, inside the palace that looked like a giant's residence.

Klein tapped the edge of the mottled table as his thoughts revolved around the strange die.

It can influence me without me realizing it... This is already somewhat similar to 0-08 from back then. It's just that one is right in front of me, while the other is hidden... It's definitely a Sealed Artifact, and it's the kind that exists at the very pinnacle. Even if it's not a Grade 0, it has to be a very special existence among Grade 1s...

I'm temporarily unable to interfere with matters regarding fate, but I can't just passively face it. With the passage of time, objects at the level of Sealed Artifacts will often cause more severe damage. It might begin to affect people around the chubby Apothecary, such as me or all the passengers on the ship... Klein thought over the matter seriously without any solutions in mind. He decided to immediately return to the real world.

He didn't know how to seal the die or how to reduce its influence, but he knew someone had a clue.

It was the Snake of Mercury, Will Auceptin, who was still inside his mother's womb as a fetus!

Entering the master bedroom, he took out the paper crane in his wallet and placed it on the table. Klein took a look at the surface which still had signs of being erased. He picked up a pencil and wrote a simple question: "How do I deal with that die?"

He folded the paper crane back to its original form, stuffed it in his wallet, and went to the door of the servant's room before knocking on it twice.

This wasn't in violation of Gehrman Sparrow's persona, because he was a gentlemanly madman. Of course, Klein was mainly afraid of bashing Darkwill to death by rashly opening the door. This was something that he had learned from the movie franchise, "Final Destination."

In addition, Klein was also worried about witnessing something disgusting or unpleasant.

With the preferences Darkwill has exhibited, when he realizes that he's in extreme danger and unable to extricate himself from it, with waiting for death being the only option available to him, there's a nonzero chance of him pleasuring himself to climax one last time... Klein lampooned as he heard the chubby Apothecary's weak reply, "What's the matter?"

It's good that you aren't dead yet... Klein carefully opened the door and leaned his body a little forward, looking at Darkwill and the opened ring box which was sitting in front of him. He calmly asked, "What's the score?"

"Can't you check it from the papers yourself... Sports section..." Darkwill remained listless.

"I'm asking about the die," Klein simply added.

"It's still at 3 points..." Darkwill first answered instinctively before turning his head and jumping up. "You believe me?"

Klein didn't reply so as to prevent him from recalling how Gehrman Sparrow had been fooled by the die.

He turned around and said in an unperturbed tone, "Bring the die outside."

"Alright!"

"Alright!"

Darkwill and Harry cried out in joy almost at the same time.

They either raised their arms or wings!

After the chubby Apothecary carefully carried the ring box out, Klein pointed at the coffee table and said, "Put it on there."

As he said, he sat on the sofa beside it. He placed his arms on his thigh and leaned forward to observe the strange die.

On the surface, the die didn't seem strange in any way when it came to mysticism. The only difference from an ordinary die was that it was dyed in red, even for three points.

Klein didn't touch it out of caution. He slightly straightened his body and looked at Darkwill, who was seated across him on a chair, as well as the fat owl, Harry, who was perched on the chair's back.

"Describe the exact situation."

Darkwill didn't hide the matter any further as he said with a smile which looked worse than crying, "This is an important Sealed Artifact in our organization. My mission is to send it to a particular person in Oravi Island.

"But, as you can see. It's extremely dangerous. It will roll itself even when there's no space for it to do so!

"When it rolls a six, the wielder will be sufficiently lucky. Everything can be done with relatively easy success, just like how my clumsy lie was able to fool you."

Don't mention this matter… You will one day be taught a serious lesson because of that mouth of yours… Klein listened with a stoic expression.

Darkwill continued, "1 point means that the wielder will be extremely unlucky. Nothing will succeed; you wouldn't believe me even if I were to tell you the whole truth…

"2 points should be bad luck of a lesser degree, but as for why it would cause me to be struck by lightning… It's inexplicable!

"3 points and 4 points are normal levels of bad luck and good luck. This can be confirmed. 5 points is the opposite of 2 points."

You aren't considered unlucky enough; otherwise, I would've already beaten you up… Klein thought and calmly instructed, "From this moment forth, both of you will take turns to monitor this die. Once it drops below 3 points, you are to inform me immediately."

"Both of us?" Darkwill wore a blank look for a moment.

“Including me?” The owl perched on the edge of the chair’s back raised its right wing.

Klein leaned back into the sofa and crossed his right leg as he said calmly, “This will help in maintaining focus and energy.”

With that said, he gestured at the owl with his chin.

“You’re up first.”

“My name is Harry,” the owl grumbled.

Harry… Klein resisted the urge to laugh as he said to Darkwill, “Pull the bell and get an attendant here. From this moment forth, we will choose to have room service for our meals.

“Before reaching Oravi Island, you have to be in the living room at all times. You are not to go anywhere.

“Even if you wish to use the washroom, it will be when it’s at 3 or 4.

“If you really can’t hold it in, I’ll give you a bucket.”

Upon hearing Gehrman Sparrow give instructions with regularity and thoroughness, Darkwill calmed down a little at a time. He was no longer as horrified as before.

The matter he was most worried about prior to this was that firstly, Gehrman Sparrow would be enticed by greed and choose to kill him for the die. Secondly, this somewhat crazy and cold

adventurer might be frightened by the die, and that he would choose to terminate the mission and stop providing protection.

And now, Gehrman Sparrow didn't show any fear, and he even seemed very confident!

Darkwill secretly sighed in relief and thought, *His performance was really professional...*

He isn't afraid at all!

He can even escape the influence of the die and accept my explanation. He lives up to his name of being the powerful adventurer who easily hunted Wormtongue! He's definitely a powerhouse at the pirate admiral level!

Darkwill stood up and walked to the door to pull the service bell.

Just as he returned to the sofa, he heard Harry's sharp screech.

"It has changed! It has changed!

"2 points!"

Suddenly, Klein exerted strength in his legs as he rose up from the sofa without warning and rushed to Darkwill's side.

Bang!

As a gunshot rang from outside, Klein pulled Darkwill's arm, swung his arm backward, and shook his wrist, throwing the chubby Apothecary to the side.

At this point, in the wall opposite to where Darkwill was standing, there was a bullet hole.

Did a sailor's gun misfire? Or did the bullet ricochet when aiming at some seabird or something? Regardless of the situation, the chances of that happening are very low; yet... Klein turned his head to the chubby Apothecary.

"Are you injured?"

Darkwill shook his head with a lingering sense of fear.

"I'm fine."

In the time that followed, Klein resolved more than ten accidents, one after another. It included the sudden collapse of the chandelier in the room, a hammer dropped by a slipping maintenance worker headed straight for Darkwill's head, as well as Darkwill nearly dying from choking on a fishbone.

These didn't seem like anything serious, but for Klein to remain highly focused, it was inevitable for him to be exhausted.

Thankfully, the die automatically rolled to 4 points later, finally ending the hour which was fraught with disasters.

No, I can't continue like this. Who knows if something will happen to me when I'm rescuing him... Klein sent away the captain who

came to apologize and said to Darkwill, “I’ll sleep for half an hour.

“Both of you are to watch the die. Immediately wake me up when there’s a problem.”

The chubby Apothecary and the owl nodded like a hungry woodpecker.

Leaning back into the sofa, Klein used Cogitation to quickly fall asleep, hoping to receive a reply from Will Auceptin.

When he woke up in his dream, he heaved a sigh of relief when he saw the pitch-black desolate plains. He followed the same-old path and reached the depths of the black steeple.

In the protruded ground surrounded by tarot cards, there were many new silvery lines that were densely written.

Klein stopped walking and quickly read it.

“It’s called the Die of Probability.

“It’s a Sealed Artifact of the highest level in our School of Thought. I believe it can reach the standard of a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.

“It controls the probability of everything. 1 point will maximize the probability of unfavorable matters occurring to the target. 2 points will raise the probability of unfavorable matters greatly. This doesn’t mean that 2 points is safer than 1 point. This is because once the probability is high enough, any accident can

happen. 3 points is to increase the probability of unfavorable matters. It's the opposite for 4 to 6 points.

"Even for me, a being who can reset it to a certain extent, it's a rather dangerous Sealed Artifact. A demigod can be killed using it, but of course, it can also kill yourself."

I know, your contest with the Die of Probability is likely the equivalent to the battle between the God [1] of Save and Load and the RNG [2] gods... Klein lampooned inwardly as he continued reading.

"The Die of Probability has living characteristics. It always makes the wielder swing back and forth between having good and bad luck. If one isn't careful, it's possible to die from an accident. When it awakens to a certain degree, it will control the people and objects around the wielder, controlling the probability of their actions.

"Although it hasn't been confirmed, I suspect that given enough time, it will be able to influence the entire world, making every action of all life be determined by its score. Of course, this is excluding deities."

To put it simply, it's digitizing the entire world... Th-this is definitely at the level of a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. It's extremely dangerous! How terrifying... Klein couldn't help but frown as he eagerly continued reading.

"To truly seal the Die of Probability is rather complicated. To put it simply, it's to use specific Sealed Artifacts to isolate it from the spirit world, astral world, and the real world. You can give it a try.

"Haha, I'll reveal my cards. I have long discovered that you can

resist my prophetic senses. Perhaps you can use it to seal it.

"There's another way, but it can only briefly reduce its influence. However, this should be enough to send the Die of Probability to the hands of someone who can seal it.

"That method is to use the fact that it has living characteristics. Use an effective method to intimidate it. That way, it will behave, no—calm down for a period of time. It will last about 12 hours before continuing.

"After repeated acts of intimidation, the influence it receives will decrease. After a week, it will mark you and madly control your probabilities.

"Finally, thank you for your help.

Sincerely yours,

Will Auceptin"

As expected of a Snake of Fate. He has indeed discovered my uniqueness... Throwing the Die of Probability above the gray fog should be able to seal it. But the problem is that a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact with living characteristics might influence the space above the gray fog and chase me away, making itself the owner... Such matters cannot be answered with divination. It will definitely be able to resist, just like 0-08... Klein rejected the idea of using the gray fog.

As the thoughts whirled in his mind, he suddenly had an idea.

Klein quickly left his dream and woke up. He said to Darkwill, “I have a method of suppressing its influence.”

“What is it?” Darkwill asked in pleasant surprise.

Klein didn’t answer and picked up the Die of Probability, which had 4 points facing up, before entering the washroom.

*What does he want to do? I remember that in some folklore, the way they treat evil objects is to throw sh*t… Ugh…* Darkwill didn’t wish to think further.

After entering the washroom and locking the door, Klein immediately set up a ritual to summon himself. Following that, he went above the gray fog and brought out the iron cigar case.

Then, he picked up the Die of Probability and opened the cigar case. Inside the cigar case was the All-Black Eye which came from the Marionettist.

Under the darkness, Klein’s face was cloaked in the shadows and he watched with a deep and gloomy gaze as he brought the Die of Probability close to the strange eye. It was a Beyonder characteristic which contained the True Creator’s mental corruption.

The corners of his mouth cracked open as he revealed a genial smile and whispered to the die in his hand, “Here, let me treat you to a concert.”

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1. It’s a reference to how gamers will try attempt to save

and load the game to beat a game's RNG for a better item.

2. Random Number Generator.

Chapter 607: Discovering an Abnormality

The window of the washroom was very high, preventing sufficient sunlight from shining in. It could only barely dispel the darkness, making everything seem gloomy.

Klein moved the Die of Probability in his right hand to the All-Black Eye, and suddenly, it shook. Then, he threw the item into the other side of the washbasin.

The milky-white die rolled a few times before finally stopping with four red dots pointing up.

Klein held back his unobvious smile and took a step to the side and picked up the Die of Probability again. He lowered his head and said in a gentlemanly manner, “You don’t wish to listen to it?

“Let’s do this. Give me an answer. 6 represents cooperation, while everything else represents a rejection.”

With that said, he threw the Die of Probability up and reached out to catch it.

The milky white die fell straight down and rapidly rolled, showing six red dots!

“Very good,” Klein praised with a chuckle.

After throwing the All-Black Eye back above the gray fog, he turned to open the door to the washroom and slowly walked to

the living room.

Under Darkwill's and Harry's gaze, which was filled with anticipation, worry, curiosity, and puzzlement, he suddenly stopped and threw the Die of Probability out.

"No!"

"No!"

Darkwill and the owl cried out at the same time, afraid that a score of 3 points and below would happen. The latter subconsciously flew up to distance itself from the fatty who might be struck by lightning.

With a crisp tinkle, the milky-white die rolled on the coffee table several times before fixing itself at 2 points.

Just as the color in Darkwill's face drained, the die languidly rolled and fixed itself on 4.

"For the next 12 hours, it will be relatively quiet." Klein calmly sat down and began enjoying his breakfast which had long turned cold.

He really had a solution? Darkwill lowered his body and stared at the strange die on the coffee table.

After nearly a minute, he couldn't help but extend his hand and throw the die, managing to roll a 6.

Just as his palm left, the die moved by itself to 4.

*How magical… What method did Gehrman Sparrow actually use? Did he really sh*t and soak the die inside? Ugh…* Darkwill decided to accept the outcome and stopped thinking of the reason; otherwise, he suspected that he would end up vomiting.

Looking up at Gehrman Sparrow, who was calmly spreading butter on his bread, Darkwill suddenly felt that with just a promise and 1,000 pounds to hire a bodyguard at this level was extremely worth it!

He can definitely be ranked at the same level as any pirate admiral! If a tycoon were to encounter a situation like mine, they wouldn't hesitate to hire him with half their wealth… Thankfully, I only paid 300 pounds. The rest will be borne by Teacher and the others… Darkwill felt relieved when he realized that he didn't need to worry about the die's random rolling for the next 12 hours. He couldn't help but stand up and stretch his back.

He walked to the window and opened the tightly shut window to see the sparse clouds scattered across the clear skies.

The endless azure blue sky stirred as it reflected the bright sunlight like it had countless golden fragments scattered in it. This energized Darkwill as he felt a burden be lifted from his chest.

Unlike Backlund, which would only become warm at the end of February, the Rorsted Archipelago was no longer plagued by the cold. Life had returned to this area.

Facing the sea and the blooming of flowers in warm spring… Klein, who had finished his bread, walked to a spot behind Darkwill and felt like he was an animal who had awoken from

hibernation.

He didn't recite the poem that flashed past his mind, as firstly, it didn't suit Gehrman Sparrow's persona, and secondly, it would probably make Darkwill reflect over Emperor Roselle's poetic talent.

Until the evening, the die still didn't roll, but the weather had changed. Strong winds howled as dark clouds gathered. A storm was brewing.

This was the most common danger at sea. Even if one took a safe sea route which had been traversed by others, one would occasionally encounter similar situations. It just wasn't as terrifying.

Klein looked at the tall waves and the dark sky, and he felt as though the ship was cruising through a mountain valley. By the sides were tall dark-blue "cliffs" that could topple down at any moment.

The intense pressure made a Mid-Sequence Beyonder like him feel repressed. He even wished to pray to god, hoping that the liner would cruise through the storm safely.

It's no wonder sailors, pirates, and merchants who live on the sea for extended periods of time can't help but respect the Lord of Storms. They would more or less believe in "Him"... Klein sighed in silence.

Although he didn't believe the storm that wasn't that powerful could bury a liner which was powered by both sails and steam engines, he still attached caution to the matter by praying to his alternate identity, Sea God Kalvetua.

He was afraid that the Die of Probability would suddenly go crazy during the storm and roll a 1, causing the ship to sink to the bottom of the sea. Therefore, he decided to make preemptive precautions. Klein did believe Snake of Fate Will Auceptin's judgment that the Die of Probability would be quiet for 12 hours after the first intimidation act, but this was without any additional conditions. He believed that it was more likely that a Sealed Artifact with living characteristics would deal with situations like a person instead of rules. Hence, he had to take precautions for any troubles it might cause.

Stealing a glance at Darkwill and the owl who were looking somewhat uneasy due to the storm, Klein calmly said, "I'll take a nap.

"Continue watching the die. Take turns and do not relax."

"Alright." Watching Gehrman Sparrow enter the master bedroom, Darkwill walked to the side of the coffee table and sat down. As he stared at the die, he asked Harry, "What thoughts do you have now?"

Harry flew around and mumbled, "Why am I not a petrel?"

In the master bedroom, Klein went above the gray fog and summoned the Sea God Scepter from the junk pile.

He held the scepter with blue gems embedded at the top and quickly replied to his prayer.

Klein didn't expend too much of his spirituality to calm the storm. This was firstly because they weren't too far from the surrounding seas of the Rorsted Archipelago. Such an obvious and exaggerated supernatural phenomenon was easily able to attract the attention of Sea King Jahn Kottman, who shared the

same domain, or the Storm Priests on the ships. Secondly, he had to conserve strength to deal with the Die of Probability.

What he did was simple. He augmented the ship with layers of Beyonder effects, allowing it to cruise through the storm stably without any risk of capsizing.

Towards a Sequence 5 or 6 Beyonder below the rank of demigod, to do something similar to a liner which had hundreds of people on board required plenty of preparations and a complicated ritual. It was only possible by exhausting them, but to a Sea God of this domain, it was all simple and easy.

A demigod already has inklings of a god... Klein sighed and threw the scepter back into the junk pile, before silently disappearing from above the gray fog.

In the time that followed, the ship bobbed up and down like a leaf in the wind, but no matter how terrifying or towering the dark blue waves were, nothing happened to it until the end of the storm.

...

At 4 p.m on Thursday. Backlund, Williams Street.

Fors Wall once again arrived here by carriage.

She didn't sit in the coffee shop again. Instead, she strolled down the street and observed the pedestrians and surrounding buildings. She also took note of figures with special traits as material for her novel.

There really are a lot of foreigners. They're still mainly from Feysac and Intis. Heh heh, one of them is a barbaric and stocky white bear, while the other is a colorful, ostentatious rooster... Fors chuckled silently to herself.

At this moment, she came to the middle of Williams Street where there was an abandoned chapel. Withered vines crawled over its walls, and gray stones were strewn everywhere.

With the intention to not waste Mr. World's payment, Fors deliberately approached it to check for any abnormalities.

She circled around the chapel without discovering anything.

Following that, she entered and avoided the disgusting shit and rotten things, and she quickly observed every corner.

Suddenly, her gaze came to a stop as she frowned bit by bit.

In a particular corner of the half-collapsed ruin, the ground had been dug up by someone. The pit wasn't too big or deep, and there were remnant traces of it being dug with fingers!

This should be considered an abnormality, right... Fors cautiously retreated and didn't do a detailed investigation.

After walking through all of Williams Street, she immediately returned home and organized the abnormality and material she jotted down together. She then sacrificed it to Mr. Fool and asked him to hand it over to The World. Fors didn't hide conceal anything she saw, even if they didn't seem to have any superficial problems. This was because she knew very well that any abnormality would be judged by The World, and not by

herself who didn't understand the situation.

...

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Klein immediately began reading the report Miss Magician had submitted.

That abandoned chapel has signs of being dug up? The previous digging attempts had been dealt with by me and Miss Sharron... Who would dig it up again? Rafter Pound, that descendant of the Tudor family? He nearly died from the evil spirit's possession. Without any helpers, it's unlikely he would take further risks... Who could it be... Klein thought for a moment, but he couldn't lock onto a suspect. All he could do was continue reading.

While he read the notes written in a beautiful language, he acutely noticed a point.

There are many foreigners on this street. They are mainly from Feysac and Intis...

It wasn't like that back when I went to Williams Street... Did a Feysac or Intis company recently open there?

Feysac, Intis...

Klein ruminated over the two countries' names when he suddenly recalled something!

The royal family of the Feysac Einhorn, the Einhorn family and Intis' former royal family, the Sauron family, are both in control of the Hunter pathway, which is also the Red Priest pathway. It was two of the blood types which the evil spirit had designated as being capable of removing the seal!

Together with the Medici family's descendants which had been destroyed at Bansy Harbor, the three factions which held control over the Red Priest pathway are involved!

Bansy Harbor was destroyed, causing the Medici family's Beyonder characteristic to use some magical connection to contact the evil spirit who's suspected to be Red Angel. Hence, the members of the Einhorn and Sauron families were attracted?

No, that's not realistic. If the Church of Storms didn't discover any Beyonder characteristics, they definitely would've noticed a problem in this...

Another reason? The evil spirit is using another method to attract people from the Einhorn and Sauron families? What or who did it go through in order to do so? The number of people who know of the evil spirit's existence is only a handful—me, Miss Sharron, as well as... Amidst his racing thoughts, Klein suddenly thought of a possibility.

It was Rafter Pound, the descendant of the Tudor family who had previously been possessed by the evil spirit! He had unknowingly become a slave of the evil spirit! He had secretly helped it spread the news!

And the evil spirit had sought me and Miss Sharron's help to numb us into thinking that we are the only ones who can rescue it! For this, it didn't mind betraying its descendants! Klein was alarmed as he felt like he had been fooled by the evil spirit.

Chapter 608: Professional

The endless gray fog hung silently before a light scraping noise on the bronze table sounded.

Klein changed his seating posture and began placing more weight on the details regarding the evil spirit. He was more and more convinced that Miss Sharron and himself had neglected the possibility of something happening to Rafter Pound.

This is a Beyonder power of the Red Priest pathway, Conspirer?

Furthermore, this is even closer to a common fraud. There's only the use of supernatural powers in the details. Therefore, even if I had arrived at the mysterious space above the gray fog, I would passively have my senses fooled. I would've only discovered the problem by proactively considering and analyzing the situation?

If it wasn't for Mr. Azik, who knew of the evil spirit suspected to be the dead Red Angel Medici, I wouldn't have realized this problem. Nor would I have hired Miss Magician to seek out any abnormalities on Williams Street...

After a few minutes of contemplation, Klein conjured a pen and paper, preparing to use divination to confirm his theories.

After deliberating for a moment, he finally penned the sentence for the dream divination: "Baronet Rafter Pound's current situation."

After putting down his dark red fountain pen, Klein held the piece of paper with the divination statement and leaned back in

his chair.

He first recalled the information he had regarding Rafter Pound before closing his eyes, chanting silently, and entering Cogitation.

Klein's thoughts rapidly calmed down as he quickly entered a dream state.

In a gray world, disconnected scenes flashed past before finally fixating on Unit 29 on Sivellaus Street.

Inside the warm activity room, Rafter Pound was dressed in cotton pajamas, holding a wine cup with red liquid. He was standing silently by the window, looking at the Backlund police station headquarters diagonally across the street.

This baronet had gray sideburns and puffy eye sockets that were tainted with blackish-green colors. The wrinkles on his forehead and the corners of his eyes and mouth were so pronounced that it exceeded what someone in his forties should look like.

His pupils weren't dilated in a very serious manner, but they were abnormal. His cheeks were flushed red as he had a furtive smile. He looked slightly abnormal compared to the last time Klein met him.

Indeed, something is wrong with him... Klein left the dream and began considering how he could deal with the evil spirit.

Without a doubt, he had his usual train of thought for such matters. Under the situation where he was unable to contact Miss Sharron, his first reaction was to report the matter!

But how should it be reported? Klein considered it seriously and conjured The World's figure and made him pray.

"Through a reliable channel, pass this information to the Church of the Evernight Goddess and the Church of the God of Steam and Machinery.

"The information is: High-level spies from Feysac and Intis are gathered at Williams Street for unknown motives.

"Reward of 100 pounds."

This was the explanation Klein thought of after repeated consideration. Directly revealing the King of Angels, Red Priest, the Medici family, or the Tudor Dynasty's ruin would indeed garner the attention of the Churches and military, but it would also easily make Miss Magician, who reported the matter, to be targeted by the official organizations. There were huge risks involved.

Not only was using "high-level spies from Feysac and Intis are gathered at Williams Street" relatively milder, something which ordinary Beyonders had a chance of noticing, but it was also something that would make the Churches and the military wary. They would send out the corresponding experts to employ the most effective methods.

As for the subsequent fruits of the investigations, it was all thanks to their contributions and had nothing to do with the reporting party.

Klein had considered getting Mr. Azik to help, but he ultimately chose to abandon the thought. This was because the evil spirit was suspected to be a King of Angels and was very dangerous. Mr. Azik, who was still in the stage of recovering, might not be

able to deal with it.

After some thought, Klein turned the conjured scene into a stream of light and transmitted it to the crimson star representing The Magician.

...

Backlund, Cherwood Borough.

When Fors received the response from Mr. World, she was taken aback.

Those are high-level spies from Feysac and Intis? she exclaimed to herself, believing that there was no way she could've inferred something like that with the information she had provided!

However, she quickly felt at ease, believing that the reason why Mr. World had suspicions of abnormalities in Williams Street was precisely because he had received the corresponding intel of high-level spies. Once he confirmed the appearances of people from Feysac and Intis, it was easy for him to make such a conclusion.

Pass this information to the Church of Evernight and the Church of Steam? Isn't that a euphemistic way of saying "report"... Unfortunately, I won't be able to watch from the sideline, or I'm sure a great show would unfold... Fors wasn't a stranger to reporting matters; after all, her housemate and good friend was a bounty hunter.

She quickly had an idea, deciding to hand the matter of reporting the intel to the experienced Xio.

When she came out of the bedroom, she saw Xio sitting on a sofa. She was flipping through documents about her target, raising her hand to grab at her messy blonde hair from time to time and appearing extremely serious.

Fors casually picked up an item to embellish her motives and came over to the sofa. She handed over the item.

“Here, have a piece of cake.”

Xio glanced at the cake slathered with a layer of cream. Without losing focus, she raised her hand to grab it.

At this moment, Fors flipped her wrist, and the cake in her palm had turned into a golden decorative flower.

“Surprised?” she asked with a smile.

Xio couldn’t help but roll her eyes.

“Stop your performance. I prefer food.”

“Alright. I have a matter for you to do. 70 pounds.” Fors smiled as she sat down.

...

After first dealing with the evil spirit’s matter, Klein returned to the real world and held a ritual in passing. He brought the radio transceiver, which had been placed above the gray fog for several days, back to his first-class master bedroom.

He lay in bed and used Cogitation to recover his energy until he was awoken by the tapping sounds.

When Klein opened his eyes, the crimson moonlight had already shone in, blanketing the dim room like a veil, as well as the radio transceiver which was automatically spewing out illusory white paper.

This really feels like a horror film… A shame it's connected to a magic mirror without any moral integrity or bottom line… Klein sat up and walked over. He saw lines of Loenese on the illusory white paper.

"Honorable existence above the spirit world, your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, has arrived and would like to greet you.

"Do you have something you would like to test me on?"

Look at this, look! This is what I call smooth-talking! This is what a professional is like! In that instant, Klein really wished to pull Darkwill into the room to witness the magic mirror's art of communication.

I clearly have questions to ask it, but it becomes a situation of me testing it. And it even threw in a question… Klein controlled the curling of his mouth as he replied in a deep voice, "Yes."

"Please speak. The ignorant and limited Arrodes is ready." Amidst the tapping sounds, the illusory paper no longer produced Loenese, but instead produced a fawning smiley face.

This is already the emergence of emoticons… This fellow evolves

really quickly... Klein directly asked, “Where can I obtain a mystical item which can steal the Beyonder powers of others?”

The tapping sounds suddenly became intense as the illusory white paper quickly produced scenes like a screenshot from a movie.

There were places which Klein was familiar with such as Tingen City’s Saint Selena Cathedral’s Chanis Gate; the black-haired, green-eyed, handsome poet, Leonard Mitchell; a middle-aged man who sat on a sofa smiling at the noble ladies opposite him; and a young arrogant lady who was loitering in the sewers...

There were a total of twelve scenes, and finally a line of Loenese text appeared: “These are the ones that you can easily or conveniently acquire one from. There are a lot more, but they are either very complicated or troublesome, or they range at the highest levels which I cannot see clearly.”

Not bad. He actually knows to help me filter... This is a fantasy and mystical version of Google... Klein gently nodded and said, despite knowing the answer, “It’s your turn to ask.”

“You have already answered.” Amidst the tapping, Arrodes’s unsurprising answer appeared on the illusory white paper.

Klein chuckled inwardly and asked, “Where will Leonard Mitchell be staying for the time being?”

The tapping sounds became intense again as one scene after another appeared before Klein’s eyes.

It was a famous landmark in Backlund, a towering Gothic bell

tower with a Bell of Order hanging above.

There was a road sign on the road with the words “Pinster Street.”

It was Unit 7 along a row of terrace houses. In it, there was the extremely suave Leonard Mitchell wearing a black coat and red gloves. He was Klein’s poet friend who was reading through the dossiers of Lanevus and Capim.

This fellow is in Backlund, and he’s investigating the Lanevus and Capim cases? What the hell… The corners of Klein’s mouth twitched slightly as he carefully thought of the clues he left behind in those two cases.

The only clue is that Detective Sherlock Moriarty is involved in the two cases. If Leonard enters Daisy’s dream, he should discover this point. But, I already kept a beard and had a pretty good disguise back then. It’s unlikely that he can recognize me in the rather blurry scene in the dream and portraits… As long as he doesn’t recognize me, it doesn’t matter. What has problems with Sherlock Moriarty have to do with me, Gehrman Sparrow? Klein retracted his thoughts and memorized Leonard Mitchell’s current residence.

7 Pinster Street, Backlund.

He planned on entrusting The Moon Emlyn White to visit Leonard Mitchell the day after tomorrow and use the badge of the Hermits of Fate to purchase a mystical item.

I hope my dear poet friend has additional items to spare… If not, the price will definitely be at a premium… Klein tersely answered and said to the radio transceiver, “It’s your turn to ask.”

He was honestly curious as to what Arrodes would ask this time.

Amidst the clacking sounds, the radio transceiver spewed out new illusory paper. On it was a question composed in Loenese: “Great Master, Leonard Mitchell has a huge secret. Do you wish to know?”

…*This can also be considered a question?* Klein raised his head in amusement and surprise as he looked at the crimson moon which was silently illuminating the dark sea.

Soon, he honestly gave an answer.

“Yes.”

Chapter 609: Paying a Visit

Amidst the clacking sounds, the radio transceiver spewed out a brand new piece of illusory white paper under the crimson moonlight in the dim environment.

"Inside Leonard Mitchell resides an angel from the Zoroast family. 'He' once changed my question."

Angel? There's an angel residing in Leonard's body? An angel from the Fourth Epoch's Zoroast family? Although Klein was mentally prepared to hear an incredible secret, he was still shocked by what Arrodes divulged.

He was deeply concerned and surprised as well.

An angel referred to Beyonders at Sequence 1 or 2, making them rather close to the state of a true god. They had all sorts of mystical characteristics, and they could even influence Low-Sequence Beyonders of the same pathway to a certain extent and range. They were mighty figures who stood at the pinnacle of the real world. In the various Churches, only their popes, pontiffs, patriarchs, as well as certain legendary ascetics were Grounded Angels. Therefore, Klein believed that being latched onto by a parasite of this level wasn't a good thing.

In the dark Second Epoch, the angels all had their divine names, and they were subsidiaries to the ancient gods...

I haven't indirectly or directly interacted with many angels—Blasphemer Amon; Calamity Queen Cohinem; the evil spirit suspected to be Red Angel Medici; Tail Devourer Ouroboros as described by Little Sun; Miracle Invoker Zaratul from Roselle's

diaries; son of the Creator, Adam; Hermes who cannot be confirmed if he's an angel or not; Snake of Fate, Will Auceptin, who's still inside his mother's womb…

Apart from the last two, the others appear to be very evil. Even the words they leave behind might make the reader go crazy or lose control… Would my dear poet ultimately end up as a sacrificial item of this angel parasite…

This can explain why he thinks of himself as the protagonist of a play, the special one, and he was willing to help me hide my secret… The Zoroast family is in control of the Marauder pathway, which is the pathway that can steal the Beyonder powers of others. That's why Leonard was able to find and participate in the gathering of the Hermits of Fate… It's no wonder he offered to use Blood Vessel Thief—it's because he has a Grandpa [1] to help him. He was able to instantly steal Megose's most potent power…

Heh, what Hermits of Fate. They're just a bunch of thieves and frauds. At best, the target of their theft and fraud is that of time and fate…

In short, my dear poet's Grandpa isn't a good person. I have to find a chance to warn him… But here comes the problem, they're always together. Any warning will only expedite the problem.

Klein's thoughts raced, but he ultimately failed to come up with an option he can act upon. All he could do was temporarily shelve the matter and plan on asking Mr. Azik and Snake of Mercury, Will Auceptin, to see if they had any solutions.

In those few minutes, he even thought of using Blasphemer Amon. To put it simply, it was to divulge information to the son of the Creator that the angel from the Zoroast family was residing in Leonard Mitchell's body, getting "Him" to "eat" up the parasite.

According to what Klein knew, the Amon family supported the Tudor Empire during the Fourth Epoch, while the Zoroast family belonged to the Solomon Empire, making the two enemies. Furthermore, according to the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Conservation, powerhouses from the same pathway would have greater conflicts the higher their Sequence was. This was akin to the battle between the two Snakes of Mercury.

Unfortunately, this solution was restricted by reality and was ultimately abandoned by Klein. This was because he didn't know where to find Blasphemer Amon. Secondly, he was afraid that the battle at the level of angels would directly destroy Leonard Mitchell. And thirdly, a powerful Amon might be a very bad and serious matter.

I'll first get Emlyn to attempt the transaction and observe the actual situation. I can decide on what to do when I know more... Klein retracted his thoughts and said to the radio transceiver which was connected to Arrodes, "Ask your question."

The clacking of the radio transceiver became increasingly brisker as the illusory white paper was gently spewed out.

"No, there's no need.

"This is an addendum to my question which doesn't need to abide by the rules.

"Great Master, I sense a special item outside your room, but I am unable to see through it. Can you tell me what it is?"

This magic mirror is impressive. It seems to be able to see everything. It just suffers from interference when it deals with high-level matters as though there's a mosaic... Klein calmly replied, "Die of Probability."

Amidst the taping sounds, Arrodes presented new words on the illusory piece of white paper.

"So it's that thing... Great Master, you can ask your question."

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "What do you have to mention regarding the Die of Probability?"

At this point in time, the radio transceiver seemed to brighten up and no longer looked as gloomy as before. The speed at which illusory white paper spewed out slowed down.

"It's a fellow that's especially petty and bears grudges. Master, you have to quickly give it to someone else!

"It's an item formed from the Uniqueness of the Wheel of Fortune. You can give it to any other Snake of Fate and 'They' will be very grateful. In short, it's not suitable to be your servant.

"The aura is dissipating. Your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, has no choice but to leave. Finally, let me praise you once again, my Great Master, the ruler above the spirit world. Bye bye~"

Uniqueness... The Die of Probability is actually the Uniqueness of the Monster pathway... This is the first time I'm encountering a so-called Uniqueness. It really is terrifying that can digitize the entire real world... The Monster pathway is also called the Wheel of Fortune pathway. Sequence 0 is the Wheel of Fortune? Klein looked at the radio transceiver which had returned to normal, and he temporarily reined in his thoughts.

He didn't harbor any greed towards the Die of Probability. This was because it wasn't part of the Seer pathway, and it came with

extremely terrifying negative side effects. He was also afraid that, with time, this die which bore grudges would attract Tail Devourer Ouroboros over.

Even if this thing can be isolated and sealed when placed above the gray fog, there's a high chance of it digitizing the entire mysterious space. In the future, the Tarot Gatherings might end up becoming a tabletop role-playing game... Klein had never come into contact with items of this level before, so he was unable to determine what would happen if he were to throw the Die of Probability above the gray fog.

He decided to continue intimidating the die, and he would successfully send it to Oravi Island where there would be Life School of Thought members who had the means to seal it. As for the problem of the mission exceeding the payment he would receive, he didn't mind it. This was because the greatest benefit he would gain was the friendship of the Snake of Fate Will Auceptin.

...

Backlund, Harvest Church.

Emlyn White held a strange badge which was the size of an eyeball and chuckled inwardly.

The World sure is long-winded. Isn't it just finding a Nighthawk named Leonard Mitchell at Pinster Street in North Borough? He even specially emphasized that the person has a secret and that there's a high chance of me being pulled into a dream.

This is showing doubt in my abilities!

Emlyn stood up and changed into a tailcoat and white shirt. He then turned his head to look out the window.

Heh heh, he has a secret, while I have mine. I dare bet that Lord Nibbs or other Earls are secretly watching me. If anything were to happen, they will definitely provide me with help to a certain degree... Being pulled into a dream... Emlyn contemplated for a few seconds before using the materials which were rich in spirituality to concoct a blue medicine.

Putting away the bottle and medicine, he picked up a silk top hat and walked out of the break room. After bidding farewell to Bishop Utravsky, he left the Harvest Church.

It was still morning, but Backlund's sky was gloomy. There was a faint fog that spread like water.

Emlyn squinted his eyes and wore his hat, murmuring to himself, "The sunlight is a little blinding..."

He hailed a rental carriage and went straight for the steam metro station. He spent six pence on a first-class ticket to North Borough.

This saved him a lot more time than heading straight there!

About forty minutes later, he arrived at his destination and stood outside the door of 7 Pinster Street.

Emlyn politely rang the doorbell and patiently waited for a minute.

Just as he was about to write a note and stuff it into the hole beneath the door to schedule a better time for a visit, he suddenly heard languid footsteps approaching.

Doesn't sound like a servant… Emlyn nodded indiscernibly and took out the medicine he had concocted in advance and cleanly drank it.

Then, he watched the door open and saw a black-haired, green-eyed man appear before him. He was dressed in home wear—a white shirt and black trousers. His shirt was untucked, allowing it to flutter gently in the wind. Amidst his suaveness were hints of uninhibited freedom.

Although he's a believer of Evernight, I have to say that his looks are barely comparable to us Sanguine… Emlyn took off his hat and gently raised his chin.

"Good morning, are you Mr. Leonard Mitchell?"

Leonard frowned indiscernibly as he looked at the handsome, red-eyed gentleman. He raised his hand to cover his mouth and indifferently yawned.

"You are?"

"A visitor. I have something I would like to seek your help on." Emlyn didn't reveal his identity as he smiled with a rather obvious arrogance.

This attitude gave Leonard a baffling sense of familiarity. It was as though he had seen his former self—the person who always thought of himself as being the most special, the protagonist of

this era.

He cleared his throat and said, “I’m only an ordinary citizen. I do not accept missions.

“If you have any issues, then you can find a private detective.”

Emlyn White smiled and said, “This matter is something only you can complete.”

He looked to his sides and continued, “I wish to purchase a mystical item that can steal the Beyonder powers of others.”

Leonard’s eyes focused as he asked in a deep voice, “Who are you?”

At this moment, Emlyn didn’t immediately answer. Instead, he surveyed his surroundings and clicked his tongue with a smile.

“Impressive. I nearly failed to realize that I had been pulled into a dream.”

He wasn’t in a rush to leave as he took out the small badge he received from The World in front of Leonard Mitchell’s solemn expression.

Leonard took a glance as his expression eased slightly. He cocked his head slightly and paused for a few seconds.

Silently, Emlyn White saw the scene around him rapidly shatter and vanish like shattering glass.

Leonard sneered and pointed inside the house.

“Let’s talk inside.”

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1. “Grandpa” is a common trope in Chinese web novels where a powerful entity resides in the protagonist, giving him knowledge to one-up others. A well-known one is Grandpa Doehring from Coiling Dragon.

Chapter 610: Throwing the Die

Upon hearing Leonard Mitchell's invitation, Emlyn didn't show any fear. He held his top hat and wore a subtle smile before entering the house without any qualms.

He didn't take off his coat, as a Potions Professor often brought several supplementary items. It wouldn't look pleasant once the concealment of these items was gone.

Emlyn sat down with his starched tailcoat, leaning back into the support as he leisurely said, "Actually, there's no need to go through the trouble.

"If you have it, name the price; otherwise, just frankly say so.

"Of course, I'm very certain you have one."

He chuckled as his bright red eyes reflected Leonard Mitchell's figure that didn't mind the tidiness of his getup.

The feeling of "me knowing you have a secret, with you not knowing anything about me" left Emlyn extremely pleased as he felt a strong sense of superiority.

Leonard used his fingers to comb his raven-black hair and casually sat on the chair opposite Emlyn. He didn't show any panic or puzzlement as he said with a smile, "At the very least, I need to know who wants it."

"Perhaps it's me, or perhaps it's my friend," Emlyn tipped his

chin as he smiled gently.

Leonard squinted his eyes as he cocked his head, as though in thought.

Finally, he laughed.

“Alright, since you’ve already taken out that badge, I’ll answer you frankly.

“I do have a mystical item that can be used to steal the Beyonder powers of others, but I only have that one item.

“If you wish to buy it, 7,000 pounds. No negotiation.”

7,000 pounds? A mystical item of this kind is that expensive? Although he didn’t have to pay for it, Emlyn was still shocked. He nearly failed to maintain his bearing as a Sanguine.

He automatically converted how much money that could be used to exchange for dolls and doll dresses.

After two seconds of thought, Emlyn revealed a smile and said, “I’ll consider it. I’ll answer you in two days.”

“Sure.” Leonard curled the corners of his lips.

After leaving 7 Pinster Street, Emlyn hired a rental carriage as though nothing had happened as he headed for the steam metro station in North Borough, before heading back to the bridge at South Borough.

Taking off his hat, he looked back at the street which had carriages and pedestrians passing through, Emlyn chuckled and took a step into the Harvest Church.

In between a tree and a black street lamp, an inconspicuous shadow suddenly moved, revealing the black-haired, green-eyed Leonard Mitchell.

His appearance was silent, but it didn't garner the attention of any pedestrians.

"Someone from the Church of Earth Mother?" Leonard frowned slightly as he muttered to himself.

He paused for two seconds before leaving Rose Street where the Harvest Church was situated.

...

7,000 pounds? Why doesn't he just go rob a bank? Above the gray fog, Klein, who had received the feedback from Emlyn, nearly blurted out.

As Gehrman Sparrow, he had previously said something similar, but the two situations and the mood was completely different.

Using the bounty of the Golden Dream's third mate, Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson, as a reference, Klein inferred that a similar mystical item was worth about 5,000 pounds. Even if there was a premium, it would've maxed out at 6,000 pounds. Who knew that Leonard Mitchell would directly ask for 7,000 pounds!

Could it be an item left behind from a High-Sequence Beyonder, making the act of stealing Beyonder powers just one of its effects? No, if that's really the case, the price would start from 10,000 pounds... My dear poet, why didn't I know you as a profiteering merchant. You clearly exhibit a free and easy demeanor and showed no interest in money... Klein couldn't help but sigh.

Since he had a clue and saw a glimmer of hope and how it was something that could be resolved with money, Klein didn't wish to seek out other channels to prevent any mishaps from happening.

He quickly calculated his wealth and discovered that it was an acceptable price.

Including the 300 pounds advance from the Apothecary, the 5,400 pound bounty from Wormtongue, and the cash I got from the bodies, and subtracting the 200 pounds to be paid to Miss Magician, I have a total of 12,767 pounds in cash and 5 gold coins. This isn't including my 3 soli and 8 pence in change.

In addition, Miss Justice will pay the 2,000 pounds she owes me before the end of the week, as well as the 1,800 pounds for the Psychiatrist characteristic. I'm actually richer than I thought I was. Even in Backlund, I can be considered a tycoon.

Klein inhaled and didn't hesitate any further. He made the cash fly out from the junk pile and land on the table.

He carefully counted 7,500 pounds in cash and placed them aside —7,000 pounds for the mystical item, and 500 pounds for Emlyn's "hazardous pay."

Sigh, after going through all the effort to go past ten thousand, more than half of it will be gone in an instant... Klein conjured

The World and made him pose in a praying manner to inform Emlyn that there were no problems with going through with the transaction. Fifteen minutes later, a ritual was to be held to receive the bestowment from Mr. Fool.

In addition, Klein also made The World warn Emlyn to not be in a rush to complete the deal after getting the cash. He had to wait until tomorrow. This was because he was afraid that the angel from the Zoroast family inside Leonard Mitchell would sense the gray fog's aura on the cash. He wanted an "airing" process, just like back when he gave Emlyn the badge.

Fifteen minutes later, Klein glanced at the cash pile which had shrunk by more than half and sighed before returning to the real world.

It was already 10:40 on a Friday. They were about eight hours from Oravi Island.

It's time to intimidate the Die of Probability again... Klein muttered, held the ritual, and brought out the iron cigar case which contained the All-Black Eye.

He guessed that Darkwill would suspect something, so he deliberately brought the die to the washroom to deal with it.

Seeing the Die of Probability calm down once again, Klein quickly dealt with the All-Black Eye and the iron cigar case. After heaving a long sigh of relief, he did a silent count of the time.

It should be enough to last until Darkwill hands it to the contact. There's no need to deal with it again.

With this in mind, Klein began to consider another problem with a certain degree of concern.

The All-Black Eye has appeared in front of the True Creator before, and it has "His" mental corruption. To take it out once every few hours might cause "Him" to lock onto me, allowing him to send powerhouses to seek me out.

However, it was only one or two minutes each time, so the problem isn't that serious. Even if "He" senses it, their estimate of the area wouldn't be too precise. Sigh, when it involves the True Creator, there's no way to determine things with divination. I can only raise my guard. Thankfully, this is the last time, and it will take only about eight hours to reach our destination... Why am I raising flags for myself? Pui! Pui! Pui! I wasn't thinking of anything!

Klein picked up the Die of Probability and returned to the living room and saw the chubby Apothecary slumped on the reclining chair, looking completely exhausted. As for the owl, Harry, it looked like it was brimming with energy, as though it didn't need any rest.

These are the different traits that different creatures gain from taking the same potion? At the very least, Miss Justice has never mentioned that she doesn't need sleep... It's a uniqueness that comes about because of an owl's biological makeup? Sigh, I don't know much about owls. Indeed, I'm just a keyboard warrior who is only a jack of all trades... Klein sat on the sofa and placed the milky-white die into the ring box and patiently waited for evening to arrive when the ship was scheduled to dock.

Time ticked by as the sun gradually set in the west.

At this point in time, Klein, who had his eyes closed, suddenly sat up, having sensed an extreme danger befall the area!

It had exceeded a Seer's spiritual intuition and the Clown's intuition for danger. It seemed to stem from the formless gray fog which strangely rippled around him.

An enemy! Tail Devourer Ouroboros or the Aurora Order's Saint? Klein opened his eyes as he began considering countermeasures with an abnormally serious expression.

Any mistake in a time such as this would require him to consider matters of being resurrected.

As for Darkwill and Harry, there was absolutely no way for them to be spared!

In the beginning, he hoped that the visitor could only vaguely sense a general area and might not find him or the Die of Probability. However, when he considered how he was on a ship with no one around on the sea, it wasn't too hard to lock onto a target. The problems would only become worse when that happened, with giving up being the only choice.

Above the liner, space was suddenly torn open as an invisible door filled with complicated symbols appeared.

Two pale hands reached out from the door and suddenly pulled backwards, allowing his entire body to walk out.

He wore a black bonnet and a classic dark robe, a favorite among elders. However, he didn't look past forty. His brown hair was slightly curled which seemed abnormally hard.

Countless illusory images darted across his dark eyes, as though layers after layer of chaotic worlds were hidden within.

As Klein's sense of danger intensified, just the change in his expression frightened Darkwill and Harry enough for them to freeze.

He didn't hesitate as he followed the plans he had made for such situations. He leaned forward and picked up the Die of Probability.

"Determine the outcome of the malefic visitor who just arrived. I want 1 point!" Klein said in a deep and soft voice, and he threw out the milky-white die. He subconsciously prayed to the Goddess, hoping that the die which had recently been intimidated was obedient enough and played a meaningful rule.

Meanwhile, he appeared extremely calm, to prevent the die from sensing his anxiety and take the opportunity to cause trouble.

As the Die of Probability rolled several times while producing clinking sounds, it fixed at the blood-red one point.

Above the liner, the black-robed man, who didn't look forty, had the entire liner reflected within his eyes.

He emanated his spirituality and scanned the surroundings. He extended his hand to grab the space in front of him as he suddenly pulled a nearly invisible door.

The powerhouse stepped in and vanished from the spot.

Inside the first-class cabin, Klein immediately felt the danger distancing itself from him. He couldn't help but heave a sigh of relief.

He looked at the Die of Probability on the coffee table and couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

If this die didn't have such a negative side effect and could be utilized to its full extent, it would be a divine artifact!

As expected of a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. As expected of the Uniqueness of the Monster pathway…

Only at this point in time did Darkwill find his courage again as he carefully asked, "W-what just happened?"

Klein maintained his posture and calmly replied, "There's no need for you to know."

"I understand, I understand. The more I know, the greater the danger I'll be in." Darkwill wiped the cold sweat from his face.

There weren't any more accidents in the next few hours. After the sun went below the horizon and the sky became completely dark, Klein finally saw a towering lighthouse appear not too far away.

Chapter 611: Fate Councilor

Oravi was situated northeast of the Rorsted Archipelago. The straight-line distance wasn't too great, but the safe sea route had required ships to take many twists and turns, causing the distance traveled to increase by several hundred nautical miles.

It was originally a primitive island that harbored many kinds of Beyonder creatures without any humans inhabiting it. After the hunting era came to an end, the Loen Kingdom banished certain criminals there, causing Oravi Island to gradually have villagers and towns.

When more eastern islands were discovered and colonized, the area attracted many new immigrants due to the convenience of the sea route and its rich natural resources, making it a rather thriving port city.

The light from the lighthouse tower appeared so warm in the dark environment as it led liners towards the harbor for them to dock.

"We've finally arrived. My gratitude to the crimson moon and fate for blessing me." Darkwill jumped off the last gangway and stepped onto solid cemented ground.

To be precise, apart from fate, you should thank The Fool and Sea God for their blessings... Klein held his leather suitcase with one hand as he tapped his cane.

Darkwill properly put away the ring box which contained the Die of Probability, and he didn't delay in asking where the bellman, Carnot, stayed. He rented a carriage and went straight for St.

Draco Cathedral. He then entered the magnificent bell tower which boldly used the colors of red, blue, and yellow.

Inside the bell tower, Carnot had a cramped room he could call his own.

Knock! Knock! Knock! Darkwill knocked on the door thrice, eager to hand over the item on his person.

With a creak, the brown wooden door opened and out came a large man who was slightly hunched.

He looked to be in his forties, and individually, there was nothing strange about his facial features, but when put together, it was filled with an unharmonious vibe.

Klein only took a glance and discovered that his eyes weren't leveled. His nostrils were of different sizes, and his left facial muscles were slightly loose, causing the corner of his mouth to droop slightly. It was the complete opposite for the right side of his face.

Carnot's legs were obviously of different lengths, and one of his arms was thick, while the other was thin. His entire body was highly disproportional, making him extremely ugly.

"Who are you?" Dressed in a black robe, Carnot glanced at the duo.

"Are you the bellman, Carnot?" Darkwill asked cautiously.

Carnot chuckled with one corner of his mouth raised while the

other stayed low.

“There shouldn’t be a second person as ugly as me.”

“Indeed.” Darkwill nodded very honestly before laughing. “I can tell that you have quite a good state of mind. To be honest, looks don’t matter for a man. What’s important is their skills in bed.”

Tsk, that’s because you haven’t seen ladies who only have fetishes for good looks… Having experienced the era of celebrities of the masses, Klein scoffed from the side.

Carnot’s expression darkened as he said, “I don’t wish to discuss such matters.”

“You have problems in that area? No problem. I have different kinds of medicine that can treat all your problems…” Before Darkwill finished his sentence, Klein took a step forward, afraid that he would end up being beaten to death.

He put half his body between them as he said in a deep voice, “He’s Roy King’s student.”

“I figured. Roy King once described his traits.” Carnot made way and invited the two in.

His room was extremely tiny, with only a single bed and a cabinet which could be used as a dining table. The washroom was at the bottom of the bell tower.

Darkwill pulled out a ring box and handed it to Carnot as he forced a smile.

“My teacher got me to hand this item to you.”

Carnot stole a glance at it and was clearly relieved to see 4 points. He said to Darkwill, “You aren’t as unreliable as your teacher described you to be. I can tell that you didn’t attempt to use it. That would’ve awoken it and make it realize that it’s no longer sealed.”

“…”

The chubby Apothecary’s face blushed red as he honestly said, “That’s because it’s relatively quiet now. In another one to two hours, it will automatically roll itself. It’s best you think of a method to seal it again.”

Carnot’s face twitched.

“Again?”

“W-well, I accidentally dropped it on the ground and then i-it came alive…” Darkwill wanted to glance at his owl, Harry, but he realized that it hadn’t followed him in. It was perched outside the bell tower to serve as a sentry.

Carnot’s eyes clearly widened as his hunched back nearly straightened.

“How did you arrive here?”

From his point of view, Roy King’s student should’ve long died at the whims of the die.

Darkwill hurriedly pointed to Gehrman Sparrow and said, “It’s all thanks to this gentleman. He’s a powerful adventurer. He provided the most effective protection and a temporary method of sealing the die.”

“What method was it?” Carnot blurted out the question.

Klein laughed and replied, “Trade secret.”

Carnot’s expression changed a few times as he pressed his hand to his chest and bowed.

“I thank you for your help on behalf of my organization.”

Darkwill continued, “Hiring him costs 1,000 pounds and a request. The request is to help him find a mystical item with powerful offensive traits but without very serious negative side effects. He will purchase it at a reasonable price.

“Uh, I only had about 300 pounds, so that was all I could pay. I’ll have to rely on you to pay the rest…”

Carnot fell silent as the corners of his lips twitched.

“I only have about 100 pounds…”

Suddenly, there was silence in the bellman’s room. The wind from outside blew through the cracks and brushed across the three men’s face.

Finally, Carnot spoke again.

“Perhaps Councilor Ricciardo has the money. I’ll lead you to him.”

From the looks of it, he trusts us. After all, a Fate Councilor is in no way comparable to a Die of Probability. If there were really problems with us, there would be no need for us to bring the die over to prevent any accidents and snatch away the Uniqueness… Klein watched as Carnot picked up a lantern from the corner of the room.

At this moment, he secret activated his Spirit Vision and simply scanned the man.

Klein nearly pricked up his brows with the sight. This was because Carnot’s aura colors were rather unique.

There were no problems with his emotional colors, as they were very ordinary. However, his Ether Body which represented his body appeared unnatural. His heart was green, his head was purple, and his digestive system was yellow. It felt like they were different parts which were mashed together in great disharmony.

At the same time, Carnot’s soul also gave the same feeling.

A monster that was stitched up internally? Klein made a rough judgment based on what he knew.

After Carnot got the lantern, he turned his head to glance at the adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, and said without much of an expression, “I’m very sensitive to Spirit Vision.

“I believe you have noticed certain problems. I’m not a naturally

born person. I'm a product of the Church of Earth Mother's attempts to refine the human body. I'm considered a failed specimen, which is why I do not have the ability in that aspect."

His final sentence was directed at Darkwill.

Carnot didn't speak again as he carried the lantern and donned a black robe. He hunched his huge body and used the dim light to walk down the stairs of the dark and silent bell tower.

Product of the Church of Earth Mother's attempts to refine the human body? But St. Draco Cathedral belongs to the Church of Storms... Since it's a failed specimen, no attention is paid to it. Carnot turned his back on the Church of Earth Mother and became a member of the Life School of Thought? This is understandable. Both the Church of Earth Mother and the Life School of Thought hold the Apothecary pathway, and they will definitely have some overlapping... But why would the Life School of Thought send this fellow, that doesn't seem simple to be a bellman, to the Church of Storms? Is it just a normal disguise, or there's a particular connection between the two? Klein followed Carnot in a seemingly calm manner as he walked out the bell tower and circled round to a stone bridge.

Just as he came close to the left side of the bridge, Klein suddenly felt something as he looked diagonally upwards.

The owl, Harry, had flown out as well and landed on a tree branch.

Kacha!

The branch suddenly snapped as Harry plummeted. With great difficulty did it fly up again without falling to the ground.

Darkwill was just about to say something when Carnot explained in a deep voice, “Councilor Ricciardo is injured, so his powers are somewhat out of control. Once anyone enters a specific range, they will be tainted with bad luck.”

Carnot stopped in his footsteps as he threw the ring box containing the die under the bridge.

“Mr. Councilor, Roy King’s student has delivered the die.”

“Very good.” A hoarse voice sounded from deep within the bridge’s belly.

A silver scaled palm reached out from the darkness as he held down the ring box which had fallen onto the mud.

Following that, he opened the ring box and took out the milky-white die.

His other hand, which was covered in silver scales, also reached out as he held a piece of a paper-like item made of leather.

The item resembled a water pipe, but its ends were connected. It revealed a grayish-white color under the crimson moonlike. Its surface had many complicated symbols and labels, as well as many words in Hermes text which pointed to the Snake of Mercury, Will Auceptin.

Fate Councilor Ricciardo pulled the item apart and stuffed the Die of Probability into it before connecting the two ends together.

Using fate at a small scale to seal the Die of Probability with

periodic boundary conditions, making it remain in a perpetual state of slumber or calm? Indeed, Snake of Mercury Will Auceptin had foreseen such a situation and had made certain preparations... Klein retracted his gaze in relief, and he heard Ricciardo's hoarse voice.

"I already know of your agreement, Mr. Gehrman Sparrow.

"I will help you find the mystical item after I've recovered.

"As for the 700 pounds... I'll immediately augment you with good luck. Go to the few casinos in Oravi and make some bets and you'll receive the corresponding reward. Remember, do not win more than 200 pounds at each casino. You must not win more than 700 pounds in total."

Which is to say that you don't have the money either... Seeing how you're hiding while injured, it's considered normal not to have money with you... Klein nodded indiscernibly and said, "Okay."

He waited for about ten seconds without sensing anything. Councilor Ricciardo heaved a sigh of relief and said, "You have become sufficiently lucky."

Is that so? Klein chose to believe him and didn't disturb Darkwill's report to a senior of how his teacher had been imprisoned. Based on Carnot's introduction, he found a nearby casino and sat at the Blackjack table.

After about ten minutes, he walked out of the casino with a blank look.

Not only did he not win money, but he had lost a total of 30 pounds!

What happened to the good luck? Why did I believe him? That darn old man is terrible… Klein didn't hesitate to return to the stone bridge and approached its belly.

"That fast? You have pretty good luck." Ricciardo laughed as he coughed under the dark bridge.

At that moment, Darkwill and Harry had already found a nearby inn to live in.

Klein replied without a change in expression, "I lost."

"Lost…" Ricciardo ruminated over the word and couldn't formulate a sentence for quite a long period of time.

In the dark environment, an ordinary owl nervously flew over.

Chapter 612: In Hand

The two street lamps on either side of the stone bridge silently illuminated the street, but they were unable to disperse the darkness beneath. Only the crimson moonlight from high above could barely illuminate the brown soil.

Hidden under the bridge, Fate Councilor Ricciardo remained silent for quite a while, making Klein suspect whether he had already passed away due to his heavy injuries. He guessed that a large reason as to why the luck augmentation had failed was because of this.

Just as Klein was about to ask a probing question to determine the situation, Ricciardo coughed and said in a deep, hoarse voice, "You live up to the reputation of being a powerful adventurer capable of temporarily sealing the die...

"What happened has exceeded my expectations. Ahem, I'm very curious as to why my luck augmentation on you had failed.

"I'm very regretful that I can't come out and meet you in person. Otherwise, I should be able to see what Beyonders from other pathways will find difficult to see, even if they possess relatively powerful Spirit Visions.

"This is the uniqueness that the Fate pathway holds."

So the problem lies with me? That's not the point. The point is that you need to reimburse me 700 pounds—No, 730 pounds... Klein cursed as he couldn't help but recall the orphan, Ademisaul, who had the nickname of Monster in Tingen City.

The young man who was equal to half a Sequence 9 had cried out after seeing Klein before falling to the ground. His eyes bled, and the fear he exhibited was as if he had seen a devil.

This is because of the uniqueness of the Wheel of Fortune's path of the divine, so he saw something wrong with me. He saw something related to the gray fog? Unfortunately, this Fate Councilor is quite heavily injured and has a domain of bad luck around him. There's no way for him to help inspect me... I should ask Snake of Fate Will Auceptin when I'm back. Perhaps he might know something. However, this pathway does have the bearing of a charlatan. He might not directly answer me and has a high chance of answering in vague terms... Klein maintained his expressionless attitude and said, "Then, what do you plan on doing?"

Ricciardo sighed and said, "Get Darkwill here. I'll augment him with good luck and get him to win the money at the casinos on your behalf."

Using the name of the inn Councilor Ricciardo gave, Klein quickly found the chubby Apothecary, Darkwill. Then, while carrying the suitcase and cane, Klein watched as he kept winning money at the major casinos. By midnight, he had already won 750 pounds.

After receiving the remaining 730 pounds, Klein realized a problem.

The reason for the luck augmentation's failure was because of him!

Why is that so? Klein held close his bulging wallet and frowned as he thought silently to himself.

He quickly thought of the thin, invisible grayish-white fog around him and realized the reason.

After advancing to Faceless, the gray fog has integrated with reality to a certain extent. Not only can it help me screen off ravings that aren't too powerful, but it can also destroy any influence that changes my fate to a certain extent? Therefore, this councilor's luck augmentation was ineffective?

According to this logic, bad luck to a certain extent shouldn't affect me either.

Heh, what the heck? It doesn't make me become some unlucky fool, but it also destroys my chance of being a lucky man or winner... Klein secretly shook his head and followed Darkwill and the owl back to the stone bridge. He informed Ricciardo of how to summon his messenger and to immediately send him news once he obtained any information on a mystical item with powerful offensive traits.

After doing all of this, Klein found an inn at the Oravi Island's port city and got a simple room for himself.

...

Backlund. In the morning.

Emlyn White walked under his favorite gloomy skies, moving through the thick fog that couldn't be compared to those in November or December as he once again arrived outside North Borough's 7 Pinster Street.

After pulling the doorbell, he straightened his back as he lifted

his chin and waited patiently.

When Leonard opened the door, he looked at the handsome but detestable face before making way and allowing the visitor to enter.

He was still dressed in his home wear, comprising of a white shirt and black trousers. However, he had an additional dark-colored vest draped over him.

“Have you considered the matter?” Leonard asked with a smile.

“No problem.” Since it wasn’t his money, Emlyn had no intention to haggle.

He even believed that with the attitude displayed by Leonard, there was a high chance of having the price raised if he tried.

Leonard gently nodded and smiled.

“Very rich.”

I can tell that you’re trying to lead me to say more… Emlyn silently scoffed and replied, “That’s not something you need to concern yourself with.”

With that said, he raised the suitcase in his hand and opened it, revealing 7,000 pounds in cash.

Leonard took out each stack of cash and thoroughly checked it carefully.

Then, he pulled off the red glove he wore on his left hand and handed it to Emlyn.

"This is the mystical item you require. It can change colors to disguise itself.

"It's called Tinder. It can raise the wearer's charm, making his words be equipped with great persuasiveness. It can steal the Beyonder power of a target within 50 meters. The more you understand the target, the easier it is to steal the power you wish to steal. The less you know, the more random it becomes, and it relies on luck.

"When the target is at Sequence 6, there is a chance of failure. The higher the Sequence, the higher the chance of failure.

"After the theft succeeds, the target will lose that Beyonder power, and it will take at least twelve hours to recover. The owner of Tinder will be able to use it adeptly for ten minutes.

"And the reason why it's expensive is because it has very few negative side effects."

Emlyn, who silently took in the introduction, had his interest piqued by a mystical item like Tinder. He asked, "What are its negative side effects?"

Leonard combed his hair and smiled.

"First, when wearing it, there is a small probability of losing something on you. Second, when using it, a particular Beyonder power belonging to you will be lost for at least twelve hours, but during this period, it will be the only Beyonder power lost. In

other words, even if it's used repeatedly, there will only be one power lost the entire time."

"Compared to the many Sealed Artifacts I know of, its negative side effects are indeed trivial." Emlyn cleared his throat as he nodded.

He received Tinder and checked it carefully before taking out the stacks of cash from the suitcase and placing them on the coffee table.

Following that, he placed the glove into the suitcase and didn't take it with him directly.

With the suitcase, Emlyn returned to the Harvest Church just like he did before. Once he entered the priest's break room, he set up a sacrificial ritual.

The illusory and mysterious door opened as the red glove tore through the dark and deep void as it was sent directly above the gray fog.

At the moment the gray fog made contact with the glove, a tiny, distorted, terrifying face suddenly appeared.

It kept evaporating as it struggled to sustain itself.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein wasn't surprised. After all, the Grandpa residing in Leonard's body was an angel of the Marauder pathway. If Amon could do it, it was quite certain that "He" was capable of doing the same.

For this, he had made sufficient preparations. He believed that even if the Grandpa had really reached Amon's level, he was able to wipe out the corresponding aura without making him sense the existence of the gray fog, making him take action on Emlyn.

Picking up the Sea God Scepter, which had long been placed in front of him, Klein made the blue "gems" light up at the same time from a commanding position.

Suddenly, silver light bloomed above the gray fog as the lightning carried portions of the gray fog's powers like a storm, zapping the tiny illusory face.

The face dissipated completely before it could even cry out, leaving behind a dead translucent worm with twelve transparent rings.

Worm of Time... but it seems weaker than Amon... Klein muttered as he beckoned with his hand for the red glove and familiar worm to fly to him.

After some serious scrutiny, he confirmed that the worm was basically identical to the one Amon's avatar had left behind.

My dear poet's Grandpa is of the same Sequence as Amon? Sequence 1? No, not necessarily. Perhaps this is a unique trait of one of the earlier Sequences...

If—if it's really a Sequence 1, the notion that Amon is the son of the Creator and a King of Angels makes it possible that he has fused with the Uniqueness or has another Sequence 1 characteristic... Klein made a guess, but he was unable to verify it.

As for what the dead Worm of Time could be used for, or when its spirituality would completely dissipate, he could only throw it into the junk pile due to his lack of the corresponding knowledge.

...

7 Pinster Street, Backlund.

Leonard Mitchell sat on the sofa with his eyes tightly closed. His legs were propped up on the coffee table as though he was using a short nap to make up for an entire night of being awake.

After an unknown period of time, he suddenly opened his eyes and said with a suppressed voice, “What happened? Have you determined the true buyer of Tinder?”

An elderly voice rang out in his mind.

“The aura I left behind has been eliminated, completely eliminated.”

“Did you discover anything?” Leonard retracted his feet as he asked in a deep voice.

The ancient voice sighed.

“Nothing.

“Everything was over before I could react.

“If I were in my best state, I might’ve been able to grasp the relevant clues. Unfortunately, I’ve remained in a weak state for years.”

Leonard remained silent for more than ten seconds before he shook his head.

“Then we’ll temporarily treat it as if this never happened.”

…

Above the gray fog, Klein listened to Emlyn’s report and took note of the information regarding the mystical item. He fiddled with the glove named Tinder as he examined it.

“Heh heh, this way, I’ll have a glove for my right hand,” he chuckled as he muttered to himself.

After serious consideration, Klein abandoned the thought of immediately extracting the mental corruption of the True Creator from the All-Black Eye. This was to ensure his success, hoping to leave the chance to the moment when he was concocting the Marionettist potion. According to the records of the City of Silver, even without the gray fog’s screening, there were no problems with such a procedure. Furthermore, with the gray fog, there wouldn’t be any additional accidents, even if it were the mental corruption left behind by the True Creator.

I can also use Tinder normally. Yes, when I need to use it, I have to put my cash, pocket watch, and other mystical items above the gray fog. I mustn’t let any item become lost… In fact, even if I don’t do so, the problem isn’t too great. I’m a Seer. Do I need to be afraid of not being able to find things I dropped? Heh heh. In a normal battle, I’ll have Creeping Hunger on my left hand and Tinder on my right. Just the thought of it sounds formidable…

Klein reined in his thoughts and discovered that everything related to the Sequence 5 Marionettist potion was ready, apart from the two commonly seen supplementary ingredients.

He nodded indiscernibly and muttered silently to himself, *I just need to wait for the Faceless potion to be completely digested!*

Then, I'll board the ship of Admiral of Stars or The Hanged Man and head east of the Sonia Sea to find mermaids.

Chapter 613: Leonard's Investigation

Loen Kingdom, East Chester County, Stoen City.

Having left the manor, Audrey moved into a villa. After she finished engaging in social gatherings with the local nobles, she sent her servant to the Varvat Bank to withdraw a sum of cash.

She didn't need to worry about this any further. She could easily pay off the 2,000 pounds she owed Mr. Fool's Blessed, and she could also pay the 1,800 pounds she owed Mr. World for the Psychiatrist characteristic.

Fifteen minutes later, Audrey opened the room to her bedroom and glanced at her personal maidservant, Annie, who was monitoring the servants while they did their work. She looked down at the golden retriever who was sitting by the side of the wall and smiled. With a smile, she suppressed her voice and asked with shining eyes, "Susie, you'll receive a gift in a while. Are you looking forward to it?"

If it were in the past, Audrey would've definitely said, "Susie, your present is here," making the golden retriever realize that she could find the actual item in the room as well. Otherwise, it was very easy for Susie, who had been studying the basics of mysticism, to guess that Audrey had used ritualistic magic.

With this new sentence structure, the situation could have Audrey receive a mysterious letter or news in her bedroom to confirm that the gift was about to be delivered. There would be too many possibilities as a result of this.

Susie could read the joy and sincere attitude deep inside Audrey's

heart as she subconsciously opened her mouth, hoping to stir the air to produce a voice. She had wanted to inquire about the gift, but she sharply sensed that Audrey's personal maid, Annie, was approaching. The alert Suzie abandoned her original thoughts.

She returned to the state of being an ordinary dog as she slowly wagged her tail to express her joy and anticipation.

After making an excuse to head out, Audrey entered a "chemistry laboratory" that she had specially marked out for herself. She placed the Psychiatrist characteristic and supplementary ingredients on the table.

"Susie, do you still remember the potion-concocting process?" She cleared her throat and straightened her back as she excitedly played the role of a teacher.

"Woof, I remember!" Susie already knew what her present was. In her joy, she barked.

Audrey added, "Try to concoct it by yourself."

Susie looked down at her paws and suddenly fell silent.

Audrey was taken aback before a brief silence ensued.

A few seconds later, before the golden retriever could speak, Audrey covered her mouth without any atypical response and giggled.

"Alright, Susie, there's no need to say a word. I know what you

wish to say. You wish to express the fact that you're only a dog and am unable to concoct the potion, right?"

How embarrassing... At the same time, Audrey, who wore a charming and graceful external bearing, facepalmed herself inwardly.

"Woof!" Susie nodded forcefully.

Audrey took the opportunity and turned around. Soon, she finished concocting the Psychiatrist potion.

She had previously asked Susie and learned that she had already finished digesting the potion on Wednesday.

That's less than two months... Yes, a large reason has to do with how Susie isn't being noticed. She can run about anywhere in the manor or villa and eavesdrop, allowing her to read the true thoughts of the maidservants... That's good as well. She will always share the tidbits with me. If not for her, I wouldn't have known of the dark sides of many people who appear normal and kind usually... Audrey poured the potion into a bowl and placed it on the floor.

She watched as Susie went over and began licking the potion as she couldn't curb the anticipation in her heart.

Susie might be influenced by the potion and become unstable.

But it's alright. Psychiatrist Miss Audrey is already prepared to use Placate at any moment! Yes, I prefer the name Psychoanalysis. That sounds more professional.

Audrey stared at Susie with her beautiful emerald-like eyes with great seriousness and discovered that Susie's pupils were gradually fading and turning vertical. Dark gold scales seemed to grow beneath her thick fur, and the spirituality that belonged to Susie kept radiating outwards as though it was interweaving with the entire villa's space.

After calming her somewhat nervous emotions, Audrey scrutinized Susie's state. As long as something abnormal happened to Susie, she would immediately use the Beyonder power, Psychoanalysis.

Suddenly, Susie's voice sounded out in her ears.

"Audrey, I'm done!"

"..."

Audrey was temporarily at a loss on what to say.

...

In her dream, Daisy returned to East Borough and to the old apartment she had lived in for years.

She pushed open the door and saw her mother, Liz, and her sister, Freja, doing the laundry diligently.

Daisy instantly became delighted and was just about to join them. She was in charge of ironing the laundry.

At this moment, she heard knocking at the door.

She turned her head and realized that the visitor was a young man in a black-and-white checkered police uniform.

The officer had black hair and green eyes, with a somewhat blurry face. He held a notebook and fountain pen as he asked, “In the Capim case, apart from what you mentioned, is there anything else you didn’t mention to us?”

“It’s all nothing important,” Daisy answered in a rather groggy manner.

The handsome officer looked down at his notebook and said, “It’s fine. I’m willing to listen.”

Daisy looked back at the clothes which were hung up, feeling as though she had forgotten some instructions.

She honestly described all sorts of trivialities. In the end, she said, “...After I was abducted, my mother and sister had hired a private detective to search for me. His name is Mr. Sherlock Moriarty. He’s a good man. Although he didn’t find me directly, he later contacted a reporter to help me get compensated with the foundation money...”

The black-haired and green-eyed officer looked up again and glanced at Daisy before revealing a warm smile.

“Very good. Your answer is very satisfactory.

“Do you still remember the private detective’s appearance?”

Daisy nodded. Without any alarm, she saw Mr. Sherlock Moriarty standing beside her.

The detective had grown a thick beard and wore gold-rimmed glasses. It was almost identical to the one in her memories.

After the black-haired, green-eyed officer sized up the image a few times, he seemed to vanish at some point in time without Daisy realizing it. For some reason, her mother and sister had also vanished.

She ran through East Borough in search of the familiar figures, but she ultimately woke up from her depression and sorrow. When she saw the dark ceiling of her school dormitory, she lay there in a daze for seconds.

Daisy didn't make a sound as she turned her body and buried half her face into the pillow.

By the corners of the pillow, a wet stain gradually spread out.

The person who had entered Daisy's dream was none other than Leonard Mitchell. Although his investigation of the commonalities of the two cases was to give him time to deal with matters of his own, he didn't forget to act in a perfunctory manner. In the end, he really discovered a problem.

In the cases of Lanevus and Capim, a private detective named Sherlock Moriarty was involved, including his friend, Reporter Mike Joseph... Although they had only appeared on the outskirts of this matter, it's also a direction for the investigation. heh, that Sherlock Moriarty looks somewhat familiar. Which fugitive is he? Leonard recalled what he had seen in the dream as he wore his red glove and entered the basement of Saint Samuel Cathedral.

Just as he greeted the team captain, Soest, he saw a partner approach and hand him two thin sheets of paper.

"The information regarding the red-eyed man from the Harvest Church is all here."

"Thank you. Do you want to have lunch together?" Leonard asked with a smile.

The Nighthawk shrugged and said, "No, as long as you stop making me have nightmares."

"Deal." Leonard smiled as he received the dossier.

He stood there without being in a hurry to sit down as he casually browsed through it.

"Emlyn White. A vampire. Currently under the jurisdiction of the Church of Earth Mother… He once vanished for a period of time. His parents had hired private detectives to find him. Thanks to a particular Mr. Stuart, this matter was ultimately resolved by the famous detective, Sherlock Moriarty."

Leonard's smile gradually froze as his expression turned serious.

Sherlock Moriarty? he repeated this name in his mind.

…

Klein wasn't in a rush to find an opportunity to engage in true acting. He toured Oravi Island's port city with the mindset of a

tourist, finding a brief and rare moment of relaxation in his tense life.

This city had mostly immigrants from Loen. The cuisine wasn't much different from the east coast of the kingdom, with the only difference being that there were rare fruits and all sorts of seafood here. It was also quite a unique trait of the city.

This place was rich in natural resources and was located in a key location on the safe sea routes. The standard of living was pretty good. Even the farmers in the suburbs could save up some money through their fruit gardens.

This didn't mean that Oravi didn't have poor people or the lower-class. This class was mainly made up of people who were former slaves. Loen's parliament had long abolished slavery.

After chewing a juicy and sweet fruit, Klein watched the sky turn dark. He took a turn at the corner of the street and entered a bar named Sweet Lemon.

It was a famous gathering place for adventurers in Oravi. Klein planned on buying the two remaining supplementary ingredients of a Marionettist—the relatively common drago tree bark and Sonia Golden Spring water.

At this moment, the bar was rather lively. There were many people holding up cups around the boxing ring as they cheered loudly. There were people who looked like adventurers at the surrounding tables. They were discussing all kinds of rumors in hushed tones.

Just as Klein was squeezing towards the bar counter, he suddenly heard his name.

"...I'm Gehrman Sparrow. You should know who I am. I received a treasure map and need to hire some helpers. It's not because I'm afraid, but it's because I can't carry that much treasure alone..." A green-eyed man in his thirties held half a glass of liquor and spoke to two men and two women in the corner. It was a mystery if they were merchants or adventurers.

You are also named Gehrman Sparrow? Treasure map... Why does it sound like a scam... My killing of Wormtongue has already reached this place from Bayam? Yes, it was likely communicated via a telegram or visitors. Therefore, many people know of my name and deeds but do not know what I look like... Cheats are using this opportunity to pass themselves off as me to cheat others... Klein moved over as he came to a realization.

The green-eyed man drank a mouthful of liquor and slammed the glass onto the table.

"I don't mind whether you refuse or agree, but I hate it when people make me wait!

"Do you wish to be like Wormtongue?"

The young man opposite him said slightly intimidated, "I know you're a powerful adventurer..."

"So?" The green-eyed man cut off the man's words.

At that moment, he felt his collar tighten as he was lifted up by someone and thrown out the door.

Klein didn't provide an explanation as he directly threw the man out of the door with a stoic expression.

Then, he drew his revolver and aimed it at the spot where the man had fallen to the ground. He pulled the trigger without any hesitation.

Bang!

Just as the green-eyed man fell to the ground, he saw a spark light up at the ground near his crotch. He was so frightened that he swallowed back his cursing and scrambled away.

Without any explanation, his weak performance proved that he wasn't Gehrman Sparrow.

Klein ignored the victim who stood there in a daze. He politely blew at the mouth of his revolver before stuffing it back into his underarm holster.

Following that, he walked slowly to the bar counter in the resulting silent atmosphere.

Chapter 614: Adventurer Association

Klein sat in front of the bar counter and slammed his fist onto the counter.

“One glass of Southville beer.”

Behind him, a few bouncers hesitated about whether to come over to give him a warning or pretend that no one had fired a shot.

The bartender signaled to the bouncers with his eyes as he picked up a glass and chuckled.

“Why don’t you try a cup of Sweet Lemon?

“Our boss once went to Trier to learn cocktail mixing. He has mastered many of the cocktail recipes left behind by Emperor Roselle, and he has created the most popular Sweet lemon in Oravi on his own.”

Klein wasn’t moved as he calmly replied, “I only drink beer.”

“Alright.” the bartender wasn’t in a rush to get the bottle of Southville beer as he said with a smile, “Sir, are you an adventurer?”

Klein nodded without saying an answer.

The bartender didn't hesitate as he said with a smile, "Perhaps you should meet our boss. He's very friendly to new adventurers and is willing to treat them to drinks. Besides, there will be some aid offered to you."

Klein, who had come with the intention of purchasing the supplementary ingredients of a Marionettist, didn't reject the offer. He took out a brass penny and flicked it before catching it firmly.

He placed the penny on the bar counter as a tip to thank the bartender for the information before slowly standing up and walking to the second floor under the lead of a bouncer, where he entered a room at the other end of the corridor.

The room was covered with thick, brownish-yellow, soft carpet. There was a faint smell of high-quality coal burning, mixed with the aroma of a cigar.

A middle-aged man with his blond hair combed neatly backwards was leaning on a reclining chair, sucking at his cigar as he read the papers. Surrounding him were six bodyguards.

Although Klein wasn't a Beyonder of the Spectator domain, and he was unable to determine any unique traits or the strength of these bodyguards, nor was he from the Mystery Pryer or Monster pathway, he could see certain secrets. He could notice things others wouldn't be able to discover, but his spiritual intuition made him believe that these bodyguards were definitely Beyonders, Beyonders who could threaten him to a certain extent.

The middle-aged man put down the newspaper and pulled at the collars of his black shirt before slowly standing up. He extended his right hand and said, "Welcome to Oravi, my adventurer friend."

His blue eyes had a smile to them as he looked rather sincere.

Klein extended his right palm and smacked palms with him without a word. He was waiting for the man to speak.

The middle-aged man pointed to a sofa opposite the reclining chair and chuckled.

“I’m the boss here, Bilt Brando.

“I was once an adventurer with quite considerable strength. I’ve lived to this day and have earned quite a bit.”

He’s very confident with his strength; thus, daring to directly say it… Klein didn’t stand on ceremony as he sat down. He leaned his body slightly forward as he expressionlessly waited for Bilt to begin talking.

Seeing no response from the adventurer, Bilt sat down again and sucked at his cigar before leisurely saying, “To be honest, there’s a motive behind me meeting with every new adventurer.”

He pointed to the sea map on the desk in the table. He said with a magnetic tone, “East from the Rorsted Archipelago is where the sea gets progressively messier. The strength of the military and Church begin to dwindle, to the point of them only being able to protect their own harbors.

“The sea around here is a pirate playground, extremely disadvantageous to us adventurers. Therefore, I wish to organize everyone to form a loosely connected alliance, so that we can band together when faced with danger.

“This alliance doesn’t have any strong binding terms. You can choose to turn a blind eye when other adventurers encounter danger, and no one will punish you. However, if you were to encounter a similar situation, don’t hope for help to be provided.

“In addition, I can promise one point: adventurers of the alliance will be able to get the prices of the lowest nature when purchasing items from me. When selling their spoils, they will at least get market price.”

After finishing the description, Bilt smiled at the new adventurer. He chuckled and asked, “What do you think of it? Are you interested in joining this loose alliance? Don’t worry. You won’t need to make any additional payment. Our purpose is only to render assistance when faced with pirates.”

Klein nodded.

“It sounds pretty good.”

“Haha, I think so too. I once thought of naming this association the Adventuring Brotherhood, but I felt that brotherhood is overly constrained, so I changed it to Adventurer Association,” Bilt said in a self-deprecating manner.

Having said that, he lowered his hand with the cigar and smacked his lips. He shook his head and smiled.

“Sorry, I forgot to ask your name.”

Klein maintained his posture and replied in a deep voice, “Gehrman Sparrow.”

“Gehrman Sparrow…” Bilt’s eyelids jumped as his smile instantly stiffened. The guards around him clearly tensed up as though they were facing a formidable enemy.

Bilt rapidly composed himself and didn’t verify whether he was the real Gehrman Sparrow or a cheat who was only passing off as Gehrman Sparrow. He chuckled and said, “Is there anything you wish to buy? I have quite a lot of good stuff over here.”

“Sonia’s Golden Spring water,” Klein said with a calm expression while inwardly feeling cautious.

He didn’t mention the drago tree bark since there was a high chance of buying the ingredient at herb stores.

Bilt Brando heaved a sigh of relief and smiled.

“Easy.

“30 pounds for 100 ml.

“Trust me. Even if you head to Sonia Island, it will only be a few pounds cheaper than this price. Those barbarians from Feysac have sealed off the fountain’s source, so it’s difficult for others to get any of it.”

“Deal.” Klein had a rough idea of the price of the Golden Spring water, and he knew that 30 pounds for 100 ml was indeed rather cheap.

After completing the deal, Bilt was just about to speak after some deliberation when he suddenly heard knocking.

After receiving his permission, a bouncer entered and leaned over, whispering into his ear.

Bilt's expression instantly sank as his entire person appeared abnormally cold. He suffused an indescribable killing intent.

Indeed, he has quite impressive strength. If he wasn't a famous adventurer in the past, he was a famous pirate... He should be a Mid-Sequence Beyonder... Klein looked at him as he calmly made an assessment.

Bilt turned his head and said to Klein with some difficulty, "Mr. Sparrow, I have matters to tend to.

"We can have drinks together if the opportunity arises."

"Okay." Klein slowly got up, without any intention of involving himself in Bilt's matters.

Of course, this didn't mean that he wasn't curious, but curiosity was never something that could change the way he did things.

After leaving Sweet Lemon, Klein successfully returned to his inn.

...

City of Silver, "daytime" which was marked by frequent lightning.

After Derrick Berg finished practicing all the different Beyonder

powers of Solar High Priest, he followed the edge of the training field and headed for the twin towers.

After numerous Tarot Gatherings, he gradually gained an understanding of the pattern and roughly knew the frequency of the alternating lightning before he would be pulled above the gray fog by Mr. Fool.

And now was the final “day.”

Because of this, he had to go to the library to read through historical information involving ancient gods, so as to offer them to Mr. Fool.

After passing through the partitioned area of the training field, Derrick subconsciously looked inside and saw exploration members resting inside. It was the exploration team led by the six-member council’s chief, Colin Iliad!

They had recently finished the exploration based on the information they had received from Jack, and they had returned to the City of Silver where they were now in quarantine.

Derrick retracted his gaze with a somewhat heavy heart as he went all the way to the steeple and went to the third floor where the library was.

He was just about to walk to the bookshelf that held all the ancient books on legends when he caught a familiar figure through the corner of his eye.

It was a fair and beautiful woman in her thirties. She wore a long black robe embroidered with mysterious purple patterns.

Her curly silvery-gray hair cascaded down.

She was none other than the elder of the six-member council who had been imprisoned for a prolonged period of time, Lovia Tiffany!

She swept her faint gray eyes over as Derrick felt his soul being penetrated. He couldn't help but stiffen for a second.

"Greetings, Elder Lovia." He hurriedly lowered his head as he pressed his hand to his chest.

Lovia walked over and nodded gently.

"I've been removed from quarantine."

She turned and left after calmly saying that, as though she was making an announcement.

Derrick stood on the spot as a layer of cold sweat seeped out from his back.

Why has she been released? The six-member council has already determined that she's alright? Derrick thought as his nerves tensed up in an abnormal fashion.

...

Monday afternoon, above the gray fog.

Klein placed his elbows on the armrest as he crossed his fingers and watched as beams of crimson light lit up before receding into blurry figures.

Then, he heard Miss Justice's brisk greeting.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

Chapter 615: Grayish-white Fog

While Miss Justice was doing the greetings, The Hermit Cattleya maintained her silence as she observed as she did before. She didn't involve herself in matters, as though she was an outsider at this gathering.

She watched as Miss Justice and Miss Magician conjured their Roselle diary pages to pay off their previous debts. Then, she carefully glanced at Mr. Fool without daring to look straight at him. Yet, she still wasn't able to see further through the special gray fog. Her dark purple eyes were only capable of seeing clothes that were definitely conjured.

With the three pages of Roselle's diary, Klein wasn't in a rush to read it like before. After all, he had already interacted and used a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact and knew what a Uniqueness of a Beyonder pathway looked like. He had even intimidated such a divine artifact, so he believed that regardless of Emperor Roselle's content, there was nothing that could shock him greatly.

Unless he was given a Demoness Blessing by some powerhouse with a unique ability and temporarily became a woman… Klein joked inwardly as he surveyed the long bronze table in interest.

Eh, Ma'am Hermit's curiosity is different from Miss Justice and company's. She pays great attention to the matter of Roselle's diary? Klein retracted his gaze and took note of this discovery. Then, he casually read the yellowish-brown goatskin.

"22nd April. We plan on entering, to explore the Abyss."

“23rd April. We followed the pitch-black ocean, passed through the liquid-like fog, and arrived at the mountain peak that resembled a monster. Behind it was endless black fog. It seemed to blanket an entire continent.

“However, looking at the bottom of the peak makes it seem endless and without limit. I had joked with Edwards that if I were to commit suicide by jumping off that cliff, I might never fall to the ground, forever in a state of falling.”

Upon seeing this, Klein nearly pricked up his brows. He couldn’t believe that Roselle would dare to organize his own knights and sailors to explore the periphery of the region after seeing the Abyss.

Isn’t he afraid of dying? Legend has it that it’s a place that can corrupt everything, causing all life to perish! At this stage, Roselle definitely hadn’t reached Sequence 4, and he wasn’t a demigod. He was at best a Sequence 5, or even lower… If it were me, I definitely would’ve turned the boat around and reported it to the Church… In that instant, Klein gained a deep understanding of the huge difference between him and Roselle.

In addition, Roselle’s description of the Abyss’s periphery had reminded Klein of the mysterious stone doors of Amon’s mausoleum. A similar scene had appeared after the Church of Steam and Machinery’s Archbishop Horamick’s puppet made contact with it.

I wonder what Roselle discovered there… At the very least, he didn’t die from his exploration. He still had an exciting life after that… Klein moved his gaze down and read the remaining content on the diary page.

“24th April. We proceeded down the peak in an attempt to probe deeper.

“The thick black fog is biting cold, as though it can erode flesh and the soul. Haha, luckily, the Dark King I’m onboard has certain items that resist this corruption, or I’ll suspect that me and my Knights of the Apocalypse will become members of Farron’s [1] Undead Legion.

“It’s very quiet, and we didn’t discover anything.”

“25th April. We saw devils, but they were in the form of rotting corpses.

“Behind the black, jagged mountain, below a slush-filled opening that one cannot call a path, there were different devil corpses that were either in normal or unimaginable places.

“It was as though they had all been killed at the same moment.”

“26th April. Either corpses or silence; there’s no end up ahead.

“The items on the Dark King has begun to show signs of corruption.

“I’ve seldom had fear over the past few years, but here, that fear of the unknown is like an invisible hand that clasps my heart tightly.

“I have to leave! I have to return! I can’t stay here any longer!”

What happened after this? Emperor Roselle was very successful in escaping the Abyss’s periphery, or did he encounter something else? What does the abnormality over there symbolize? An intense battle? Klein subconsciously had some sense of anticipation as

he flipped to the second page, only to be let down that it wasn't connected.

"8th May. My beloved Bernadette is almost two. The older she grows, the more likable she is. She's indeed a young lady who doesn't let down the excellent genes of her mother and I.

"Hearing her clearly call me daddy and seeing her bubbly figure, I suddenly felt a sense of satisfaction.

"Ever since I transmigrated to this world, I've done many things. I can say that some aren't honorable, but I've not felt any shame about it, nor have I ever regretted it. On the one hand, this has to do with me finding it very difficult to curb my desires, making it easy for me to be influenced by my environment. Heh heh, I have to thank fate that I've not met a Desire Apostle from the Devil pathway. According to the records, I would definitely succumb to Beyonders of this Sequence. I might even be instantly killed.

"On the other hand, I still have a sense of alienation from this world. My parents in this world are very nice to me. I've also worked hard to make them proud, but I know that my feelings for them aren't substantial. Similarly, this is how I treat Matilda. It's more a possessive instinct rather than love.

"I have to admit that my mental state is like playing a role-playing game in virtual reality. My parents, brothers, and friends are all non-playable characters. I can devote some of my feelings to them, but never anything serious. Therefore, I can join all kinds of corrupted gatherings without any sense of guilt. I can face people I know well in a cold, ruthless manner. It's just like when I played The Elder Scrolls. I could slaughter an entire village just for a chicken.

"But after Bernadette was born, I realized that I had an

additional sense of belonging to this world. I was no longer as estranged from it.

"This is my child, a living child of mine.

"Perhaps this is what so-called maturity is?"

Without children, it's impossible to realize this feeling. No, I don't even have a girlfriend... However, I have to be alert about this state of mind that's mentioned in this entry... It might not exist in the past, but it doesn't mean it wouldn't appear in the future. The higher the Sequence, the greater one's godhood is than their humanity... Klein sighed silently as he flipped to the third diary page.

"6th January, a brand new year, a brand new beginning.

"After advancing to Artisan, I finally have the powers to do that thing!

"That is to create the mysterious silver plate in my memories. There is a high chance that my transmigration was a result of it!

"In fact, after I became a Savant, I could already recall its appearance, as well as the strange symbols and patterns on its surface. But the past me could clearly sense that I wasn't able to replicate something like that."

"9th January. I finally succeeded after repeated failures.

"Holding the silver plate filled with special symbols and patterns, I tried hard to inject my spirituality in a bid to activate it.

“An endless grayish-white fog seemed to surface before my eyes, but nothing happened.

“Is it a problem with the material, or am I lacking certain requisites?”

“10th January. According to my recollections of my transmigration experience, I restored my past state, believing that I no longer lacked anything. However, the mysterious silver plate only showed me the strange gray fog. It wasn’t able to help me do anything.

“Since this doesn’t work, how did I succeed in my transmigration back then?

“I temporarily gave up on my attempts, and I destroyed the silver plate I created. Perhaps when I’m a High-Sequence Beyonder and become a demigod, I will have a way to interpret those patterns and symbols to figure out the truth behind my transmigration.

“Yes, I’ll definitely become a demigod! I’m the protagonist of this era!”

Grayish-white fog? The Emperor saw an endless grayish-white fog after replicating the mysterious silver plate from Earth! Klein’s eyes suddenly shrank when he read the diary entry.

There happened to be an immutable endless gray fog beneath his feet!

Could it be that our transmigrations have to do with this mysterious space? But why is the Emperor unable to enter, but I can? According to the Emperor’s diary entries of the last few

stages of his life, he definitely didn't crack the mystery of the silver plate. Otherwise, he wouldn't have not thought of this place when he was in his moment of great despair and mania. He wouldn't have not used this place as his crutch… Klein raised his head as his gaze landed outside the ancient palace.

He recalled that deep in this mysterious space, there was a staircase of light that seemed to lead to heaven. It seemed to correspond to his Sequence.

The staircase appeared to be built for giants, and its destination was the gray fog which seemed to support something that stood in midair.

The secret of our transmigration lies there? Klein made the diary pages in his hand vanish before he leaned back into his chair and said with a normal tone, "You may begin."

Derrick originally wished to bring forward his request to purchase the Sequence 6 potion formula after Solar High Priest, but Elder Lovia's release made him temporarily abandon his plans. He couldn't wait to mention everything that had happened, wishing to obtain the necessary guidance.

Considering how this was still the transaction segment, he held back his desire as he waited in silence.

There's something on Little Sun's mind… Something unexpected happened in the City of Silver? Audrey thoughtfully retracted her gaze and similarly didn't request to purchase anything.

At this moment, Alger surveyed the area and voiced out.

“I need the potion formula of Ocean Songster.”

Indeed, he’s already a Sequence 6, a Wind-blessed… Isn’t he someone from the Church of Storms? Why is he looking for the Ocean Songster’s potion formula elsewhere? Obtaining it internally from the Church is a lot easier… He has secrets he wishes to keep from the Church of Storms, or was he just pretending to be someone from the Church of Storms? Cattleya instantly had many theories as she gently took note.

“I can help you take note.”

Upon noticing The Hermit’s response, Alger asked, “Ma’am, is there anything you need?

“I can search for clues ahead of time, so as to trade for the potion formula.”

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1. **Author’s Note:** A meme involving Dark Souls III. Farron’s Undead Legion, also known as the Abyss Watchers, who were corrupted by the Abyss.

Chapter 616: Silver Lining

What do I need? Cattleya silently chuckled, having sensed that The Hanged Man was probing her with a very ordinary question.

Any needs meant clues!

Ignoring the fact that I've already obtained the potion formula for Sequence 4 Mysticologist of the Mystery Pryer pathway, and accumulating points for one of the main ingredients, even without anything, I have no lack of corresponding resource channels, and far more than one... Cattleya had another thought as she recalled the Sea God Scepter which Mr. Fool wielded. She then smiled and said, "I need a mystical item at the demigod level. The kind with acceptable side effects."

At that instant, Alger nearly retorted, asking her not to crack a joke.

Even in the Church of Storms, one wasn't necessarily capable of obtaining a similar item for years, much less a Beyonder who was obviously only a Mid-Sequence Beyonder!

If I had an item at the demigod level without any real negative side effects, why wouldn't I keep it for my own use? Alger knew that The Hermit was using mockery to respond to his attempt at sounding her out, but he wasn't as irascible as his peers. He slowly took a deep breath and said, "I'll keep an eye out.

"But Ma'am, you should know very well that just an effective clue towards such an item might be enough to cover the cost of an Ocean Songster's potion formula."

...Very staid. Not easily angered. This is very different from the usual style of the Church of Storms... Was the conclusion of my first observation wrong? He's only disguising himself as a priest of the Storm? No, I can't think of it that way. This might also be because he doesn't dare to flare up under Mr. Fool's watch. Or perhaps, he's just an odd one out in the Church of Storms. There might not be many, but it's not extremely rare... Cattleya wasn't greedy. She didn't sound him out a second time as she nodded.

"I know."

As the conversation between the two came to an end, no one made any requests during the transaction segment. A number of members already had the means to obtain whatever they needed, so there was no need to make any requests for purchases. It was mainly Audrey and Fors who were waiting for the subsequent potion formulas. Another reason stemmed from their financial situation or circumstances, and they weren't able to make any early expenditures. This included Emlyn, who was filled with desire for the Sanguine's Viscount inheritance, as well as Miss Magician who wanted a mystical item.

Indeed, as everyone slowly cast off their statuses as Low-Sequence Beyonders, advancements are no longer that fast. The rate of transactions will also rapidly drop. In the past, there was basically one or two deals every week, but now, it might be two to three weeks. In the future, it might even be three to four months... Without knowing whether it was for the better or worse, Klein nodded gently to indicate that it was time to engage in the free exchange.

Audrey looked at Derrick and waited for him to describe the unexpected situation at the City of Silver.

Derrick didn't let her "expectations" down. Before anyone could speak, he earnestly said, "Elder Lovia has been released. I encountered her at the library."

Shepherd Lovia has been released? Using flesh and blood, the entire team that she led was corrupted by the True Creator, so how can she be without any problems? What is the six-member council thinking? Klein originally wanted to say something along the lines of—"if there's nothing wrong with Lovia, I'll chop off my head and gift it to the True Creator to be kicked like a ball." However, considering how swears and curses involved deities in them and might lead to terrible consequences, he rationally changed his thoughts.

Of course, I don't have to be that careful with me above the gray fog... He sighed inwardly.

"Elder Lovia has been released? That Shepherd?" Audrey quickly recalled what the name meant.

Back then, Little Sun had used Blasphemer Amon's possession and Mr. Fool's help to expose the fact that the entire exploration team had been corrupted by the True Creator. As for the team, it was led by Lovia. Her job as a Shepherd happened to correspond to the Secrets Suppliant pathway of the True Creator!

"Yes." Derrick nodded earnestly as he looked towards The Hanged Man.

Alger thought for a moment before asking, "Has your Chief returned to the City of Silver?"

Why would Mr. Hanged Man suddenly ask about this... Ah, right. To release such an important figure, it's impossible that the other elders of the six-member council wouldn't wait for the Chief's return...

If the Chief has yet to return, and that they had decided this without his consent, it goes to show that the situation is even

more terrible than one can imagine. It was so terrible that they couldn't even await his return... If the Chief has already returned, then the reason for releasing Lovia has a high chance to do with the outcome of the exploration. This is because, according to Little Sun, this is the only exploration in recent times for the City of Silver.

Sigh, why didn't I think of this? Audrey, you're still lacking in experience... Audrey reflected and consoled herself in thought.

"Yes, not long ago." Derrick was surprised by Mr. Hanged Man's accurate guesses.

At this moment, Fors, who had been listening quietly, combined what she knew from before and suddenly had an idea.

"Mr. Sun, could this be the situation?

"Your Chief led the exploration team and that little boy, Jack, to seek out a path that leads to the outside world, but they realized that the power of the True Creator is required. Heh heh, this isn't a lie I'm fabricating, but an inference of the facts. The father of that boy, Jack, belonged to the Aurora Order, and they were seeking the holy residence of the True Creator before arriving where you are.

"Therefore, for the entire City of Silver, your Chief decided to release Shepherd Lovia after returning."

"If that's really the case, Mr. Sun would be in grave danger," Audrey said with worry. Fors's words sank Derrick's heart.

At this moment, Alger shook his head.

“No, I have the exact opposite belief.

“Miss Magician’s inference is identical to my theory, but I believe this will make it safer for The Sun!”

“Why?” Derrick’s heart calmed down as he asked.

Isn’t that simple? Balance! Klein scoffed inwardly.

“The danger of the True Creator is noticeable by any sentient creature with eyes and a brain. Your Chief will definitely not put all his chips on “Him.” He definitely needs a force that can counterbalance the True Creator.

“As for you, the one who exposed their ploy, you were possessed by Blasphemer Amon, so you might represent another possibility.

“The more Lovia and company wish harm upon you, the more the Chief and the other elders will protect you. This way, they would turn a blind eye to whatever suspicious aspects you didn’t manage to erase,” Alger explained simply.

This ends up being a silver lining? Fors was stunned.

Mr. Hanged Man makes a lot of sense… When it comes to analyzing matters and the situation, I’m still far from matching him… Audrey felt somewhat depressed. She even thought of puffing her cheeks, but she immediately realized that it wasn’t an elegant act. All she could do was keep those thoughts to herself.

For the rest of the members, Emlyn, who didn't know much about Lovia, had a hard time keeping up. However, he knew about Jack and the repeated cycles, so he was barely able to understand the discussion.

In order to break out of the City of Silver's conundrum, they released a "danger" that has the True Creator involved? Emlyn inwardly made a guess.

Compared to him, Cattleya couldn't understand a word. She felt as though she was from a completely different world compared to the other members.

I actually have a feeling of admiration despite my incomprehension of what they said... The last time I had this feeling was several years ago. Back then, I was still very weak... There were some inklings in the previous Tarot Gatherings, especially so when it involves the City of Silver, but never has it been as serious as this time...

Also, why are they discussing the True Creator and Blasphemer Amon so naturally? Eh... It should be the Blasphemer Amon I know of... They're only Mid-Sequence Beyonders... What have they actually done in the past? Cattleya's confidence as a powerhouse suffered a setback at that very moment.

After hearing Mr. Hanged Man's analysis, Derrick first heaved a sigh of relief before asking with tense nerves, "Could this result in our City of Silver being destroyed by the Fallen Creator?"

He originally wished that Mr. Hanged Man could provide him with an answer that could relieve him, but he ended up hearing the man say in a deep voice, "That possibility can't be ruled out."

"Then what should I do?" Derrick earnestly sought advice.

“Under the situation of us not understanding what your Chief and the other elders of the six-member council are up to, I cannot provide you with any suggestions, but I don’t think you need to be in such a panic.” Alger raised his head to glance at Mr. Fool, who was silently looking at the members from the end of the long bronze table.

Tracing his gaze, Derrick subconsciously looked over and saw Mr. Fool whose extremely blurry figure was covered in the gray fog.

He instantly felt a sense of serenity, and he couldn’t help but recall that holy and powerful angel.

…Although I’ve foiled several of the True Creator’s ploys, I’ll definitely not last a second if I were to really clash with “Him”… The situation will devolve into The Fool coming to his doorstep, but the True Creator finding The Fool completely lacking… Klein maintained his casual listening state, without saying a word or showing any expression.

Derrick retracted his gaze and said to Alger, “Mr. Hanged Man, thank you for your help. I will try to figure out what Chief and the others are planning.”

With the matter coming to an end, Cattleya deliberated before saying, “Was the Blasphemer Amon you were talking about before referring to the ancestor of the Amon family in the Fourth Epoch’s Tudor Empire, the son of the Creator?”

Son of the Creator? Audrey was stunned by what Ma’am Hermit said. She instinctively turned her head to the end of the long bronze table and discovered Mr. Fool sitting there calmly, as though he was tacitly confirming Amon’s other identity.

Chapter 617: The Mysterious Adam

The son of the Creator? Alger was stunned by The Hermit's description as he couldn't help but twitch his brows.

However, he didn't directly inquire further because this could very likely expose certain matters. Besides, he was very confident that there would be other members asking.

"The son of the Creator?" Fors asked with piqued interest.

She never expected that Amon had such a shocking identity, aside from the titles like Blasphemer and King of Angels. She was filled with curiosity over this.

Cattleya swept her a look and said without a change in tone, "Legend has it that back when the original Creator split into the various deities and races, 'His' body produced two babies. One of them was Blasphemer Amon."

The mural inside Amon's mausoleum was somewhat different from your description. Back when Amon and Adam was born, the Creator had just awoken and withdrew the authorities of the ancient gods. "He" was seated high on a holy mountain and was surrounded by angels as they praised him. There were no signs of him dying or splitting...

That mural does have something in common with the City of Silver's historical records... Perhaps the Creator had really awoken twice. And perhaps the original Creator and Amon's father, the Creator as recorded by the City of Silver, aren't the same person. Both of them have an inheritance relationship... As Klein listened to Ma'am Hermit's description, he began theorizing.

Amon is actually the son of the Creator… Such a status is in no way inferior to the true gods! As for Mr. Fool, our Tarot Club was able to easily purify "His" avatar and stop "His" possession… Audrey recalled the past matters and suddenly felt that she had unknowingly exceeded many ordinary Beyonders. The circles and levels of knowledge exposure that the two groups had differed by more than a hundred times!

She asked with piqued interest, "Ma'am Hermit, do you know the other son of the Creator?"

"Adam," Cattleya answered succinctly.

"…"

Audrey was clearly taken aback. This was because her question only required a "yes" or "no." After receiving the confirmation that she knew, she would ask for the details and make it clear that she was willing to pay for it. Who knew that Ma'am Hermit had directly given her the name, Adam.

She doesn't seem to care too much about such information… She's in control of a lot of information… Audrey managed to infer certain matters through this detail as her eyes darted about.

"I've never heard of an important figure named Adam."

"I haven't either. Apart from being recorded as the son of the Creator, it's like 'He' has never appeared before. There are nearly no traces of 'Him' in the history of the Fourth Epoch," Cattleya answered frankly.

This Adam is very mysterious… I'm already rather well-versed in

the Fourth Epoch's three empires of Solomon, Tudor, and Trunsoest, as well as the angel families that come under them. Yet, I've never heard of "Him" before. If it wasn't for Arrodes who live-streamed the Church of Steam and Machinery's exploration of Amon's mausoleum, I wouldn't have even known "His" name... Has "He" long perished, or is "He" hidden in the dark while scheming something? Klein sighed inwardly.

Audrey subconsciously glanced at Mr. Hanged Man and discovered him shaking his head as well.

Amon is a King of Angels, so it doesn't make sense for Adam to not be one. There should be records in the City of Silver... Audrey looked at Derrick.

For some reason, Derrick easily understood what was on Miss Justice's mind. He said in slight embarrassment, "We do not know about Adam, just like how we don't know about Amon.

"I was previously searching for ancient tomes related to the King of Angels. I believe that I was lacking in clearance as my Sequence was still low at that time. I will continue searching for information on this."

King of Angels... Cattleya moved her fingers indiscernibly as she memorized the phrase.

She knew that Miss Justice would definitely answer if she asked, so without waiting, she directly asked, "Amon is a King of Angels that all of you are referring to?"

"Yes." To thank Ma'am Hermit for her generosity, Audrey explained in detail, "In the records of the City of Silver, the Creator had many angels attending to 'Him.' Among them, the leaders of the angels who were closest to the throne of God were

deemed King of Angels.

"We haven't managed to confirm many King of Angels. One of them is the Angel of Fate Ouroboros who originates from the ancient tomes of the City of Silver. 'His' title is Tail Devourer. The second is Medici, who Mr. Fool happened to mention. We are still unsure of 'His' title. The third is a guess. We suspect that Amon is the Angel of Time among the King of Angels. Since he is a King of Angels, Adam, who is also a son of the Creator, is very likely one as well."

Haven't managed to confirm many… I don't even know the term 'King of Angels,' but you have already grasped half of 'Them.' That's not many? None of your Sequences are higher than mine… Cattleya nearly became speechless.

Only at this point did Emlyn really understand the meaning behind a King of Angels. He decided to use these names to seek out traces of the King of Angels via the secret historical records the Sanguine had in their control after he returned to the real world.

Cattleya fell silent for two seconds before saying, "Mr. Sun, you were once possessed by Amon?"

"Yes; it was 'His' avatar," Derrick answered honestly. "However, 'He' was purified by Mr. Fool. I wasn't injured at all."

Purified by Mr. Fool… Cattleya couldn't hold back the urge to look at the end of the long bronze table.

She originally imagined that she had a general idea of Mr. Fool's state, believing that "He" was still in a state of reawakening and was unable to use much of his powers. This was why he sought the identity of Sea God and obtained that scepter. However, the

present situation shook the foundations of her speculation. She felt that Mr. Fool was like an iceberg. What was hidden beneath the surface was even more terrifying and unfathomable!

"He" easily thwarted Amon's plans... Under certain situations, "He" can briefly break through the restrictions and produce strength at the level of a god? Cattleya's heart sank as she didn't ask further. She cautiously shut her mouth.

At this moment, Audrey had thought of something that puzzled her because of this topic. She proactively asked, "Ma'am Hermit, after Amon's avatar was purified by Mr. Fool, a worm with twelve transparent rings was left behind. It's said to be a Worm of Time. Is that correct?"

Cattleya recalled for two seconds before saying, "...Yes."

"Which pathway does it belong to? I mean, which Beyonder pathway does the Blasphemer pathway belong to?" Audrey pressed out of curiosity.

Cattleya answered directly without any thought, "The Marauder pathway.

"Legend has it that at the Saint or Angel level, they are able to fool fate and cheat the rules, becoming a parasite of time."

Sounds very impressive... Audrey marveled inwardly before asking, "Then, what can a Worm of Time be used for?"

Nice question! Klein secretly cheered for Miss Justice.

He pumped himself up as he waited for Ma'am Hermit to give the answer.

He happened to have a Worm of Time in his junk pile!

"It's a material with rich spirituality and unique effects. It can be used in particular rituals or be used to create high-level charms. But as for how, I'm not sure." After Cattleya answered, she suddenly sighed.

She recalled the nightmare of being constantly pursued by knowledge, as well as the massive amount of information that could seemingly burst her brains.

But even so, she still didn't know a lot.

If the Hidden Sage hadn't gone mad and could provide knowledge bit by bit, I'll actually be more than happy to learn from "Him"... Cattleya secretly sighed.

All that matters is that it's useful... As for how it's used, I have other people to consult... Klein controlled The World with great satisfaction and looked at Emlyn.

"Mr. Moon, I have something I would like to communicate with you in private."

Aren't the transactions over? Emlyn nodded, feeling somewhat uncertain.

"Okay."

The World immediately requested for Mr. Fool's permission and successfully obtained the privilege of isolating everyone.

Then, he looked at Emlyn White and said, "I wish for you to present to me every action which Leonard Mitchell made in your memories."

"Why?" Emlyn asked in puzzlement.

"It involves certain secrets," Klein controlled The World to answer succinctly.

His true goal wasn't to buy that mystical item, but to observe Leonard Mitchell? That fellow has deep secrets... The World as well. For an investigation, he was willing to spend 7,500 pounds! However, that mystical item is indeed powerful. Isn't The World constantly seeking a way to eliminate the mental corruption in a Beyonder characteristic? This is likely useful... Emlyn suppressed his wandering thoughts as he seriously recalled Leonard Mitchell from his point of view. With Mr. Fool's help, he conjured a video in the form of streaming light.

When the streaming light landed in The World's hands, Klein quickly browsed through it.

He confirmed that Leonard really knew the existence of the Grandpa, but he was unable to determine if he understood the danger.

Temporarily suppressing any corresponding thoughts, Klein removed the isolation barriers and allowed the Tarot Club members to continue.

At this moment, Audrey was reminded of something by Mr. World's private communication. She hurriedly looked at Fors and asked in concern, "Miss Magician, did you discover any abnormalities at Williams Street?"

"That will require Mr. World to answer you," Fors said, having been put into a difficult position.

Without waiting for Miss Justice to speak again, Klein controlled The World and hoarsely replied, "There were abnormalities.

"But I have already informed the Church of Evernight and the Church of Steam.

"If there are any future problems, I might require your help."

"Alright!" Audrey heaved a sigh of relief.

Informed the Church of Evernight and Steam... This... Cattleya found the description ludicrous.

From what she knew, a secret organization like the Tarot Club was a natural enemy of the official Beyonders. There was no room for any compromises between the two, but the way The World had dealt with it and the words he used had made it seem like the Tarot Club was an organization that cooperated with the official Beyonders...

Colored by these feelings, she listened to the rest of the conversation before bowing and bidding farewell when Mr. Fool made the closing remark.

Soon, Klein was the only one left above the gray fog.

Chapter 618: Volunteer Work

Second floor of the Sweet Lemon Bar, in the boss's room.

Bilt Brando held a cigar as he stood by the window. He was looking out, and his eyes were out of focus as he wore a dark and terrifying expression.

At this moment, a bodyguard entered, bent his back slightly, and carefully said, "Sir, Sothoth has returned from the east."

"Let him in." Bilt tried hard to correct his expression.

Sothoth Yann was his assistant, an important member of the Adventurer Association.

In less than a minute, Sothoth, who was dressed in a linen shirt, brown jacket, and red headscarf, walked in. He looked to be in his thirties and had bronze skin. He had recessed eye sockets and a black mustache below and under his lips. He was obviously someone who spent most of his time at sea.

Sothoth bowed rather informally and sized up Bilt Brando.

"Boss, something happened?"

"Yes, something happened. From the looks of it, it will fail." Bilt didn't keep the matter from him as he sighed. "I have no idea how I'm going to answer that important figure."

Without waiting for Sothoth to answer, he asked, “Have there been any changes at the eastern front?”

“Still the same as usual. The pirates are still after every ship they can plunder. They even target each other. The navy is only able to guard the various colonial posts, and they’re barely able to maintain smooth passage through the sea routes while protecting the relatively important ships. There are often sea battles with both sides obtaining victories at times,” Sothoth said as he shrugged his shoulders.

“The eastern front of the Sonia Sea is a pirate’s playground…” Bilt sighed in agreement.

Sothoth thought for a moment and added, “There has been some recent news from the islands on the eastern front. Apparently it first originated from the Black Death.”

“Vice Admiral Ailment? What news is it?” Bilt asked, his interest piqued.

Sothoth said with a solemn and excited tone, “Vice Admiral Ailment really encountered an assassination attempt and was seriously injured. And the person who attacked her was the adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow!”

“Gehrman Sparrow?” Bilt blurted out.

“Yes, it’s him! He really is a powerhouse at the level of a pirate admiral! Even if it was a sneak attack, it happened on the Black Death. There were so many infamous pirates around, but he managed to successfully escape after dealing a heavy blow to Vice Admiral Ailment. He later hunted Wormtongue Mithor,” Sothoth answered with affirmation while sighing.

Bilt staggered before sighing.

“That’s important news.

“There are very few powerhouses at the pirate admiral level among adventurers. To be able to deal a heavy blow to a pirate admiral on her flagship while alone—such an operation can only be done if one is absolutely confident in themselves or crazy enough. Only a madman will infiltrate a pirate admiral’s flagship in an attempt to assassinate her, instead of finding another spot!”

Having said that, his expression changed slightly.

“I met an adventurer named Gehrman Sparrow last night.”

“For real?” Sothoth’s pupils shrank as he asked solemnly.

“I can’t be sure since I’ve never met the real Gehrman Sparrow, or seen his photograph or portrait.” Bilt shook his head.

Sothoth thought for a moment and said, “You can search for the newspapers from the Rorsted Archipelago to confirm his identity. So many days have passed. There should be tourists that would’ve brought over the corresponding News Report and Sonia Morning Post. Yes, the government offices, police stations, churches, and charity organizations will subscribe to the important newspapers of the Rorsted Archipelago.”

The Rorsted Archipelago was the biggest colonial grounds of the Loen Kingdom in the Central Sonia Sea. Its influence radiated outward, so there was no doubt that Oravi Island, which was within a distance of three days of travel, was part of its domain

of influence. The official organizations and churches all subscribed to the newspapers and magazines of the area, so any non-crucial news would be received in three to four days.

"Alright." Bilt nodded as he probed deeper, "Do you have the exact details of Gehrman Sparrow's assassination attempt on Vice Admiral Ailment?"

Sothoth thought for a moment and said, "It's said that Gehrman Sparrow is able to change into anyone, just like Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos.

"It's with that power that he successfully infiltrated the Black Death and found an opportunity to carry out the assassination."

"He can change into anyone…" Bilt's eyes lit up.

No, that won't do. That's a crazy guy who dares to infiltrate the Black Death to assassinate Vice Admiral Ailment. He causes one to instinctively fear him and distance themselves from him… The light in Bilt's eyes dimmed.

Furthermore, I don't even know if he's the real one or not… He subconsciously shook his head.

…

I wonder when the Nighthawks and Machinery Hivemind will take action and deal with the abnormality at Williams Street. I hope they do it as soon as possible… Amidst his thoughts, Klein left the gray fog and returned to the real world.

After some consideration, he took out a piece of paper and laid it out on a brown desk.

He wrote with a dark red fountain pen, asking about Mr. Azik's recent situation before mentioning how he had discovered that someone had a parasite in him while he was searching for a mystical item that could steal the Beyonder powers of others.

Following that, he seemingly asked in passing if there was a way to avoid the parasite and inform the host.

With this as a topic starter, he added how he learned from others about information regarding the Worm of Time that was related to High-Sequence Beyonders from the Marauder pathway. He also mentioned that he knew that such an item could be used as a sacrificial item in important rituals or as a material in high-level charms. However, he had no idea how to produce them.

Phew... Klein put down the fountain pen, folded the letter, and brought the copper whistle to his lips. He blew at it forcefully.

White bones spewed out like a fountain, forming a gigantic skeleton messenger. But this time, the messenger didn't bore out from downstairs, and it instead tore through the ceiling like many times before, looking down at the summoner from above.

Klein knew that this wasn't because the messenger had become impolite again, but because he was staying on the first floor of an inn...

He flicked his wrist and threw the letter like a dart, making it land accurately in the messenger's huge bony hand.

The flames in the messenger's eye sockets flickered as though it was observing Klein, but ultimately, nothing happened.

Its body disintegrated into a waterfall made of bones as they drilled into the ground.

After everything was done, Klein didn't spread open the paper crane. He erased what had been written and wrote the same content to seek advice from the Snake of Mercury, Will Auceptin.

This was because he realized something terrible. The paper crane wasn't a mystical item or Beyonder weapon. It was an ordinary piece of paper that had been folded. After repeatedly having its content erased by an eraser, it was beginning to show signs of its structural integrity failing. In a few more tries, it might directly tear.

I'll leave extremely important matters that require contact before considering it. For example, only when Mr. Azik isn't sure how to bypass the Grandpa to warn Leonard... Klein shook his head silently and rapidly packed up the items on his desk.

In addition, he didn't dare to use the radio transceiver to contact Arrodes recently. This was because the powerhouse sent by the True Creator was likely still loitering around the area in search for the All-Black Eye's aura. The "scent" of the gray fog was also equally able to attract the True Creator's attention, allowing "Him" to inform his believers.

Today, I'll continue being a tourist and relax. Tomorrow, I'll begin searching for an opportunity to do real acting! Klein retracted his thoughts, draped on his coat, and took his top hat before walking out the inn.

He planned on heading to the mountains outside Oravi Harbor to

watch the sunset!

This thought stemmed from a popular novel. Its author's name was Leeann Mastaing. This gentleman was born in Odora and had decided to permanently reside in Backlund after the age of twenty. His books had introduced the sunset at Mt. Saint Draco with immense feelings, believing that it was the most beautiful scene he had ever seen.

Klein rode a carriage out the city and walked to the foot of Mt. Saint Draco. He took an hour before arriving at the peak of the not-so-tall mountain.

Time passed as the sun slowly set, making the blue sea situated to the left of the mountain peak appear like a sea of fire. As for the emerald-green forests and the vast fields on the right, they seemed to be gilded.

All the colors bloomed with the final touches of radiance in that instant before darkness gradually approached until it became dark.

Ships entered the harbor as carriages drove into the city. The busy people began returning home on the roads parallel to the wheat fields and fruit gardens.

When darkness enveloped the entire land, specks of warm light lit up one after another inside and outside the city. They were like resplendent gems that dotted the velvet night sky.

It's really beautiful... Klein admired for a moment until all the lights from each family were reflected in his eyes.

He turned around in silence and walked down the mountain path. Accompanied by the dark trees, he returned to the foot of the mountain before walking for some distance until he hired a carriage along the periphery of the port city.

The carriage stably proceeded forward as the dim yellow halos from the iron-black elegant street lamps silently illuminated the ground, receding backwards into the distance.

After some time, Klein returned to his inn. He took out his key and opened his door.

There was a bed, a desk, and a chair in the room, silently sitting there in the rich darkness. They silently reflected some of the crimson luster.

Klein closed the door very gently and walked to the window. He stood in the shadows created by the curtains and remained motionless for quite some time.

The lights outside were still bright.

...

Early the next morning.

Klein turned on the tap and patted his face with ice-cold water, rejuvenating his entire body.

He had already thought of a way to engage in true acting.

It was still the hospital where death could occur at any moment!

In the past, Klein had only circled the area without much focus. Loitering around had made it hard for him to find any suitable targets. This time, he planned on using some time of volunteer work to stay in the hospital for prolonged periods of time. He could provide hospice to the dying patients who temporarily didn't have their family beside them. By doing so, he could await the targets he needed.

After having breakfast, Klein arrived at 10 Blackforest Street and entered the Oravi Hospice Foundation.

This was a charity organization of the Church of the Evernight Goddess. One of its responsibilities was to provide the various hospitals with trained volunteers.

Klein came to the registration booth and saw the female employee reading the papers. Hence, he lightly tapped the table to attract her attention.

"Is there something I can help you with?" the lady lowered the papers and asked.

"I wish to do some volunteer work," Klein said succinctly.

"Name?" The lady looked up at him.

Suddenly, her eyes froze as her right hand trembled. The fountain pen she had just picked up fell to the ground.

In the papers in front of her was a portrait that looked almost

realistic.

The portrait's owner was that of the crazy and dangerous adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow!

Chapter 619: Unable to Speak

Oravi Hospice Foundation.

The lady responsible for volunteer registration hurriedly bent her back as she frantically searched for the fountain pen which had dropped. At this moment, Klein also noticed that she was reading a News Report paper from a few days ago. It was back when his portrait and escapades were published.

This area subscribes to newspapers from the Rorsted Archipelago as well? From the time it takes to sail between the places, it's true that they can only read news from three to four days ago... If I had known earlier, I would've worn a new face and thought of a fake name before coming... Klein stood in front of the desk as he thought helplessly.

The lady in her thirties finally picked up the fountain pen, raised her head, and said with a trembling voice, "Y-you want to do volunteer work?"

"Yes," Klein gave an affirmative answer.

"B-but you're an adventurer," the mortified lady stammered for an excuse.

She instinctively didn't want such an extremely dangerous person to do volunteer work.

Being famous isn't necessarily a good thing... Forget it. I'll switch my appearance and name before coming again... Klein had the intention of giving up as he questioned her without any

emotion, “Who made the rules that adventurers can’t do volunteer work?”

The lady responsible for the registration was on the brink of tears as she blurted out, “It wasn’t me!”

The volunteer registration room became abnormally quiet. Klein was first taken aback before he felt like laughing. It took him a great deal of effort to maintain Gehrman Sparrow’s image.

After the lady calmed down, she sensed that her answer was clearly problematic. She forced a smile and said, “No, I mean this isn’t regulated by anyone.

“My impression of adventurers is that they are very busy. They need to be out at sea and have very little time to do volunteer work.

“That’s them,” Klein answered succinctly.

The lady held her palm to her mouth as she revealed a smile.

“Alright. I’ll immediately help you with your registration.”

As she spoke, she pulled out a form and handed it over.

“Please fill it in. We will provide the corresponding training and volunteer jobs according to your requests.

“We will contact you, or you can always come over to inquire for any updates.”

She had already made up her mind not to put Gehrman Sparrow's form into the docket. Instead, she would hand it directly to the foundation's person-in-charge and the police.

Goddess, why is this dangerous fellow here to do volunteer work? She secretly drew a crimson moon on her chest.

Klein nodded in silence. He took the form and sat down. Picking up a fountain pen, he began filling in his basic information.

During this process, a man in a doctor's gown entered and asked, "Joanna, are there any new volunteers? We'll begin the morning training."

Joanna, who was in charge of the registration, had the intention to shake her head. However, Gehrman Sparrow, who sat opposite her, gave her an intense sense of pressure even though he remained silent and didn't raise his head. She didn't dare to lie.

"There is," she first replied to the man and then looked at Klein. "Mr. Sparrow, do you wish to receive the basic training for volunteer work now, or do you wish to wait until tomorrow?"

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "Now."

He planned on familiarizing himself first, allowing him to show his professionalism at volunteer work after changing his identity. That way, he could quickly help out at a hospital.

Joanna clearly drew a breath and said, "Then follow Mr. Gravia after you are done filling in the form."

“Alright,” Klein replied calmly.

Half an hour later, the calm and polite adventurer who had his madness hidden in him stared at the abnormally dirty toilet in front of him. He held his breath and said, “Scrub it?”

“Right, you have already received the basic training on how to carry a patient. However, that isn’t the most common task we do at a hospital. We’re mainly in charge of cleaning a patient’s vomit or changing and washing the linen, as well as maintaining the cleanliness of the washroom. Heh heh, matters such as bandaging wounds are left to the professionals. We only need you to have the basics grasped.” Gravia pinched his nose as he pointed to the stained toilets. “A volunteer has already demonstrated it to you. Please begin.”

This is very different from what I imagined… Completely different… Klein’s first reaction was to turn his back and leave, but he ultimately picked up the cleaning tools with a deadpan expression. He held back his disgust and went over before crouching down.

Then, he leaned back a little as he extended his right arm.

At noon, Klein took off his white gown and wore his top hat before leaving Oravi Hospice Foundation with a cold expression.

He had serious second thoughts about continuing the volunteer work to find opportunities for real acting.

Only when his carriage arrived at the Sweet Lemon Bar did he steel his resolve to continue the attempt.

I have to become a Marionettist in 1350 and digest the potion, so as to begin seeking the clues to become a High-Sequence Beyonder, Klein emphasized his goal once again.

He retracted his emotions and entered the Sweet Lemon Bar. He spent 8 pence for apple cider marinated pork ribs and a piece of buttered bread.

Together with a cup of rye beer costing 1.5 pence, they formed Klein's lunch.

He finished eating in an unhurried fashion before using a handkerchief to wipe his mouth. He said to the bartender, "Where's your boss? I have something to talk to him about."

Since he had already verbally agreed to join the Adventurer Association, Klein naturally didn't plan on missing the opportunity to use this loose alliance. He planned to ask Bilt Brando to contact unaffiliated Artisans or Artisans who were willing to moonlight. He wanted an Artisan to create an item like Azik's copper whistle, so he didn't need to set up a ritual and chant the incantations every time he summoned his messenger. It was complicated, troublesome, and a waste of time.

Of course, if Bilt Brando didn't know an Artisan, Klein didn't plan on forcing the matter. After all, joining the Adventurer Association didn't require him to pay.

The bartender pointed to the staircase and said, "He's on the second floor.

"If you've already agreed to join his association and have seen those bodyguards, then they'll let you up."

Klein nodded indiscernibly and slowly got up before walking towards the staircase.

Indeed, no guards stopped him. Only when he reached the second floor did a bodyguard approach him to inquire about his purpose.

Thanks to his reputation as Gehrman Sparrow, he easily met Bilt Brando again. He also saw an unfamiliar man beside him.

“My friend, Sothoth Yann, an important member of the association.” Bilt pointed to the man in a red headscarf.

At the same time, he exchanged looks with the man and saw the seriousness and puzzlement in each other’s eyes.

After a simple greeting, Klein got a chair to sit on. He directly said, “I wish to obtain the help of an Artisan. I wonder if the association is able to provide any clues.”

“Artisan?” Bilt sucked at his cigar and paused for a few seconds. He deliberated for a moment before saying, “I do know an Artisan, but he’s unwilling to meet strangers. This will bring him grave danger. If you have any requests, then I can be the middleman. I believe I have the required reputation to do so.”

To most Churches, Mid- and Low-Sequence Beyonders without any evil intentions could be ignored at times. However, Artisans needed to be dealt with indiscriminately. Otherwise, the mystical items they created could flood the markets, bringing about extreme unrest to human society.

From the looks of it, the Adventurer Association which Bilt

organized isn't just wasting money. At the very least, it has amassed quite a lot of resources and information channels... Klein took out the murloc bladder which he had long prepared.

"I wish to make this into a ring, mainly to provide one with underwater mobility."

He temporarily didn't mention the messenger, planning to test the Artisan's ability and Bilt's reputation. If the messenger-summoning incantation became widely known, it would create quite a bit of trouble.

A Sequence 9 Beyonder characteristic isn't expensive. Even if Bilt succumbs to greed and usurps the created mystical item, it doesn't matter. After all, I have a bunch of charms from the Sea God domain... Furthermore, it's not like I can't find him to settle the debt. This is better. For him to be able to organize an Adventurer Association, he definitely has plenty of money and ingredients... As Klein's thoughts reeled, he couldn't help but size up Bilt.

In that instant, Bilt shuddered for some baffling reason. All the hair on his back stood up.

He felt as though Gehrman Sparrow's eyes looked like he had seen a treasure trove!

As treasure, this wasn't a good experience at all.

Bilt glanced at Sothoth and forced a smile.

"This is a murloc's bladder, right?"

“Making a material at this level into a mystical item basically wouldn’t have any accidents.

“The Artisan’s fee is 150 pounds. You can pay me after it’s crafted.”

A very fair price… Klein nodded silently as he threw the murloc bladder over.

After Bilt caught it, he added, “Help me ask the Artisan if he has the ability to fix the summoning ritual of a spirit world creature onto an item which can be used for at least a year.”

“No problem.” Bilt heaved a sigh of relief before signaling to Sothoth with his eyes.

Sothoth rubbed his depressed eye socket and took a step forward.

“Mr. Gehrman, would you be interested in heading out to sea soon?

“We already have a few pretty good ships. They’re planning on hiring manpower to the eastern front to hunt pirates.”

Interesting… but my focus right now is to digest my potion… Klein calmly shook his head.

Sothoth’s smile froze before vanishing.

He didn’t say anything further, as it was a rejection from an adventurer at the pirate admiral level. He and Bilt had already

found the relevant newspapers and confirmed the authenticity of Gehrman Sparrow.

Klein slowly stood up and pressed his top hat to his chest before bowing slightly.

“Thank you for your help.”

Bilt’s facial muscles twitched a little as though he was holding back something. He had something to say, but he wasn’t able to say it out loud.

Finally, he slowly drew in a breath and smiled.

“I believe we should hope for a pleasant partnership.”

Klein sensed Bilt’s and Sothoth’s abnormality, but he suppressed his puzzlement and didn’t ask.

I can’t ask. There will be trouble once I ask… I have to focus on digesting the potion… Klein turned around and walked to the door before turning the doorknob.

“Mr. Gehrman,” Bilt suddenly said.

The corner of Klein’s mouth twitched as he calmly looked back.

“Nothing? Haha, I mean, as a member of the association, you can have cheaper drinks over here,” Bilt said with a forced smile.

Do you think I would've pressed on the matter? Tsk... Klein gently nodded and opened the door to leave.

After watching his back vanish, Bilt stared in a daze for two seconds before letting out a long sigh.

Chapter 620: Stand-in Mission

Inside the room, Sothoth pressed down on the edges of his eyes when he heard Bilt's sigh. He said in a deep voice, "Boss, that important figure will arrive the day after tomorrow."

Bilt's expression turned serious as he looked back.

"I know."

"We only have two choices. First, we ignore whether Gehrman Sparrow is worth trusting, and we entrust him with the mission. We can only hope for the best outcome. Second, we immediately abandon our business in Oravi, leaving with our cash and jewelry to become pirates at sea. I have the confidence to make most sailors and adventurers on the Pirate Hunter follow us." Sothoth paused before adding, "Boss, back when you were an adventurer, leading our ship and hunting pirates, you were always this decisive and tenacious. I believe you have already made your decision. There's no need for me to do anything else."

"Haha, there's no need to suck up to me." Bilt smiled bitterly. "I'm no longer the fearless pirate hunter who didn't fear blood or gunfire from before. Long periods of an easy and comfortable life have dulled my will. I don't even wish to seek out chances to advance. Those companions who had turned into monsters still live on in my mind."

Phew... He exhaled as his expression instantly turned solemn.

"However, you're right. We don't have time to hesitate. We have to immediately make a decision."

Having said that, Bilt turned his head and gestured at the window with his chin.

Sothoth was taken aback for a moment before understanding what his boss meant.

...

After leaving the Sweet Lemon Bar, Klein strolled by the side of the street, planning to hire a carriage at the crossroads.

At this moment, he heard a window open above him and saw a figure jump down.

Perhaps after experiencing the terrifying incidents involving the Antigonus family's notebook and Bansy Harbor's strange telegraph office, Klein's first reaction was that Bilt Brando was dead. He had suddenly died after his visit and was thrown down from upstairs, falling to the ground with his eyes wide open.

This was just like how he saw Ray Bieber's mother dead in a reclining chair back then. The body was highly decomposed, and the eyeball fell to the floor because of the external disturbance.

Similar thoughts flashed through his mind as Klein discerned the figure who had fallen from upstairs to be Sothoth Yann, not Bilt Brando.

Furthermore, he looked normal and was clearly still alive.

Oh no, here comes trouble... Klein's heart skipped a beat, having a more accurate guess.

If it were himself, he definitely would've pretended not to see Sothoth Yann jump off the building to intercept him, running before the man could even say a word and until he shook him off his tail. It would be akin to how Admiral of Stars was being pursued by knowledge.

Unfortunately, I'm currently Gehrman Sparrow. A crazy adventurer wouldn't flee because of such trivial matters... Sigh, getting to know myself better is an additional perk... Klein halted and watched as Sothoth firmly landed on the ground. He bowed with his hand placed over his chest.

"Mr. Gehrman Sparrow, we have a very important task to entrust you."

Here it comes... Klein calmly replied, "I won't be that free lately."

"This wouldn't waste too much of your time. You can first listen to what it is about before considering to reject or accept it," Sothoth said earnestly.

I'm afraid I have no choice but to accept it after hearing it... Eh, actually it's still alright. If Bilt Brando and Sothoth Yann threaten me to take the mission, I don't mind changing them into gold pounds and Beyonder ingredients... Klein thought it through seriously and discovered that he didn't need to have too many reservations out at sea. Having the strength of a pirate admiral basically made him unstoppable in most areas.

He took out the pocket watch in his inner pocket and opened it.

"I'm giving you five minutes."

“Alright, that’s enough.” Sothoth pointed at the entrance to the Sweet Lemon Bar behind Klein.

Returning to the room, Klein glance at the wall clock and said coldly, “You still have three minutes and twelve seconds.”

His attitude gave Bilt a baffling sense of ease. He began to believe that Gehrman Sparrow definitely had the capabilities to complete the mission.

“Mr. Gehrman, I heard that you can transform into anyone, just like how Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos was formerly capable of doing so,” Bilt hurriedly asked.

Who revealed this matter? Klein pricked up his brows as his gaze towards Bilt turned gloomy.

If news of Gehrman Sparrow being able to transform into anyone spread, it was quite troublesome for Klein. This was because this made others either think of Creeping Hunger, making them think of Qilangos’s death, or they would think that he was a Beyonder who had certain secrets and was suspected to be a Faceless. The former would attract the attention of the Twilight Hermit Order, while the latter would attract the attention of the Church of the Evernight Goddess, who would send personnel to investigate.

Of course, the Church of the Evernight Goddess wasn’t a powerful force at sea, so Klein didn’t need to worry too much about it. He just didn’t wish to be in conflict with the Nighthawks.

If that happened, he had no choice but to abandon his identity as Gehrman Sparrow. This was at the critical point where more and more people knew of the crazy and powerful adventurer who had a soft heart while he was being acknowledged and gaining

feedback.

Bilt sensed the change in Gehrman Sparrow's gaze as he tensed up. He chuckled and said, "This was news released from the Black Death."

Tracy... She's trying to seek revenge on me by doing so. One day, I'll successfully hunt her... Klein nodded slightly and said, "You can think of it as real."

He didn't explain how he received his powers of shapeshifting, as this didn't match Gehrman Sparrow's persona.

Bilt heaved a sigh of relief and said after two seconds of silence, "We're helping an important figure to search for a stand-in."

Under Gehrman Sparrow's ambiguous gaze, he explained in detail, "That important figure needs to independently deal with a secret matter that he doesn't want others to know of; therefore, he needs a stand-in to represent him in dealing with his daily affairs. He would meet different guests and socialize with his mistress without revealing a problem. He will take three to five days to return.

"We had already found someone who looked like him, spending a great deal of time to correct his posture and accent, and we had informed the good news to the important figure. Who knew that the tramp would overeat and suddenly die last night.

"That important figure is about to begin his operation. We do not have the time to look for another person who looks like him, so we can only seek your help."

Isn't this the true acting opportunity I've been looking for... Klein was moved.

However, he sharply noticed one point.

To be addressed as an important figure by Bilt, leader of the Adventurer Association, it definitely meant that the person was an important figure. Matters that happened around an important figure were often not simple. It contained quite a considerable risk!

Klein thought for a moment before asking in a deep tone, "Do you think that this matter will be dangerous?"

"No, as long as you aren't exposed, there shouldn't be any danger. You need to represent the important figure and appear at social conventions. Heh heh, no one would dare assassinate him. Yes... I know what you're worried about. You're afraid that this important figure would silence everyone who knows about this matter after it's done? Don't worry, the pirates have fabricated plenty of vicious rumors about him, so even if this matter succeeds, no one will believe it even if you divulge this in the future. It will only be treated as a joke," Bilt said with a smile as he spread his hands.

Klein no longer bothered with the topic and switched to asking, "What kind of payment are you offering?"

"1,000 pounds, and three chances to get the Artisan to make something for you. Heh heh, I'll pay for all expenses apart from the materials." Bilt made an offer which he believed Gehrman Sparrow wasn't unable to resist based on what had been previously entrusted to him.

It's not bad... Besides, it gives me a chance to do true acting...

Klein took a look at the wall clock and said, “I’ll return and consider. I’ll give you the answer in the evening.”

Regardless, he had to head above the gray fog to divine the level of danger!

Considering how Bilt and Sothoth were Sequence 7, or even Sequence 6 Beyonders, Klein didn’t directly request to head to the washroom in front of them to prevent them from sensing a problem.

As the important figure’s identity hadn’t been revealed, Bilt wasn’t too worried. He nodded.

“Alright.

“I hope for a pleasant partnership.”

…

Williams Street. A stout man from Feysac who was nearly two meters tall was searching for clues.

Suddenly, he felt his spiritual perception trigger as he looked up.

Light which resembled the morning sun’s rays surfaced around his body, illuminating the surrounding houses and street lamps as though they were illusions.

At the same time, sparks soared on the street as all kinds of supernatural phenomena appeared.

Indeed, the Sauron family has sent people over... The man from Feysac who had his suspicions cast his gaze straight down the street.

He saw Nighthawks wearing red or black gloves as black gun barrels covered with complicated patterns extended out of the rooftops. They were aimed at him while the surrounding passersby didn't seem to notice anything amiss.

He also saw the Church of Steam and Machinery's Archbishop of the Backlund diocese, Horamick, and the Church of the Evernight Goddess's Archbishop of the Backlund diocese, Saint Anthony.

Immediately following that, he caught sight of members of the Sauron family raising their hands above their heads through the corner of his eye.

...The powerful Feysac spies also did the same thing.

They had decisively chosen to surrender!

Resistance only spelled certain death. There was still a chance of being repatriated by surrendering!

...

At half-past six that evening, Klein once again came to the Sweet Lemon Bar where he met Bilt and Sothoth.

He expressionlessly said, "An advance of 500 pounds.

“Then, you will need to tell me who I’m supposed to change into.”

Bilt couldn’t hold back his smile as he gestured for Sothoth to collect the funds from the safe while saying with a deep voice, “He’s the kingdom’s highest-ranking navy commander of the Central Sonia Sea.

“His Excellency Admiral Amyrius Rieveldt!

“A real demigod!”

Chapter 621: Governor-general's Office Banquet

Admiral Amyrius Rieveldt... A true demigod... Upon hearing Bilt's reveal, a few words immediately appeared in Klein's mind.

I'm sorry. Bye!

Gehrman Sparrow pricked up his brows slightly as Bilt hurried to explain, "This wouldn't influence the difficulty of the mission.

"There's no need for anyone to display a demigod's powers throughout the duration of the mission."

He cleared his throat and forced a smile.

"To make the mission not as difficult, His Excellency has specially arranged for him to inspect the Oravi naval base for a few days. This way, he doesn't need to stay in the Central Sonia Sea's navy headquarters, the City of Generosity, Bayam. As such, he will avoid Sea King Jahn Kottman and the governor-general of the Rorsted Archipelago, George Negan. He would avoid most of the subordinates he's familiar with, and he'll avoid his family who operates the family estate over there. He will also avoid his mistress who he's most familiar with.

"That is to say that you wouldn't need to face demigods, or the test of the masses.

"Here, there will only be three people who are familiar with His Excellency. The first is his secretary, Lieutenant Colonel Luan. He belongs to MI9, and he's in charge of monitoring His Excellency. He likely uses many names, and I'm not sure which is his real

name. The second person will be the local mistress His Excellency has here, a beautiful lady by the name of Cynthia. It's said that her ancestor was a noble before his title was stripped, and his family was exiled here. The third person is Oravi's governor-general, Aston Rieveldt, the youngest brother of His Excellency. Earl Rieveldt from the House of Lords is their elder brother."

It really doesn't sound too difficult. Besides, my divination results tell me that it's not too dangerous… Klein fell silent for a few seconds before nodding gently.

"I need the detailed information regarding Amyrius Rieveldt."

"We've already prepared everything. This is his photograph. These are the descriptions of any unique traits hidden on his body. These are the unique points of his accent. These are the common words he uses. These are the different reactions and attitudes he has towards different matters. Here is the detailed information regarding his interactions with Luan, Cynthia, and Aston…" Bilt was delighted as he produced all the information he received from Admiral Amyrius Rieveldt.

Klein first took the photograph and saw a middle-aged gentleman with black hair and blue eyes. He had a strict and old-fashioned demeanor, and his hair was a lot more voluminous than most Loen men.

He nodded indiscernibly before looking up.

"I know this is a lot of information, but I believe that you can memorize them all in two days. You have to be very professional in such matters…" Before Bilt finished his sentence, he subconsciously took a step back because the person before him wasn't Gehrman Sparrow but Amyrius Rieveldt! The strict and arrogant vibes he exuded was no different from the actual

person!

“Holy Lord of Storms, th-this is almost a miracle!” Bilt looked him up and down, and he couldn’t help but be amazed. “However, you can be another three centimeters taller. Your legs can be thicker. But it’s fine, there’s no rush. His Excellency will arrive the day after tomorrow with the Imperial Navy’s First Central Sonia Fleet. He would inspect the Oravi naval base in the morning and attend a banquet held at the governor-general’s office. I have an invitation to it, and I can bring you there. You can watch from His Excellency’s actions and the way he interacts with different people from the side.”

As he spoke, he received the 500 pounds that Sothoth had taken out from the safe. He handed it to Klein and said, “I hope for a pleasant partnership!”

Klein weighed the notes in his hand and studied it with a few glances before saying, “I hope for a pleasant partnership.”

…

Backlund, Williams Street.

As an inconspicuous member of the Red Gloves, Leonard Mitchell leaned on the outer wall of a house, awaiting the preliminary investigation work to end.

He had his right leg raised slightly, with only his toes to the ground. It made him look desultory.

After a while, he saw his teammate return with a somewhat complex expression. He was excited, puzzled, expectant, and

nervous.

“Thomson, is there a conclusion?” Leonard’s heart stirred as he leaned over with a smile.

“Yeah,” Thomson nodded and answered frankly. “Both sides have spoken the truth. They have no way of lying in their dreams.”

Thomson, with his thin hair, wore his top hat once again.

“Their descriptions are uniform. Beneath this street is a ruin belonging to the Fourth Epoch’s Tudor Dynasty. The entrance is indeed that abandoned chapel. No one knows if there’s another entrance for now.”

“Is that so…” Leonard didn’t delve into the details as he exchanged a few words before moving to the sidelines. Once again, he leaned against the wall.

He looked around and suppressed his voice.

“Old Man, this is what you’re good at.

“There’s a Tudor family ruin hidden here.”

An elderly voice rang out in his mind.

“You’re becoming more and more impolite. In our era, disrespect to high-ranking people implies being made into living sacrifices.

“Also, it’s impossible for there to only be one Tudor family ruin in Backlund.”

“Are they lying?” Leonard asked softly.

The elderly voice chuckled and said, “No, they just don’t know enough.

“If my theories are correct, this ruin likely belongs to the Tudor-Trunsoest United Empire.”

“What?” Leonard was stunned.

This was an ancient dynasty he had never heard of before.

The slightly-aged voice chuckled.

“What an unknowledgeable kid. After the Solomon Empire was first destroyed, it was replaced by the Tudor-Trunsoest United Empire. Its double consul ruled all of the Northern Continent.”

“Double consul…” Leonard ruminated over this phrase.

The slightly-aged voice chuckled and sighed.

“In the ruins underground, there should be 41 inverted candlesticks on the left and 40 on the right. Two of them look like they belong to the throne of a giant, and… Heh heh. It might be where Alista Tudor became Blood Emperor.”

Leonard frowned slightly before easing them. He said with a relaxed smile, “There must be quite a lot of secrets hidden in there.”

“Of course, but you aren’t qualified to know it.” The slightly-aged voice tsked.

Leonard curled his lips indiscernibly and said, “What follows next is the exploration of the ruins.”

The slightly-aged voice chuckled before falling silent.

A minute later, Leonard saw Archbishop Saint Anthony and the Church of Steam’s Archbishop Horamick end their conversation as they returned to their own camps.

Immediately following that, Horamick ordered all Machinery Hivemind personnel to leave, leaving the area to the Church of the Evernight Goddess’s Nighthawks.

What happened? Upon seeing this scene, Leonard was filled with puzzlement.

At that moment, all the Nighthawks heard Archbishop Saint Anthony’s voice.

“All Red Gloves gather. The other Nighthawks are to leave the mirror world. Find a reason to evacuate all the residents in the area, and promise them compensation for their property.

“After all the residents evacuate, the Red Gloves and I will destroy this ruin that stems from an evil era!

“Entry is forbidden. It will be directly destroyed!

“May the Goddess bless us all.”

This… Leonard never expected such a development.

…

Half-past seven in the evening, at the Oravi governor-general’s office.

Klein changed into Sothoth’s appearance. He wore a black tailcoat and a bow tie of the same color. He followed Bilt into the banquet’s hall.

The temperature inside was like that of spring. A gigantic chandelier hung from the ceiling, and the shimmering candlelight illuminated the grounds like it was daytime.

In the corner on the right, there were musicians dressed in vests and bow ties playing a brisk tune. On the left were long tables. Ontop were roasted chicken, pan-fried foie gras, stewed lamb, Backlund-styled roasted goose, Odora lobsters with butter and cheese, and other delicacies.

Despite the distance, Klein could still catch a whiff of the fragrance wafting over. He planned on getting a plate and filling it with food.

At this moment, Bilt tugged at his collar in a reserved manner. He leaned his head over and suppressed his voice.

“Remember the etiquette as required by such banquets.

“Our current goal is to observe His Excellency’s actions, so just taking a cup of wine would do.

“There’s misty champagne here, Aurmir grape wine, and Southville red wine, all famous alcohols that are seldom seen outside. You can drink some, but not a lot. We have to maintain sufficient sobriety. Yes, try to just go through the motions when drinking.”

Klein retracted his gaze and nodded.

The two of them took a cup of golden champagne, whose minute bubbles were like mist, from a red-vested waiter who passed by them. Then, they moved towards the banquet’s highlight, where Amyrius Rieveldt stood wearing his dark blue navy admiral’s uniform.

With their standing, they naturally had no way of approaching the admiral. All they could do was observe his every action from a slight distance.

Amyrius’s figure is normal. It doesn’t look that fit. The corners of his mouth droops a little, indicating his actual age…

He doesn’t have a beard. His blue eyes seem to hide an authority that one cannot reject or defend against…

His dark blue admiral uniform is starched well. There’s a red lanyard at his shoulder, which joins to his chest where there are all sorts of medals…

His sleeves have golden cuff links, accentuating his epaulets of the same color...

His epaulets are split into three parts. From inside out, there's an embedded crown with rubies, the crossed scepter and sword, four stars made of diamonds... Klein began scrutinizing and used his Faceless powers to memorize all the detailed characteristics of the navy admiral, as well as the attitude he used when talking to different people.

During this process, he only took a sip of the misty champagne and didn't take note of its taste.

After he had mostly gathered all the information, Klein exhaled and allowed his mind to rest.

The great drain on his mind made him hungry. Hence, he placed the wine cup on the tray of a red-vested waiter, and he planned to get some food from the long table.

At this moment, Bilt leaned over and said, "His Excellency has given me the signal. We will be meeting him at an agreed location."

"..."

Klein retracted his gaze from the roasted chicken and swept a cold glance at Bilt.

Bilt shuddered as he hurriedly turned around, leading Gehrman Sparrow from the floor-to-ceiling window and into the garden.

After walking for nearly a minute in the secluded path, he paused and pointed at Klein's face.

"You can change into His Excellency's appearance.

"Just pretend that you're that tramp who looks like him."

Klein nodded gently and extended his palm to wipe his face.

He did so to conceal the disgusting tendrils and granules that might appear on his face while changing his appearance.

By the time he lowered his palm, Bilt saw a middle-aged gentleman who looked somewhat like Amyrius Rieveldt.

"Very good." Bilt took a few steps forward and came to the entrance of a sundries room. He extended his hand and pushed open the unlocked door.

Amyrius Rieveldt was still wearing the eye-catching admiral's uniform. His body was standing sideways to the door as he observed the garden outside by the window.

At this moment, he turned his head and cast his gaze onto the person who resembled him.

The indescribable pressure and might made Klein involuntarily lower his head.

Amyrius Rieveldt's gaze didn't stop there as it slowly moved to Bilt. He said, without any tinge of emotion, "This isn't the tramp

you mentioned before.

“He’s a Beyonder.”

Chapter 622: Temporary Contract

Upon hearing Amyrius Rieveldt's descriptive words which weren't a question, Bilt's forehead instantly broke out into a cold sweat.

He turned agape, hoping to explain himself, but finally, he plopped to his knees and said under the indescribable pressure, "Admiral, Your Excellency, the tramp from before suddenly died of an illness. I had no choice but to find an adventurer who can shapeshift."

At this moment in time, Klein wasn't too nervous. This was because Amyrius Rieveldt had already noticed him during the banquet. There was no reason for him to only recognize him as a Beyonder only now. For him to agree to their meeting and not directly avoid the risk meant that he didn't mind who Bilt had hired.

Not worried at all? This is the confidence of a demigod; otherwise, his Beyonder pathway is able to avert disaster ahead of time... Klein raised his head with great difficulty as he cast his gaze towards the navy admiral beside him.

"Quite strong," Amyrius Rieveldt commented without an expression.

He continued looking at the genuflecting Bilt and said, "Do not try to use your under-the-table smarts in front of me.

"An ordinary person and a Beyonder in this world are different, and I'm a follower of order, making me be able to be certain of this."

Of course, it's identical to what's written in the information. This admiral is inclined to expounding on certain things. I have to remember this point. This is a completely different style from me and Gehrman Sparrow… Klein retracted his gaze in thought as he cast it to the ground as if he was unable to withstand the pressure.

Amyrius Rieveldt took one step forward.

"Lying is the first mistake you committed. Not being cautious is the second.

"A tramp you spent a great deal of effort on to groom had suddenly died, and all of a sudden, an adventurer who can shapeshift appears in front of you. Don't you find it a coincidence?"

Yes, it's quite coincidental… Klein nearly said the same thing.

If not for his confirmation above the gray fog, he would've suspected if he was being set up by a legendary creature or a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.

Bilt's pupils constricted as he snapped to his senses.

He discovered that due to his horror and fear, all he thought about was to grasp at the final life-saving straw. He had lost the caution brought about from his experience, having not considered whether Gehrman Sparrow's appearance was a coincidence or not.

The tramp had suddenly died on the day he arrived at the Sweet Lemon Bar! The more Bilt thought about it, the more he felt as

though he had fallen for some intricately planned trap.

As Amyrius Rieveldt watched Bilt's expression change with enlightenment and regret, he nodded gently and said, "My father, the deceased Earl Rieveldt, once taught me this.

"He said to pardon the first mistake of a subordinate.

"Bilt, you should be thankful for his benevolence."

Bilt's tense mood eased instantly as he felt extremely moved.

He thought Amyrius Rieveldt, who was closer to a god than man, would execute him on the spot, so as to warn all the adventurers who were under him. Who knew that he would choose to pardon him.

"Your Excellency, I... I..." Bilt was momentarily unable to form a sentence.

Amyrius maintained his stern expression and said in a deep voice, "There's a second half of the saying, that is 'punish them for their second mistake.' Bilt, do you know what you should do in the future?"

The genuflecting Bilt immediately straightened his back and pressed his right fist to his left chest.

"I'll be utmost loyal to you, Your Excellency!"

Amyrius nodded and turned to Klein.

“What’s your name?”

That depends on which identity you’re asking about… Klein lampooned inwardly and calmly replied, “Gehrman Sparrow.”

Amyrius Rieveldt suddenly fell silent for two seconds as the atmosphere in the sundry room seemed to freeze.

Just as Klein couldn’t help but feel uneasy, Amyrius finally said, “So it’s you.”

Your Excellency, you sound as though you know me. I’m just an ordinary military informant. I only exchanged some bounty through you. I haven’t even made any reimbursement claims… Klein silently mumbled as he felt less and less confident.

Amyrius nodded and said to Bilt and Klein, “The plan will proceed as per normal.

“However, we need to sign a contract.”

A contract? Klein resisted the pressure with great difficulty as he raised his head to look at Amyrius.

Amyrius didn’t provide a further explanation. He lifted up the paper and pen he had long prepared from the window sill and wrote something on it.

Every time he made contact with his pen, a golden glow would emit. The solemnity and holiness made it seem like he was penning a law.

Klein narrowed his eyes slowly as his vision turned blurry. He couldn't help but lower his head again.

After an unknown period of time, Amyrius stopped writing and picked up a piece of paper. He said to Klein, "Sign your name at the end.

"If the conditions aren't satisfactory, you can choose not to sign."

Do you think I have or lack the guts to sign it? Klein lampooned as he watched Bilt stand up. He received the pen and paper and handed it to Klein.

The conditions on the piece of paper were few and simple. Most of them restricted Gehrman Sparrow's actions when acting as Amyrius Rieveldt. It included, but wasn't limited to, voluntarily exposing any problems, not using his identity to engage in acts which were adversarial to Amyrius, as well as not make any intimate contact with Miss Cynthia, etc.

I thought such important figures wouldn't care about the chastity of their mistresses... This admiral is indeed an old-fashioned man... However, I'm not such a person either... Klein hid his curiosity and asked as though it was an academic question, "What if Miss Cynthia chooses to make intimate contact with me?"

In between the lines, he was saying that being too distant or resistant made it easier for Cynthia to notice a problem. He was asking how he should balance the act.

"It's fine," Amyrius said without any expression. "During the contract's validity, you will not have any desire or lack the ability to do it when facing her."

You can do that? This contract is rather powerful... Apart from a contract with spirit world creatures, this is the first time I'm seeing other contracts. Furthermore, the former used the power of the Underworld. This contract is only between two parties... Is this a demigod Beyonder power of Admiral Amyrius? The Arbiter pathway? Klein shot a glance at the dates and discovered that it lasted five days.

Is he confident that he will return within five days, or is his level only capable of implementing a contract for five days? Klein read the conditions once again before taking the fountain pen and wrote the name, Gehrman Sparrow.

With the final character written, he saw the words on the piece of paper emit a golden glow as they condensed into a resplendent luster.

Amidst the resplendent luster, the piece of paper rapidly dissipated and vanished, as though it had fused with the world's rules.

An invisible and faint gray fog gently rippled around him as Klein clearly sensed layers of indescribable restrictions placed on him.

These restrictions quickly melted into his body, temporarily becoming one with his Spirit Body and physical flesh.

The gray fog can block out bad and good luck from external sources to a certain extent, but it's unable to screen a contract I signed... That's right. If it can screen it, the contract with the messenger wouldn't have been valid... Klein gazed at Amyrius Rieveldt once again in enlightenment.

The admiral had already converged his might as he produced a

dark gold charm in his palm.

On it were the symbols and magical labels representing the "Sword of Judgment." Its entire body was converged and somber, giving one the feeling that it was part of a codex.

"This is a high-level charm using my blood, a Fourth Epoch ancient codex, and the royal family's Grade 0 Sealed Artifact," Amyrius said calmly. "Its name is Ninth Law. When it's injected with minute amounts of spirituality, it can produce a might that's similar to mine. This can be done even by ordinary people. Without it, you'll find it very difficult to pretend to be me."

Indeed, the might I show in a disguised state is only superficial. It's fine fooling others usually, but once there's a need to shock and awe any subordinate, that would be useless... Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

Amyrius continued, "With your present strength, you should be able to withstand its usage.

"Through it, you can indicate a necessary restriction on the target, making them be in an extremely disadvantageous state.

"This way, even if a demigod were to sound you out, you'll be able to scare him away.

"If no mishaps happen at the end of everything, and if you had no need to use it, then it will be yours to keep.

"It can be used for a year."

Klein was first taken aback before he felt a strong sense of delight.

He finally had another high-level charm ever since that time he used up the one which was created with the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem.

Although such an item had a time limitation and was single-use, a pro was that it didn't have any negative side effects. Of course, the stringent requirements that were needed to create one made them very rare in number.

As expected of a demigod. He's a lot more generous than Bilt... Bribing a tramp and an adventurer at the pirate admiral level are different in cost... As Klein thought in happiness, he silently extended his palm and received the high-level charm named Ninth Law.

Then, he saw Amyrius remove his belt.

After a brief silence, Klein kept his embarrassment in control as he took off his clothes without an expression on his face.

Soon, he had switched clothes with Amyrius and had donned the dark blue starched admiral's uniform.

After watching Amyrius and Bilt walk off through a secluded path in the garden, Klein calmly adjusted his buttons and turned to look at the glass window.

Under the dark night and the crimson moonlight, the glass window was like a mirror. It vaguely reflected Klein's present looks.

He had black hair which was neatly combed back, blue and profound eyes, slightly drooping cheeks, a beardless face, and an old-fashioned and stern demeanor, all while dressed in a dark blue attire with a lanyard, medals, and epaulets.

Klein twitched the corners of his mouth as he silently said to himself, *From this moment forth, I'm a navy admiral.*

Chapter 623: First Night

As he touched the Ninth Law charm in his pocket, Klein adjusted his height and details regarding his appearance, making him look identical to Amyrius Rieveldt.

He walked out from the sundry room by using another door and walked down a silent corridor, back into the governor-general's office.

On the way, waiters and maidservants would occasionally pass by him, but no one dared to look straight at him. Just catching sight of his admiral uniform would have them scurrying to the sides as they bowed with their heads lowered.

Any person of the same height could probably find his way into the banquet hall when donning these clothes... I have to say, acting as an important figure can be easier than acting like an ordinary person... Klein continued looking straight as he maintained his somber attitude. He walked towards a path paved with black brick in an unhurried fashion.

He soon heard beautiful and melodic music as elegant wall lamps were burning with gas, illuminating the dark environment.

Just as Klein approached a break room, he saw a room open. A middle-aged man had been waiting there as he walked over.

The man had black hair and blue eyes. His facial features somewhat resemble Amyrius, but his forehead was higher and his eyebags were puffy. The corners of his mouth didn't droop.

He was none other than Amyrius Rieveldt's youngest brother, Aston Rieveldt.

This gentleman had once served in the navy, and he had been promoted to colonel after rendering meritorious services in the Southern Continent's colonies. Later, he got sick of his military career, and together with political balance, he agreed to a switch in career and became the governor-general.

In the five to six years he was in Oravi, due to the importance placed on the island's location and resources, he pushed for the Rieveldt family to mass purchase farmland and estates, allowing him to own plenty of property.

This wasn't completely obtained through his powers either. Aston and the Rieveldt family had paid a sufficient price, and they even took loans with the bank. It wasn't like the Balam east coast where land belonging to the Feysac people were forcefully bought at extremely low prices.

Of course, if he wasn't Oravi's Governor-general, and his elder brother wasn't the highest commander of the Central Sonia Sea's navy, the Rieveldt family wouldn't have so easily convinced their targets to sell such excellent farmland and estates.

Here comes the test… Klein calmly approached and stopped in front of Aston Rieveldt.

Aston looked around and asked in a deep voice, "Have you decided on that matter?"

What matter… Klein first felt blank before he recalled an introduction in the information he received—"if Aston requests for a private chat or asks for an answer to a certain matter, tell him that an answer will be given to him when departing from

Oravi."

Admiral Amyrius really anticipated this. I just need to watch my attitude and tone. Yes, I also need to use the unique terms and pronunciations used by Loen aristocrats... Klein gently nodded and sternly said, "Wait a few more days.

"The answer will be given to you when departing from Oravi."

Aston didn't raise any doubts as he chuckled.

"You seem to be waiting for something to give you the strength to decide."

That matter that Admiral Amyrius has to do himself? Klein's heart stirred as he familiarly used the tone of high-level personnel.

"Keep your conjectures to yourself."

With that said, he took a step forward and walked towards the banquet hall.

Aston Rieveldt focused on his elder brother's back, his expression gradually turning cold. He then shook his head slightly.

After entering the banquet hall, Klein surveyed the area and walked towards the long table with food on it. From time to time, he would stop to exchange pleasantries with people who came near him.

During this process, he realized that he didn't need to understand the topics raised in any conversation. All he needed to do was nod occasionally, allowing the conversation to harmoniously progress until its end.

Indeed, the status of an important figure makes certain aspects of acting easy, but correspondingly, there are certain matters that can be difficult… Klein tore through one "obstacle" after another before finally arriving at the long table.

He casually picked up a plate and told himself that Admiral Amyrius liked fish, beef, and lobster, while disliking chicken and goose. Therefore, he avoided food like the roasted chicken and Backlund-styled roasted goose. He picked up some beef, fried Dragon-Bone Fish, and Odora lobster with butter and cheese.

As the metallic containers had their bottoms lined with asbestos, with red-hot charcoal burning under it or steaming-hot water, all of the food maintained an appropriate temperature. Klein nearly broke down, destroying his persona when he took the first bite.

He tried his best to maintain Admiral Amyrius's image as he held his plate and chatted with the port city's member of parliament, navy suppliers, etc. He seriously listened to what they had to say, stuffing food into his mouth from time to time.

He noticed that a young man in a tailcoat kept following behind him.

He had neat, blond hair that he combed backward. He had a receding hairline with light-blue eyes. He looked handsome and gentlemanly.

Identical to the picture. Amyrius's secretary, Luan… Klein

controlled himself and didn't size him up. He wanted to fill his stomach before the end of the banquet.

Once out of the governor-general's office, Klein boarded the carriage which was guarded by bodyguards. He sat beside the wine cabinet.

The blond secretary, Luan, followed him in. As his leather boots stepped onto the thick, soft carpet, he silently inched towards a spot opposite Klein.

He sat there, but he only occupied a third of the seat.

The carriage began moving as Luan took out a stack of documents from the black briefcase he carried.

"Your Excellency, this is the Oravi naval base's ledger for the year 1349."

Klein extended his hand over and casually browsed through a few pages.

What? A pound for a roll of toilet paper? The naval base's bathroom was renovated twenty times a year? Klein did some simple math and discovered all sorts of ridiculous line items.

Isn't accounting such as this way too simple and obvious? I can even give them classes and specially teach them how to make claims! Klein seriously considered the attitude he should show.

From his point of view, the greatest difficulty in disguising as Amyrius was to fool Luan.

This wasn't to say that Governor-general Aston and Miss Cynthia weren't as familiar with Admiral Amyrius as his secretary. It was just that, as his younger brother, Aston might help his brother conceal the matter if he discovered something amiss after being given a hint. Similarly, as his mistress, Cynthia would be inclined to help conceal the matter for the admiral as his dependent.

Of course, the possibility that Cynthia was a spy couldn't be eliminated. There was still the matter of there being a chance of being used by a spy, but nothing could be as dangerous as Luan, whose duty was to monitor the admiral.

I can't expose any problems… What kind of attitude would Admiral Amyrius have when faced with such a report? Go into a rage, or pretend to be in a rage? No, the Oravi naval base personnel wouldn't be that daring to hand over a clearly problematic report as though he were blind. They must have a certain level of confidence and a tacit understanding between them… As the information didn't mention this, Klein could only make a judgment based on his experience.

Furthermore, he could confirm that either the Oravi naval base's report was beyond Admiral Amyrius's expectations or was determined to be of little importance. Just based on the schedule, it was something that could easily be dealt with.

Regardless of the possibilities, I have to use the attitude that a person of high standing will usually employ. That is to not indicate my stance… Klein closed the documents and handed it back to the blond secretary, Luan. He said expressionlessly, "Put it on my desk."

In between the lines, this sentence meant: "I'll look through it carefully." To others, it would mean something different based on their standpoints.

If the Oravi naval base had done it without warning, this meant that the admiral was somewhat dissatisfied and was awaiting an explanation.

If the two had reached a tacit, mutual understanding on the matter, it meant that Admiral Amyrius wished to obtain more favorable benefits in the matter. As for whether it would offend anyone, Klein didn't care. After all, he wouldn't be Amyrius Rieveldt in a few days time. He believed that a true demigod had the means to repress the anger of his subordinates.

In addition, he was grateful that Amyrius wasn't a demigod of the Church of Storms. Otherwise, he had to consider whether to nod his head and pass the report, or throw the document back in anger while throwing a few people in passing into the sea to feed the fishes.

"Yes, Your Excellency." The blond secretary, Luan, didn't change his expression. He stuffed the document back into his black briefcase as though he had long expected such a response.

On the way back, Klein leaned into the carriage according to Amyrius Rieveldt's habits. He half-closed his eyes as though he was contemplating certain matters, but in fact, he wasn't thinking of anything.

Luan maintained his silence and didn't speak at all.

Human-height iron-black street lamps were quickly left behind as the carriage drove close to the naval base before taking a bend into a house with a garden and lawn.

Just as Klein walked up the steps, a butler opened the door for him as servants lined the two sides, reverently awaiting his entrance.

The living room was decorated in a very classic manner. There were oil paintings of beautiful scenery hung up, limestone statues, simple and elegant vases, etc. A faint but lingering fragrance emanated in the room, one that reached into the heart.

Klein, who should've relaxed, ended up tensing up as he saw a beautiful lady walk towards him in a home gown.

She looked to be in her early twenties. Her blonde hair cascaded down, and when she cast her blue eyes over, it was as though there was a glow hidden within them. While filled with gentle femininess, there were still some remnants of her adolescence. She was none other than Admiral Amyrius's mistress, Cynthia.

Klein held back his discomfort and allowed Amyrius's stern face to reveal a smile as he widened his arms.

Cynthia threw herself into his arms and tiptoed. With her cheeks by his cheek, she whispered with a smile, "Admiral, I've already heated the water for you in the bathtub."

This means she had someone monitor the end of the banquet... Being a mistress isn't something simple either... Admiral Amyrius does like to take hot baths so as to relax his thoughts... In order to ignore how close their cheeks were, Klein allowed his thoughts to wander.

As a straight man, he should've felt embarrassed while also being rather glad to be approached by such a beautiful member of the opposite sex. However, the temporary contract made him have zero urges. Hence, all that was left was awkwardness.

"Very good," Klein praised her as he gently pushed Cynthia away,

having had nowhere to place them.

Knowing that the admiral didn't like to be intimate in front of the servants, Cynthia retreated and led Klein to the second floor. He was brought into the bathroom as he prepared a bathrobe for him.

After doing all of this, Cynthia instructed the servants not to come to the second floor unless they heard the bell ring. Then, she returned to the bedroom, took off all her clothes and changed into a nightgown made of silk.

Her nightgown revealed plenty of her chest. It was an alluring snow-white, and deep in her cleavage was a special necklace pendant. It was like a miniaturized black rhinoceros horn about the length of a finger segment.

Cynthia took off the necklace and stuffed it under her pillow. Amidst her blushing and hesitation, she left the bedroom and came outside the bathroom where the admiral was bathing. Mustering her strength, she pulled at the handle.

Creak. Her hand paused. She realized that the bathroom's door had been locked from the inside at some point in time.

With a blank look, Cynthia instinctively yanked at it again.

Creak. Creak. The bathroom's door didn't budge an inch.

Chapter 624: Warning

The bathroom was partitioned inside. The emanating steam covered the entire bathtub.

Apart from his head, Klein's entire body was soaked in the hot water. He lay there in such great comfort that he didn't even wish to move his toes.

What a beautiful night... If only there was no Cynthia outside. I still have to deal with her later... Klein sighed as he considered what excuse to use to avoid being intimate with her.

In accordance with Admiral Amyrius Rieveldt's traits, he decided to first use work as an excuse. After that would be the excuse of him not feeling well, him losing the ability to have sex, him needing some time to digest any medicine he had just taken, and how he had suddenly realized his true sexual orientation, making him find curly-haired baboons extremely attractive.

As for whether this would damage the admiral's image, Klein didn't feel the slightest bit of pressure. As long as he prevented Cynthia from suspecting that he was a fake Amyrius Rieveldt, he would've perfectly completed his mission.

The subsequent explanations for those excuses and how he finds an excuse to explain his recovery would all be Admiral Amyrius's problem. What has that got to do with me, Gehrman Sparrow? And what has Gehrman Sparrow's ruined reputation have to do with me, Sherlock Moriarty? Klein stood up in satisfaction as he walked out to the dry partition while dropping wet. He got a bath towel and dried himself.

After changing into a hanging bathrobe, Klein inhaled silently as though he had unlocked a major enemy in his quest—he opened the door to the bathroom.

Seeing the corridor empty, with only the light from the wall lamps on both sides illuminating the darkness, Klein felt slightly relieved and was no longer as tensed.

This is almost the same feeling as challenging a pirate admiral… As he mumbled, he realized a serious problem. He had no idea which of the rooms was the master bedroom or study.

Regardless, I have to inform Cynthia; otherwise, it would make Admiral Amyrius appear strange… Klein recalled the layout of similar houses in an attempt to accurately find the master bedroom.

At this moment, the door to the room diagonally across him creaked open. Cynthia, who was draped in a silk nightgown, walked over.

Her blonde hair appeared wet and messy as they cascaded down. There were even a few strands of hair fluttering in front of her blue eyes and bright-red lips. It hid the glow in her eyes as her lips were somewhat closed. She appeared extremely alluring under the dim environment.

The neckline of the silk nightgown was very open, as snow-whiteness and a deep cleavage was reflected in Klein's eyes.

"…"

Klein nearly raised his head to look at the ceiling to avoid the

intense stimulation.

Calm down, calm down. You are Amyrius Rieveldt… Besides, you've seen a half-naked Demoness before… Compared to an Ailment Maiden, this lady's charms are clearly insufficient. Wait, why am I thinking about Demonesses? Who knows if they were formerly men or women… Klein maintained his gaze as he sized her up and down with a "teasing" tone.

In that instant, he could sense that primal desire, but there was no response from his nether regions…

This is the result of the temporary contract? In fact, Admiral Amyrius didn't need to go through the trouble. Even if I have the urge, I'll be able to control myself… What kind of situation haven't I encountered before?

Yes… Cynthia is a little different from what the records say. Isn't it said that she became Amyrius's mistress about one to two years ago? With them not being able to meet each other most of the time, the Admiral has to coax her each time as she hadn't had her pent-up desires fulfilled? Why is she the one taking the initiative today?

Does she find her standing as his mistress unstable, or has she been switched? Ever since Klein became a Faceless, he felt that everyone was a fake.

Cynthia's eyelids were lowered. The courage she had mustered disappeared bit by bit under Amyrius's scrutiny. Her face was tainted with a horrified blush—she was embarrassed but also felt some pride.

Then, she heard him calmly instruct, "Help me prepare some coffee and place it in my study.

“I have many things to deal with tonight. You don’t have to wait for me.”

“…”

Cynthia raised her head suddenly, her embarrassed blushing still present.

She had momentarily failed to understand what Admiral Amyrius had said.

Klein secretly inhaled and went forward to hug her before kissing her gently on the forehead.

“I’ll spend lots of time with you in a few days.”

Such a response came from the provided information, but he had slightly changed the terms.

To be frank, if not for him having some prior understanding, Klein would’ve definitely believed that Admiral Amyrius would wear the same stoic face while spending time with his mistress, even when having sex. He looked stern in whatever he said and did; however, this demigod also had his gentle side when it came to his speech. He was just not that great at saying lovey-dovey words.

This also made him understand something else—many people could only be viewed from the surface, and it was impossible to imagine what they were like in private. For a Faceless to pull off a true disguise, they had to do meticulous investigations and have ample comprehension of the target. This was just like how a Magician never performed unprepared.

Cynthia revealed a clear look of disappointment, but she quickly restrained those feelings as she smiled.

“Alright.

“Admiral, your nightgown is in the room. A bathrobe isn’t suitable for handling matters.”

This is identical to the information. She’s rather considerate and knows how to be understanding… Klein watched as Cynthia turned and entered the room. She pulled at the bell. As for him, he took this opportunity to take off his bathrobe and change into a dark red nightgown with trousers of the same color.

Cynthia attentively opened the door to the study and tidied up the slightly messy desk. Later, she waited for the maidservant to finish making the coffee before personally taking it and delivering it by hand.

During this process, Klein read the documents and information, acting as though he looked extremely professional. But in fact, he had little idea about the data and designs plans of ironclad warships and sail battleships. He was no different from an illiterate.

In this domain, all he knew were carriers, air domination, the main cannon guns, and turrets.

When he saw Cynthia silently leave and close the door behind her from the corner of his eye, Klein relaxed completely. He knew that he had finally survived the night.

Inside the master bedroom, Cynthia pursed her lips as she took

out the necklace under her pillow and tightly clasped the item resembling a black rhinoceros horn which was the length of a finger segment.

She stood there and silently prayed, *Oh great Mother Tree of Desire, please, make me more alluring, allowing Admiral Amyrius to be even more mesmerized by me, so that he can gain extreme pleasure from me and bear me a child...*

...

Inside the quiet study, Klein flipped through the pile of documents placed in front of him. He followed the handling methods according to what the information indicated—he chose the simple ones and signed Amyrius Rieveldt's name on them. The reason why he could mimic his signature was because Faceless allowed him to remember a target's unique traits, while Clown gave him the precise control needed.

The complicated ones he couldn't understand had notes written with the following vibe: "Continue studying the matter."

After "busying" himself until midnight, Klein reached out to cover his mouth and yawned slightly.

This won't do. I need to sleep. I have plenty of challenges tomorrow. I have to maintain sufficient strength and energy... Klein thought for a moment and gave up the idea of returning to the master bedroom.

He raised his right hand and pressed down on his half-closed eyes. He pulled them down and moved his eyes to his nose bridge.

Following that, Klein opened up two slits where Klein's eyes originally were and used his flesh to produce a pair of fake eyes.

After becoming a Faceless, I'm really beginning to resemble a monster... If only I had such a godly technique back in school... He sighed silently. He half leaned his body as he kept his real eyes closed while his fake eyes were left open to "read" the documents.

His specialty as a Clown allowed him to maintain his balance. He remained motionless like a stone statue.

After an unknown period of time, Klein suddenly awoke from his dream. He sensed that there was a force attempting to pull him into a deep slumber before infiltrating him!

Who is it? I didn't do anything recently. Why would anyone enter my dream? That's not right. I'm now Admiral Amyrius Rieveldt... Klein's heart stirred as he immediately changed his looks. Even in his dreams, he appeared to be that demigod.

Meanwhile, he felt his consciousness tightly contract as though it was avoiding something.

This is different from an ordinary dream infiltration. I've clearly regained my lucidity, and I can escape by myself and wake up, but I'm unable to leave this dreamscape... Klein found plenty of oddities as he tried a few attempts.

He knew very well that he was sleeping, and he could sense and control his body outside the dream, but no matter what he did, he was unable to wake up!

Right on the heels of that, he saw a blurry white gas form an indiscernible figure.

Klein narrowed his eyes slightly as he tore through the dream with his psyche, allowing his real body to move silently. Then, he put his palm into his pocket to touch the Ninth Law charm.

At that moment, the blurry figure calmly said, “Do not participate in the matter regarding Aston.

“This is a warning.”

...Quite impressive to warn a demigod... What is Aston and the others thinking of doing? Klein thought for a moment and emanated his spirituality, allowing the Ninth Law charm to produce a deep sense of dominance. Then, he imitated it and produced the same feeling in his dream. He said with a deep voice, “Who are you?

“Who do you represent?”

The blurry figure was taken aback before he said with a laughing sigh, “As expected of Law Weaver Amyrius. You actually managed to maintain your lucidity in such a situation.”

No, no, no. Although Amyrius has a title of Law Weaver, he’s not adept in such matters. You should say ‘as expected of Lord Fool’... Klein lampooned and sternly said, “Answer my question.”

The blurry figure chuckled.

“You don’t need to know who I am.

“As a demigod, you should be clear that everything is fated, likewise for the times.

“Do not resist the fate of an era, which is also the trend of the times. This will only make you a sacrifice of history.”

Fate of an era, *the trend of the times*, *sacrifice of history*... When he heard this, Klein suddenly thought of a term: Twilight Hermit Order!

However, Klein didn’t say a word, nor did he say those words. This was because Admiral Amyrius would be him for the next few days.

Seeing Law Weaver Amyrius fall into silence, the blurry figure didn’t say another word. it turned into a emanating white gas before vanishing from the dream.

Chapter 625: Successful First Day

Phew. What exactly are Amyrius and Aston Rieveldt scheming about? To attract a warning from the Twilight Hermit Order... Unless it can truly change the times and influence the direction of history, this ancient and secretive organization wouldn't even show itself or reveal its identity... Klein stood by the side of a magnificent castle in his dream, thoughtfully watching the spot where the blurry figure had disappeared from.

Amidst his thoughts, he suddenly snapped awake and was no longer as certain about his theory.

The ploy which Admiral Amyrius and his brother are planning might not really influence the trends of the times!

Although the Twilight Hermit Order only involves itself in important matters, as a leader of another secret organization, Klein clearly knew that apart from carrying out the organization's own mission and values, it also provided help among members.

From Emperor Roselle's diary, I can tell that the Twilight Hermit Order has members from different domains, standings, and Sequences. Apart from a number of them fervently believing in the original Creator as they await the coming of twilight and the awakening of the true god, the rest are only seeking to benefit themselves. Under such circumstances, as long as the organizer doesn't strictly implement order, there would naturally be missions entrusted between one another.

Perhaps, the matter Aston Rieveldt is planning affects a particular member of the Twilight Hermit Order who was made aware of it ahead of time. He entrusted the matter to another member and

used the excuse of "the trend of the times" to warn Amyrius Rieveldt…

Working from this logic, the concealed matter is rather interesting… With the level of the Twilight Hermit Order, Law Weaver Amyrius, who's likely only a Sequence 4, isn't too difficult a target to eliminate. I even suspect that they can mobilize up to three or more angels in a manner that's far superior to the seven Churches…

Then, why didn't they take action directly and instead gave an advanced warning?

Back in Backlund, if an angel were to appear, who knows if some true god would descend upon the land. Therefore, the Twilight Hermit Order had no choice but to use a more roundabout and discreet method to deal with Duke Negan. But this is the Oravi Island. Even High-Sequence Beyonders aren't stationed here…

The warning is because the Twilight Hermit Order advocates secrecy and doesn't wish to expose itself, so they're trying not to use overly intense methods, or is it the case that the member who assigned the mission doesn't wish to see Amyrius killed? To "him," this admiral is still of use, so he's unwilling to give up on him; even if Amyrius might be involved in something disadvantageous towards him?

Then, his true identity seems to be confined to certain circles…

Klein made a bold assumption, but with no way of verifying it, he could only temporarily put the matter aside and throw it to the back of his mind.

It has nothing to do with me since it's the Twilight Hermit Order who's warning Admiral Amyrius… As long as I don't involve

myself with anything for the next few days, I should be able to last until the mission is completed. Everything else that develops afterward has nothing to do with me! With my present status, I'm still far from investigating the Twilight Hermit Order. I don't even have the right to probe deeper... Klein kept to his beliefs and turned his sights to his Tarot Club.

Heh, I just discovered a problem. Other secret organizations have their own aims and values at their core while mixing in the aid that members provide each other. As for our Tarot Club, it's more impressive. There are only missions given to each other, without any aims or values... No, there are aims and values among some of the members. For example, my dear Moon believes that this is an organization borne to save the world... The Fool Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh before exiting the dreamscape.

He rubbed away the fake eyes and moved his real eyes back to their original position in a very fluid motion when he suddenly paused.

That wasn't a simple dream infiltration! Klein frowned slightly as he recalled what had happened.

That was because the power had first attempted to pull him into a deep slumber!

Back then, I had already fallen asleep, so why would he do so? Captain once said that a Nightmare can directly see a dream, so it's impossible to commit such a mistake... Therefore, the visitor hadn't used the Beyonder powers of a Nightmare, but something else... He located me via the spirit world? Or after he knew my location, he used the sea of collective subconscious, as described by Ma'am Daly, to directly influence my Beyonder powers?

Yes... I'm more inclined to the second reason. That's the only thing that can explain why I couldn't escape my dream despite having

regained lucidity. It's recorded in Emperor Roselle's diary that during his participation in the suspected Twilight Hermit Order, his entry into the gathering was based on a realistic dreamscape that encompassed the entire continent. A realistic dreamscape…

Klein nodded and chuckled silently with a sigh.

Admiral Amyrius definitely didn't expect the Twilight Hermit Order's warning.

It's only because he hired me. If it were anyone else, the stand-in would've already been exposed! That Ninth Law charm was well worth it.

…

City of Silver, inside the spire, in the room belonging to Chief Colin Iliad.

Derrick Berg, who had been summoned, saw the grizzled, scarred Demon Hunter once again as he felt uneasy.

After he finished his greetings, Colin sized him up and asked, "You've advanced?"

"Yes, I'm already a Sequence 7 Solar High Priest." Derrick had long registered his advancement, so there was no need to hide the matter.

Colin's light-blue eyes which had seen the vicissitudes of time moved away as he casually asked, "Do you have the subsequent potion formulas?"

The past Derrick would've directly answered "no," but the present him was used to thinking over it before answering.

If I say "no," my subsequent advancement with the lack of experience to support it will definitely make me suspicious. But if I were to answer "yes," Chief might ask me to use it to exchange for items so as to nurture more Sun pathway Beyonders. This will no doubt prove that I'm lying... As Derrick's mind raced, he answered sincerely, "No."

From his point of view, experience could be forged.

Colin nodded as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

"In about two months, we'll arrange an exploration mission for you. The team will secure the route and ruins we found with the help of Jack before we make a second clearing.

"I hope you will receive greater rewards then."

"Yes, Your Excellency." Just as Derrick answered, he suddenly recalled Shepherd Lovia.

...

After daybreak, Klein changed into his clothes with the help of Cynthia, enjoyed a sumptuous breakfast, and took the carriage under the escort of the admiral's bodyguards to the Oravi naval base.

In the morning, under the companionship of the rear admirals and colonels, he inspected the conditions of the ships, ordnance

stores, the newly built training grounds, and the bathroom which had been renovated twenty times over the past year.

After having lunch at the navy mess hall, Klein followed the schedule and summoned all officers above the rank of major to take in their reports.

During this process, he had a thick black-bound notebook placed in front of him. Inside were some of the questions that Admiral Amyrius had specially prepared for him.

“In the past few decades, due to the embezzlement of salaries and the harsh conditions sailors suffer, Oravi has had seventeen revolts by the lower ranks. After the passing of the Imperial Navy Latest Act, and thanks to Your Excellency’s guidance, we’ve already had such deep-seated cultural issues improved. There haven’t been any such cases in the past three years…” A colonel from the Oravi naval base stood on the spot and reported the entire situation.

He would raise his head from time to time to look at Admiral Amyrius Rieveldt and discovered that he was listening very seriously while taking notes. The scribbling sounds made none of the officers dare to not be at their best. Similarly, they took note of the important points.

The colonel who received a positive response unknowingly spoke up louder while reporting.

How boring… Klein held his fountain pen and had randomly drawn creatures like turtles, cuttlefish, and dragons on his black-bound notebook.

As he had never studied sketching before, his drawings were a ghastly sight to see.

Later on, he even drew intersecting lines and began playing Five in a Row with himself—a game created by Emperor Roselle.

Of course, his rich experience and his conscientiousness of his identity made him raise his head from time to time to give the reporter a stern look in the eye while giving a nod of encouragement. As for what the person had said, he didn't pay any attention to it. All he did was occasionally remember a few words.

During the briefing, Klein shot a glance at the blond secretary, Luan, to get him to represent himself to mention a few points that needed clarification.

Everything followed the schedule.

Towards the end, Klein flipped the black-bound notebook a few pages forward and used the accent of a Loen aristocrat to recite the report which the secretary had drafted and the admiral had edited. Then, according to the actual situation, he used the common terms Amyrius would use and added a few conjunctions and pet phrases, such as, "There are a few points," and "Let me continue on a few more points."

It was already evening by the time the briefing ended. Under Luan's companionship, Klein left the Oravi naval base and headed for the residence of a naval supplier where a banquet was held.

At the banquet, they casually chatted about the price fluctuations of port goods. As for Klein, he mimicked Admiral Amyrius, and he would mention a dated joke from Backlund from time to time, garnering a warm response from everyone as he was praised for his humor.

After successfully acting until the banquet ended, Klein boarded the carriage, feeling exhausted in body and mind.

I have to take note of my speech and actions every minute and second. Engaging in true acting for a day is more tiring than battling a pirate admiral… Klein silently sighed, as he closed his eyes halfway without a change in expression.

He knew that the most difficult stage of the day wasn't over!

He still had to deal with Cynthia!

…

Inside the villa, Cynthia learned from the attendant who had gone out to make inquiries that Admiral Amyrius was about to return.

She quietly returned to her bedroom, took out the tiny black rhinoceros horn pendant, and used a metallic plate to scratch off tiny bits of powder, mixing it into the hot water inside a white porcelain teacup.

After repeating the honorific name of the Mother Tree of Desire seven times, she waited nearly a minute before lifting the teacup in hope, cleanly downing it.

Chapter 626: Amyrius's Decision

Looking at the lights emanating out from the villa in the darkness, Klein spent several seconds mentally preparing himself before alighting the carriage. He followed the three-layered staircase and came to the door, where the admiral's bodyguards and servants were lined up at the sides, before stepping in.

Seeing Cynthia wearing conservative home clothes due to the existence of others, Klein silently heaved a sigh of relief as he maintained his stoic expression and slowly walked over.

Cynthia's smile became more and more brilliant as she shifted the strands of her hair to the back of her ear, revealing her fair and slender neck. Her neckline didn't have any marks left behind by a necklace.

Seeing Secretary Luan and the admiral's bodyguards head for their own rooms or moving outside the building to take up their patrolling positions, Klein pulled Cynthia into an embrace and said in a deep voice, "There's no need to prepare any hot water. Give me a quiet room. I need to spend the night alone."

"..." Cynthia used her eyes to express her puzzlement and blankness.

Klein surveyed his surroundings and softly said, "Something unexpected happened. I need to enter an extremely quiet state to recover."

As he spoke, he raised his right hand to pull at his collar, revealing a patch of faint-colored fleshy granules.

His problematic physical condition with an abnormal reaction was an excuse Admiral Amyrius had prepared for the tramp stand-in, so as to avoid Cynthia's attempts of intimacy without exposing a problem. To make it more convincing, Klein used his Faceless powers to provide "evidence."

Cynthia turned agape as she nearly screamed. Thankfully, she covered her mouth in time and held it in.

The moment Cynthia recovered from her shock, she immediately asked nervously, her concern and emotions evident, "Are you fine? Do you need to see a doctor?"

"No, this is the price needed for powerful strength. I'll recover given two to three days of solitude." Klein had already found the excuse needed for the future.

"O-okay." Cynthia hurriedly helped Klein up to the second floor and led him into the quietest room.

As for the master bedroom, she had already lit some scented candles and scattered some faint-smelling extract, so she didn't offer him some.

Seeing the door close, Klein slowly exhaled. He changed out of his admiral's uniform and lied down in satisfaction.

Not far away in the master bedroom, the worried and disappointed Cynthia was soaking herself in hot water before sleeping.

She looked at the ceiling with an unfocused gaze as she couldn't help but recall the exhortations of her parents from a few days

ago.

They wanted her to charm Admiral Amyrius and hopefully be impregnated with his child. This way, their family would be able to take on more businesses with the Central Sonia Sea's naval fleet.

Admiral seems to have many matters hidden in his heart, so much that something abnormal has happened to his body... Cynthia's thoughts wandered as they slowly dispersed.

Without her realizing it, she had fallen asleep.

During this period, she found her digestive system turning warm as her body felt a little hot. In her dream, she seemed to see a pitch-black sky which was dotted with resplendent stars.

One of them seemed to notice her gaze as it produced a brighter glow.

...

The next morning, the invigorated Klein enjoyed a sumptuous breakfast which was nothing spectacular to speak of. Once again, he was surrounded by the admiral's bodyguards as he arrived at the Oravi naval base and was placed in the most luxurious and spacious office.

According to Admiral Amyrius's habits, he would spend some alone time every two or three days to study and master his Beyonder powers to a deeper extent and produce more effective techniques. Therefore, Klein spent most of the day without being disturbed, with him only needing to handle some simple work.

Inside the quiet and spacious office, Klein leisurely paced about or flipped through books from the bookshelf. From time to time, he would put his palm into his pockets to touch the Ninth Law charm to release some of its powerful might. This was to make Secretary Luan, who was outside, believe that there was nothing wrong with Admiral Amyrius.

After some time, Klein felt sleepy and decided to take a short nap.

At this moment, he heard knocking at the door.

There's something important... Klein frowned.

Something that made Secretary Luan disturb Admiral Amyrius's focused training was definitely nothing simple!

"Come in," Klein converged his emotions and answered with a deep voice.

The handsome blond man, Luan, turned the handle and entered. He held a telegram in his hand.

He said with a suppressed voice, "Your Excellency, a telegram from Backlund.

"Mr. Aston has been relieved of his post as governor-general. He will temporarily be replaced by the city council's chairman.

"It's said that the new governor-general will arrive today."

Aston Rieveldt has been relieved of his post as governor-general? Has their secret been discovered? That's right. The Twilight Hermit Order has already warned me, no—Amyrius. It means that they had long grasped the actual matter. With another member cranking the wheel, the matter will likely go through a series of position changes, putting an end to the matter… A warning was given the previous night, and action was taken today. They must've prepared for quite a while… Yes, that can be seen from the fact that the new governor-general will arrive today… Klein was first alarmed before he felt that the matter was within reason.

He mimicked the attitude Admiral Amyrius would have when faced with a major problem by pacing back and forth before saying with a stern expression, "I'm aware."

Klein didn't express his views or pass any orders, appearing extremely staid.

However, it was because he hadn't decided on a response.

We have a saying from the Foodaholic Empire, "moving is not as good as staying put." I wonder if Roselle had translated this… Klein lampooned as he gave a self-deprecating jest.

Luan raised his head and glanced at Admiral Amyrius without saying a word before silently leaving the office.

Phew… Klein paced about once again as he considered what Admiral Amyrius would do if he were standing here.

This was something important that had happened outside of his expectations; therefore, Klein could only infer from Amyrius's character, experiences, as well as some of the personal descriptions in the information provided to him.

He's a conservative person. Even while he was a Mid- and Low-Sequence Beyonder and was on all kinds of different ships, he very rarely took risks… He believes himself to be a Loen aristocrat who values family, children, and emotions. He's a gentleman who's of good bearing and garners the affection of women. Eh, this point is open to debate. With his standing and status, even a curly-haired baboon would garner the affection of men and women, no—perhaps even more. At the very least, a curly-haired baboon doesn't tell dated jokes… Information ran through Klein's mind as they intertwined to form a multi-faceted image of Admiral Amyrius.

While in his deep thought, he heard knocking at his door once again.

"Come in." Klein instantly tensed up.

Luan entered and pointed outside.

"Your Excellency, Mr. Aston wishes to meet you."

Why is Aston here? He came to Amyrius to seek his protection? Or does he plan on making a desperate struggle? Klein narrowed his eyes slightly, realizing that he couldn't make a decision for Admiral Amyrius.

What would he do? After receiving a warning from the Twilight Hermit Order, he should already realize that the matter has been exposed. The target was long prepared, so with his conservative nature, it can be imagined that his decision would be…

However, he greatly values family. He even provided some of Aston Rieveldt's interesting tidbits. It's not hard to tell that there's the concern and love for his younger brother in this matter… He doesn't like cannabis and tobacco. Drinking is just for socializing

purposes. Apart from being a little caught up with beautiful women, there's nothing seriously wrong with him…

He greatly values family… Family… Klein's thoughts raced as he fully immersed himself in Amyrius's identity, fully experiencing his hidden feelings for his family and the importance he placed on it.

Family… At that instant, he seemed to turn into Amyrius, but he was able to analyze the various problems in a detached manner.

After nearly twenty seconds of silence, Klein heard himself using a somewhat unfamiliar tone, saying, "Tell him that I have many matters to deal with. I don't have the time to meet him.

"Also, buy him a ticket back to Backlund."

Luan seemed to have expected it as he retracted his gaze and replied, as though everything was normal, "Yes, Your Excellency."

As he watched Luan leave the office to find Aston Rieveldt outside, Klein gently sighed like the real Amyrius Rieveldt.

He knew that Amyrius would've made the same choice if he had returned early.

This was family, something he valued greatly!

With their scheme completely exposed, there was no way Amyrius would've exhausted his last chip on a bet and place his family at risk of destruction. As long as he didn't participate in it, and as long as he's still a demigod, the Rieveldt family wouldn't

suffer any overly serious damage even if he isn't able to remain as the highest commander of Central Sonia Sea.

And to get his secretary to buy his tickets for him made it clear that Amyrius still treated Aston as his brother. It was a warning to others not to harm him before they figured out what was happening.

After nearly a minute, Luan returned and said, "Your Excellency, Mr. Aston has left."

Amyrius greatly values family... Klein fell silent for two seconds before asking in a deep voice, his back facing his secretary, "Did he say anything?"

Luan answered truthfully, "He said that you are indeed a cold person by nature."

The corners of Klein's lips curled slightly as he produced an unfeeling smile.

This was an instinctive reaction; however, with him completely in character as Amyrius, he believed that the admiral would've had the same reaction.

The feeling and emotions were the same!

For the rest of the time, Klein sat in his office and didn't meet anyone, nor did he deal with any official business. All he did was occasionally listen to his secretary report to him about the situation on Oravi Island.

Nothing happened until the arrival of the new governor-general.

In the evening, he didn't attend the banquet he was supposed to attend, and he returned to his villa. As he saw Cynthia walk towards him, he hugged her.

Then, he calmly said, "Aston has been relieved of his post as governor-general."

All his sighs and pain seemed to be condensed into that seemingly emotionless sentence.

"I heard about it. It should be fine, right?" Cynthia asked anxiously.

Klein closed his eyes and didn't mention it again. All he did was give soft, terse reply.

That sentence was the most obvious expression of his emotions as a stern, old-fashioned, and conservative high-ranking man.

Chapter 627: Late into the Night

Cynthia could vaguely sense the deep pain and helplessness inside Admiral Amyrius's heart. Without speaking further, she hugged him tightly and used her company to calm his mood.

After a simple dinner, Klein took a hot bath and entered the quietest guest room once again. He got into bed and stared at the ceiling in a daze.

Klein knew that with him having fully immersed himself in the "character" of Admiral Amyrius, Amyrius's helplessness towards fate and the pain he needed to hide had resonated with his past experiences.

If I hadn't figured out the concept of getting into character and being detached, then I might've lost myself... Heh heh, this is like some actors in my past life. They get too into character and are unable to detach themselves from it, causing them to suffer from mental problems... And to a Beyonder, mental problems might end up magnified... As Klein wallowed in his gloom, he got to learn what kind of person he was.

I never expected that a navy admiral who enjoys a high standing, a demigod saint, would still be faced with such helpless and painful experiences... Strength can bring abundance, but it's not a solution to everything... Everyone wears masks, and this is the truest side of a demigod... Klein watched as the crimson moonlight turned brighter, dyeing all the furniture in the room red.

At that moment, through the resonating feelings with Admiral Amyrius's experience and the contrasting differences, as well as the experience from his previous acting, Klein established a

more multifaceted and realistic image of Amyrius. He also gained a clearer picture of his blurry self.

A person who's very sentimental;

A person from Earth, but to a certain extent, a person who has been reconstructed into a new person because of the fusion with Klein Moretti's memory fragments;

A person who didn't spend too much time with the Nighthawks but has had that period of time deeply influence his actions and choices;

A person who tries to play safe and is afraid of danger but is able to change his mind at the critical moment;

A person who truly wants to skive, eat delicious food, travel, and enjoy life, but he has no choice but to be busy with more important matters;

A person who likes beautiful women, but he doesn't give himself up to pleasure to keep to his principles;

A person who loves money but is willing to spend large sums of money for his siblings;

A person who hides his pain inside while showing a smile to others;

A person who's used to lampooning inwardly but appears gentlemanly on the surface;

A person who can overcome his psychological traumas but never crosses his bottom line;

A person who feels embarrassed for his acting;

...

He's also a guardian, a miserable wretch that is constantly fighting against threats and madness! the corners of Klein's mouth curled up as he silently added.

These thoughts flashed through his mind as he seemed to come into contact with his true "self."

Without realizing it, Klein fell asleep, his body and mind at peace.

...

Inside the master bedroom, Cynthia had also fallen asleep.

She was dressed in a nightgown with her legs bare. She had a few layers of her blanket in between her legs as she gently grinded against them.

Her hand subconsciously scratched her skin, forming red streaks across them as tiny bumps were produced.

In her dream, she saw the illusory and surreal cosmos, as well as that bright star that emitted its light at her.

Her vision was pulled closer to it as she could slowly discern the star.

...

Phew... Klein suddenly awoke from his dream as he still had an indescribable scene still seemingly burned into his eyes.

Why did I have such a dream? He frowned as he turned his head in disbelief.

Just now, not only had he dreamed of Cynthia, who was dressed in a silk nightgown, but he also had a sexual relationship with her. He even dreamed of the naked body of Demoness of Pleasure Sharon, the exquisite doll-like Miss Sharron, Miss Justice whose looks were relatively blurry, Trissy Cheek, Tracy, and all the beautiful women he had met before. Then, he gave himself up to pleasure as he engaged in a myriad of positions.

To most Beyonders and ordinary people, this might've been a normal response from suppressing his body when recently faced with temptation, but as a Seer, a dream had a very special meaning!

Klein quickly observed his body and realized he was still erect, semen flooding out from his penis and causing stains everywhere.

This isn't a Seer's dream revelation, but the result of an external influence... There's an enemy! Klein was alarmed as he quickly made up his mind.

At the same time, he cautiously got out of bed and quickly

changed into his admiral uniform.

This way, he had the Ninth Law charm and Creeping Hunger on him, equipping him with potent self-preservation powers.

As he wasn't clear of the present situation, Klein didn't attempt to head above the gray fog. He continued viewing himself as Amyrius.

With a staid expression, Klein carefully walked to the door and reached out his hand to grab the handle.

At that instant, he seemed to finally find the connection with the real world as he heard the chaos and din outside the door.

There were clear chewing sounds, debaucherous moaning, angry roaring, and sharp urging.

What exactly happened? Everything was normal just moments ago! Klein gulped a mouthful of saliva as he used Cogitation to maintain the necessary calm.

He had been using Spirit Vision to observe the situation outside the villa every day and had not discovered any problems.

Where are the admiral's bodyguards? Where's Secretary Luan? Klein found the entire ordeal strange and terrifying the more he considered the situation before him.

He touched the Ninth Law charm with one hand and made the deep domineering aura emanate, repressing the unease that was wafting through the air.

Exerting strength in his left hand, Klein twisted the handle and opened the door.

Before he took a step forward, he saw a red-vested attendant sitting opposite him.

The attendant had many cooked and raw food placed in front of him. There was steak, mutton, Dragon-Bone Fish, and Oravi lobster.

At this moment, the attendant picked up a huge fish that seemed to have just stopped struggling, raised his head, and smiled at Klein with a turbid look.

“Admiral, I have always envied your food…”

His stomach was different from before. It was bloated as though he was seven or eight months pregnant.

Just as he said that, the attendant raised his arms and bit into the raw Dragon-Bone Fish, forcefully ripping out a piece of thick flesh.

Fresh red blood dribbled from the corners of his mouth as his chewing sounds sent a chill down Klein’s back.

The attendant hurriedly gulped as he swallowed the food in his mouth. His bloated stomach trembled as though he would blow up at any moment.

This is the instinctive reaction to restrict one’s appetite… Klein observed the attendant carefully, and for some reason, he

recalled the tramp stand-in who had died of a sudden illness due to gorging.

He didn't spend too much time thinking or making attempts to rescue the attendant who was ravenously consuming the food. This was because he knew that nothing would be effective unless he resolved the matter at its roots.

Klein moved his feet and followed his spiritual intuition's guidance, carefully walking towards the master bedroom.

At the door, there were two maidservants. One of them was sitting on the other as she bent her back, strangling the other by the neck.

Wearing a beaming smile, she shook the maidservant beneath her as she hurriedly urged her, "Quick, quickly praise me!

"Quick, quickly praise me!"

She desires acknowledgment... Klein frowned and took a few steps closer, grabbing onto the collar of the maidservant at the very top.

He threw the maidservant to the other side of the wall, slamming her to the wall with a force strong enough to make anyone faint.

However, this didn't prevent the maidservant from getting to her feet.

The maidservant at the bottom kept yawning without opening

her eyes. Even though her neck was being wrangled, she appeared as though she hadn't had enough sleep.

Such a scene... Klein instantly had the urge to escape and seek help from the Church or military.

However, the strongest person on Oravi Island was none other than Admiral Amyrius!

And I'm Amyrius at the moment... However, once the situation turns for the worse, I should flee when the time calls for it. I shouldn't act at the cost of my life... Klein pushed open the ajar master bedroom door, his scalp tingling with numbness.

The first thing he heard behind the door was pleasurable moaning that gave itself up to one's primal instincts. Following that, a smell that made his heart race and sent blood gushing to his nether regions inundated his olfactory senses.

In addition, there was an eclectic mix of all sorts of bodily fluids. A scene of indulging pleasure couldn't help but surface in Klein's mind

Right on the heels of that, Klein saw the blond secretary, Luan.

He stood by the door, looking inside with an overlooking and cold manner. His arrogance was extremely real.

Upon sensing someone enter, he turned his head and discovered it was Admiral Amyrius.

His expression and gaze didn't change, as though he was looking

at an ordinary, unimportant person.

This secretary is usually very reverent, but he's actually such a prideful person? Klein originally wanted to question Luan who seemed to possess some reason, but he saw him shift his gaze to look into the middle of the master bedroom from a height.

He only looks normal… Klein traced Luan's gaze and discovered a fair body that was three meters tall in the middle of the master bedroom.

It had brownish-green lumps growing on its surface that resembled tree warts. Some parts were cracked open, revealing organs that resembled flowers.

It had the bodyguards and the male attendants gathered around it as they either stood or knelt, prostrating or floating as they mated with those organs, letting out deep grunting sounds.

The other bodyguards and maidservants of varying numbers were scattered across the carpet, enjoying each other's bodies to their heart's content.

In addition, "tree warts" and "flowers" grew from the tall fair body, as well as brown "branches" that extended out as they participated in every promiscuous act of pleasure with the people present.

What kind of monster is this… Klein had his knowledge of mysticism overturned once again. He lowered his left palm and prepared for battle.

At this moment, the terrifying body which towered three meters

tall turned a head over.

It was a female. She had blonde hair and blue eyes. She had a high nose bridge and plump lips. She was none other than the beautiful Cynthia with hints of her youthfulness!

As the “tree branches” danced while the “flowers” opened, Cynthia looked down at Klein with flushed cheeks as she said with hints of embarrassment, “Admiral, I want… I want to have a child with you…”

Chapter 628: Prohibition

Upon seeing Cynthia's huge fair body with tree warts and flowers growing on it as though she was a tree, as well as hearing her shy, reluctant request, Klein couldn't help but shudder as his hair stood on end.

Such a scene exceeded a horror conceivable by human imagination. He had never encountered something like this even in his dreams.

If he were himself back when facing Megose in Tingen, Klein definitely would've been affected by such a scene. He would've temporarily lost his ability to react due to the horror and panic, but after experiencing so much, he was an experienced Beyonder in the true sense of the word. In the moment that Cynthia's words entered his ears, the glove on his left hand had already changed colors.

It had turned black, emitting a noble and sinister feeling. This meant that Klein had activated Creeping Hunger and had switched to Wormtongue Mithor's soul, giving him the powers of a Baron of Corruption!

At that instant, he distorted Cynthia's words, turning "Admiral, I want to have a child with you" to "Admiral, I only wish to have a child with you."

This way, Klein believed that the bodyguards and male attendants around the tree-like monster would be pushed away, far away by Cynthia, after having her will distorted, giving them a chance for a breather.

As for whether he would expose himself as a fake Admiral Amyrius, he didn't care. At this moment, anyone who was still bothered about whether the true acting would be successful would definitely be someone with a serious case of obsessive-compulsive disorder, and he clearly wasn't.

In addition, in an environment with all sorts of desires being magnified to the limit, Klein suspected that the others who had been influenced weren't paying attention to the battle or the actual situation.

The Baron of Corruption's Distortion power was activated silently, but Klein was appalled to discover that nothing changed with Cynthia or the men's actions. They weren't affected at all!

I've already used Distortion... The mutated Cynthia is able to directly resist such an influence... Klein's pupils constricted as he hurriedly jumped to the side.

A brown tree branch sprouted out from where he was standing as a sticky flower bloomed at its tip.

The flower was abnormally large. As it bloomed, it seemed like it was about to swallow a person whole.

Although Klein had never seen cannibalistic flowers in the Southern Continent's rainforests, he didn't believe that they were any less terrifying or ridiculous as the one before him!

Pa! Pa! Pa!

Similar branches drilled out from the walls, floor, and ceiling as they chased after Klein with their moist flowers.

During this process, the flowers bit down on Secretary Luan's head, as well as the bodyguards, male attendants, and maidservants who were gyrating in pleasure on the surrounding carpet.

At this moment, having learned the lesson that his Distortion powers would be resisted, Klein didn't hesitate to pull out his right hand, a dark gold high-level charm clasped tightly in his palm.

Ninth Law!

He originally didn't plan on using the charm so quickly. It wasn't because he couldn't bear to use it, but he wished to engage in a longer battle to determine what Cynthia was good at after mutating into a monster. Only then could he target her weaknesses. After all, the Ninth Law was unable to make a general prohibition, and the clause had to be sufficiently specific. For example, it couldn't make Beyonder powers ineffective in the area, but it could specify the nullification of a specific Beyonder power. To use it to its fullest, he needed to observe carefully and make sound judgment!

However, the present situation was forcing Klein to use his trump card. Otherwise, he suspected that he had no means of damaging this tree-like monster!

If the Ninth Law charm isn't able to create an environment that allows me to kill the monster, I'll have to immediately escape from the villa with its help. I will lead Cynthia outside and find a chance to pray. I'll use the Sea God Scepter above the gray fog to bombard it with attacks! Just as the thought flashed in his mind, Klein, who had been constantly jumping amidst the attacking tree branches and flowers, solemnly chanted a word in ancient Hermes, "Law!"

As the activation incantation resounded, the dark gold charm in Klein's palm instantly turned ice-cold. It was a coldness that seemed to make one lose any emotions.

At that instant, Klein reached an extremely calm state. In the moment he threw out the Ninth Law charm, his thoughts rapidly surfaced as he considered what to prohibit.

His first reaction was to prohibit the generation of any desire, but he knew that it was too general. Therefore, he thought of changing to the desire to procreate; after all, Cynthia's desire was to have a child with Admiral Amyrius. The influence she had on her surroundings was a result of this!

Just as the Ninth Law charm was flying in midair, turning into bits of dark gold beams of light that scattered into the surroundings, Klein suddenly thought of a problem.

Cynthia was only an ordinary person prior to this!

This is a certain fact!

Over the past three nights, Klein had used Spirit Vision, divination, and other methods to repeatedly confirm that Cynthia wasn't a Beyonder.

Similarly, she would've long been discovered by Admiral Amyrius, who could distinguish between ordinary people and Beyonders.

Therefore, her sudden transformation into a mutated monster was a problem he needed to pay close attention to!

Could it be like Megose? She became a vessel of an evil god's descent through some form of ritual? No, if there's a ritual, it's impossible for me not to discover it. My spiritual intuition would've warned me not to activate my Spirit Vision and not look straight at Cynthia... It's some item or trait on her body that has an external force projected on her. Therefore, there weren't any problems the previous two nights until she suddenly mutated today... Regardless, the terror from her comes from somewhere else and not her body... Klein quickly made a judgment in two seconds. Without any hesitation, he seized the opportunity and said in a solemn tone, "This place is prohibited from having any interaction with the outside world!"

The ancient Hermes words, which were filled with mystery, instantly spread out as the dark golden light scattered everywhere and intertwined with the countless law-like symbols and magic labels before merging into the void.

Hum!

There was suddenly a light hum in Klein's ears as he seemed to see the formless light filled with desire get expelled out of the room.

Immediately following that, the illusory and resplendent cosmos appeared before his eyes. They were points of bright stars.

Pa! Pa! Klein's eyes burst as fluid—a mixture of blood and plasma—gushed out horrendously.

Although he had used the Ninth Law charm to isolate any external influence, the level of the power was extremely high. Just a normal level of recoil was enough to penetrate the natural protection of the high-level charm and burst his eyes!

This damage came abruptly and without any warning signs. Klein didn't even have the chance to use Paper Figurine Substitutes, just like Marionettist Rosago from back then.

If not for the Ninth Law charm, his eyes might not have been the only things that burst. He might've turned into a monster just like Cynthia!

Meanwhile, the tree-like Cynthia came to a stop as her body began crumbling, turning into flesh and blood with brownish-green warts. The surrounding bodyguards and male attendants plopped to the ground, unconscious.

Cynthia's head was embedded in the blob of flesh as she muttered to herself, "Admiral, I want to have a child with you...

"Admiral, I want to have a child with you..."

...

She tried hard to extend the remaining tree branches on the ceiling and walls, binding Klein, who was still in a dazed state as a result of the recoil, and she pulled him towards herself.

The moment Klein recovered a little, he immediately began struggling desperately. Despite his attempts to snap his fingers to light a fire or switch the powers of Creeping Hunger, he failed because his hands and arms were bound tightly.

With the help of his Clown powers, he "saw" the brownish-green warts approach. Stirred, Klein changed his appearance, turning his appearance from Admiral Amyrius to Gehrman Sparrow—a Gehrman Sparrow with bleeding eyes!

The binding tree branches paused as they mysteriously released their hold. They began flailing everywhere as though in an attempt to grab at something.

Cynthia's head was filled with disappointment and confusion as she muttered, "Admiral, where did you go...

"Admiral, where did you go..."

Without the external force to continue the resistance, she finally only had the thoughts of having a child with Amyrius thanks to the Baron of Corruption's Distortion. This made her release Gehrman Sparrow.

Klein flipped to his feet and covered his eyes with his right hand and pulled downwards abruptly, moving the horrendous wound towards his left shoulder.

As his left shoulder became mangled, Creeping Hunger was tainted with a pure and resplendent glow.

Klein looked at Cynthia's head in the pile of flesh and blood with pity as he spread out his arms.

A holy flame which swirled around a pillar of pure light descended from the sky, enveloping the monster that had been reduced to flesh and blood.

Chapter 629: Naturism Sect

Amidst the holy beam of light, having already lost its support from the external power, the tree warts and flesh rapidly disintegrated. It was like snow meeting a red-hot metal ball.

Amidst an indescribable sizzling sound, Cynthia's face winced as abnormal agony showed itself on her face.

She turned around with great difficulty, looking up and down, her expression turning horrified and confused. Finally, she realized that there was a problem with her.

"Admiral..." Her voice trembled as she looked ahead with fear and despair, but all she could find was an unfamiliar face.

Klein could've fed Creeping Hunger with Cynthia's remnant flesh and Spirit Body, but at that moment, he sighed and said with a calm voice, "Try not to make contact with strange artifacts or religions in the future."

From his point of view, the reason why Cynthia had turned into this monstrosity either had to do with a cult or some particularly dangerous artifact. She had connected with some existence which couldn't be looked at directly, resulting in such a response.

Cynthia seemed to understand something as her remnant head and tiny bit of flesh suddenly wept.

"It's the Mother Tree of Desire, the Naturism Sect...

“Admiral, Admiral, I don’t want to die! I don’t want to die!

“Save me! Save me!”

Mother Tree of Desire… Naturism Sect… This isn’t within the confines of my knowledge of mysticism… Klein maintained his expression as he looked pitifully at the pleading Cynthia. He spread his arms again and said in a deep voice, “Death is not the end. You will be redeemed when you are at god’s side.”

Another pure beam of light landed as Cynthia’s beautiful, weeping face completely fixed in place.

Her eyes widened in despair, but there was the remnant hope of being sent to heaven after death.

Under the sun’s radiance, her brain and remnant flesh melted away at a discernible pace. By vanishing, it had obtained its final rite of cleansing.

Klein looked silently at this scene without any expression or movement.

After everything calmed down, he curled the corner of his lips and chuckled, finding it hard to hide his sorrow.

“This is really a crazy and chaotic world…”

He didn’t dare to channel Cynthia’s spirit after what had happened. The many oddities had made him abandon the thought of bringing Cynthia’s Spirit Body above the gray fog to “inquire.” Faced with the irremovable evil and the ever-

worsening corruption, he could only choose to have Cynthia be cleansed. After all, in this world with true gods, there might exist a heaven after death.

As for Creeping Hunger's backlash, Klein was temporarily not concerned. After spending a long time with it, this mystical item which had been sealed to a certain extent had adjusted to him. It didn't need to be fed after every use. It had been restored to its original state. Once it was activated, it just needed to eat once in a twenty-four-hour period, regardless of how many times it was used. Of course, there was no need for it to be fed on the day it wasn't used.

Therefore, Klein had plenty of time to seek out food for Creeping Hunger without harming the innocent.

If the worst comes to the worst, I can throw it above the gray fog... Klein surveyed his surroundings, and he realized that the bodyguards and the male and female attendants in the room had shaken off the influence of their magnified desires, and they had fallen unconscious. This included the maidservant who was strangling her companion in a bid to obtain her approval and praise, as well as blond secretary, Luan.

Indeed, once the problem is resolved at its root, everything will come to an end...

According to Admiral Amyrius's description, Luan is at least a Sequence 6 Beyonder, and he's suspected to be a Baron of Corruption. He might've secretly reached Sequence 5... Even he was so easily controlled by his magnified desires, which means that the power that descended with the help of Cynthia is extremely potent. But why did I only have a wet dream...

Ignoring my mystical items, Luan and I should be at the same level...

Is it because a portion of the gray fog's power, when mixed with reality, provided me with help? Is it because of the restriction from Admiral Amyrius's temporary contract? Or could it be a mix of both?

Yes, if it wasn't because of these factors, as Cynthia's primary target, my desire towards sex would definitely be magnified. This wouldn't just be me having a romantic dream... Klein habitually reached out with his right hand to cover his face as he changed once again back into Amyrius Rieveldt's appearance.

As the lives of the others weren't temporarily under threat, he carefully observed the room when his spiritual perception was suddenly triggered.

Taking a few steps forward, Klein came to where Cynthia had vanished. He bent down and picked up a necklace from a pile of torn clothes on the bed.

A pendant that was the length of a finger segment hung from the necklace. It was completely black in color and looked like a miniaturized rhinoceros horn. Its surface was full and covered in cracks. Apart from exuding evil, there were no lustrous spirituality activities.

This is the dangerous item that caused Cynthia to mutate? As it had connected to the existence which couldn't be looked at directly, it had completed its mission, allowing all its powers to be injected into Cynthia's body? Klein made a preliminary conjecture based on the pendant's situation and from his past experience.

He checked the area and found nothing. Hence, he pulled out a paper figurine and dealt with the traces left behind. He dispelled the prohibition from the charm before walking towards Secretary Luan, who still had some signs of corruption due to

temporarily being devoured by the flowers. He raised his knee and kicked him a few times with the tip of his shoe.

With Amyrius's character, it's unlikely that he would crouch down to shake his secretary awake... Heh, this fellow's arrogant way of looking down on others sure is irritating. I really want to beat him up... Klein paused as he watched sternly as Luan gradually woke up.

"Your Excellency..." Luan was in a momentary daze, as though he couldn't tell dream from reality.

As a high-ranking superior, I'm under no obligation to explain... Klein looked down at him and said in a deep voice, "Wake up all the lightly injured people. Get a number of them to treat the remaining people while the others are to investigate the Naturism Sect on Oravi Island. They worship an evil god named Mother Tree of Desire. Um... Start the investigation with the people around Cynthia.

"I'll be waiting in the study for the report."

With that said, he held the cracked rhinoceros horn pendant and turned to leave the master bedroom before entering the unaffected silent study.

As an important member of the military, although he was somewhat helpless when faced with the kingdom's upper echelons, he needed to choose to ignore certain matters. An example was the telegram which relieved Aston from his post as governor-general and the arrival of the new governor-general. This meant that the new governor-general had departed ahead of time; yet as the highest-ranking commander of the Central Sonia Sea's navy, Amyrius Rieveldt had not received the news at all. However, on Oravi Island, to Secretary Luan and the local police system and naval base personnel, he still held absolute

authority. He didn't need to do the investigations himself, as he had plenty of people at his disposal.

A demigod only needed to be wary of any accidents and await news. There was no need to busy themselves!

Inside the study, as Klein heard the chaotic sound of footsteps and horrified screams, questioning, and exchanges, he couldn't help but have the cosmos and the bright, lustrous star in his mind.

What does it represent? Klein frowned and sat in the armchair behind the desk. His figure sank into the darkness brought about by the curtains.

He soon made certain connections. Due to the legends from the City of Silver and Emlyn White's description of the Sanguine's situation, he confirmed that the Moon pathway controlled a portion of the authority over reproduction and proliferation. This coincided with Cynthia's intentions and actions.

Cosmos... Mr. Door informed Emperor Roselle that the Goddess's corresponding tarot card is The Star and not The Moon. Could it be that this illusory cosmos represents "Her"? Yes, The Primordial Moon is suspected to be a particular deity, angel, or high-level devil's alternate identity. The Goddess has the honorific name of "crimson moon." Could "She" be the one passing herself off as the Primordial Moon and occupying the corresponding spot so as to control the required authority? Although Klein knew that such thoughts were sacrilegious, he couldn't help but suspect the Evernight Goddess.

But he soon rejected that conjecture. This was because, be it Vampire Ancestor Lilith or the Primordial Moon, what they projected was only "reproduction and proliferation." It didn't include the recognition of gluttony, pride, and desire. This was at

odds with a number of victims earlier. The other honorific titles of the Evernight Goddess didn't include the corresponding domains.

This does coincide with the traits of the Devil pathway. A Desire Apostle is an expert in such matters... Could the one subjugating the Primordial Moon be a high-level Devil, or even the King of Devils who's known as the Dark Side of the Universe, Sequence 0 Abyss? This is very possible, but the problem with this is that it shouldn't produce the illusory cosmos and bright stars. Be it Moon or Abyss, they have nothing to do with the corresponding symbols... Klein found his conjecture problematic the more he thought over the matter.

Amidst his thoughts, he suddenly thought of a concept.

It was something important back when he was first educated in mysticism but had never received a detailed description or explanation!

That was the astral world!

Apart from the Life School of Thought and a few other organizations' belief in uncommon concepts such as the world of absolute rationality, most schools of thought in mysticism believed that the world was comprised of the real world, the spirit world, and the astral world.

There was no need to explain the real world. Knowledge of the spirit world was the foundation of many ritualistic magic and Beyonder powers. It was only the astral world where Klein's knowledge about it was basically zero.

Therefore, the illusory cosmos represents the astral world. The bright star is a particular existence in the astral world? I've

always suspected that the astral world is where the true gods reside. Then, this imagery which represents the Primordial Moon isn't something unacceptable… Klein didn't think further as he recalled the details of the past few days while awaiting the results of his subordinates' investigations.

Time ticked by when Klein finally heard a familiar gait approach.

Secretary Luan knocked before entering. He bowed his head and coldly reported, "Your Excellency. We've already found the Naturism Sect and captured their leader.

"It was a clue provided by Miss Cynthia's parents.

"This sect has been rather active in Oravi over the past few years. They do not wear clothes, in a bid to return to nature. Giving themselves up to their instincts is their purpose, and they believed that humans can attain liberation of their spirituality in such states.

"Reproduction of the next generation is a subsidiary product of this belief."

After pausing for a moment, Luan added, "Their leader is a Beyonder, a Sequence 8 Lunatic."

Lunatic? A Lunatic from the Prisoner pathway? It has something to do with the Rose School of Thought? Yes, the Rose School of Thought internally has two factions, "temperance" and "indulgence." The latter's beliefs are rather identical to the present situation… Klein was alarmed as he said in a stoic tone, "Bring him here."

Chapter 630: Timeline

The leader of the Naturism Sect was named Flight Ken, a man in his thirties. His thin face had brown whiskers, and there were evil-looking tattoos on his neck.

He was brought in front of Klein by Luan. He looked ragged, as though he had suffered the most severe mental torture.

"Your Excellency, while he was being captured, he kept exchanging his intelligence for strength, and he's on the brink of a mental collapse..." Luan reported the facts, ignoring the possibility that Admiral Amyrius could tell the exact details.

That's perfect... Klein had been previously worried that, as a Lunatic, Flight Ken would refuse to answer his questions while under the mental pressure. That way, he had to take the risk of being suspected of dismissing his subordinates and attempting a spirit channeling.

As he looked coldly at Flight Ken, Klein's left hand wore a golden luster under the cover of the desk.

He had switched Creeping Hunger to the Interrogator's soul!

And Interrogator happened to be Sequence 7 of Admiral Amyrius's Arbiter pathway!

Deep in Klein's eyes, two indistinct flashes of lightning appeared as they overlapped with Flight Ken's figure.

Psychic Piercing was poised for attack!

However, Klein didn't directly use the Beyonder power, as it was only at the level of a Sequence 7. Once he used it in front of Luan, he would immediately expose himself to the blond secretary.

With the pressure provided by Psychic Piercing on Flight Ken's Spirit Body, Klein sat there like the real Admiral Amyrius as he said in a deep voice, "Do you know Cynthia?"

As he spoke, he raised his right hand high and dangled the black miniature rhinoceros horn from his palm.

"What is its use?"

The dispirited Flight Ken trembled as he felt as if a dagger was being held to his psyche, capable of penetrating him at any moment.

He couldn't help but lower his head as he stammered, "Yes, I know her.

"Cynthia—Miss Cynthia wished to have a child with Your Excellency, a child with Beyonder powers. She was introduced to me by her parents.

"It's a Proliferation Necklace created with the bestowment of the goddess's aura. By consuming its powder and wearing it for prolonged periods of time, it… it will be able to make Your Excellency unable to resist her…"

Klein listened in silence as he was half-convinced by Flight Ken's

explanation. However, he still had his doubts.

He believed that it was partially Cynthia's goal. This beautiful lady did wish to have a child with Admiral Amyrius, either by her own will or from the urging of others. This could be seen from her persistence even after she mutated.

Although the Loen Kingdom's aristocrats didn't like or even discriminated against their illegitimate children, it was situational. A child who had successfully inherited their father's Beyonder characteristics would similarly be given importance. Those ancient families who knew many secrets viewed this with importance, and the Rieveldt family was one of those families.

Furthermore, Admiral Amyrius is a stern and old-fashioned man on the surface, but he's someone who treasures his relationships. Even an illegitimate child would receive his love and have importance attached... This might be the real reason why Cynthia was eager to have his child... Klein sighed inwardly.

The doubt towards Flight Ken's answer was concentrated on the true effects of the Proliferation Necklace, as well as the possibility of the Naturism Sect deliberate misleading of Cynthia.

As he strengthened the pressure brought about by Psychic Piercing, Klein silently stared into Flight Ken's eyes until he could no longer take it and bowed his head again.

"What other uses does this necklace have?" Klein shook the cracked pendant.

His tone was calm, as though he knew every secret. His questions were only to obtain the final confirmation.

An indescribable pressure inundated Flight Ken, who was already on the brink of a mental collapse. He plopped to the ground and shouted nearly hysterically, “I-it can corrupt you!

“As long as Cynthia consumed the powder ground from it and sincerely chanted Mother Tree of Desire’s honorific name, a-any man who has sex with her and successfully has a child would be corrupted!

“Th-that will make you become a believer of the Mother Tree of Desire! To become ‘Her’ Blessed!”

So that’s how it is… Klein instantly understood the entire story, and he was no longer puzzled by the mutation that happened that very night.

The Naturism Sect’s goal is to use Cynthia and the Proliferation Necklace, which looks like an ordinary object, to corrupt Admiral Amyrius, making this important military figure of the Loen Kingdom become the Mother Tree of Desire’s devout believer. He can then help their sect develop and provide them protection.

The key to the success of this method is that it’s sufficiently concealed and normal. It is in no way directly connected to terms like “potency,” “strike,” and “terrifying.”

Therefore, after three rejections from me, Cynthia was unable to expel the corruptive forces in the Proliferation Necklace’s powder from her body. She gradually reached her limit and finally connected with the Mother Tree of Desire and ended up with what seemed like a sudden mutation…

Therefore, the monster after the mutation wasn’t able to pose any threat to the real Admiral Amyrius. Even my usage of the Ninth Law charm easily resolved the matter. This is because this wasn’t

the outcome the Naturism Sect wished to have. They wished to have Admiral Amyrius be secretly corrupted, and not have a conflict with a demigod... Klein silently looked at the Secretary Luan.

Luan had also gained a rough understanding of the entire situation. He immediately lowered his head and said in a deep voice, “Your Excellency, it was our oversight.

“We only monitored Miss Cynthia and the servants here without expanding the monitoring to their friends and family.

“I’m willing to accept any punishment for this, even if you send me to be court-martialed.

How would the real admiral reply? Klein once again immersed himself in the character of Amyrius, experiencing his recent pain, helplessness, grief, and anger.

He maintained his seating posture and sternly said, “We shall leave this for later.”

The hidden meaning behind this sentence meant: “I’ll decide based on your upcoming performance.”

Luan was taken aback for a second, seemingly finding the admiral’s mild punishment unbelievable.

Klein half-closed his eyes and said in a deep voice, “My father, the deceased Earl Rieveldt, once taught me this.

“He said to pardon the first mistake of a subordinate.

“Luan, you, as well as the other bodyguards, should be thankful for his benevolence.”

Luan’s gaze shimmered as he drew a silent breath. He was no longer as calm, as he rather earnestly said, “Your benevolence is admirable.

“I pledge my utmost loyalty to you, apart from my principles, god, and kingdom.”

The pride in you is extremely exaggerated… Klein didn’t believe him as he said seemingly calm, “There’s a second half of the saying, that is ‘punish them for their second mistake.’”

Luan nodded, unsurprised at that.

Klein cast his gaze back to Flight Ken who was slumped on the ground. He pressed without a change in expression, “Who instigated you to do this?”

From his point of view, Flight Ken’s answer was likely that they had planned it. After coming into contact with Cynthia and learning of her requests and knowing who her lover was, the Naturism Sect boldly had the idea of corrupting the naval admiral, Amyrius.

Flight looked left and right somewhat neurotically as he apprehensively said, “I-it was the Mother Tree of Desire. ‘She’ instigated me to do it in my dream. I-in the beginning, I only wanted to lend Cynthia the Proliferation Necklace and for her to wear it. I never planned on her consumption of the powder.”

Instigated by the Mother Tree of Desire? This is almost equivalent

to a revelation… Klein nearly frowned.

Although Admiral Amyrius is an important figure of the Loen military and the highest-ranking commander of the Central Sonia Sea, making his standing and power rather tremendous, it shouldn't be important enough to have an evil goddess set "Her" sights on him… However, I'm not an evil god. I have no way of comprehending their thought process. Perhaps the corruption of Amyrius is for subsequent plans… Yes, I can't eliminate the possibility that Flight Ken is lying. I'll have to confirm it later… Klein thought before sternly asking, "When did you have this dream?"

Flight forced a smile filled with fear and said, "I-it was nighttime on 4th February, last Friday. I-I remember it very clearly. I had just released the spirituality of a lady."

4th February… Klein ruminated over the date, momentarily unable to find anything special about it.

After two seconds of silence, he turned to ask, "What relationship do you have with the Rose School of Thought?

"What relationship does the Mother Tree of Desire have with the Chained God?"

He wasn't worried that Admiral Amyrius might've already known of this, with Secretary Luan having a certain understanding of the matter. This could be easily understood as a confirmation question.

Flight Ken revealed a passionate look he could hardly keep in.

"W-we're a branch of the Rose School of Thought. My mentor is the Rose School of Thought's saint, Zatwen.

"The Chained God is another manifestation of the Mother Tree of Desire.

"The Mother Tree of Desire is the true and only deity that surpasses the seven gods and the True Creator!

"Your Excellency, you are a candidate to be 'Her' Blessed!"

Who can't brag... Can it be understood that the Mother Tree of Desire is an alt of the Chained God? According to the evil spirit in the underground ruins suspected to be Red Angel Medici, the Prisoner path of the divine and the Devil pathway can be swapped. Therefore, it's no surprise that the Rose School of Thought's Chained God can magnify the various desires of creatures. They have the temperance and indulgence factions internally... This matches the situation... Klein thought as he turned his head to Luan and said, "Go out for a while."

He planned on questioning Flight Ken on whether he had done anything evil, and if he was suitable to be Creeping Hunger's meal.

"Yes, Your Excellency." Luan didn't ask why as he briskly walked out the study and closed the door behind him.

After the echoing sound of the door closing subsided, the entire study suddenly turned quiet. It was as though it was isolated from the outside world.

The Beyonder powers of a Baron of Corruption? The Distortion of

"door closing" to seal the study? Very considerate… Klein pondered for a few seconds as he recalled the series of thoughts he had previously. Hence, he suddenly asked, "6th February. What did you do on Sunday evening?"

Flight Ken was taken aback as he said, "W-we followed the revelation given by Mother Tree of Desire, and using the Proliferation Necklace and a hair obtained from a particular tramp, we held a ritual to magnify the tramp's gluttony."

The tramp stand-in meant for Admiral Amyrius was indeed killed by you! It was to prevent the admiral from leaving and, hence, fall into a trap so that he can have sex with Cynthia and end up being corrupted? Klein instantly connected all the matters together.

And my appearance provided another possibility that coincidentally destroyed this plan… Coincidence… That's not right! When the words "coincidence" flashed in his mind, Klein suddenly recalled the peculiarity of 4th February—the day the Mother Tree of Desire gave Flight Ken a dream revelation.

It was the first day he arrived on Oravi Island!

Chapter 631: Three Days of Absence

Don't tell me that this matter was targeted at me? Klein was alarmed as he immediately became abnormally awake.

As a person who had several similar experiences, he had quite a persecution complex.

It really is possible... The Mother Tree of Desire used a dream to send Flight Ken a revelation just as I arrived at Oravi Island and began an entire series of plans. The first day I met Bilt Brando was the day the Naturism Sect held the ritual to make the tramp stand-in die from gluttony...

If they were targeting Admiral Amyrius, the plan needed to ensure that there was no lack of a stand-in, and that he couldn't find an additional helper or other means to conceal his departure. But clearly, this is something that cannot be confirmed. My involvement is proof...

If the target was me, then the previous problem is explained. Klein used his Clown powers to control his facial expression as he gloomily looked at Flight Ken.

With such a theory, more questions emerged in his mind.

But how were they certain that Bilt Brando would seek me out?

The news of Gehrman Sparrow being able to change into anyone was spread from Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy. It's an element beyond the Mother Tree of Desire's control...

Of course, taking a different point of view, it's precisely due to the spreading of this news and my arrival in Oravi Island that made the Mother Tree of Desire send the revelation and put the plan into motion.

But why would "She" want to corrupt me? My grudge with the Rose School of Thought hasn't reached the point of garnering the attention of an evil god. All I did was kill a Sequence 5 Wraith, a Sequence 6 Zombie, and a Sequence 7 Werewolf, with Miss Sharron and Maric, snatching away the Scarlet Lunar Corona and Biological Poison Bottle... My hunt against Admiral of Blood was terminated before it even started. It was an idea that didn't translate into action. The only thing that happened was the killing of Steel Maveti...

The act of revenge that resulted from this matter shouldn't even exceed the attention of a saint!

Was it something special about me that resonated with some item formed by the aura of the Mother Tree of Desire on this island the moment I stepped onto it?

But I've never faced any abnormal reactions from the Holy Artifacts left behind by other deities in Backlund or Tingen City.

Furthermore, I did divine the matter above the gray fog and received the revelation that the death of the tramp was solely a coincidence. It wasn't arranged by a legendary creature or Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, but the outcome ended up different...

Th-this is the first time that divination above the gray fog has been disrupted in the true sense of the word? I didn't even notice that it had been disrupted?

Klein's thoughts came to a pause as he discovered the most

serious problem.

Back when the matter involved 0-08, all he received was an ineffective revelation and not a disrupted outcome!

Therefore, it's a power that exceeds a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact? The Mother Tree of Desire personally disrupted the matter, and "She" is a true deity "Herself"? But it's very difficult for the seven gods to influence the real world. There has to be a corresponding ritual... Yes, I had also divined the risks of acting as Amyrius above the gray fog and received a revelation saying that it was an acceptable risk. The outcome does match the development of the situation, so it wasn't disrupted? The more Klein thought about the matter, the more perplexed he became.

What was most incomprehensible about it was that if the target of corruption was himself, why didn't he suffer any demanding trials, and he instead, solved the problem in a relatively simple manner?

This made the Mother Tree of Desire's arrangement appear like a joke! While pondering with this weight in mind, Klein nearly crushed Flight Ken. He asked again to verify his conjecture.

To his surprise, the Naturism Sect hadn't held any rituals to request the Mother Tree of Desire to disrupt any divination over the past week. They didn't make any special arrangements aimed towards the failure of the project.

Strange... Klein took out a gold coin and flicked it as a final confirmation.

Even without divination, he was almost certain that Flight Ken wasn't lying. Firstly, the man was already on the brink of a mental collapse, making him lack the ability to fabricate

something reasonable. Secondly, Flight Ken's answers adhered to logic, completely confirming whatever Klein had deliberately kept to himself.

The gold coin landed in his open palm, the king's portrait facing up, indicating a positive response.

Combined with the divination statement, Klein finally confirmed that Flight Ken wasn't lying.

After temporarily suppressing his puzzlement, he cast his gaze towards Flight Ken once again. He asked without a smile, "What deeds have you done in the past that violate the kingdom's laws or the moral fabric of society?"

Flight Ken was taken aback for a few seconds as his mental state seemed to instantly turn for the better.

From his point of view, his ploy against Admiral Amyrius was the most serious crime, something that would most easily enrage this important figure. Everything else was trivial and nothing that needed a demigod to waste his time and energy on.

Therefore, after skipping the important matters and coming to an ordinary topic, it meant that he might enjoy a good outcome.

Flight Ken couldn't help but reveal a discreet smile as he hastened to recount.

"I once tortured a family for an entire night for their property and abandoned them in the woods after murdering them. Then, I used faked documents and successfully obtained a sizable amount of wealth.

“I deliberately enticed many believers to indulge in their desires and watched as their emptiness and regret after the deed slowly paved the way for them to become fertilizer for the Mother Tree of Desire.

“I once tricked many ladies to abide with their nature, an excuse for them to be redeemed by the spirits, allowing me to possess them.

“I tortured believers who attempted to renounce the religion, slicing off every part that protruded off their bodies…”

He recounted each and every sin of his, without any thoughts of concealing the truth.

Klein felt disbelief with what he heard. He never expected anyone to be evil to this extent.

As Flight Ken got increasingly excited from recounting his past deeds, he saw Admiral Amyrius stand up without an expression before circling around the desk and standing in front of him. The admiral then raised his left palm.

A terrifying mouth appeared in the middle of the left palm, revealing two rows of illusory, white, and eerie teeth that were icy-cold.

“No… No!”

A sharp and horrified scream resounded in the room for a long time until silence prevailed.

After a while, Klein bent down to pick up a blob of grayish-white light that resembled a shrunken brain.

This was the Beyonder characteristic of a Lunatic!

Unfortunately, Flight Ken had been searched before being brought here. He didn't leave behind any cash or items.

Klein snapped his fingers and ignited the rest of the clothes.

As he looked at his left shoulder which was beginning its recovery process, he sat behind the desk and remained silent amidst the dancing scarlet flames.

Once the traces were no longer noticeable, he pulled at a corresponding rope, making the bell outside ring.

Luan released the restriction and entered, instinctively observing every corner.

"Instruct the guards and the base personnel to cooperate with the Oravi police to do a cleanup of the Naturism Sect. It's best if clues can be found and a number of Rose School of Thought members are caught," Klein solemnly gave the order.

"Yes, Your Excellency," Luan answered respectfully.

He didn't ask where Flight Ken was, as though the leader of the Naturism Sect never existed.

...

Klein didn't pay too much attention to the raid on Oravi Island. Using the excuse that he was slightly injured, he declined the remaining schedules for the next two days.

This meant that he didn't need to worry about needing to exude the might of a High-Sequence Beyonder of the Arbiter pathway after expending the Ninth Law charm.

Nearing noon, Luan entered after knocking the door and reported, "Your Excellency, Mr. Aston has yet to leave on the liner. The new governor-general, Ben Conrad, has sent an invitation to participate in the banquet he's hosting tonight."

Ben Conrad… The person who replaced Aston as governor-general… According to what I know, Viscount Conrad's family is a loyal subject of the royal family. Talim likely got to know Prince Edessak while being the equestrian teacher of Viscount Conrad's youngest son… Klein nodded gently as he immersed himself in Amyrius Rieveldt's complex emotions.

He remained silent for a few seconds before saying, "Inform Governor-general Conrad that it's inconvenient for me to attend the banquet, because of the injuries suffered from the Naturism Sect's assault.

"Apologize to him on my behalf."

"Yes, Your Excellency." Luan didn't persuade him otherwise and calmly left the room.

A demigod definitely had the right to be "willful!"

As long as he didn't engage in some secret ploy or commit any

serious mistake, there was no way he would be blamed regardless of what he did. This was because any faction would be willing to rope in a demigod!

As he watched Luan's back vanish from the door, Klein shook his head indiscernibly and sat back behind the desk.

A quiet day quickly passed. When it was almost midnight, Klein, who was sleeping in the guest room, suddenly woke up and sat up.

His spiritual perception told him that someone had entered the house!

Klein focused his gaze at the window and saw a middle-aged man in a tailcoat. He had black hair and blue eyes, with the corners of his mouth slightly sagging. He was none other than Admiral Amyrius!

Phew! He's finally back... Klein slowly stood up and cautiously asked, "What item did you give me before?"

He was afraid that the Admiral Amyrius before him was also a Faceless in disguise.

Admiral Amyrius stood there and answered with a stern expression, "The Ninth Law charm."

Without waiting for Gehrman Sparrow to speak again, he took two steps forward and calmly asked, "Did anything happen in the past few days?"

“…”

Klein controlled his facial muscles and said, “Your secretary committed a mistake and was injured.”

“Oh? What else?” Admiral Amyrius nodded with deep reservation.

Klein tried hard not to move his gaze away as he looked straight at him and said, “Your younger brother has been relieved of his post as governor-general. The new governor-general has already taken over.

“Your Miss Cynthia mutated into a monster and was purified by me.

“A number of your bodyguards and attendants were infected to a certain extent and are currently receiving treatment”

“…”

Amyrius’s expression turned into shock bit by bit in an uncontrollable manner.

His eyes moved slightly, as though he suspected whether he had returned to the wrong place.

It had only been three days!

Chapter 632: Finishing Up

After a frozen moment of silence, Amyrius quickly brought his expressions under control. He said in a domineering and deep tone, “Tell me the specifics.”

Klein didn’t hide much of the truth. He began with Aston Rieveldt’s question, before mentioning the warning from the mysterious person in the dream, and how he was told not to make a choice that resisted the trend of the times. Following that, he talked about the sudden telegram, and finally he spoke of Cynthia’s mutation. He went into detail about the situation, the arrogance of the secretary, how he dealt with it, and the general investigations that followed.

The only information he kept to himself was that the 4th February was the first day he arrived on Oravi Island, as well as his subsequent guesses.

Of course, he was also very vague with matters regarding combat. He believed that Admiral Amyrius was understanding enough. After all, what a Beyonder was good at or what unique abilities he had were one of their greatest secrets. If they were exposed or understood by others, it gave others a chance of setting up a targeted ambush, making it possible for them to die under the hands of an enemy of a lower Sequence.

Below that of High-Sequence Beyonders, many Beyonders could be very powerful or very weak!

After Amyrius listened to the recount in silence, his expression didn’t seem to change in the dark room. However, the fact that he hadn’t interrupted Klein’s recount implied something.

After a few seconds of silence, he asked in a deep voice, “The mysterious person who infiltrated your dream emphasized the fate of an era, as well as the trend of the times?”

“Yes.” Klein had already changed back into Gehrman Sparrow’s appearance. He didn’t deliberately go into detail that the mysterious person had never mentioned Aston Rieveldt’s exact plan.

Amyrius fell silent again.

“You maintained my appearance in your dream?”

“Yes, this is my secret,” Klein answered succinctly.

Amyrius nodded indiscernibly as he paced around in a tiny area before looking back at Gehrman Sparrow.

“There were no problems with your choices.”

Upon hearing this, Klein seemed to receive the ultimate and most effective feedback. A large portion of the potion in him was digested as a result.

Amidst the deep, reverberating tone, Amyrius turned his body to the side and said without any hint of emotion, “I originally had no plans to have a contract with the stand-in, and instead I wanted to inform Cynthia that I had the symptoms of losing control, making it impossible for me to have any physical relationship with her for five days. However, I later changed my mind due to certain reasons.”

If not for the temporary contract's forceful restriction, even if I'm able to withstand the temptations during usual times, I might not have been able to resist the magnified desires last night…

Of course, if Cynthia knew of the five-day restriction ahead of time, she wouldn't be in such a rush to consume the powder ground from the Proliferation Necklace. It would've prevented her from sensing the Mother Tree of Desire and end up mutating… But as such, the ball is in the Naturism Sect's court. They could've made up an excuse to get Cynthia to consume it…

This matter was really targeted at me… What does the Mother Tree of Desire actually want? Also, what was the reason that caused Admiral Amyrius to make such an important change… Klein seemed to grasp the crux of the matter as he looked at Amyrius's side profile.

"What's the reason?"

Amyrius said with a deadpan expression, "There's no need for you to know."

"…"

For the first time in his life, Klein hated such a response.

After some thought, he took out the cracked pendant and threw it at Amyrius.

"This is the Proliferation Necklace that originated from the Mother Tree of Desire."

Amyrius raised his hand to catch it before looking down.

"You may leave.

"Go to Bilt to receive your reward."

Aren't you worried that I know of something I'm not supposed to know? That's right. Aston's ploy has been exposed and is known by his political enemies. As for Amyrius, he was clearly not involved; therefore, it doesn't matter if I understand anything... Klein imagined that there would be a long-term confidential contract, but to his surprise, he could leave just like that.

Noticing that Amyrius didn't raise another matter, he pointed at him and said, "Clothes."

Only then did Admiral Amyrius look up, silently taking off the formal attire comprised of a shirt and tailcoat.

Klein had originally wished to ask for additional payment due to the excessive dangers that went beyond the scope of the original agreement. But after secretly confirming that Cynthia's outcome was because of him, he abandoned the idea while feeling guilty. He quickly took off the comfortable sleeping robe, switched into a tailcoat, and under Amyrius's guidance, leaped out of the window, and secretly left the gardened villa while the bodyguards' eyes were "confounded."

Amyrius donned a sleeping robe and clenched the Proliferation Necklace before walking to the window. He stood there silently as he faced the crimson moon and few stars in the dark night.

He stood there without an expression, not even changing his

posture for a long period of time.

Pa!

He slightly relaxed his clenched fist as the miniaturized rhinoceros horn fell to the ground in the form of shattered pieces, bit by bit, fragment by fragment.

…

The next day at noon, Klein, who had slept soundly the entire night, left the inn and took a carriage to Sweet Lemon Bar. He went to the second floor to meet Bilt Brando.

“It’s over?” Bilt asked with relief and surprise.

Klein nodded and said, “Admiral Amyrius has returned.

“Where’s the rest of the payment?”

Bilt revealed an unconcealable smile. After he dismissed his guards, he personally went to a safe and took out the remaining 500 pounds and a blue cufflink.

“This is the mystical item created from the murloc bladder you provided,” Bilt introduced. “It can provide illusory scales hidden beneath the skin, so you will be as difficult to catch as a fish. It will also help withstand a certain level of damage for you. With it, you can dive to at least fifteen meters without any protective gear. You can freely move about in the water for ten minutes. It doesn’t have any serious negative effects. It will just make you tired easily when in a hot or arid place.”

That means this cufflink shouldn't be used with the Sun Brooch... Klein extended his hand to collect the money and item.

"Aren't you afraid that there will be problems?" Bilt cracked a joke.

"Your business is here," Klein answered calmly.

His meaning was clear. If there were any problems, he wasn't afraid that the person-in-charge would go missing.

Bilt's smile froze as he said, "It hasn't been named. You can give it one."

"Murloc Cufflink." Klein couldn't be bothered to waste his brain cells.

"...Nice name. It leaves quite an impression," Bilt said with a forced smile.

He paused for a moment before saying, "That Artisan said that he can fix the summoning ritual of a spirit world creature onto materials with spirituality. It will be able to last a maximum of one and a half years, but you will need to provide detailed information.

"Heh heh, according to our agreement, I'll be responsible for it, so there's nothing to be worried about."

"Alright. Make it a harmonica." Klein took out a pen and paper from his pocket and scribbled the ritual to summon his messenger.

“Messenger? This is rather rare. It’s very hard for Beyonders not from the Death pathway to find a suitable one.” Bilt received the piece of paper and casually scanned it. “Eh, if the messenger is accidentally summoned during the production process, a gold coin has to be given to her… What happens if it’s not given? Heh heh. Spirit world creatures always have something odd about them. I’ve seen some who love music, as well as ones who loiter around shit.”

What happens if you don’t give one? Perhaps Ma’am Reinette Tinekerr might bring the heads of you and the Artisan to me. She’s a creature with a castle in the spirit world. She might even be stronger than me. Well, under situations when I’m not using the Sea God Scepter… Klein lampooned as he said in a deep voice, “The third promised item can be left to the future.”

“Alright.” Bilt didn’t have any objections. Following that, he asked out of curiosity, “Mr. Gehrman, how did you fool Secretary Luan, Governor-general Aston, and Miss Cynthia—people who Admiral Amyrius specifically mentioned?”

“…”

Klein did his best to prevent his facial muscles from twitching.

“Follow the information and think about it carefully.”

He didn’t provide an exact description before he stood up and bowed with his hat.

“It’s time I bid farewell.”

“It was a pleasure working with you,” Bilt answered with a

smile.

After watching Gehrman Sparrow's figure vanish behind the door, he shook his head and chuckled, muttering, "This powerful and crazy adventurer is actually a natural actor?"

After lunch, his subordinate sent him the day's papers.

As Bilt sucked on a cigar, he flipped through it when his expression suddenly froze.

Last night, the new governor-general, Ben Conrad, held a banquet... New governor-general? Aston Rieveldt has been relieved of his position as governor general? Bilt picked up the other sets of newspapers and found the same piece of information.

With his connections in Oravi, he should've long heard of news regarding a replacement of the governor-general. However, the replacement was extremely sudden. Most people only learned of the situation when the new governor-general officially made his appearance.

After a while, a partner who was secretly serving Admiral Amyrius entered the room.

"Your Excellency wants you to investigate the people around you for Naturism Sect believers and sink them all into the sea," the partner passed on Amyrius's instructions.

"Alright." Bilt asked curiously, "What exactly happened? The Naturism Sect suffered a terrible blow since yesterday."

“His Excellency suffered an assassination attempt from the Naturism Sect yesterday. Miss Cynthia perished as a result. Secretary Luan was injured, and the admiral lost many of his bodyguards,” the partner described simply.

“Ah?” Bilt was momentarily stunned.

A-aren’t these the people Admiral Amyrius mentioned to be careful of when acting in front of them?

I even specially emphasized it to Gehrman Sparrow…

Now, Miss Cynthia is dead, Secretary Luan is injured, and Aston Rieveldt has been relieved of his position as governor-general… The corners of Bilt’s mouth twitched while he wore a blank expression.

…

East Chester County, Stoen City.

Audrey silently listened to a noble lady’s words, echoing her from time to time as she provided an ear to listen to.

Towards the end, the noble lady praised her sincerely, “Audrey, you really are an angel. I feel a lot more comfortable after chatting with you.”

At this moment, Audrey saw the female priest from the Church of Evernight enter. Hence, she exchanged pleasantries before walking over with a smile.

This priest appeared ordinary, as she only provided low-level preachings, but in fact, she was a secret member of the Psychology Alchemists.

“Audrey, the potion formula is already in my hands. However, you need to contribute enough to obtain it,” the female priest whispered while no one was paying attention.

Audrey’s eyes darted around slightly as she said, “That wouldn’t be an issue.

“However, Ma’am Smine, can you tell me its name?”

The female priest looked around before saying with a suppressed voice, “Hypnotist.”

Chapter 633: Two Types of Parasitizing

After leaving the Sweet Lemon Bar, Klein directly returned to his inn.

Just as he was packing his luggage, the gigantic skeleton messenger appeared suddenly.

It originally wanted to pat Klein on the shoulder, but it failed due to its nearly four-meter-tall body with its head penetrating through the ceiling. All it could do was throw the letter ahead before collapsing into nothingness.

Mr. Azik has finally replied. It has almost been a week... Has the messenger been changed? It looks like the original one and would make the corresponding warning... Klein caught the letter and unfolded it.

"I'm very sorry that I'm only replying to you today.

"Perhaps it's because the memories I've recovered has exceeded the limits of my body. I had to spend several days in a deep sleep to adapt to it.

"The matters you described does coincide with the traits of a Marauder pathway. Their corresponding Sequence 4 is Parasite. In higher Sequences, they possess the Beyonder powers of parasitized bodies.

"According to what I know, there are two types of parasitizing.

“The first type is a preliminary state. The Parasite would ‘borrow’ the Host’s body to hide himself, so as to extend his lifespan and recover from his injuries. He can see and hear whatever the Hosts sees and hears, but he is unable to interfere with the Host’s thoughts or steal his thoughts. Therefore, for a Host to converse with a Parasite, he will have to be the first to speak.

“The other is full control. The Parasite is nearly fused with the Host’s Spirit Body, knowing and understanding his thoughts, as well as take over control of the body.

“Faced against the first type of Parasite, one can inform the Host via dreams or a subconscious conversation without worrying about being discovered by the Parasite. This is because the Parasite has to use the Host’s senses to sense his surroundings.

“For the second state, there is no way to converse with the Host without the Parasite’s knowledge. However, there is a chance of eradicating the Parasite, which is to rely on the Host’s faith. It’s very difficult for me to accurately describe such matters, and all I can say is that when one opens his heart while praying, the target of the prayer would be able to discover the existence of the Parasite, and through a particular ritual, provide feedback to complete the separation or eradication.

“Of course, the prerequisite is that the Host himself doesn’t know of this; otherwise, the Parasite would definitely be alerted and begin carrying out preventive measures…”

Isn’t the latter situation somewhat similar to Little Sun’s? He prayed to me without much thought, and I discovered the existence of Amon’s avatar. Then, with a concealed goal, I taught him the secret deed ritual and used it to cleanse the Parasite… Klein instantly had a deeper understanding of the previous situation he was in.

However, I'm currently unable to determine which state my dear poet is in. Back in Tingen, he would occasionally talk to himself. This might be a result of the first type of parasitic states, but the problem lies in the fact that it has been months. It's possible that the Parasite has completed his complete control of Leonard.

I have to first confirm the matter before knowing what I should do. Otherwise, rashly entering his dream will only lead to preemptively warning the Parasite, making the problem more serious and harder to resolve…

If it's the second parasitic state, my dear poet believes the Goddess, but "She" has millions of believers. It's unlikely that she would pay important notice to a Red Glove who's neither a Blessed or Saint…

She's unlike me, The Fool. I read every prayer and often provide a one-to-one service.

This is what it's like during a "startup phase"…

As Klein thought over it, he suddenly sighed and felt wistful.

He originally planned on entrusting a task to Emlyn to secretly monitor Leonard Mitchell to see if he often whispered to himself. However, after considering how Emlyn had already appeared before Leonard and the Parasite because of Tinder, there was a high chance that he was a target they were wary of or a target of investigation. Therefore, he rationally abandoned such a thought.

Miss Magician is only a Sequence 8 and a Trickmaster. She doesn't have the ability to monitor a Parasite at the angel level or a Red Glove…

Miss Justice's identity is the best form of concealment. Besides, she's also a believer of the Goddess. But the problem lies in the fact that she's back in her fief. She will only return to Backlund in June…

Mr. Hanged Man and Ma'am Hermit are at sea. As for Little Sun, there's no way for him to connect with the outside world…

There's still not enough Tarot Club members. The factions they've expanded into are still lacking. I can't find any suitable person to help me complete this task.

Among the people I know, Miss Sharron should be the best choice to perform such matters when it comes to concealment, but I have no way of contacting her, even if I do it through Miss Magician or Emlyn… Sigh, I had fled Backlund in a hurry, so I failed to consider many of the consequences…

Klein raised his hand to knead his temples as he thought about how Leonard was an elite Red Glove in the Nighthawks. There were high-ranking deacons and the Church watching over him, so it was unlikely the Parasite would dare to do anything for now. Hence, he decided to put the matter aside and wait for a more suitable helper.

Perhaps I can wait until I digest the potion and head east of the Sonia Sea to find mermaids. After I complete my advancement, I can return to Backlund and do it myself… The experienced Klein didn't hesitate further as he rapidly made up his mind.

…

Inside Sweet Lemon Bar.

After the uneasy Bilt handled two Naturism Sect believers among his close aides, he finally received some good news.

"Are you telling me that Admiral Amyrius will be returning to Bayam today?" He stood up with a cigar in hand.

Sothoth nodded gently and said, "His fleet left the harbor half an hour ago. It's steering towards the Rorsted Archipelago."

Phew… Bilt didn't conceal his sigh of relief, having confirmed that the admiral wasn't putting any blame on him.

Just the thought of how Gehrman Sparrow had managed to "make" the admiral suffer the loss of so many of his bodyguards, the younger brother's loss of his position as governor-general, the injury of his secretary, and the death of his mistress, he couldn't help but wonder about his own management capabilities.

Although the responsibility of these matters wasn't necessary Gehrman Sparrow's fault, to have them all happen at once had made one believe that it was the crazy adventurer's fault. At the very least, he was unlucky enough. And as his employer and endorser, Bilt believed that there was no way he could escape responsibility. He definitely needed to incur punishment from Admiral Amyrius.

"His Excellency is indeed a demigod. He didn't let his rage blind his reason. Praise the Lord. May the Storm be with us," Bilt said as he struck his right fist on his left breast.

At this moment, the subordinates he sent rushed back.

“Boss! Gehrman Sparrow has disappeared!” the subordinate reported in a hurried tone.

Bilt frowned slightly.

“Disappeared?”

“Yes! After he checked out of his room, he held his suitcase and circled the area several times before disappearing!” the subordinate explained truthfully.

It’s really difficult to monitor an adventurer who can shapeshift into anyone… Bilt sighed and said, “Leave it.

“There’s no need to seek him out again.”

…

After being targeted by the Mother Tree of Desire, Klein cautiously changed his appearance and identity, as well as his place of residence to prevent anyone from targeting him.

From the feedback received from acting as Admiral Amyrius, he decided to quickly digest the potion by putting it into practice.

While riding a carriage to the Oravi Hospice Foundation, Klein once again stepped in.

The person in charge of the registration was still Ma’am Joanna. She looked up and asked, “You want to do volunteer work?”

“Yes.” Klein nodded seriously.

Joanna took out a form and asked like clockwork, “Name.”

Klein smiled and replied, “Sinbad Volentier”

...

The weather in East Chester County during April was comfortable. The vegetation was lush and the scenery was beautiful. It was the perfect season for hunting.

Audrey was dressed in a waist-fitting black riding suit with a helmet. She was on a burgundy mare, that belonged to her, while in pursuit of a brightly-colored wild chicken.

She shot a whistling arrow and accurately struck the prey.

As a Psychiatrist, her physical attributes had clearly been enhanced. Together with her education in archery from a young age, whether it was in shooting firearms or in archery, she was considered rather skilled.

A golden figure pounced forward and rapidly bit onto the prey which had lost its life. It was none other than Susie.

“It’s a pleasure working with you.” The corners of Audrey’s lips curled up as she struck her palm with Susie’s paw with a smile.

At this moment, the aristocrats surrounding her came over, either praising her for her hunting prowess or her training of

her hunting hound.

Audrey felt a little ashamed regarding the latter half.

She had never trained Susie before!

The aristocrats quickly dispersed as they continued chasing their prey. As for the low-level priest of the Evernight Goddess, she came over and said to Audrey with a suppressed voice, “You can receive the Hypnotist formula after completing the final mission.”

Finally… Audrey’s eyes lit up as she silently nodded.

To be frank, if she were still the green and squeamish noble lady of the past, she would’ve long lost the patience to accumulate the required contributions and would’ve ended up requesting the purchase of the Hypnotist potion formula at the Tarot Club.

But she knew very well that building up contributions would aid her infiltration into the Psychology Alchemists. She would be more trusted and build up a good foundation for her to receive the High-Sequence potion formulas in the future. Therefore, she patiently performed matters that were either uninteresting or interesting.

Of course, Audrey didn’t waste the past two months. She had been eavesdropping on the conversations of the aristocrats and maidservants, before guiding them to pour out their frustrations and aid them in defeating their negative emotions. This allowed her to act as a Psychiatrist very perfectly.

During this process, she realized that she would unknowingly

eavesdrop, observe, and steer the people around her, to understand their flaws and habitual thought processes. She believed that she could disadvantage or mentally break any one of them without leaving a mark. She could also get them to help her by their own will without them even realizing it.

It has to be said that it's actually quite terrifying, just like monsters in the legends, who can grasp your minds… As she recalled, Audrey couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

Smine was somewhat unaccustomed to horse-riding as she carefully circled the area and said, "Stoen University's Associate Professor Michele is a collector. We wish for you to purchase a notebook from the Twenty Year War."

The Twenty Year War referred to a war between the Loen Kingdom and Feysac Empire in the Fifth Epoch's Year 621–642. The former was defeated and lost the ancient elves' island, which was present-day Sonia Island.

Chapter 634: City of White

Stoen University... Professor Michele... Notebook from the Twenty Year War era... Audrey extracted the key terms in the words and glanced at Susie, who was running happily in front of the mare. She went straight to the point by asking, "Ma'am Smine, what kind of notebook is it?"

"I'm not sure. All I know is that it belongs to the period of the Twenty Year War. It's part of Associate Professor Michele's collection. It has an important characteristic—the patterns on the cover faintly forms a dragon." Smine didn't hide it from Audrey as she told her all the information she knew.

Audrey, who silently listened to her descriptions, restrained her burgundy mare as she considered how she could complete the mission.

Visit Associate Professor Michele and view his collections before raising a request to buy one of the items isn't too difficult.

Although it's embarrassing to admit this, it's quite unlikely he would reject me regardless of the way it's said. Yes, Audrey, you shouldn't be overly reliant on these...

The biggest problem is being out-of-the-blue. I didn't know Associate Professor Michele before this, making it very difficult to explain why I'm suddenly visiting him. Besides, I don't know what the notebook means to him. Announcing my desire to purchase it might result in him being alert and wary.

...Jen's elder brother is studying at Stoen University. At the last gathering, he depicted his penchant for describing and discussing

matters. If I were to invite him and his sister to the next afternoon tea and steer the topic towards history, archeology, or collections, then he will likely mention Associate Professor Michele. Yes, at a university, there's definitely not many people who can be called collectors.

With such a precursor, I can send someone to pay a visit to Associate Professor Michele and make the request to view his collection. At the first meeting, I'll try my best not to show my desire for it. I'll observe the owner's actions and guide him to reveal his true self. This will be helpful for me to use suitable matters for suitable requests at a suitable time.

After confirming her line of thought, Audrey nodded at Smine and smiled.

"I'll work hard to complete the mission, but I can't guarantee success."

Just as she said that, she tightened the girth before shooting forward like an arrow, heading straight for a reddish-brown fox that was darting around in a hunting encirclement.

...

Above the tumultuous sea, the Blue Avenger was like a leaf tumbling amidst heavy squalls. From time to time, it would be thrown up before crashing back into the waves, but it maintained a stunning sense of balance without any signs of capsizing.

Inside the captain's cabin, Alger Wilson was floating around the window as he looked at the waves outside which were as high as mountains. There were forceful winds blowing around him in silence.

Some time later, he landed his feet onto the carpet.

Wind-blessed is indeed a Sequence that can be easily "acted" based on its name. The only problem is that it occasionally makes me irascible, completely matching the characteristics of a gale... Alger sighed inwardly without any delight.

Over the past two months or so, he had failed to obtain the Ocean Songster formula through his own resource channels and the Tarot Club's trades. After all, it was that of a Sequence 5, the Sequence closest to a demigod. The corresponding formula was already something where demand far outstripped supply. Even with boatloads of money and the willingness to pay a premium, it was very difficult to buy one.

Normally speaking, joining the corresponding Church or organization was the most effective method of obtaining the corresponding formula, but as a Church of Storms bishop, Alger was unable to rely on this method. Due to particular secrets, he needed to hide his strength in order to win the freedom he needed to take action and be under light monitoring. Only after he had sufficient confidence would he head for a place and complete the goal he had been waiting for all this time.

To his joy, he didn't waste the past two months. At the very least, the speed at which he digested the Wind-blessed potion was pretty decent.

The Wind-blessed is simple. Ocean Songster is said to be quite difficult... Must I frequently sing? Alger couldn't help but turn his head and look towards the deck.

Although he was separated from them by several rooms, he could still hear the drunken sailors singing with gusto, creating a din that could rival the storm's roars.

Alger unknowingly frowned.

...

Backlund, Cherwood Borough. Synthes Circus.

“Ma’am, didn’t you say that you’re performing magic? Why are you dressed like that?” a youth asked the woman dressed in a pitch-black pointed hat and dress of the same color in puzzlement.

I don’t know why I’m wearing this as well. Perhaps it’s because of my first appearance here. My brain was freezing from the weather and my style was subsequently fixed... Fors rubbed her face which had red and yellow paint as she replied with a smile, “In ancient times, magic is often mistaken as witchcraft.”

But this has nothing to do with why I’m wearing this... She picked up the middle of three porcelain cups which were placed in front of her. She then placed a white ball beneath it.

Then, she quickly switched the positions of the cups before smiling at the youth who had questioned her.

“Guess where the tiny ball is?”

“Isn’t this one of the gambling methods invented by Emperor Roselle?” the youth said with piqued interest. “But you aren’t a croupier, but a trickmaster at a circus. Therefore, I believe that the ball has already been switched away. All the cups are empty!”

Fors smiled and said, “Congratulations, you got it wrong.”

She suddenly picked up the cup in the middle as a white blur flew out.

It was a dove!

As for the tiny ball from before, it was where the dove had left!

“Wow!”

“Godly!”

“Wonderful magic!”

“Brilliant!”

After a series of amazed exclamations, Fors clearly looked pleased with herself as she looked at the distant cathedral bell, put away her props, and returned to the tent where the circus master resided.

“Are you really resigning? I can double your salary!” the circus master came over as he tried to persuade her otherwise.

Unfortunately, I had already summarized the Trickmaster principles by the middle of March and had already completely digested the potion last week. If it wasn’t because the contract ended today, I wouldn’t even be here today…

Although being a Trickmaster feels very nice, this doesn't stop me from my goal of advancing to Astrologer. Teacher said that he would be giving me the formula, ingredients, and a gift this week... What kind of gift will it be?

Sigh, the ravings from the full moon are getting more terrifying. If not for Mr. Fool, I definitely would've lost control and become a monster... Fors extended her right hand and covered her mouth, languidly yawning. Then, she said with a smile, "Well, I'm actually a best-selling author. My next book is related to circuses, so I came here to be hired."

"A best-selling author?" The circus master's eyes lit up as he said worriedly and expectantly, "Will you write bad things about us?"

"Are there any? I had a great time for the past two months." Fors took off her pointed black hat.

The circus master revealed a sincere smile and said, "Wall, Ma'am Wall, can you mention our circus's name in your book? I-I'll pay you advertisement fees. Of course, it won't be much. As you know, I'm responsible for the livelihoods of many people."

That can be done? This circus master is quite smart... For the first time, Fors realized that a novel could "advertise" just like in newspapers or magazines. Furthermore, the format was more obscure and natural.

...

Amidst waves, a liner with rows of cannons traveled along a safe sea route without daring to deviate far from it.

Any deviation from the sea route east of Oravi Island usually meant disappearing. Even pirates didn't dare to stray too far from the safe zones.

This sea was filled with unexplored regions, filled with all sorts of sensational legends!

After two months of volunteer work and finding four chances to engage in true acting, Klein bade farewell to carrying patients, scrubbing toilet bowls, cleaning vomit, and other miscellaneous chores. He boarded a ship headed for the Gargas Archipelago.

At the Tarot Gathering in early March, he had hired The Hermit Cattleya in a private conversation. He would meet her at the capital of Gargas Archipelago, the City of White, Nas. He would then board her ship and head for the dangerous ocean, which was close to an illusion, on the far east of the Sonia Sea. There, he would search for unaffiliated mermaids who lived there.

The Hermit Cattleya seemed to be very interested in meeting members of the Tarot Club in the real world. With just a few seconds of thought, she agreed to The World's request. However, due to the high level of danger, she had given a high asking price.

3,000 pounds!

Klein's first reaction was to give up and take Mr. Hanged Man's ghost ship, but considering how there would be many sailors from the Church of Storms following him, making his freedom limited, and the fact that the level of danger in the easternmost area of the Sonia Sea was high, he finally accepted Ma'am Hermit's condition. As for her, she would wait around the Gargas Archipelago for a month at the beginning of April. Any delay would imply the end of the cooperation.

To not waste the thousand-pound deposit, Klein didn't wait to complete his digestion before heading for Gargas Archipelago from Oravi Island.

Of course, with the summaries and chances at true acting from before, he was already very close to completely digesting the Faceless potion. Even if he didn't use true acting, just acting in his capacity as Gehrman Sparrow was enough to complete the digestion in two to three weeks.

Due to this reason, as well as The World's identity being tied with Gehrman Sparrow, Klein transformed back into the lunatic and powerful adventurer once he left the hospital. However, he did disguise himself to a certain degree.

As he watched the perturbed sea surface, Klein finally saw a port city that had houses mainly made of white rock.

The most eastern front of the Feysac Empire, the capital of the Gargas Archipelago, Nas!

I'm finally overseas... Klein looked at a fishing boat carrying whale meat cruising into the harbor. Its ruggedness wasn't concealed.

Meanwhile, he discovered several ships hanging pirate flags docked at the harbor without any signs of concealment.

Indeed, Oravi Island's eastern front is a playground for pirates... Klein wore his hat and carried his luggage and left the cabin after the liner came to a stable halt. He went down the gangway into the harbor.

After a few steps, he saw a crew of pirates seemingly entering conflict with a local gang. Both sides drew their weapons as they clashed.

Klein calmly walked past, showing no signs of stopping them.

At that moment, he saw a local pull out a few cans from his pocket and opened the lid before throwing it into the middle of the road.

What's the meaning of this? Klein nearly laughed out before recalling an infamous item at sea.

Canned wolf-fish!

Canned wolf-fish was popular on the east coast of Feysac and the Gargas Archipelago!

Just as the thought surfaced, an indescribable stench seemed to inundate Klein's olfactory senses.

His facial muscles twitched as he tried hard to resist his body's discomfort as he quickly left the region.

A small number of pirates who were struck by the stench vomited immediately, while the remaining ones frantically fled while dragging their companions as though they had lost all their combat strength.

A minute later, in a secluded corner, the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, crouched down and silently belched.

Chapter 635: Meeting

The smell of canned wolf-fish is really pungent... Not only is it smelly, but it's also disgusting... It's practically a biological weapon! Klein crouched in the corner and took nearly a minute to recover.

Before that very instant, he had underestimated canned wolf-fish. He had failed to take the necessary actions to deal with the situation. He could've used Paper Figurine Substitutes or create an invisible air tube to pretend that he was using Underwater Breathing, but he had done none of that.

Now, he finally got a deep understanding of how wise it was to ban opening canned wolf-fish in public!

Phew... Klein exhaled as he slowly stood up. Carrying his suitcase, he slowly walked towards the harbor.

His first impression of the city named Nas was one of many white houses, with stone being a common material for the buildings. The second impression was that it wasn't too far north, but the temperature was rather cold. Even though it was already April, it was still only a few degrees Celsius. The third impression was that there were many whaling houses. Gigantic beluga whales were being dismembered for their skin, flesh, fat, bones, and "gray amber."

The latter two could be used to make pannier for banquet dresses or top-grade scented materials. Whether it was for incense or perfume, they were considered luxurious goods that only the wealthy and nobles could enjoy.

As for the skin, flesh, and fat of beluga whales, they also had their own uses. They were used separately to make clothes, food, or oil-related products. In Nas and the Gargas Archipelago, the culinary methods for preparing beluga whale had transformed into a unique culture. There were all sorts of techniques and famous restaurants.

Klein passed by the various whaling houses, seeing separated fat being carried out on cargo carriages towards nearby factories that spewed black smoke. They were oil refineries which were very unique to Gargas. Beluga whale fat could be refined into whale oil which could be bottled and made into outstanding incendiary material and the lifeblood of particular industries.

Very unique... Klein exhaled some mist as he stopped and watched for a while.

Out of the harbor and into the city district, a cacophony of Feysac inundated his ears.

Having mastered ancient Feysac—the source of the Northern Continent's language—Klein was long familiar with the language of the Northern Continent barbarians. He turned his head upon hearing the din and saw the tall populace with slightly blonde hair raising horizontal banners as they protested on the streets.

The horizontal banner right at the front clearly wrote the reasons for their protest.

"Oppose the poaching of beluga whales! We need sustainable development!"

Pfft... Klein nearly lost his cool as he believed that the concept of "sustainable development" was highly likely to be "invented" by

Emperor Roselle.

As he swept his gaze, he looked at the banners behind it and understood the goals of the protest.

“Whaling for survival, not entertainment!”

“Humans aren’t more important than beluga whales!”

“Greedy devils should leave Nas!”

At this moment, a policeman dressed in a gray uniform held a shield, riot fork, and baton to stop the protesters from advancing.

After a brief argument, the scene quickly turned violent.

Many protesting youths threw opened canned wolf-fish, as well as Molotov cocktails. The police didn’t show restraint as they forged forward, raising their shields and striking with their batons.

Klein pinched his nose as he watched the fire burning on the street. He realized that many passersby were completely unfazed. Apart from a small bunch of spectators, the rest continued proceeding to their destinations.

It appears that such things happen often in Nas… Do protests develop into riots? As expected of the Feysac Empire… Klein mumbled to himself, circled the street, and casually found an inn to stay.

He continued registering as Gehrman Sparrow, unworried that the news released by Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy would cause the Church of the Evernight Goddess to view him as a Faceless. This was because he had no plans on traveling through the whale fishing routes to find mermaids who were believers of the Goddess. He planned on heading to the dangerous region farthest east from the Sonia Sea.

As for the safety in the Gargas Archipelago, there was nothing he needed to worry about. This was a colony of the Feysac Empire. The only legal Church was the Church of the God of Combat. They were enemies with the Church of the Evernight Goddess.

Klein was originally worried that he would encounter many Faceless here, meeting seven or eight Faceless simply from going next door to enjoy some whale cuisine. However, after serious consideration, he rationally eliminated this possibility.

First, Beyonders from the Seer pathway were rare to begin with. Klein had only met three Beyonders who were beyond Sequence 8, and second, Sequence 6 Beyonders weren't commonly seen. Even in a playground for pirates, those who had 5,000-pound bounties were considered rare creatures. Third, once a Faceless had many preparations, they would seek out mermaids on a whaling boat. They would either begin having faith in the Goddess, sink to the bottom of the ocean, or become research personnel. Otherwise, the extremely smart ones would seize the opportunity and successfully advance before leaving safely. It was very rare for them to stay on Gargas Archipelago for long.

In all of Nas, excluding myself, there wouldn't be more than two Faceless... Klein straightened his clothes as he wasn't in a rush to contact Admiral of Stars Cattleya. He came onto the streets in a good mood and began searching for delicacies according to what he heard on his travels.

Raw beluga whale slices, fried whale steak, whale oil with skin,

roasted whale meat… Like a standard traveler, Klein restaurant hopped thrice and sampled different food.

Not bad. It's pretty unique and it's not very fishy. Instead, it's very appetizing and alluring… Burp… Klein covered his mouth as he came onto the streets. He discovered that the street lamps were sparse, but the lights from the houses lining the streets were bright. To a certain extent, they reduced the darkness of the night.

Ice-cold winds passed through the ocean, causing Klein to raise his hand to prop up his collar. The blue cufflinks had their lusters restrained as they were deeply embedded at his wrists.

Compared to rings, items like cufflinks were more suited to Gehrman Sparrow's persona. Therefore, Klein didn't blame the Artisan for making changes without his permission.

As for the harmonica that had fixed the summoning ritual of a spirit world creature, it matched Klein's inward intentions completely. It could be used for a year and a half. It was silver in color, exquisite and beautiful.

When he received the harmonica, Klein had imagined such a scene—a crazy and powerful adventurer playing a sad tune on the harmonica in a silent night under the dark moonlight by the side of a boat.

Unfortunately, the harmonica couldn't produce any sound, and it could only be used to summon Reinette Tinekerr.

Shaking his head indiscernibly, Klein steadily walked down the empty and cold Nas streets before returning to his inn.

Using sleep to bring himself back to an optimal state, he went to Gray Amber Street the next morning and entered a sundry store named Hot Whale Dance.

Upon seeing the grizzled boss who was a head taller than him, Klein tapped the counter and said in Feysac, “Whale oil.”

The boss had wrinkles plastered across his face, but he only wore a coat made of beluga whale skin. The light-colored patterns had a strange beauty.

“How much?” The boss was drinking large mouthfuls of liquor, ignoring the messy placement of the goods.

“One and a quarter buckets,” Klein replied according to the predetermined secret password.

The boss’s drinking actions instantly slowed down as he placed the cup of brownish-green alcohol onto the bar counter.

“Do you want to try some? It’s many times purer than Nepos. It’s considered the mistress of all Feysac men.”

This was a distilled liquor that’s a specialty of Feysac. It’s brewed with potatoes or grain. The alcohol purity was high, as stimulating and famous as Blaze. Compared to Sonia blood wine, its price was rather low, and it was well-liked by ordinary Feysacians.

“There’s no need.” Klein shook his head.

The boss chuckled.

“What kind of man are you if you don’t drink Nepos?

“Are there only women in Loen?”

He mumbled before drinking another mouthful.

“Who introduced you here?”

“Ma’am Gehrmuses,” Klein said a name in the style of the local customs.

The boss exhaled, causing a strong scent of distilled liquor to linger in the air.

He staggered as he got up, like a polar bear performing at a circus.

After giving the store employee instructions, he brought Klein to a tiny room on the second story of the warehouse at the back.

“Let me search for it. Let’s see…” the boss mumbled as he crouched.

Klein controlled the twitching of his facial muscles as he recalled a widely-spread joke in the Loen Kingdom.

“When is a Feysac man not drunk? When he’s in his mother’s womb.”

After waiting for a moment, Klein saw the boss find a pure crystal ball from his rummaging.

Then, the tipsy “polar bear” had his back facing Klein as he rubbed his hands on it, softly chanting the tongue-twisting ancient Hermes.

The room gradually turned dark as all the corners without light sank like they were producing a strange attractive force.

The crystal ball quickly lit up, producing the figure of a woman wearing a black, classic robe.

She had an oval face and had very fair skin. Her eyes were deep black with a slight purple hue which was filled with mystery.

I’m seeing another Tarot Club member’s actual appearance again… Klein stepped forward and received the crystal ball.

On the opposite end of the crystal ball, The Hermit Cattleya could also clearly see The World. He had black hair and brown eyes, with a thin and angular face.

Her gaze paused for a moment before she hesitantly said, “Gehrman Sparrow?”

She discovered that the true strength and standards of the Tarot Club members were far stronger than she had expected. The World was actually the crazy hunter, Gehrman Sparrow, who was considered at the level of a pirate admiral!

My various assumptions of The World were problematic…

Controlled, *staid*, *experienced*, *and ruthless*... Admiral of Stars didn't feel overly surprised.

"Yes, Ma'am Cattleya." Klein gestured for the boss to leave the room.

After it became extremely quiet, Admiral of Stars Cattleya asked once again, "I'm very curious. How did you recognize my identity? I've been very careful when participating in the gatherings."

Of course, she had jumped in fright when The World, who had chosen to speak privately with her, immediately greeted her with "Admiral of Stars."

And it was partly because of this that she chose to take on The World's commission.

"A secret." Klein smiled politely.

As he didn't wish for her to make connections to Mr. Fool, he calmly added, "Your eyes are very special."

"Can I understand that as a form of praise?" Cattleya smiled, feeling somewhat enlightened.

She believed that The World had previously only relied on her eyes and other details to suspect that she was Admiral of Stars, but she wasn't certain. Hence, he had probed her with language, and her reaction told him the correct answer.

Klein didn't respond as he switched to asking, "When can we set

off?”

Chapter 636: Slaughterer

Admiral of Stars Cattleya thought before answering, “Tonight at 8. Dock 6.”

Not bad. There’s no delay at all… Klein nodded slightly.

“Okay.”

Just as he said that, the light inside the crystal ball suddenly converged as the figure dressed in a black, classic robe darkened and blurred before quickly vanishing.

Holding the crystal ball which had turned very ordinary, Klein turned around, pulled open the door, and walked out.

Glancing at the boss who was guzzling alcohol while leaning against a wall, he threw the crystal ball at him.

The boss fumbled to catch it as Klein unhurriedly walked down the stairs and left the warehouse.

Once he was out of Hot Whale Dance, he took out his golden pocket watch and snapped it open to check the time.

It’s almost noon. Most bars will be open… Klein stopped a rental carriage and used Feysac to tell the driver to head to the Lærdal Bar. It meant Dawn Bar in the local language. It was a place where adventurers would gather in the Gargas Archipelago.

To Klein, the gathering of different intel and news was meaningful. This might aid him in making the best judgment at critical points in time, allowing him to escape the misfortune of losing his life. Therefore, even if he didn't like bars, he often went there. He would get a cup of thick malt beer and silently sit in the corner of the bar counter and listen to any matters of interest which people mentioned at sea.

In addition, he wanted to know about Roy King, who had been imprisoned in Bayam's governor-general's office. Over the past two months, Snake of Mercury Will Auceptin hadn't sent him any dreams. Similarly, Fate Councilor Ricciardo didn't summon his messenger to provide him any clues to a powerful mystical item.

About twenty minutes later, the carriage came to a halt. A huge vertical signboard with the words Lærdal Bar appeared before Klein's eyes.

He habitually took out two soli in notes and handed them to the carriage driver.

It was only when he saw the worn face of the carriage driver did he suddenly realize something.

He was overseas and this was a colony of Feysac. It had its own currency!

The smallest denomination was the kopek, followed by the feysilver, and then the gold hoorn. They maintained the very intuitive base-ten denomination, making conversions very simple.

I forgot to visit the bank to exchange for kopek and feysilver... I used it all at the inn and restaurant... Klein was just about to look

around to see if there were any banks around when the carriage driver happily received the two one-soli notes. After repeatedly checking it, he beamed with his wrinkled face.

"Thank you, thank you for your generosity!"

Klein got off the carriage. While walking towards the Lærdal Bar, he was recalling the carriage driver's delighted look. *Gold pounds, soli, and pence can be used here as well? Yes, Gargas Archipelago isn't that far from Toscarter and Oravi. Many items would be sold here, and many Loen adventurers like to visit the Sea of Beluga Whales. To have Loen Kingdom's currency being used in private is rather common… Heh heh. Loen's industry and economic strength is greater than the Feysac Empire. It can even be said to be much stronger. The gold pound is worth a lot more than the gold hoorn… Wait!*

Suddenly, he recalled something. One gold pound could be used to exchange for 5.5 gold hoorn.

This also meant that two soli was equal to 5.5 feysilver.

And in the City of White, a rental carriage cost four feysilver an hour. There wasn't any prorated discounts.

It was no wonder the carriage driver was so happy! Klein turned back and realized that the carriage had long disappeared.

Sigh… Gently exhaling, Klein pressed down on his hat and pushed open the heavy wooden door before entering the Lærdal Bar.

In this world, bars near the dock and factory districts often sold

lunch and dinner. Therefore, they opened around eleven in the morning. At that moment, there were quite a number of adventurers, who had nothing better to do, gathered in front of the bar counter. They ordered liquor and smoked fish or vegetable soup with oil floating on the surface. They had a great time eating all of that with bread.

Drinking Lanti Proof and Nepos at noon? Are they planning to be drunk the entire day? The customs of Feysac are really unacceptable… Klein mumbled as he walked to the bar counter with a deadpan expression. He sat in a corner and rapped the wooden counter.

"Two toasted bread with red sausage, a set of smoked whale meat, a bowl of thick vegetable soup, and a cup of Golas beer."

Golas beer was rather popular along the eastern seaboard of Feysac. It was rather rare in Sonia Island and the Gargas Archipelago.

"New here?" The bartender glanced at Klein. "A total of 4 feysilver and 6 kopek."

I'm new because I don't drink liquor? Klein ignored the bartender's question and threw 2 soli in notes.

It was equivalent to 5 feysilver and 5 kopek.

Considering how he was Gehrman Sparrow, Klein held back the urge to get the bartender to give him change as he treated it as a tip.

Of course, in a Backlund bar, that amount of food would've cost

him about two soli.

Having received a tip, the bartender didn't ask further. He skillfully poured a cup of Golas beer and pushed it towards Klein.

The beer was rather black in color with plenty of foam. It had a pleasant charred taste, and there was slight stimulation in the mellow taste. It made Klein feel as though the alcohol content was rather high as he suspected if some other liquor had been poured in.

While waiting for his food, he sipped his beer and silently listened to the conversations of the surrounding adventurers.

And the group's conversation was mainly centered around how someone had made a windfall, who was killed by pirates, who finished off a pirate captain without claiming the bounty and instead inherited the deceased pirate captain's subordinates, which woman in Nas had an illegitimate child, or who became a laughing stock for failing to perform at a brothel.

When the Gargas specialty, thick soup brewed using sweet vegetables, onions, cabbage, carrots, fish, and butter, was served before Klein, he finally heard something interesting.

An adventurer suppressed his voice as he said to his surroundings partners, "Have you heard of this? There's a Fourth Epoch ruin east of Gargas."

"No! Who discovered it?" his surprised partner curiously asked.

The adventurer looked to his left and right as he said without much thought, "Gareth discovered it. As you know, he's a

Seafarer who's good at diving.

"As he was drunk, he was thrown off the deck and sank to the bottom of the sea. Who knew that he ended up discovering remnants of steel buildings. They were definitely steel buildings made from human hands!"

"And then?" his partner pressed.

The adventurer chuckled.

"Gareth followed the ruins and discovered an abandoned sea well of unknown depths. It was already filled with seawater, but it still left him with extreme horror. Holy Lord of Storms, this might even lead to the core of the land.

"He said that there was something summoning him inside, but he didn't dare explore it. So he floated up in fear."

A deep sea well... Strange attraction... This might not be a Fourth Epoch ruin. Perhaps it's from the Third Epoch or Second Epoch. Little Sun had mentioned that during the Dark Epoch, sea monsters were subject to Elf King Soniathrym and helped "Him" rule the bottom of the sea... Sweet, salty, and a little tartish... Klein drank a mouthful of thick vegetable soup as he forked a piece of smoked beluga whale meat.

The adventurers didn't talk about Gareth's encounter, as there wasn't any sight of heart-stirring gold or jewelry, mystical items, or Beyonder ingredients at the moment.

The conversation quickly steered to a few adventurers who they weren't friendly with. They mocked about how they had married

beautiful natives who all turned into stout and fat women a couple of years later. Their strength could even match those of Low-Sequence Beyonders.

Finally, they concluded that it might have to do with how people from Feysac had tiny bits of giant blood running in their veins.

They didn't say anything of value until Klein finished his lunch and drink his beer, but the number of people inside Lærdal Bar kept increasing.

Suddenly, the heavy door was pushed open as it slammed into the wall.

A top hat-donning young man who was clearly of Loen blood rushed in. He shouted nervously, "Is there anyone from the Adventurer Association?"

Yes, Bilt still owes me the creation of one item... Klein watched as the young men looked around frantically while constantly turning his head back. It appeared as though someone was pursuing him.

Before he could consider whether to render assistance, three adventurers stood up from different corners. One of them was more than two meters tall. He had wide shoulders and firm muscles. His hair was slightly blond, and his eyes were a deep blue; he was rather eye-catching.

The strength he appears to have matches with his substance... This isn't a Beyonder of quite a significant Sequence... Klein retracted his gaze as he became a spectator once again as he looked out the door.

Soon, a man in a linen shirt and brown jacket appeared. He was of medium build, and his lips were purple. His brown eyes could hardly conceal the intense baneful look he tried to hide.

He… Klein instantly connected the man to a portrait on a bounty!

It was the second mate of the King of Immortality Agalito, Slaughter Kircheis, with a bounty of 9,500 pounds!

This is a notorious pirate… Klein's nerves tensed up as his gaze locked onto the man. He naturally hung his left hand down as his body prepared to lunge forward.

Kircheis swept his gaze at the two-meter-tall "giant" and saw Klein before retracting his gaze. He turned to leave the Lærdal Bar without stopping at all.

Very decisive, *very alert…* Klein frowned slightly, confident that he hadn't revealed any killing intent. He had even controlled his gaze very well.

Was he worried about that "giant," or is his intuition very sharp to a particular extent? Just like the premonition towards danger like Devils? Klein wondered as he drank the remaining Golas beer without participating in the private conversations of the Adventurer Association members. He left the bar and came onto the streets.

Now, he didn't wish to give himself new troubles aside from finding mermaids.

After circling the area, Klein discovered that Slaughterer Kircheis had long departed, his whereabouts were unknown. Hence, he

silently returned to his inn.

...

City of Silver. Inside the spire.

Derrick Berg once again met the Chief of the six-member council, Colin Iliad.

He clearly remembered that nearly seventy “days” ago, Colin had told him that in two months he should prepare to be sent out on an exploration mission.

Chapter 637: The Future

“Are you done with your preparations?” Colin had his back to the window as he asked without any abnormality in his tone.

With the Axe of Hurricane attached to him, Derrick lowered his head slightly.

“I’m done.”

In the past two months, through the patrol missions and arduous practice, he had fully mastered the various Beyonder powers of Solar High Priest. He was already not too far from digesting the potion.

What he wished for the most was to obtain the Sun pathway’s Sequence 6 potion formula in the next two to three Tarot Gatherings, so as to ensure his continual advancement.

The release of Shepherd Lovia made him feel highly threatened. He believed that only by reaching the same Sequence 5 would he have a chance of effectively putting her in check and avert the potential danger of the City of Silver. However, with the knowledge of the acting method and without the lack of Beyonder ingredients, all he needed to do was survive the various patrols and exploration missions and make enough contributions to make Sequence 6 a reachable target. However, Sequence 5 required a specific ritual which made it relatively difficult.

The grizzled Colin nodded.

“In another two days, I’ll be leading a small team to the vicinity of the Giant King’s Court. We will do a second sweep of Afternoon Town which we previously found, and your powers are very suitable for such matters.”

Afternoon Town... Having been “brushing up” on his knowledge of legends over the past few months, Derrick was no stranger to this name. It was an area that needed to be passed when going to the Giant King’s Court from the Kingdom of Silver. It was a town where humans and giants lived together. It clustered around the ancient god’s residence which was forever fixed at sunset, just like the last door that separated the real world to a mythological legend.

“Yes, Your Excellency.” Derrick couldn’t find a reason to reject.

...

City of White, Nas. In a particular inn.

Klein sat behind a desk as he looked at the constantly changing clouds outside the window, silently awaiting the arrival of evening.

At eight, he would board the Star Pirates’s flagship, Future, on Dock 6 to head to the furthest eastern front of the Sonia Sea. No matter what happened in the Gargas Archipelago or this region of the sea known as a pirate’s playground, they would have nothing to do with him.

Therefore, he didn’t attempt to hunt the small number of pirates with bounties on their heads that he met while walking in the big and small alleys or bars and casinos. He didn’t want to mess up his plans of finding mermaids.

My spiritual intuition tells me that Slaughter Kircheis from noon seems to have targeted me… I wouldn't mind if he wishes to send himself to his death. Well, battle strategy can be despised, but battle technique needs to be treated seriously. Without using the Sea God Scepter or Tinder, I'm at best a little stronger than him. I'm at an advantage by being well-rounded and strange enough… Klein half-closed his eyes as he imagined the gathering of countless spherical lights, and he used it to enter Cogitation rapidly so as to maintain the acuteness of his spirituality.

After an unknown period of time, his spiritual perception was triggered as he opened his eyes immediately.

At that moment, the sun had already set in the west. The fiery-red colors seemed to burn the sea as long shadows were drawn out through the curtains.

The shadows seemed to come alive as they danced about before distorting and standing up to project themselves on the wall.

Its pitch-black darkness was like the manifestation of the immense evil at the bottom of a human's heart.

Klein watched this scene with a deadpan expression. He raised his left palm high as he slowly extended his fingers.

The pitch-black shadow produced a voice that sounded hoarse, as though it held sandcloth in it. While looking at Klein, it said, "Gehrman Sparrow!

"Do not interfere in the matter that happened this afternoon.

"This is the will of the King of Immortality."

With that said, the shadow slid down like flowing water and scattered into the darkness, having its original state restored.

Klein didn't pay attention to the shadow's changes. Instead, he cast his gaze outside.

He could sense that the person controlling the shadow was somewhere across the street. Hence, he didn't plan on acting upon an incorporeal entity.

Indeed, Slaughterer Kircheis recognized me as the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, who loves to hunt pirates. That's why he didn't hesitate to turn around at noon. He might not be afraid of me, but there was another rather powerful adventurer present as well…

The power he revealed just now is somewhat similar to the Desire Apostle in Backlund. He's more and more likely to be a Beyonder from the Devil pathway…

Heh, using the King of Immortality to scare me. Do you think I'll submit just like that? I never intended to involve myself in it! By doing so, I'm actually a little curious… Forget it. Finding the mermaids is of utmost importance as of now. I shouldn't create incidents for myself… Klein retracted his gaze as he lampooned.

He was originally wondering if he should report the matter to the Church of the God of Combat in Nas, but after serious consideration, he discovered that it was likely to be meaningless.

The Church of the God of Combat is the only legal religion in the Feysac Empire. The number of High-Sequence Beyonders they have is definitely a little higher than the Church of the Evernight Goddess, but just by a little. Even if the demigods of the Feysac royal family and military are added, with the extensive land and

numerous colonies it has, making the number of critical areas that require protection crucial, they would definitely be lacking in manpower. The Gargas Archipelago, which is far away from the empire and in a relatively ordinary location, with the only industry being whale fishing, there's no doubt that it's only an afterthought and doesn't have any saints protecting it.

According to what Klein had previously learned, the archbishop of the Gargas diocese for the Church of the God of Combat was only a Sequence 5 Guardian. Together with the tribunal's inquisitor, a baron from the royal family, and a commodore from the military, they form the highest level of Beyonder combat forces here.

Of course, the existence of Sealed Artifacts had guaranteed the control of the area. Klein suspected that the Church of the God of Combat in Nas had at least one Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. Only by doing so could they combine it with their fleets and Beyonders to ensure that the whale oil and gray amber trade industry wouldn't be under the control of pirates and not end up as one of the vassals of one of the Four Kings. Under any sudden assaults, they were able to use it to last until reinforcements arrived.

And it was precisely because of this that the officials in the Gargas Archipelago ultimately maintained a defensive state. As long as the pirates didn't cause problems, they were allowed to freely enter and leave.

Reporting things wouldn't be of any use… No wonder it's called a pirate's playground. It's no wonder Bilt wants to organize an Adventurer Association… Klein sighed as he gave up his previous thoughts.

After dinner and resting for a while, Klein took out his gold pocket watch and opened it to check the time.

Seeing that it was already seven, he held a ritual and summoned himself before responding to himself. He then brought different items into the gray fog while adjusting his inventory.

As he was adventuring out at sea on the Future, the Murloc Cufflink and various Sea God domain charms were necessary. Therefore, Klein left Tinder and the Sun Brooch above the gray fog. With Creeping Hunger as his main force, he matched it with the Biological Poison Bottle and a revolver which was loaded with different Beyonder bullets. He still had 7 purifying bullets, 13 demon-hunting bullets, and 2 exorcism bullets.

Wearing his coat, Klein placed down Azik's whistle, as well as his wallet containing only fifty pounds into his inner pocket. Then, he stored the silver adventurer harmonica and charms together.

After doing all of this, he touched the revolver beneath his armpit, polished the blue cufflink at his left wrist, and buttoned his double-breasted frock coat. He wore his half top hat, picked up his black suitcase which contained only his change of clothes and some daily necessities, and left the inn for the harbor via a carriage.

After waiting for a while at Dock 6, he saw a gigantic sailboat slowly appear from the distance.

According to his limited knowledge of boats, Klein knew that a sailboat of such length wasn't scientific. However, this didn't deter it from cruising calmly on the black sea surface as it headed for the lighthouse which emitted its light.

As the sailboat approached, the flag gradually became clear. The crimson but weak moonlight allowed the people at the harbor to see ten white stars of the same size as they circled a cold eyelashless eye on the flag.

“Admiral of Stars!”

“The Future!”

The pirates and sailors who were watching over their ships exclaimed as every dock in the harbor was filled with stirred emotions.

After more than ten seconds, the defensive cannons on the two ends of the mountain “nervously” adjusted themselves and aimed at the gigantic sailboat which didn’t conceal itself.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The distant cathedral produced light and ethereal chimes, signaling that it was 8 o’clock sharp.

As the tenseness around the dock became more evident, the Future came to a halt.

At some point in time, a woman dressed in a black classical robe appeared at the bow. Her clothes were filled with different symbols and magic labels, making her look like a powerful warlock of ancient legends.

Under the crimson moonlight, the ground beneath her suddenly lit up. Resplendent starlight scattered down, forming a long, transparent bridge.

The long bridge constantly extended forward before landing on Dock 6.

An impressive show… As expected of one of the seven pirate admirals. Furthermore, she's a full Admiral, a rank higher than Iceberg and Ailment… Klein sighed as he wished to extend his palm to cover his face.

He didn't wish to let others know that the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, was cooperating with Admiral of Stars Cattleya.

At this point, I can only maintain my persona. Once I'm done digesting the potion and by the time I'm back in the Northern Continent, there wouldn't be Gehrman Sparrow anymore… Klein walked out of the shadows as he pressed the half top hat on his head. He smoothly walked onto the starry bridge.

His footsteps were firm as Klein walked with his back straight while being targeted by numerous defensive cannons. Under the gazes with ambiguous meanings, he unhurriedly walked to the docked Future.

The bridge under his feet was transparent as the dark-blue seawater which was almost black ebbed beneath him. It would make anyone with acrophobia turn limp.

Thankfully, I've long become a Clown. I've even jumped off a clock tower… Klein covered the last ten meters with a cold expression before stepping onto the deck of the Future.

Faced with the black-eyed Admiral of Stars Cattleya, who had purple tint to her eyes, he didn't show any nervousness. He took off his hat and bowed.

"Good evening, Ma'am."

Chapter 638: Poison Expert

While Klein bowed, the purple tint in black-haired Cattleya's eyes converged as they seemed to turn into an abyss that could suck up souls. What already exuded an air of mystery had turned even more obvious.

She saw that the Astral Projection deep inside Gehrman Sparrow's Ether Body was pure darkness. In minute areas, there were dark flows with unending changes.

She saw that Gehrman Sparrow's left hand was bright and lustrous, but it was stained with a sanguine color that couldn't be dispersed.

She saw a blue luster by Gehrman Sparrow's wrist and a silver flow on his left pocket. The colors were bright and obvious as though they were connected to the illusory, stacked spirit world. There was the sound of the tide and the illusory sounds of wind surrounding the items.

She saw an intermix of green and black lusters by Gehrman Sparrow's right pocket, as well as two points of golden, silver, and bronze under his armpit. At his chest, there was a deep grayish-white like rotting death.

Four mystical items and Beyonder artifacts or spirituality charms in units of ten... Cattleya's eyes were a little dazzled as she couldn't help but close them for a moment.

She nodded as well.

“Good evening, Mr. Sparrow.”

Even as a powerhouse who was famous across the seas, a senior member of the seven pirate admirals, she seldom saw people who armed themselves to the teeth with Beyonder items.

Of course, she had also seen people with more mystical items, Beyonder artifacts, and spirituality charms, but they had secret organizations backing them. They typically had several ships and more than a thousand pirates under them. Many things needed to be turned in, split and shared, as well as sold in order to maintain and strengthen one’s faction. Few things could be left in their possession as a result.

However, “few” was relative. They could compare with what Gehrman Sparrow presently had, but Cattleya had reduced her items to only two after several trades. They were two items that were sufficiently powerful and mystical enough to match her identity as a pirate admiral.

Apart from the lusters representing different items, Cattleya’s black eyes, which were slightly purple, could also tell that Gehrman wasn’t real enough. He seemed to be hidden behind thick curtains.

Th-this is the reason why he gives me the feeling like he’s not a living person at the Tarot Club? He has quite a number of secrets. It involves at least a Sequence 3 saint or an even higher-level angel… Cattleya didn’t dare take another look as the glow in her eyes were no longer as profound.

Meanwhile, she mocked herself, believing that some of her guesses about The World and Gehrman Sparrow were somewhat funny.

Involves a Sequence 3 saint or an even higher-leveled angel. *Heh heh, there's nothing wrong with that, since he's like me, a member of the Tarot Club. We're definitely involved with Mr. Fool, who's likely a reawakened ancient god.*

After exchanging greetings, Cattleya didn't engage in further small talk. She led Klein towards the cabin.

At this moment, the Future, which had been docked, set sail again. A long contour was drawn on the surface of the sea as it cruised east of the whale fishing route. With that, the tense atmosphere at the Nas Harbor dispersed.

Gazes from various sailors were cast over. Klein didn't show any signs of pressure as he surveyed the area and said with a tone as though he was back in his own home, "There are fewer people than I expected."

Cattleya turned her head and glanced at him before answering simply, "East of the whaling route is very dangerous. Only Ludwell heads there frequently as though he's searching for something.

"Apart from the Future, the pirate crew's other ships wouldn't join us. Similarly, a large number of sailors have been placed on the other ships. Only the minimum number needed to guarantee the successful voyage of the ship has been maintained."

A very wise choice... Ludwell. That Admiral Hell Ludwell? Mr. Hanged Man mentioned him a long time ago. He said that he was beginning to study Sonia Sea's eastern end of the navigation... Klein nodded a little without a word.

This was Gehrman Sparrow's bearing.

He silently observed his surroundings and realized that the deck, the cabin, and spars were covered with mysterious and abstract symbols. As a whole, it looked like a gigantic ritualistic magic ceremony.

It's like the Golden Dream. It's a sailboat of mystery, but it's not at the level of a ghost ship… Compared to Admiral of Stars and Vice Admiral Iceberg, Tracy, who has only become a pirate admiral for the past few months, clearly is considerably more inferior. The Black Death has nothing special about it… Klein retracted his gaze and followed Cattleya to the cabin's entrance.

Waiting here was a man in dungarees and a white shirt. He was in his thirties and looked strong and fit. He had thick body hair. As for his forearm, which was exposed outside, it seemed like he was downing a brown sweater.

He wore a circular hair with a depression in the middle as he revealed a smile and stretched out his right hand.

"The first mate of the Future, Frank Lee.

"Good evening, Mr. Sparrow."

Poison Expert Frank Lee who has a bounty of 7,000 pounds… Klein instantly recognized the man.

Considering how Gehrman Sparrow didn't have the habit of shaking hands, he bent his back slightly and said, "Good evening."

Frank Lee retracted his right hand and glanced at Cattleya. He said while maintaining his smile, "You seem to know me? That's

right. The picture I took before is on my arrest warrant.

"Don't mind the Poison Expert title. I'm a very friendly person, as long as I'm not facing those darn bastards! My greatest hobby is to study soil and figure out cross-breeding techniques. Believe me, this is the future of humanity."

"But the people from the Church of Earth Mother don't believe him." Cattleya gave Klein an introduction in the most subtle manner.

He's originally someone from the Church of Earth Mother? Cross-breeding techniques are good. As long as the quantity rises, it will be able to provide for more humans, raising the poverty line... Klein looked at Frank Lee, and he calmly said courteously and truthfully, "This is something commendable."

"...You are indeed an adventurer who doesn't share the viewpoint of the common man! Excellent! Excellent! There are just too few people like you!" Frank Lee's blue eyes revealed a clear look of pleasant surprise. "I've only tried cross-breeding a bull, a cow, and wheat together, allowing calves to be born like wheat. For that, I was almost sent to court by the Church of Earth Mother. My benevolent mother, they don't understand your true will at all!"

Cross-breeding a bull, a cow, and wheat... You devil... Only then did Klein realize that his understanding of cross-breeding techniques was different from what Frank Lee was talking about.

He maintained a stoic expression without providing any further explanation. Under the lead of Frank Lee, who was reeling in a sudden bout of enthusiasm, Klein walked through the corridor beside Cattleya.

After stepping on the steps and arriving at a higher level, Klein's spiritual perception stirred as he cast his gaze to a shadow beside him.

A figure grew out of the distorted darkness—a thin and tall but pale figure.

His cheeks were nearly transparent, and his nose bridge was disharmonious and tall. His entire being gave off a sickly feeling.

"This is the second mate of the Future, Heath Doyle," Frank Lee introduced with a smile.

Bloodless Heath whose bounty is higher than yours at 7,600 pounds? Klein quickly matched the face to the correct bounty notice.

Heath nodded as a greeting before receding back into the shadows.

"He's a Rose Bishop." When turning around to head for the captain's cabin, Frank Lee warmly mentioned Heath Doyle's situation.

You are telling me your second mate's Sequence directly? Klein nearly pricked his brows.

He secretly glanced at Cattleya and discovered her masked exasperation.

"Are you puzzled and worried that he's a devout believer of the True Creator, a lunatic who has been tainted? No, haha. He's a

lucky fellow. Due to an incident, the ordinary him was scattered with the potion concocted from a Rose Bishop's Beyonder ingredients. The potion seeped into him, bit by bit, and he survived the ordeal. Finally, he became quite a special Beyonder. As he didn't experience the Listener stage, he wasn't tainted, nor did he become a lunatic. As long as he doesn't proactively use the Beyonder power, Listen, he remains an ordinary person," Frank Lee said in a flaunting tone.

What an enviable fellow. He reached Sequence 6 in one go. Furthermore, he didn't turn mentally unstable like the sea serpent, Kalvetua... Klein sighed silently as he watched Admiral of Stars open the door to the captain's cabin.

Cattleya pointed inside.

"Your room is diagonally across from here. Frank will send you over. If there's anything, you can come to me directly.

"You can have your meals at the dining hall at any time. You can also get Frank to send someone to bring food to your room. What you choose is dependent on your preference."

Admiral of Stars does things in a very clear and direct manner. Yes, she's a mature and wise lady... Klein praised inwardly as he replied without a change in expression, "Okay."

He took this opportunity to glance at the layout of the captain's cabin, discovering that it contained a bookshelf, a full-body mirror, a table, and a carpet.

She actually reads. Isn't she unable to digest all the information the Hidden Sage imbues in her... Klein thought in amusement.

At this moment, having seen their conversation come to an end, Frank Lee passionately promoted, “Mr. Sparrow, would you like a serving of roasted potatoes tonight?

“When you chew it, it’s like beef and its taste is like beef, but it’s certainly potatoes.”

Will I get sick eating that… Klein answered coldly, “I don’t eat supper.”

“Alright then.” Frank Lee drooped his shoulders and was just about to lead Klein to his room.

Cattleya suddenly thought of something and said, “Mr. Sparrow, you’ve likely hunted quite a number of enemies and have received several spoils of war.

“I’m curious about the number of Beyonder characteristics you have left. Perhaps, they can be used to reduce the remaining price of the trip.”

Klein considered for a moment and answered frankly, “Most of them have been sold.

“There’s Interrogator, Pugilist, and Lunatic left.”

He didn’t mention the All-Black Eye or the Beyonder characteristic of Nightmare.

He really is the most famous adventurer during the past few months… Even after selling most of them, he still has three sets of Beyonder characteristics… Cattleya sighed inwardly as she

pondered.

“I want Pugilist.”

She had a Warrior subordinate from the Gargas Archipelago who had long made enough contributions to apply for an advancement.

Chapter 639: Name List

There was no reason for Klein to decline Cattleya's request. He thought for two seconds and said, "700 pounds.

"Very fair." Cattleya didn't haggle.

Sequence 8 Beyonder characteristics typically cost 600 to 700 pounds, but there was often a premium if someone was in desperate need for it. After all, such items seldom appeared at Beyonder gatherings.

Klein didn't immediately complete the transaction. He raised his suitcase and said without a change in expression, "I'll give it to you tomorrow."

He didn't bring the Pugilist Beyonder characteristic with him, as most items of value had been thrown above the gray fog.

Cattleya wasn't surprised by Gehrman Sparrow's response. She nodded.

"That wouldn't be an issue."

She had encountered many similar cases. It usually meant that the Pugilist Beyonder characteristic was stored with items which wasn't meant to be known by others. Therefore, it was impossible for Gehrman Sparrow to open his suitcase in front of her to complete the transaction on the spot.

A crazy adventurer definitely had his secrets!

Cattleya paused for a second before adding, “There won’t be any surveillance placed in your room.”

Whatever she could see had already been seen by her.

“It’s fine.” Klein curled the corners of his lips and coldly smiled.

His previous considerations was to place down items like Azik’s copper whistle and Will Auceptin’s paper crane before holding a ritual or going above the gray fog. It was to resist any spying in the sense of mysticism. Then, he could use the washroom as a way to avoid physical surveillance.

Of course, he wasn’t too worried that Admiral of Stars would go overboard. He didn’t believe that she was afraid of the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, but that Cattleya had no reason to do so. She definitely had milder and more concealed means of observing.

For example, getting the help of a Beyonder from the Spectator pathway… Klein took off his hat, bowed, and followed Poison Expert Frank Lee to return to his own room.

Seeing him walk off at an adequate speed, Cattleya turned into the captain’s cabin, picked up a heavy pair of glasses and wore it.

…

Backlund, at the Harvest Church south of the Bridge.

In the eyes of an ordinary person, Bishop Utravsky, whose height was that of a half-giant, put down the bible in his hand. He

prayed once around the hall and smiled.

“The number of believers is increasing.”

“Is that so?” Emlyn White, who was in a brown priest robe, was wiping the candle racks as he said without even looking up.

He knew that the number of believers of Earth Mother had indeed increased significantly. It would’ve been a miracle in the past to have a handful of people be in attendance for praying on weekdays or in the daytime. Now, there was often close to ten.

Father Utravsky looked down at the busy vampire priest and chuckled.

“Anyone can tell if they aren’t blind.

“You have contributed greatly to this. If not for your concocting of the medicine and treating the plague, and your willingness and sincerity in teaching people about medicine, our faith wouldn’t have been that easily accepted by the residents of this borough.

Emlyn held a cloth and straightened his back. He tipped his chin slightly.

“I was only acting.”

What, what do you mean by “our faith?” Don’t lump me with you!
Emlyn’s expression twisted before he said with a smile,

“Speaking of the blind, it reminds me of a joke. It’s said that the demand for blind people in Backlund far exceeds supply. This is because they are widely believed to be most suitable to be jurors.”

Father Utravsky ignored the joke and benevolently said, “Regardless of the goal, you have contributed greatly to the spread of the faith of Earth Mother.

“Besides, this also proves that you have a kind heart.”

Pui! I said so back then, but why didn’t you believe me? Emlyn looked up at the priest’s massive body before retracting his gaze in silence.

After busying himself at the cathedral, he changed into his normal clothes and wore a silk top hat that sheltered him from the sun. He then walked onto Rose Street.

He stealthily sized up his surroundings and didn’t notice any signs of monitoring.

The Red Glove named Leonard from before really hasn’t appeared again… I thought my act of exposing his secrets and buying Tinder would result in me being constantly investigated in secret… Emlyn White shook his head indiscernibly as he felt puzzled.

In the earliest stages, he had planned on taking in The Hanged Man’s theory to incur the investigations of the Red Gloves so as to disrupt the monitoring from the upper echelons of the Sanguine. He could then achieve a perfect equilibrium by using the Church of Earth Mother’s Blessed, Utravsky.

But things didn’t develop as he had expected. Leonard Mitchell

had apparently left Backlund very quickly.

At the end of February, Emlyn had made a detour to 7 Pinster Street while he was out once, only to discover that it was uninhabited.

Without thinking about this matter any further, he walked to the end of the street, got onto a rental carriage and headed straight for the Odora villa.

He was left to a study on the first floor by an attendant where he saw many Sanguine who had recently come of age. Among them was a Sanguine who had already become a Baron.

I'm not the only one? he thought before closing the door. He then said to the owner, Cosmi Odora, "My lord, Was I not called here because of a summoning from Lord Nibbs?"

He had said "my lord" rather indifferently as though he was calling him by name. This was because he was also a Sanguine Baron; the difference was that he hadn't publicized it.

Cosmi was a very refined middle-aged gentleman. He smiled and said, "All of you are outstanding young Sanguine. My grandfather has entrusted all of you with some tests."

Another Sanguine Baron, Rus Báthory, who was lucky to receive an inheritance, asked, "What tests are they?"

Cosmi drank a mouthful of dark red blood which was concocted with grape wine as he scanned the area.

“Perhaps you might not know, but the Snake of Fate from the Life School of Thought has disappeared for quite some time.”

As Emlyn White and the other Sanguine looked puzzled, Cosmi continued, “But I believe all of you should know that the Life School of Thought is a coalition which was barely formed thanks to their belief in fate. They allied under the massive pressure placed by the seven orthodox Churches in the beginning of the Fifth Epoch and are formed by Beyonders who think of themselves as absolutely rational and aloof, those that worship the Primordial Moon, and those that seek the essence of life and spirituality.

“Due to the existence of the Snake of Fate, there hadn’t been many serious problems internally. Their worship of the Primordial Moon was ultimately restricted to a fixed symbolic meaning. Furthermore, the process of formula exchange was melded with a master-apprentice heritage system.

“Unfortunately, heh, with the disappearance of the Snake of Fate, this process has been disrupted. The Primordial Moon’s believers rapidly turned passionate, producing a fracture in the faction that represents fate. An intense conflict ensued as a result.

“This matter was used by the Rose School of Thought. It dealt quite a sizable amount of damage to them.”

Emlyn White, Rus Báthory, and other Sanguine remained perplexed. After sharing the background information, Cosmi dived into the details.

“Worshipers of the Primordial Moon are our eternal enemies. They have always been hunting us, concocting us into potions to achieve strength!

“Now, we will not let go of such an opportunity.

“Here’s a list of Primordial Moon worshipers and their situations. Whoever finds them and kills them will be the victor of this test. My grandfather, as well as various important figures would reward you generously.

“If you complete a portion of the list, we will determine this by numbers.

“Of course, these people were selected, and all of you are capable of dealing with them. The rest will be tracked down by the important figures.”

Upon hearing the first few sentences, Emlyn White had no intention of participating, despite having hatred for those “artificial” vampires. He found the matter troublesome, laborious, and tiresome. He’d rather stay at home in silence to chat with his dolls.

By the time he realized that it was a competition, as well as sensing the gazes of Rus Báthory and the other Sanguine which were cast on him, Emlyn suddenly straightened his back and tipped his chin.

“No problem.”

His red eyes slowly swept across the other creatures in the room.

…

On the Future, inside a spacious room with an attached

bathroom.

Klein stood in front of the window, looking out into the undulating blue ocean. In a good mood, he breathed in the cold winds that came from the north.

The flagship of the Admiral of Stars had already separated from the other ships in the fleet as it began to cruise alone.

After an unknown period of time, two whaling ships appeared ahead. Once they noticed the flag containing the stars and eye flying from the Future, they immediately responded nervously.

They quickly adjusted their positions, aiming their starboards over, their cannons ready to shoot at any moment.

At the same time, spears and harpoons, which were shot using explosives, were directed in the same direction. The blond and large fishermen from the Gargas Archipelago held tridents and guns as they braced for an attack, either by standing or crouching.

Klein also noticed that there were a number of women with figures similar to the Hulk. It was obvious at a glance that they were heavy and good at fighting.

The Future didn't mind their "welcome." It continued cruising past them, heading deeper into the whaling route.

After cruising for a while, Klein saw more pirate ships ahead. They were clustered around the sea route's periphery, their motives unknown.

The Future came close without standing on ceremony. Immediately, the pirate ships reacted like startled birds as they quickly retreated.

Sensing the Future slowing down, Klein left his room in puzzlement.

Just as he approached the captain's cabin, he discovered Cattleya walking out. This woman wore a thick pair of glasses on her nose bridge, hiding her mysterious purple eyes.

She glanced at Klein and said succinctly, "Someone discovered a ruin which is said to be from the Fourth Epoch at the bottom of the sea in the waters around here.

"We plan on taking a look while on the way."

Bottom of the sea? Ruin from the Fourth Epoch? Klein instantly recalled the rumor he had heard from the Lærdal Bar.

So this piece of news has already spread? I was wondering why I got to learn it so easily... he said inwardly in enlightenment.

Chapter 640: Female Pirate

Klein had a certain degree of curiosity towards the outcome of the exploration. He didn't ask further as he walked past the captain's cabin and walked down the stairwell.

After a few seconds, he felt his throat itch. He couldn't help but raise his fist to his mouth and cough.

Klein wasn't surprised by such a development, as it was inevitable. He had carried the Biological Poison Bottle for more than two hours last night. Only when it was late at night and his confirmation that Admiral of Stars and crew didn't have any intention of attacking him did he move the mystical item into a black suitcase. Sadly, he ended up falling sick.

Of course, the amount of time he brought the Biological Poison Bottle with him wasn't considered long. His body wasn't in a weakened state, so his resulting illness wasn't anything serious. He just felt his tonsils swell in pain.

Cattleya, who was walking slowly behind, saw this scene, but she didn't find it a problem. Instead, she found it normal.

It was common knowledge for knowledgeable Beyonders that mystical items were bound to have negative side effects. Furthermore, they would learn from the seven orthodox Churches and categorize those with serious side effects which made them impossible to possess or use for prolonged time as Sealed Artifacts.

The reason why Cattleya had sold or exchanged many of her low- and mid-level mystical items was firstly because she

wanted to better strengthen her survivability. Secondly, the various negative effects from multiple items were troubling. Often, one could avoid one but not the other. Some negative effects might even stack and synergize into something worse. Therefore, to most Beyonders, the disadvantages surpassed the advantages.

She discovered that Gehrman Sparrow had used mystical items, Beyonder weapons, and spirituality charms to arm himself to the teeth. While being amazed, she was already guessing at the type of negative effects he was facing. From what she saw today, it was a temporary simple illness.

With steady steps, Klein arrived on the deck and saw Frank Lee. He was still dressed in a white shirt and dungarees. His arm was stained with dirt as though he wasn't afraid of the cold winds that blew down at him.

"Good morning, Gehrman." Frank warmly waved his hand and said, "Here, try my latest product. This is definitely the most welcomed item at sea!"

As he said, he raised his other hand. In it was a wide and fat fish of an unknown breed.

No, I don't want to know what "monster" you have cooked up this time... Klein paused in his footsteps as he looked at him with a cold expression.

Frank Lee didn't discover any problems with his attitude. He pulled out a dagger from his waist and stabbed the fish before slicing a hole open.

Blood flowed out and accurately landed in a large beer cup on the deck. It didn't emit any fishy smell.

“Smell that? It’s such an intoxicating alcoholic fragrance!” Frank Lee half-closed his eyes as he fervently said, “This is a fish who has red wine replacing its blood. As such, the wine contains lots of nutrients!”

“…”

Klein realized he was at a loss for words.

Frank looked at the surroundings sailors in excitement before saying to Gehrman Sparrow, “Do you know what’s the most troubling matter out at sea? That’s when we run out of alcohol without being anywhere close to shore! As long as this kind of fish can rapidly reproduce and become the sea’s primary produce, then we won’t be lacking any alcohol no matter where we are. By the way, they can be categorized by species. Some will produce Lanti Proof, others Nepos, red wine, and beer. The beer needs to come from sharks or whales; otherwise, there won’t be enough!”

Isn’t the most troubling matter the lack of water? Of course, all of you can use beer to replace water most of the time because it doesn’t easily spoil… Those poor fishes… Klein was pondering over a response to Frank when Cattleya came on deck. She walked past him and questioned her first mate.

“Is Nina done with her preparations?”

“Yes, she has already finished a bottle of Nepos!” Frank pointed at a shadow formed by the sails.

The so-called preparations are to drink a bottle of Nepos, a specialty of Feysac? The Nepos which can light a fire? Klein suddenly felt that Nina, the lady mentioned by the first mate, was likely someone with Feysac blood.

“Captain, I want a bottle of Sonia blood wine more!” In the dark, a female figure slowly stood up and walked over.

She was more than 1.8 meters tall. Her blonde hair was casually tied up into a high pigtail. Her facial features weren’t anything outstanding, but she had the striking traits of someone from Feysac. Her skin was fair and her eyes were dull.

This lady named Nina wore a black tight suit made of fish skin. The top and bottom seemed to be a one-piece, fully accentuating her stunning figure.

Such a style was rather sexy to begin with. Nina’s breasts were also far above what was normal. It was obvious what the surrounding pirates were looking at.

Klein felt a little embarrassed and wished to move his gaze away. However, on second thought, Gehrman Sparrow was definitely not such an untried person. All he could do was empty his gaze and look straight at Nina’s face.

“Gehrman, this is our boatswain, Nina! She’s also the navigator’s assistant. Haha, her Sequence’s name is Seafarer!” Frank Lee still didn’t hold back in his introductions.

Apart from his research of crossbreeding, this Poison Expert is rather simple… I now recall that this lady named Nina has a bounty of 3,600 pounds. Her nickname is Seabed Murderer. Sigh, after seeing so many bounty notices, there are some I can’t immediately recall… Klein looked at Nina’s eyes and nodded calmly.

“Good morning, Ma’am.”

Nina held back her smile and sized up Klein.

“Good morning, Mr. Sparrow.

“I’m very curious if Vice Admiral Ailment is really as charming as the rumors say?”

As a female pirate who had mixed with low- and mid-class people for extended periods of time, she was always very frank and direct towards both men and women. She didn’t show any coyness. She had originally planned on asking Gehrman Sparrow if she was lacking in charm, or ask if he was the cold type which resulted in her being completely ignored or him showing any reaction. But considering how the man standing before her was a powerful guy, an adventurer who nearly successfully hunted Vice Admiral Ailment, or a lunatic who could draw his gun and shoot at any moment, she rationally held back her jesting words. She switched to asking about Vice Admiral Ailment.

…*How am I to answer you?* Klein gloomily said, “Her bounty is extremely charming.”

Nina was taken aback, somewhat at a loss for a response to continue the conversation. Hence, she turned to look at Admiral of Stars.

“Captain, do we begin now?”

Cattleya, who felt her bounty flash through her mind for some baffling reason, nodded.

“Begin.”

Just as she said that, Nina took large strides to the side of the ship. With her right hand supporting herself, she leaped into the sea, swimming downwards like a gigantic black fish.

At the same time, there were a few splashes. A few sailors had jumped down as well to provide her aid.

This… She begins at the mention of it. She didn't need any additional time to prepare… This lady has the temperament of the Church of Storms. As expected of a Beyonder from the Sailor pathway… Klein looked out the ship as he couldn't help but cough.

"You're sick?" Frank Lee asked directly.

Klein nodded slightly and said, "A little."

Frank thought for a moment. He didn't say a word as he rushed back into the cabin; his destination unknown.

By the side, Cattleya nudged her heavy glasses and smiled.

"Frank is a Poison Expert, but he's also an outstanding doctor."

As expected of someone from the Planter pathway… Klein didn't ask further as he stood there, awaiting Nina's preliminary exploration.

Seeing the sudden silence that became somewhat awkward, Cattleya took a few steps forward and said, seemingly in passing, "In another day, we will be leaving the whaling sea route."

“But we’re at least a week from those waters?” Klein thought before asking.

“That is if we follow the whaling sea route. In fact, this will lead further north and be more roundabout. I know of a secret sea route that can allow us to reach the waters you wish to go to in two to three days.” Cattleya’s gaze looked at Klein’s eyes through her thick glasses, as though she wanted to tell how much he knew of the extremely dangerous waters.

Klein considered and simply said, “Very good. That’s exactly what I want.

“In addition, those waters are more illusory than real.”

Cattleya retracted her gaze in thought as she looked at the entrance to the cabin.

Frank Lee ran over and held a green apple in his hand.

“This is the outcome of another one of my projects. It’s a cross-breed of medicine and fruits. It makes the consumption of medicine more enjoyable!” He beamed as he handed Klein the apple.

…I’m afraid I’ll end up even sicker after eating it… Klein glanced at Admiral of Stars and saw her nod gently. Only then did he inwardly force himself to accept the apple while appearing calm on the outside. He then bit down at the apple.

It had the taste of a normal apple. It just had a lot more juice, and the insides were softer.

After a few bites, Klein discovered that his throat suddenly wasn't hurting. He didn't realize when he stopped coughing.

I have to say that it's rather magical… As long as it doesn't involve animals and humans, Frank Lee is really a genius that should be taken seriously in the Church of Earth Mother. Unfortunately, he ultimately became a devil-like person… Klein looked at the Poison Expert and said frankly, "It's healed."

"Very good." Frank didn't praise himself as he began casually introducing the pirates on the deck.

After a while, Nina and the other supporting sailors swam up to the surface and returned to the ship.

She held a metallic piece that had been rotten into an identifiable state and a piece of black hardened mud that was filled with honeycombed holes. She grumbled to Cattleya, "Captain, there's no deep-sea well!

"That well's mouth isn't even bigger than my breasts!

"Of course, it's very deep and dark. It's unknown what's hidden in it."

She gestured using her hands.

"Exaggeration is a common trait of pirates and adventurers." Cattleya nodded without using the term "bragging."

The diameter of the well's mouth is that small? Klein puzzledly looked at the item in Nina's hand as he politely diverted his gaze

from her body which had streams of water flowing down.

Cattleya's gaze moved in sync with his as she said, "Go into the details."

Chapter 641: A Well Mouth That Humans Can't Pass

Nina was a pirate who had risen up the ranks. Often, she might be easily irritated, but she was very experienced at handling matters. She was a rather reliable person. After some thought, she gave a description in a serious manner.

"The well's mouth is at a rather deep depth along the seabed. I need enough time to adjust myself before I can acclimatize to the temperature and pressure of the area. That's why I took so much time to get there.

"It isn't easily discovered, but the remnant steel buildings are indeed rather obvious. I found them once I got acclimatized.

"They've already completely collapsed or rotted. There's no way to imagine what they originally looked like. However, I could tell that they definitely spanned across a great distance in the past. It's just shrunken by a great deal now."

When Nina said this, she chuckled and scanned all the men around her.

A real female pirate is indeed different... Klein sighed from the bottom of his heart.

From his point of view, be it Admiral of Stars Cattleya, Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina, or Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy, none of them could be considered a pure female pirate. All of them hailed from major factions or secret organizations. When they were Low-Sequence Beyonders, they were either not at sea, or

they were following important figures, so what they did were relatively safe matters. Otherwise, they were independent adventurers who had never been tainted by the characters and atmosphere of low- or mid-level pirates.

After Nina finished laughing, Cattleya pointed her finger to the rusted item that could hardly be described as a metal beam.

“This is a portion of the steel building?”

“Yes, Captain. As you know, I don’t know much about history or mysticism. I could only bring some back for your inspection. You’re an expert on this.” Nina smiled as she handed the “metal beam” over.

Then, she pointed at the black piece of hardened mud which was filled with holes on its surface.

“Not far from the iron ruins, I found a well. It’s not very big. If it’s to be described with the word ‘huge,’ then I’ve definitely seen plenty of huge cannons.

“Those drunken adventurers are better at bragging than us pirates!

“This is the mud from the inner layer of the well. I can’t imagine how such patterns could be formed!”

Nina’s finger repeatedly struck the honeycombed dots on the black mud.

Klein originally believed that they were marks left behind by

dense shots with very tiny projectiles, but after a careful inspection, he suspected that they were remnant “patterns” after something had rotted. Each spot was very shallow as its edges spread outwards in an irregular pattern.

Nina handed the black mud to Cattleya as she continued describing, “The well’s mouth is really small. Even a child from Nas wouldn’t be able to enter.

“It’s very deep. I even felt that it was bottomless. In that environment, the interior was completely dark as though something was slowly summoning me, yes—slowly.

“I found a few rocks nearby and threw them in, but there wasn’t any response. In short, it’s filled with water.”

Cattleya held up the “metallic beam” and black mud. Through the thick glasses, she observed them seriously.

“Since the mouth is very small and humans can’t enter them, there’s no need for us to begin the exploration immediately. It will be very dangerous.

“Let’s wait until I figure out the secrets hidden within these items and whether the ancient well is worth us taking the risk before we return to make an attempt.”

“Aye aye, Captain!” The wet Nina was trembling as a result of the cold winds. The way she wavered made all the surrounding pirates stare straight at her.

Cattleya nudged her glasses and said to Nina, “You can drink a bottle of Sonia blood wine. There’s no limit for the rest.”

"...Long live the captain!" Nina cried out in joy.

An underwater well that humans can't enter... Klein, who had no desire to explore it, summarized Nina's description.

Suddenly, he had a strange idea.

Humans are unable to enter the well, but that doesn't mean that non-humans can't do it!

Many deep-sea fishes aren't necessarily that huge. There's a significant chance that they can pass through the well.

As the "Sea God," he had the means to make marine creatures do his bidding while wielding the scepter!

There's no rush. Let's see if Ma'am Hermit is able to figure out anything from these two objects. I'll consider whether I'll explore it on the return trip; otherwise, I might attract some exaggerated danger... There's still not enough information regarding this. There's no way to do any divination... As his thoughts wandered, Klein's expression remained deadpan.

At that moment, Cattleya shot him a glance out of curiosity. Then, she retracted her gaze without leaving any traces.

Why did she suddenly look at me? She was seeing what I was doing? It's impossible for her to know that I possess the Sea God Scepter and can make marine creatures do my bidding. That's not right. She knows, but she only knows that Mr. Fool wields Kalvetua's godhood scepter, not The World... Unless she has figured out that The World is The Fool... But that's even more impossible. Even Mr. Hanged Man is still stuck at the concept that

The World is a Blessed. She hasn't even realized this point...

Viewing this from a different point of view, I'll consider it from Admiral of Stars's angle... She's someone being pursued by knowledge, and she's a follower of Queen Mystic. She's loyal to the Moses Ascetic Order, and she has roamed the sea for years. She has plenty of knowledge and experience, so it wouldn't be odd that she knows that the Sea God domain possesses the Beyonder power to control marine creatures.

Therefore, after realizing that humans are unable to pass through the ancient well, she naturally made the connection with the scepter in Mr. Fool's hand. Does she plan on requesting for help in the future? She looked at me to figure out if The World has also grasped the corresponding information or have similar ideas?

Many ideas went through Klein's mind. With the powers of Clown, he forcefully maintained his indifferent expression. He didn't react abnormally in any way.

As Nina was about to draw the Sonia blood wine, Klein pressed down his hat and returned to the cabin.

Just as he was about to approach the door, a figure surfaced in his mind suddenly.

In a room in the cabin's upper level, the windows were tightly shut and the curtains were drawn. There were a pair of blurry eyes hidden behind them, silently watching the crowd on the deck, as well as Gehrman Sparrow.

Who is it? Klein didn't stop. His body didn't show any hesitation as he entered the cabin normally as though nothing had happened.

...

At three in the afternoon, the bright but not scorching sunlight shone into the garden adjacent to Stoen University.

Michele Deuth was already a Senior Associate Professor by forty. He was wearing a long tailcoat and a beautiful bow tie as he waited by the door.

Yesterday evening, he received a letter. The sender was from the attendant of the richest aristocratic family in East Chester County, the Hall family. The person who wrote the letter was the daughter of a Member of Parliament from the House of Lords who wielded immense influence. She was Miss Audrey Hall, who was deemed to be the most stunning gem in Backlund.

This noble lady had mentioned in the letter that she had learned from a gathering that Mr. Michele Deuth was an outstanding collector and an aficionado of this domain. She had a great desire in paying a visit.

Michele Deuth didn't have any reason to refuse.

Soon, a classic carriage with a family emblem arrived at the door.

Two servants, who had been instructed to open the outer gates made of iron railings, led the carriage around the garden and arrived in front of the house.

A housekeeper was the first to alight, followed by guards and maidservants.

Following that, a hand wearing a long white-gauzed glove was extended outside.

With the help of the maidservants, Audrey elegantly stepped onto the carpet which Michele had paved.

Michele was first taken aback before his eyes lit up. He felt as though the flowers in the garden had instantly faded.

He took two steps forward and took off his hat to bow.

“Welcome, my honorable lady.

“Your visit is an honor for me and my family.”

Audrey took off the veiled hat and passed it to her maidservant before exchanging a few pleasantries. Then, she followed Michele Deuth into the living room and entered the collector’s room on the first floor.

Here, Michele finally found his confidence as the master of the house. He began pointing at his collection and providing an introduction from the left.

“This is a helmet that appeared in the White Rose War. After lots of research, it can be determined that the owner is a member of the Sauron family. Back then, they were still considered royalty.”

The golden helmet had an intricate design. There were avian and flying wings that adorned it, and the visor was formed from pieces of golden scales.

“My ancestor obtained his first aristocratic title in that war,” Audrey replied with piqued interest.

She had already adjusted her mental state ahead of time—she was to appear as though she was really here to tour the collections.

“The failure of the Twenty Year War had caused the kingdom to suffer years of humiliation, but it also carved out several heroes.” Michele resorted to flattery.

The White Rose War happened after the Twenty Year War and before the Battle of the Violated Oath. There, Loen defeated Intis and became strong again.

Michele continued introducing his collection as Audrey solemnly listened, raising questions from time to time as she conversed with him.

Finally, Michele’s finger pointed towards a notebook with a black cover.

“This belonged to a knight stationed on Sonia Island in the Twenty Year War.

“This knight’s name has already vanished in the long rivers of history. This notebook is the only proof of his existence. He once stood fast until the very last moment on Sonia Island.

“This notebook is not only a first-hand account for the research of that portion of history, but it also hides certain problems. The knight’s grammar has many uncommon habits. This might be a clue to aid us in determining his exact identity.”

Audrey instinctively believed that the notebook was her target. Hence, she only leaned in a little. Indeed, the black cover had unobvious patterns. Together, they outlined an abstract image of a dragon.

From Michele's tone and minute expressions, his interest is focused on the content and not the item itself. He doesn't particularly treasure it... I have a high chance of purchasing it... Audrey calmly made a judgment as she turned her head. She then smiled at Michele Deuth and said, "What are the uncommon habits exactly?"

"Enjoys using short sentences—very simple and short ones..." Michele described in a flaunting tone.

Audrey was always a good listener. She looked at him with a smile as she listened with focused attention. This made Michele speak more.

As she listened, she suddenly felt that the knight's grammatical habits were somewhat familiar.

That is... Audrey's eyes darted around slightly as she quickly remembered the source of the familiarity.

This was a grammatical habit of Dragonese which she had diligently mastered!

Chapter 642: Killing Three Birds With One Stone

A knight who knows Dragonese and even used it in the critical stage of his growth... It's no wonder that the Psychology Alchemists wish to obtain the notebook he left behind... Audrey was enlightened as she stopped her wandering thoughts. She happily and seriously discussed the problem that stemmed from such grammatical habits with Michele Deuth.

Soon, they concluded the discussion over the notebook as Michele began introducing the other items.

Time passed as the tour slowly came to an end. Audrey had planned on raising her request of purchasing the notebook to their next meeting in order to make her goal less obvious. However, in a friendly atmosphere and with the naturalness of their conversation, she sharply sensed that it was an opportunity. Hence, with the powers of Lie, she made her cheeks blush red.

"Mr. Deuth, that helmet from the Sauron royalty that originates from the White Rose War is a keepsake of my ancestors. Pardon my presumptuous, but can I buy it from you? Also, the notebook of the Twenty Year War. I'm very impressed by the knight that stood firm for Sonia Island and also wish to have it.

"I know it's not a polite request, but I wish that you can understand how I feel. Of course, you have the right to decline."

Her eyes moved as she obviously darted them around, partially deliberate and truthful to express her lack of confidence and embarrassment.

Michele subconsciously moved his gaze away as he said with a hoarse and slow voice, “I’m a collector. I won’t sell my collection.”

His tone and the words he used aren’t firm enough… In the intel I previously gathered, he’s a gentleman who values his reputation greatly. Using cash to purchase his collection is probably unacceptable… The reason why the Psychology Alchemists didn’t get someone else to complete the mission is firstly because I have a way of earning contribution points, and secondly, it probably took the Associate Professor’s attitude towards such matters in mind… I have to change my approach. Before the visit, Audrey had already carefully decided of different tests according to the intel she received. After some thought, she changed topics.

“Mr. Deuth, I heard that you’re requesting Stoen University to build an ancient relic research center?”

“Yes, that has been my goal for the past few years,” Michele looked at Audrey and answered frankly.

Audrey smiled faintly and said, “I’m very interested in the research in this area. I also feel a deep respect for you and hope to see your wish fulfilled.

“Well, I’m planning on donating 1,000 pounds, a nearby piece of land spanning 2,000 ares [1], and a manor with rather good returns to the faculty you are from at Stoen University. I hope to have a non-profit basic relic search and preservation foundation set up. I know it’s not a lot, but I will drum up support from the ladies and gentlemen I know in order to get them to make a certain amount of contributions.

“Mr. Deuth, I think you’re the most professional relic collector and researcher I know. I’m wondering if you’re willing to be the person-in-charge of this non-profit foundation?”

2,000 ares of land near the university. That's worth about 6,000 pounds. Together with the manor and the cash, Miss Audrey would be donating nearly 10,000 pounds... With such a non-profit relic search and preservation foundation, the difficulties I would encounter to get my research grants approved would be drastically lowered... Michele paused for a few seconds before revealing a sincere smile. He bowed solemnly and said, "My honorable lady, the importance you place on academia has left me touched. Its glow is enough to match your beauty and upbringing. I believe I have no reason to reject your invitation.

"I've already recorded the contents of the notebook. I will send it and the helmet to your residence tonight. Treat it as a gift from a sincere friend."

Success! Audrey was delighted as she wished to praise herself. However, she appeared reserved and indifferent. She didn't do anything that was improper.

"It's my honor," she said earnestly.

Although the two items were definitely not worth 10,000 pounds, it wouldn't result in any loss on her part.

In her plans, this suggestion contained three important goals which yielded three returns!

The first goal was naturally to obtain the item and complete the mission. She would then successfully obtain the Hypnotist potion formula from the Psychology Alchemists.

The second goal was to enhance her prestige, standing, and image via donating to academic research and the preservation of ancient relics. This was something most nobles and tycoons needed to do. Even if the donation wasn't today, Audrey would

have to donate 3,000 pounds or more to the various charitable organizations. Therefore, she believed that her father, Earl Hall, wouldn't stop her from doing this with a few of her properties.

The third goal was that by having a foundation that focused on the search and preservation of ancient relics, it made it easier for her to come into contact with historical records or mysterious items of value. Audrey didn't need to personally do anything. All she needed to do was sit at home to receive items that might be beneficial to her. It was equivalent to using 10,000 pounds to produce even more money to establish her own "faction."

Of course, if Michele Deuth hadn't accepted this exchange, then she had other plans. The kingdom's Higher Education Commission had someone from the Hall family, as well as noble friends she knew. As long as the Associate Professor had anything he needed, she was certain that she had the means to satisfy him.

However, Audrey didn't like such methods. She had a nagging feeling that it was shady and would harm the public interest.

After discussing the matter, Audrey stayed for a little longer and chatted idly for about fifteen minutes. It made the wrapping up process not as sharp and abrupt.

Following that, she first left Michele's house and rode her carriage back to the Hall family's villa in Stoen City.

Past eight in the evening, she received the Sauron royalty's helmet and the notebook from the Twenty Year War.

Audrey wore a pair of white-silk gloves and sat before her desk with piqued interest. She placed the helmet to the side as she

began flipping through the content in the notebook.

She discovered that the records were sparse. The early records indicated how the knight who was stationed in the ancient elven island had learned how to brew Sonia blood wine, how he chased after women, how he spent the boring days. In the later records, it entered the period of the Twenty Year War. It mainly included his cursing of the people of Feysac, his grumbling about his companions, and the consideration towards his plans to stand fast. It also included the end of how the Sonia Island was first lost.

Apart from the grammatical habits being similar to Dragonese, there aren't any serious problems. Nor can I find any hidden clues... Audrey frowned as she closed the notebook.

She had used methods derived from mysticism to do her checks, but they were to no avail.

This made her unwilling to waste time as she planned to turn it in to the Psychology Alchemists.

As her thoughts raced, she suddenly had a new idea.

Mr. World and Mr. Hanged Man will often consider problems from different angles to provide suggestions. Should I learn from them?

Well... Viewing it from a different point of view, if the content of the notebook isn't problematic, would the physical item actually be what the Psychology Alchemists are after?

What's so special about it? I didn't discover anything... It belongs to a knight who's accustomed to using Dragonese. That knight

must've experienced something... Divination! Yes, divination! Perhaps I can find the knight's final location using divination with the help of the notebook. And this might be related to a dragon!

Since it's a dragon, there's a high chance that it's a mind dragon, a representative of the Spectator pathway. Clues involving it would indeed be something the Psychology Alchemists will pay close attention to...

Audrey, that's some nice thinking!

Audrey's eyes turned crystal clear as it seemed to hide a clear resplendence.

She couldn't help but turn her head and looked at the golden retriever sitting by the side.

Susie glanced at her owner and barked.

"Audrey, do you want me to praise you?"

"No, there's no need..." Audrey turned her head back, feeling a little embarrassed.

Then, she discovered an important question. She wasn't able to divine things herself, or it could be said that the revelation that she received from divination would be highly inaccurate!

There's no way to confirm it... No, I can seek Mr. Fool's help! A secret deed ritual? It can only be performed on my body and not towards an external object... Artificial sleepwalking? It's similar to secret deed rituals, so it wouldn't do as well... Sacrifice it to Mr.

Fool and get "Him" to do the divination before bestowing it back to me? No, that won't work. It will appear rather disrespectful. "He" isn't my father or teacher, but a real god. Using such a method is way too casual and somewhat sacrilegious… Audrey's thoughts slowly went from Mr. Fool to divination.

Although she was rather incapable of divination, she had a certain level of understanding in the corresponding knowledge. She soon locked onto a particular method of divination.

It was to seek the help of a third party's strength—an unknown or mysterious existence—via a certain ritual. The most classic example of such a method was magic mirror divination!

Yes… It's indeed very dangerous, but the danger stems from the possibility that the target is filled with malice or one that can cause a person to break down immediately. But I don't have such worries. I can seek Mr. Fool's help! Audrey blinked and held down her agitation as she said to the golden retriever, "Susie, guard the door outside. I will use a mysticism method to study this notebook."

"Didn't you use them before?" Susie asked, puzzled.

She's getting harder to fool… Audrey's eyes darted around as she said confidently, "I plan on using magic mirror divination.

"Don't worry. I'll make the plea to a safe existence."

"Alright." Susie determined that Audrey was speaking the truth.

She took a few steps before turning around to exhort her.

“Audrey, you need to be careful about being possessed by a mysterious existence.”

“I know,” Audrey replied without feeling worried at all.

From her point of view, if Mr. Fool really wanted to do something to her, he had countless opportunities in the past. There was no reason for him to wait until this day.

After Susie opened and closed the door by herself and went out, Audrey sat in front of her desk and recited the honorific name of The Fool to request the use of magic mirror divination.

After a while, Klein, who was on the Future, went to the bathroom and headed above the gray fog. There, he heard Miss Justice’s prayer.

That can be done? That’s right. As a mysterious and unknown existence, I can be the third force in a magic mirror divination… Klein allowed it while feeling amused.

Audrey immediately picked up the notebook, sat in front of the dresser, and lit a candle while facing the mirror.

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1. **Author’s Note:** One are is 100 square meters. In the late Victorian era, land in the suburbs was approximately 100–130 pounds per acre. Converting to ares, it’s about 2 pounds and 10 shillings to 3 pounds and 5 shillings per are. Well, that’s excluding London. Of course, this might not be too accurate. I did an inference from the overall cost of the land purchase and building a house and subtracted the cost of building a house from the

information from that era.

Chapter 643: Klein's Version of "Magic Mirror Divination"

With the curtains drawn tightly and all the lights extinguished in the room, Audrey followed the requirements of magic mirror divination and completed the corresponding preparations.

Of course, she didn't specially choose a specific time, as there wasn't any need to be that troublesome when getting Mr. Fool's help.

Looking at the candles and reflected light in front of her, as well as her reflection, Audrey picked up a bottle of extract in excitement and some unease. She then dripped a few droplets onto the dim flame.

As the mild and refreshing fragrances filled her nose, for some baffling reason, Audrey recalled the times when she was still a mysticism enthusiast.

In the beginning, she would also commit all kinds of mistakes. She would realize that she had forgotten to prepare the essential oils and extracts that would please the deity at a critical moment during the ritual. All she could do was make do with perfume, and her attempts no doubt failed.

In fact, according to the information which Mr. Fool shared, "He" would similarly respond even if I had used my perfume... Audrey exhaled slightly and, using Cogitation, calmed herself down.

She knew that her uncontrolled thoughts weren't ordinary behavior coming from her. The tiny bit of anticipation and

nervousness had been magnified by Lie!

After making sure she was in an optimal state of mind, Audrey clasped her hands and pressed them to her mouth and nose as if in prayer. She sincerely chanted softly, “The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era.

“The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.

“The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck.”

…

The secret incantation gently echoed seven times as Audrey felt the surrounding darkness had the inclusion of something which was somewhat indescribable. It was like an undercurrent hidden beneath the water surface.

Looking up, Audrey reached out her right hand and passed it through the still candle flame and stroked the mirror’s surface from top to bottom.

At this point, the magic mirror divination was basically done. If the mysterious and unknown existence’s interest was piqued, it would respond through the mirror.

Above the gray fog, in the ancient and magnificent palace, Klein looked at the crimson star representing Miss Justice expand and contract as it rippled with an illusory glow. Finally, it was tainted with a nearly black feeling of serenity. It condensed into a circular halo the size of a mirror that appeared to lead to the outer world.

It's different from past rituals. Interesting... Klein leaned back into his chair and extended his spirituality to make contact with the black circular hole.

Silently, his vision changed. The long bronze table and the crimson star overlapped with the spacious room which was illuminated with candlelight, becoming distinct once again.

At this moment, Klein felt that a mirror had become an extension of his body or eye. It allowed him to clearly see and interfere with the real world despite being above the gray fog.

Yes, clearly!

All the objects in Klein's vision no longer looked blurry as they appeared distinctly in his eyes!

His gaze suddenly froze for two seconds.

In front of him was a golden-laced, white-dressed lady. Her long blonde hair was casually tied up as they smoothly and luxuriantly flowed down. Her emerald eyes reflected a somewhat palish flame, looking as deep as the ocean and also as pure as a gemstone. Her facial features and the shape of her face were matched with a stunning beauty. Her bearing and elegance were clear and pure.

Klein shifted his gaze away as he felt guilty for some baffling reason.

I nearly imagined her to be a Demoness of quite a high Sequence. Thankfully, I recalled in time that Miss Justice is a Beyonder of the Spectator pathway. It's impossible for her to become a Demoness...

The smell of this extract isn't bad. Very unique... It has a very subtle feeling. The mystical item created from that Faceless Beyonder characteristic? Miss Justice made it into a necklace... Klein's gaze landed on the mystical item which was disguised as a diamond necklace.

Then, he heard Miss Justice say with utmost anticipation, "Mirror, Mirror, please tell me the location of the owner of this notebook."

Audrey knew that she was asking Mr. Fool, but "Mirror, Mirror" were words she had always wanted to recite from the stories she had heard from a young age. She finally had a chance to use it in practice.

The failures in the past don't count! Yes! Audrey nodded inwardly.

Klein instantly looked at the black notebook placed between Miss Justice and the candle. He discovered that his spirituality could easily spread out with the help of the mirror. He could "hold" the divination medium as though he was using his hand.

Above the gray fog, he quickly wrote the corresponding divination statement.

"The location of the original owner of the notebook."

With one "hand" holding the notebook and another hand holding the piece of paper, Klein recited as he leaned back in his chair. With the help of Cogitation, he quickly fell into a deep sleep.

Audrey looked at the mirror intently with her emerald eyes,

awaiting Mr. Fool's reply.

After a few seconds, she saw ripples being produced on the mirror's surface.

It's a success! Magic mirror divination really works! Audrey's eyes widened as they reflected the scenes flashing inside the mirror.

It was a view of a village from above!

The scene zoomed in as the dragon drawings on the various buildings gradually turned clear.

A cathedral quickly occupied the mirror in its entirety before being replaced by the cemetery attached by it.

Finally, the scene was fixed on a tombstone in a corner. On it were words that had turned blurry as a result of the elements. The only thing that could still be discerned was the name, "Lindelira."

At this moment, the mirror suddenly darkened before restoring to normal. It reflected Audrey and the candle in front of her once again.

Isn't this the village which had the customs of dragon worship? The knight who wrote the notebook is named Lindelira, and is from that village. He returned to his hometown after the loss of the Twenty Year War and stayed there until his death? Or was he sent back to his hometown as a corpse? Hmm... That village is in East Chester County. Stoen City is also part of East Chester County, so it's very understandable that the notebook which Associate Professor Michele obtained stems from there... There's

indeed a mind dragon living in the sea of collective subconscious over there... Feeling enlightened, Audrey thanked Mr. Fool and ended the magic mirror divination.

Under the candlelight's illumination, she stared at the notebook for a moment before deciding to hand it over. She wanted to know what the Psychology Alchemists would divine or figure out.

At the very least, the present me lacks the strength to come into contact with that mind dragon. That's all I can do... Besides, even if the Psychology Alchemists really discover anything and benefits from it, once I slowly rise up the ranks in the organization, some of that will belong to me~ Audrey's mood very quickly turned positive once again.

...

Above the gray fog, Klein rapped the corner of the long bronze table. With Miss Justice's description, he made his judgment.

The notebook and the village had something to do with a dragon, and dragons often implied treasure!

What a pity. Miss Justice's strength is lacking; otherwise, I would've encouraged her to explore it and pray to the "Sea God" if something happens while I provide support to her via various means. Yes, it's too dangerous for her. It can only be set aside for now... If the Psychology Alchemists didn't discover anything, perhaps we can attempt it in the future... Klein suppressed his regret as he recalled the experience of the magic mirror divination.

This kind of divination is extremely advantageous for the third party. There's almost no price to be paid to connect to the real

world. If I so wished, I could've torn out of the mirror in my Spirit Body form! But to the user, it's indeed dangerous. They will appear under the "sights" of an unknown existence without any protection. From there, they can be possessed, controlled, cursed, and corrupted... Klein sighed from the bottom of his heart.

He wasn't worried that Miss Justice would abuse magic mirror divination, as she had the best and safest target to pray to. There was no need for her to seek anyone else.

And that would be me! Klein retracted his finger and sat at the end of the long bronze table and waited in silence for twenty to thirty seconds.

Soon, he returned to the real world. He didn't stay too long since he was on the Future. There was someone watching him from the dark.

After leaving the bathroom and putting away Azik's copper whistle and Will Auceptin's paper crane, Klein glanced at the crimson moon which had been shrouded by clouds as he pondered silently for a moment.

He put on his half top hat, pulled open the door, and went into the corridor.

After taking a few steps forward, Klein deliberately slowed his footsteps and glanced at the first room on the left through the corner of his eye.

Based on his judgment, the mysterious pair of eyes that were silently observing him and the deck during the day was in that room.

Klein walked slower and slower as he nearly stopped in front of the door.

He didn't hide the extension of his left palm as he reached for the handle when scenes naturally surfaced in his mind.

Not far behind the door was a clothes rack with nothing hanging on it.

Faint starlight scattered across the clean floorboards. There was a sense of solitude and serenity that lacked the aura of humans.

The windows had opened at some point in time as the sea breeze blew in from the outside, lifting the curtains which weren't too heavy.

There's no one there? Klein had planned on probing the area, but he immediately retracted his left palm and walked towards the stairs as though nothing had happened.

When he arrived on the deck and was taking in the cold night breeze, Klein strolled on the starboard with a cold and casual expression as though his main goal was to come out for a stroll.

Suddenly, he saw a man sitting ahead of him. The man was wearing dungarees and a white shirt.

Frank Lee? Klein didn't stop as he approached.

The man sensed something as he turned his body halfway around to look at the person approaching.

He was none other than Poison Expert Frank Lee, but he no longer wore a smile. Streaming down the corner of his mouth was blood-red liquid.

Klein pricked up his brows without saying a word.

Frank Lee suddenly raised his hands and grabbed a silver-scaled fish that wasn't struggling.

He said in depression, "It failed... Their lifespan is shorter than I imagined. It's impossible to breed them, even if they are planted in the ground..."

As he spoke, he raised the silver-scaled fish in his right hand and bit down on it.

That's good... Otherwise, I'm really afraid of the kind of abominations you would create... So, you are drowning your sorrows with alcohol, no—fish? Klein silently heaved a sigh of relief.

Chapter 644: Laughter

Klein couldn't go against his own wishes to console Frank Lee, nor could he bring himself to tell Frank Lee that not being able to breed red wine fish was a good thing. All he could do was pretend that this was a trivial problem and not provide a response.

He walked two steps diagonally and circled around the starboard before looking far into the undulating sea.

By then, the clouds high in the sky had thinned. The crimson moon's moonlight brightened up the rather dark night.

In such an environment, Klein could see the nearby scenery. There were dark clouds that hung low, and he discovered a hurricane swishing back and forth, encompassing an unknown swath of sea.

Under the illumination of the silver lightning, fine rain danced amidst the wind, forming a scene that resembled the dawn of the apocalypse.

Such a terrifying disaster was only a few nautical miles or even shorter from the Future, but the Future didn't seem affected. Only the wind had become a little stronger.

This is the meaning of a safe sea route—to advance by the side of a storm... Without a good navigator, just traveling normally might push the ship into a disaster... Klein turned his head to look where the ship was heading. He saw a little illumination and fog being emanated. The visibility was extremely low, and using just the naked eye was very difficult to discern if they were in a

dangerous or safe zone.

Such situations weren't obvious west of Oravi Island. But here, it was common once they took the secret sea route.

Klein was just about to retract his gaze when he saw a black, massive object seemingly hiding in the periphery of the storm!

A sea monster? He suddenly recalled some of the rumors he had heard at the different bars he had been to.

After steering away from the safe sea route, it's very easy to encounter all kinds of monsters. Some of them are behemoths and possess intense offensive power. Once they surfaced from the sea, they could finish it in one mouthful.

The Future didn't stop advancing. Before long, it closed the gap between it and the gloomy but massive object.

Klein finally managed to discern the entity's appearance and discovered that it wasn't a sea monster, but a gigantic sailboat which was even larger than the Future.

The sailboat was nearly two hundred meters long. With its bow and stern raised high, it appeared like a crescent.

Its surface was black. The cannons were arranged in three rows in an untidy manner on the side of the ship. There was order from top to bottom. Apart from the mast, the portions that extended out of the deck was similarly tall and massive. It was at least equivalent to a five-story building.

This ship's most odd feature was that it only had one sail and on it was the drawing of a black tomb.

"The Death Announcer…" A heavy voice sounded in Klein's ears. At some point in time, Frank Lee had thrown the silver-scaled fish whose blood had been replaced with red wine away and approached his side.

The first mate who had a bounty of 7,000 pounds held his head heavy as his muscles remained tense. It was as though an attack would be launched anytime from the minute changes of the gigantic sailboat.

Death Announcer? Klein was first taken aback before he recalled what the name represented.

It was one of the most legendary and infamous ships on the Five Seas!

It was the flagship of the King of Immortality Agalito!

We actually encountered one of the Four Kings… Klein clicked his tongue silently as he uncontrollably entered a highly-vigilant state.

However, he maintained a superficial level of indifference and calm as he continued looking at the Death Announcer.

Recalling how the second mate of the Death Announcer, Slaughterer Kircheis, who had a bounty of 9,500 pounds, had recently appeared in Nas and warned him, Kircheis came to an understanding. He was no longer puzzled as to why he would bump into the Death Announcer not far from the Gargas

Archipelago.

After putting aside this question, he made connections with even more rumors. And among these rumors, there were a number which could be confirmed to be an actual description.

King of Immortality Agalito is a middle-aged man who's so pale that he's on the brink of rotting at any moment.

The bounty placed on him by a single country reached as high as 100,000 pounds.

His former enemies are all dead, regardless if they were pirates, adventurers, or members of a naval fleet. Only the other three members of the Four Kings remained alive.

He has never entered into direct combat with an official demigod. He is extremely restrained in such matters.

No one really knows his exact Sequence. No one knows what his Beyonder powers are.

He's cruel by nature and enjoys killing. He can launch an attack on any person or any ship at random.

He liked to find excuses to rip apart promises. Other than his nickname as the King of Immortality, he was often nicknamed "The Untrustworthy."

Thankfully, I'm on the Future. The King of Immortality will likely give Admiral of Stars a free pass. After all, she's one of the seven pirate admirals... No, the Four Kings and the Pirate Admirals can

cooperate or be at odds normally, apart from the pirate convention organized by the King of the Five Seas... With the King of Immortality's character, he might not leave any chance of survival! Just as this thought flashed in Klein's mind, he heard a deep, rumbling horn.

Whoosh!

The sailors who were resting in the cabin jolted awake immediately. Without wearing their clothes, they ran to the different cannons on deck to make preparations to do battle. The Future instantly went from a peaceful state to a combative one.

Klein turned his head and looked up. He saw that the captain's windows were already open. Cattleya wore the usual black dress as she stood there and observed the Death Announcer.

She wasn't wearing the thick glasses, and her pitch-black eyes were tainted with some purple, making them mysterious and deep.

Indeed, she's also worried about a sudden attack from the King of Immortality... Klein retracted his gaze and looked at the Death Announcer which had its tail raised up.

At this moment, the two ships had just passed each other by. The pirates could see their counterparts on the other ship.

Similarly, those pirates were also looking over. They maintained a silence resembling that of a statue as though they had zero emotional fluctuations, brandishing their knives and blowing at the guns. They were being extremely provocative.

At that moment, just a matchstick was enough to trigger the tense nerves and begin a war.

Finally, the Death Announcer didn't take any actions. It continued silently anchored on the spot, "watching" the Future pass it by before it distanced itself.

Phew... At Klein's side, Frank Lee didn't conceal his exhalation.

He produced a smile and said to Klein, "Heh heh, there has always been many rumors about the King of Immortality's strength. Others say that he's really a demigod, while others say that he's only a Sequence 5. He is able to reach the level of a Sequence 4 thanks to the Death Announcer. But regardless, he has lived long enough. Uh... Tell me, do you think crossbreeding him and my fishes would enhance their survivability?"

Frank suddenly had an idea.

First, you need to capture the King of Immortality; otherwise, make him interested in your fish... Klein lampooned before calmly saying, "You can discuss it with him."

Frank Lee was taken aback as he sighed, depressed.

"He won't agree to it. He will plant me into the soil."

Just as he said that, the Death Announcer which had opened a gap with the Future suddenly turned its sails.

A shrill laughter which was filled with malice sounded from several hundred meters away as it blanketed the Future.

“Hahaha!

“Hahaha!”

The laughter resounded constantly. It switched from being hoarse, to chaotic, sounding like ravings or singing at times. The sailors on deck fell to the ground one after another as they tried hard to cover their ears, but all they could do was struggle in pain.

A number of Beyonders began to produce fish scales on their bodies.

Klein was similarly affected. He felt that his brain was instantly injected with all kinds of thoughts. There were the good, the bad, the bright, and the dark.

They were abnormally disordered as they combined with the constantly changing laughter to produce a swelling feeling that could burst one’s brain.

Klein’s facial expression distorted slightly as inconspicuous flesh tendrils began to start wriggling under his skin.

If he hadn’t experienced the True Creator’s ravings and Mr. Door’s cry for help, or suffer similar torment when he passed the gray fog each time, giving him a certain level of resistance, Klein would definitely be like Poison Expert Frank Lee—pressing his head, kneeling down with a ferocious expression to resist the pain brought from the terrifying laughter.

Klein noticed that some short orange hair was growing from Frank’s face, making him seem to transform into a bear.

At that moment, the symbols and magical labels on the Future's walls, deck, and mast lit up. They became like a resplendent sea of stars in a moonless night.

The terrifying laughter which was either sharp or hoarse didn't weaken, but everyone was distanced from one another in a second. The sounds that came from a further distance away sounded empty and illusory.

Klein's swelling head instantly received reprieve as he used the rest of his strength to look up.

Behind the opened windows in the captain's cabin, the Admiral of Stars's face had additional traces of gloominess, and they looked like they would crack apart at any moment, producing horrible items.

At that moment, Cattleya's palms pressed down on the window sill as bits of starlight swirled around her, seemingly matching the Future which was on the resplendent sea.

Whoosh!

A squall stirred for no reason as the ship began its own adjustment. Despite the Future having so many of its sailors down, it sped up instead of slowing down. It quickly opened up a gap from the Death Announcer.

Klein looked at the room with the mysterious pair of eyes that observed the deck, and he discovered that the windows were rattling from the strong winds without any signs of abnormalities.

Whoosh!

Amidst the strong winds, starlight descended to form a swath of "floating ice" as they dragged the Future into a "rapid flight."

Finally, the Death Announcer vanished behind it. The terrifying laughter which could make a person lose control or go mad turned more illusory and distant.

Frank Lee lowered his hands and panted before barely recovering. Many of the sailors on the deck were still tumbling about and struggling in extreme pain, but their condition didn't worsen.

This ability of the King of Immortality is truly impressive. There's almost no way to defend against it... It's no wonder he's one of the Four Kings... Klein frowned slightly as he sighed.

Although he was experienced and rather knowledgeable, this was the first time he was being directly attacked by a demigod in the true sense of the word. He discovered that even Agalito, who was ranked last among the Four Kings, similarly made him feel weak as though it was impossible to resist.

With Agalito's character, will he make the Death Announcer pursue us? Although there's a high chance he would wait for Slaughterer Kircheis to return, that possibility cannot be excluded... If he chases up, I'll pray to myself and use the Sea God Scepter to give him a maelstrom and a thunderstorm to wipe him out... After making the decision, he once again looked at Cattleya.

The pirate admiral's expression was already ghastly pale. However, there were no longer any signs of darkness. The starlight that twirled around her slowly extinguished one after

another.

Chapter 645: Calming Method

Following the complete disappearance of the surrounding astral glow, Cattleya lowered her head and said to Frank Lee who was slowly recovering, “Let them calm down.”

She was referring to the sailors who were still struggling in pain.

Just as she said that, Cattleya shrunk her body back as the windows closed.

At that instant, Klein vaguely saw a green vine grow upwards, covering the Admiral of Stars in layers.

As he didn’t sense any danger or wickedness, he intuitively believed that it was a method in mysticism which Ma’am Hermit used to treat her injuries and recover her energy.

A power of her Beyonder pathway? Or is it from some mystical item she possesses? She began treatment without any worry and allowed Frank to deal with the chaos on the ship. She’s not afraid that the Death Announcer would be able to chase up to us? How far did the Future “fly” in that last pounce? Klein no longer held his neck up as he turned to look at Frank Lee.

This first mate, who was both a poison expert and a capable doctor, had already retrieved a coiled soft tube from the pocket of his dungarees. It was connected to a small glass bottle, and on the other side was an embedded thin and sharp needle.

“A sedative I concocted,” Frank Lee said with a forced smile while still having pangs of fear.

I've bought something similar before. They were all given to Zombie Maric... Klein surveyed the area and said, "This might not be enough."

"No, it's not for them. I need a helper. They will receive the help of beer which comes with a sedative effect. Haha, they're often rowdy once they're drunk, so I've added the necessary elements in most of the alcohol buckets," Frank explained in passing.

Spiking their drinks without any notice... Klein nearly twitched the corner of his mouth.

At that moment, he had a deep appreciation for the aptness of the nickname "Poison Expert."

Simply because he found the pirates rowdy when drunk, Frank had added a modified sedative to most of the alcoholic beverages without any sense of guilt or shame. It was as though he was doing something very ordinary.

This fellow is a really straight and warm person in certain aspects, but in other aspects, he's more terrifying than a devil. This is because he doesn't believe that what he does is evil... How did the Church of Earth Mother produce such a crazy scientist? Klein controlled his expression and followed Frank Lee from a distance and found the boatswain, Nina, who was squirming in the shadows of the bulkhead.

This pirate with an exaggerated figure was slumped there, writhing in pain. She kept scratching the deck, producing ear-piercing sounds as bloody marks were left behind.

Just watching the scene made Klein feel pain in his fingers.

“Gehrman, help me press her down to prevent her from struggling.” Frank raised the needle and tube in his hand.

Klein didn’t object to it, but he didn’t say a word. He calmly crouched by the side and pressed down on Nina’s shoulders.

He felt his hands slip the moment he touched her, finding it difficult to grab her. It was as though she wasn’t a lady but a gigantic fish covered in slippery scales.

Klein instantly corrected his actions. Using a Clown’s precise control, he grabbed Nina firmly by the shoulders.

However, Nina’s struggling was surprisingly strong, far greater than Klein’s. Soon, he felt his fingers turn sore as he could hardly continue.

As expected of a Sequence 7 Beyonder from the Sailor pathway, while I’m not a Beyonder who excels when it comes to physical strength… If not for the need to feed it, I can activate Creeping Hunger and switch to Steel Maveti’s soul and use the strength of a Zombie as a most suitable response… As these thoughts ran through his mind, Klein saw Frank approach, crouch down, and press his knee onto Nina’s back.

His muscles bulged as he quickly stopped Nina’s struggling.

A Beyonder from the Planter pathway has quite a lot of physical strength as well… However, Mr. Frank Lee, it’s probably difficult for you to get a girlfriend if you use such crude manners against a lady… Of course, you definitely don’t mind. You could totally let your child grow from the soil… Klein lampooned as he watched Frank Lee inject the needle into the back of Nina’s hand.

As the small bottle of sedatives was injected, Nina stopped her attempts at struggling. Klein released his hands and stood up.

After a few seconds, Nina combed her hair and rolled to her feet. She grumbled at Frank Lee, “Why must you always be so rough like a bear? Can’t you try a different method?”

As she spoke, she stretched her arms without concealing the pained expression on her face.

Unlike the dive from earlier, she was now wearing a linen shirt and a brown coat. She looked no different from an ordinary pirate.

Frank wasn’t fazed by Nina’s complaints as he asked in puzzlement, “How was I rough?

“Alright, let’s not argue on this topic. Let’s help them first.

“Get the beer barrel out. Let’s work together to make them drink.

“Gehrman, you don’t mind participating in this, right?”

Klein shot a glance at the sailors on the deck. After contemplating for a few seconds, he asked, “The goal is to let them calm down?”

“That’s right.” Frank Lee nodded heavily.

“Can I just knock them unconscious?” Klein asked calmly.

This has almost the same effects as a sedative beer, and it's more efficient... he added inwardly.

Nina turned her head in surprise and was momentarily stunned speechless.

Frank Lee thought seriously for a moment.

"Okay."

"Alright." Klein walked to a cutlass he had long noticed, picked it up, and used the dull edge to strike it at its owner.

Bang!

Through his precise control, the pirate who was rolling in pain calmed down and fell unconscious.

Nina's expression froze for a second before she recovered.

She then slowed down when passing by Klein. She suppressed her laughter as she said, "I've heard rumors of you, but I never expected you to be more exaggerated than the rumors. Usually, it should be the opposite.

"Yes... Your thoughts are very, very special. Completely different from others, and they're closer to those of Frank's. This is probably why he's able to treat you as a friend in such a short time."

No, there are differences among lunatics. Gehrman Sparrow

hasn't reached the level of Frank yet... Klein observed silently and gave such a reply inwardly.

He ignored Nina and held the cutlass and walked across the deck, knocking the sailors unconscious and waiting for them to wake up naturally.

Frank wished to do the same, but he gave up his rash thoughts when he was asked by Nina if he could guarantee that he only knocked them unconscious instead of killing them. He entered the cabin and brought out a beer barrel and acted according to his original plan.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Klein struck as he walked all the way to the bow. At this moment, an elder in his fifties with a pointed bonnet had gradually come round.

When he saw the cold and crazy adventurer approach, he hurriedly tried to stand up and blurted out, "No, I don't need it!

"I'm already fine. I'm fine!"

There's no need to explain. It's very clear... Klein held back his amusement and turned for the bow.

At this moment, the elder introduced himself, "I'm the navigator of the Future, Ottolov."

Navigator? Klein turned his head and discovered several books dropped around Ottolov. They were either spread on the ground

face up or down, flat or sideways.

"Haha, I fell from above and brought them with me. They nearly went mad," Ottolov explained.

Klein shifted his gaze towards his eyes and discovered the colors of the deep sea in his blue eyes.

It's not the pair of eyes that were observing me in the day... But this feeling is somewhat similar to the Admiral of Stars... They are of the same pathway? Klein retracted his gaze and watched Nina and Frank Lee calm the other sailors.

Just as he was about to look back to see if the Death Announcer had continued its pursuit, Ottolov suddenly shouted, "Be careful!"

Whoosh!

A huge wave struck the bow, causing the Future to shake vigorously.

If not for his balancing ability as a Clown, Klein would've fallen like Frank. And when the huge spray pattered down like rain, it drenched his half top hat and double-breasted frock coat.

There should be a steam iron here, right... The act of a crazy adventurer washing his clothes doesn't violate his persona. It's weird if he doesn't wash his clothes... I should've worn clothes in the style of the Rorsted Archipelago natives! At that instant, Klein felt a series of heartache.

He saw a storm ahead with huge waves coming one after

another as they surged high up like mountains. He could sense the crazy winds and the rumbling thunder.

W-we've come to the boundaries of the safe sea routes? The "flight" from just now might've allowed us to lose the Death Announcer's tail, but it has also diverted the ship from its path? Klein watched as Ottolov, Nina, and Frank, as well as Bloodless Heath Doyle, who had appeared at some point in time, wake up the sailors as they took their places. They frantically and busily began to steer the Future.

Through their hard work, the Future changed directions in time and tore through the gigantic waves and dodged the bolts of lightning before returning to the safe sea route.

After everything calmed down, Klein released the charm from the Sea God domain and breathed a sigh of relief.

Looking back, he saw no signs of the Death Announcer's pursuit. He finally eased up and found that there was nothing calm about the night.

After surveying the area and seeing the pirates rub their heads or gasp for breath, looking exhausted and on the brink of collapse, Klein left the deck, feeling a slight guilty-conscience. He walked to the cabin and sighed inwardly.

We just left the Gargas Archipelago recently and the ship was nearly destroyed. The search for mermaids really doesn't seem simple...

Following the staircase to the upper level, Klein walked past the captain's cabin and slowed down. He observed for a moment and saw green leaves covering the crack in the door. Everything was isolated.

He shifted his gaze and returned to his room. He considered the matter of praying to The Fool before going above the gray fog to grasp the nearby waters and search for traces of the Death Announcer by responding. He wanted to let the King of Immortality Agalito, who attacked others for no baffling reason, to experience the same treatment as he did.

No, there are "eyes" watching. I should try my best not to do such things. Besides, it will only teach the King of Immortality a lesson and not seriously injure him. It's not worth the risk... I shouldn't let my anger get the better of my rationality... I'll think about it again after advancing successfully! Klein repressed his urge.

Chapter 646: Leymano's Spellbook

Backlund, outside the steam locomotive station.

Fors wore a finely checkered black veiled hat with embedded blue flowers and stood by the hall at the station's entrance, awaiting her teacher, Dorian Gray.

The drizzle on the streets and the cold winds blowing underground had made this female author tremble slightly. She felt that she had underestimated Backlund's spring.

I wonder what Xio is doing that makes her busy all year round. Sigh, she said that she wouldn't even get out of bed when her father was still alive. Apart from going to the bathroom, both food and water would be served to her by her servants. Now, she's leaving early in the morning every day and only returning late at night regardless of the weather. She has completed one mission after another, capturing one fugitive after another. With this in mind, Fors couldn't help but admire Xio.

Last week, this female Sheriff had already paid off her debt and had even saved up 200 pounds!

I have to say that, as a Beyonder job, a Sheriff is really suited to being a bounty hunter. Of course, the choices available to her are limited to Low-Sequence Beyonders... Fors's thoughts wandered as her gaze that was directed outwards had suddenly caught sight of a familiar figure.

It was a man of medium build, and he was dressed in a black suit, the most popular attire in Loen. He wore a half top hat, and in a rare instance, his shoulders appeared broad. It was broad in

an almost exaggerated sense.

He was none other than Fors's teacher, one of the few remaining members of the Abraham family, Dorian Gray Abraham.

Fors was delighted as she immediately went over with her umbrella in hand.

With so many people on the streets, she didn't directly approach him. However, her gaze met his and saw him raise his clenched right fist towards the first button on his black suit.

This... means danger! Fors's expressionlessly diverted her gaze away. She smiled as she cast her gaze to a young gentleman behind Dorian, and as though nothing happened, she passed him and walked forward.

An ancient family had unimaginable experience in all kinds of matters, so Dorian Gray had long informed Fors of the signals and gestures to use in urgent situations. The action from before was extremely simple. It was to inform her to stay away!

The young man behind was somewhat taken aback to be stared at by the languid, mature lady. Following that, he instinctively adjusted his clothes and pressed down on his hat.

Just as he finished these series of actions, Fors had overtaken him and continued heading forward.

Under the drizzle, Fors circled the area and boarded a rental carriage and headed for Hat Trick Inn on Cherwood Borough's 22 Hope Street. This was the place that Dorian Gray had reserved in advance.

Having spent so many years in mysticism circles, Fors, who had plenty of experience, calmly got a neighboring room and stood before the window to observe the guests that came to the inn.

Finally, she saw Dorian Gray get off a carriage and walk through the door.

Fors quickly turned around and came to the bend of the stairwell. She covertly observed her teacher being led to his room by an attendant.

After a while, she took off her hat, messed up her hair a little before coming to Room 2016, and she knocked on it.

Her plan was very simple. If her teacher's response wasn't problematic, she would enter the room to converse with him. If it was abnormal, she would pretend as though she had come to the wrong room or that she was a prostitute trying to get some business.

Creak. The door slowly opened as Dorian looked at his student in front of him before looking both ways down the corridor.

Then, he raised his right arm and spread his fingers to press on the second button of his suit.

This meant that he wasn't controlled and that the abnormality was over.

Fors let out a silent sigh of relief and instantly entered the room.

"Teacher, what happened just now?" she asked, feeling worried

and concerned.

Dorian closed the door and smiled wryly.

“I saw someone familiar.”

He sighed and added, “An enemy.”

It was his former student who had later betrayed the Abraham family with Traveler Boulaya and nearly wiped out the upper echelons of the Abraham family.

According to what Dorian knew, his former student had already joined the Aurora Order and was likely one of the 22 Oracles.

“What did he do? Is he very strong?” Fors asked curiously.

Dorian fell silent for a few seconds and divulged a little.

“Lawrence, Laubero, Aulisa, and I belong to a particular organization. A few members betrayed it and dealt a heavy blow to it.

“That was one of the traitors.”

He didn’t mention it as a family, nor did he mention the conflict between bloodline members and the apprentices so as to prevent Fors from getting her feelings involved.

“How despicable!” Fors immediately recalled the kind Mrs. Aulisa and the friendly and amiable Mr. Lawrence.

“Alright, let’s not chat about such unhappy matters.” Dorian took out a piece of paper that had been folded a few times and handed it to Fors. “Here’s the Astrologer potion formula. Your digestion of the Trickmaster and Apprentice potions has exceeded my expectations. This is the greatest surprise I’ve had in the past ten years.”

“I specially joined a circus.” Fors didn’t hide the fact, and she even felt that it was worth flaunting.

As she spoke, she unfolded the piece of paper to read the Astrologer’s potion formula.

At this moment, Dorian nodded in relief.

“I’m very sorry. Due to the previous losses, I’m unable to provide you with the main ingredients of the Astrologer potion. Just treat it as a final test.

“However, I have prepared a gift for you.”

As he spoke, he took out a palm-sized notebook from his inner left pocket. Its cover looked hard, and it was entirely bronze-green in color. It looked rather ancient.

The notebook was comprised of three types of paper. The yellow-type of parchment had the fewest pages, while another was a yellowish-brown goatskin of about ten pages, while the rest was ordinary white paper. On the cover there were the words written in ancient Feysac: “I came, I saw, I record.”

Fors's gaze moved away from the Astrologer potion formula and onto the notebook. She recognized it to be the item left behind by Mr. Lawrence. It was the item she had specially traveled all the way to Pritz Harbor to hand to her teacher!

Dorian smiled.

"I believe you are no stranger to it."

After Fors nodded, he sighed.

"This is a rather potent mystical item. It can be ranked in the top five among all the similar items I've seen. This doesn't mean that it's more impressive than the ones ranked after it, but it's simply because the negative effects are the easiest to resolve. When the two are put together, it makes it worth a lot."

"What is its name? What negative side effects does it have?" Fors couldn't disguise her excitement and agitation.

Dorian caressed the notebook's cover and said, "It's called 'Leymano's Travels,' but we prefer calling it 'Leymano's Spellbook.'

While this spellbook will expose you to more kinds of Beyonder powers, it can also allow you to record them.

"It will be materialized onto a particular page for long-term storage. You can use it at any time, but remember, the corresponding page will become blank again with each use, awaiting your next record."

...It sounds amazing. Fors felt as though she was dreaming.

I can record any Beyonder powers I see and use them once?

I-isn't this another kind of Shepherd? The Shepherd mentioned by Little Sun... Yes, it's only limited to a single prepared battle.

I wonder if I can record the Beyonder powers of a demigod. If it's possible, in a prepared battle, I'll be even stronger than a Shepherd!

Dorian seemed to read her mind as he explained in detail.

"It can be said so. It corresponds to a Sequence 6 Scribe of the Apprentice pathway. It's not guaranteed that a Beyonder power that is higher than this Sequence can be recorded. There's a chance of failure; the greater the gap, the greater the chance of failure. Furthermore, the effects will be halved.

"According to the experience of past users, while chances of success against a Sequence 5's Beyonder powers is considerably high, once it reaches Sequence 4, which is the level of a demigod, it becomes relatively difficult. There might not be a single instance of success within ten attempts. And I believe no demigod will cast it again and again for you. If it's an enemy, they would've killed you ten times over.

"Do you see these? The yellow parchment is specifically used to record Beyonder powers with godhood. There are a total of three pages, which is to say that even if you are very lucky, all you can record is three demigod Beyonder powers, and you can only use them each once."

Although it appears to have many restrictions, making it impossible to fully produce the traveling notebook's might, it isn't an obstacle for two types of people. One of them is a lucky person, while the other is someone with a large organization or faction backing them, the kind which has a demigod helping... Fors instantly thought of seeking Mr. Fool's help to display "His" powers so that she could record them. However, she immediately found it sacrilegious as she hurriedly apologized inwardly.

Following that, she sincerely hoped that the supposedly strongest Ma'am Hermit in the Tarot Club would quickly become a demigod.

Dorian noticed that Fors's thoughts were going astray as he continued, "The pages like goatskin can record the Beyonder powers of a Sequence 5 or 6. There are a total of ten pages, and the effects would be more than half of the original, roughly 70 to 80%.

"The remaining pages record Beyonder powers below Sequence 6. There are a total of 25 pages, and the effects are almost equal to the original, but they are still slightly inferior.

"Due to some developments in the past, the spellbook still has five pages with Beyonder powers left. The rest are blank. You can test them for yourself."

Dorian paused before saying with a solemn expression, "Before giving it to you, I have to seriously warn you that it has negative effects. After using it each time, it will make you get lost, and it's the kind that causes you to encounter danger. You have to draw a bit of your blood to smear it on the cover evenly to reduce the effects.

"Remember, don't underestimate getting lost. You must resolve it

as quickly as possible."

"Yes, Teacher," Fors replied seriously.

Dorian then handed Leymano's Travels to Fors.

"This is my gift."

Teacher is really nice... Fors pursed her lips and asked, "What's the name of that student who betrayed you? What does he look like?

"If there's a chance, I wish to seek vengeance on him for both you and Mr. Lawrence."

"No, don't think about it. You are much weaker than him. Back when he betrayed us, he was already a Scribe. Now, he might even be a Traveler," Dorian said solemnly. "However, you do need to remember him and avoid him. His name is Lewis Wien. I'll draw a picture of him later."

"Alright." Fors nodded.

...

On the Future, in the pirates' dining hall.

Klein met Cattleya who was exiting just as he walked in.

The lady was no longer as pale as the previous night. With a pair of thick glasses, she calmly said, “Make your preparations. We will be arriving in those waters in a while.”

That fast? How far exactly did we fly last night? Klein was taken aback.

Chapter 647: Sea of Ruins

Although Gehrman Sparrow didn't show it on his face, Cattleya seemed to notice the surprise in him. She simply explained, "It's a kind of flight that makes it impossible for the Death Announcer to continue its pursuit."

Just as she said that, she discovered that Gehrman Sparrow had completely changed his attire. He wore a round neck shirt, a brown jacket, pantaloons with a dark-colored cap. He didn't look like an adventurer and instead resembled a native of the City of Generosity, Bayam.

According to Nina, his clothes were drenched by a huge wave last night... Does he only have one set of decent clothes? Cattleya recalled and found the reason.

She wasn't surprised by this. She even felt that it matched Gehrman Sparrow's insanity. He only had one set of decent clothes, spending the rest of his money on mystical items, Beyonder weapons, spirituality charms—with the sole goal of raising his strength.

It's no wonder the King of Immortality gave up. All he did was attack passing ships. There wasn't enough hatred to drive him to pursue us the entire way... Yes, in front of the Four Kings, senior pirate admirals still have a chance to escape to a certain degree...

Almost arriving... Man, I haven't completed my digestion...

However, acting as the crazy adventurer yesterday seemed rather effective. The crew of the Future gave a very spontaneous and warm response towards it. I should completely digest it in two to

three days. And even if we entered the dangerous waters, finding mermaids wouldn't be that simple. I should have enough time... Klein nodded and suppressed his urge to ask. He planned on passing by Admiral of Stars and head to his usual spot to have breakfast.

At this moment, he saw a pirate who was carrying a blue fish which was alive and kicking rush in. He went straight for a corner.

Seated there was the second mate of the Future, Heath Doyle. His face was nearly transparent from the paleness, and his nose bridge was rather unharmonious.

Pa!

The fish which was nearly a meter long was placed in front of Bloodless.

Heath Doyle extended his hands and pressed down on the fish. He bent his body bit by bit as he inched his head downwards, plastering his face to the scales as though he was kissing it.

Suddenly, the fish stiffened and, like wax meeting fire, melted rapidly and turned into a disgusting pool of flesh and blood.

The flesh and blood surged into Heath Doyle's mouth like liquid as they covered his skin.

Amidst the horrendous sight of the squirming, the fish and all the bones, flesh, and blood vanished. Nothing was left behind as Heath Doyle's face appeared very clean. All that was left was the bright red color on his lips like a blooming rose.

Rose Bishop… The name of the Sequence surfaced in Klein's mind.

Cattleya, who was beside him, also saw the scene as she nudged her glasses.

"Every Rose Bishop needs to replenish themselves with enough blood and flesh. That way, they can fully showcase their Beyonder powers and not lose control after being injured as a result of an intense battle.

Her lips curled slightly as she added, "However, the lunatics from the Aurora Order have an inclination towards human flesh and blood. Actually, substitutes would work fine."

From the looks of it, this Bloodless with a bounty of 7,600 pounds is really lucky. On the one hand, he's lucky to achieve Sequence 6 at once without any abnormalities or losing control. On the other hand, joining Admiral of Stars's pirate crew is another. Without the secret knowledge that this lady who is being pursued by knowledge possesses, he might've turned into a monster that desires human flesh and blood sooner or later, even if he didn't listen to the True Creator's voice… Klein sighed silently.

He was increasingly convinced that the Secrets Suppliant pathway, which was also the Shepherd pathway, was the Beyonder pathway which was the easiest to lose control and turn mad. Nothing came close; even the Abyss pathway, which represented evil, was slightly lacking.

Klein retracted his gaze, and just as he was about to take a step forward, the entire ship jolted.

In an instant, the scene ahead of the Future naturally surfaced in Klein's mind.

The blue sea was being separated by a gigantic crack as infinite amounts of seawater plummeted down into bottomless darkness like a waterfall!

This scene was magnificent and mystical. It made one suspect if they weren't on Earth.

Whoosh!

The Future wasn't able to stop in time as it rushed to the edge and quickly plummeted.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

All the pirates in the dining hall flew up and slammed into the ceiling. Toast, white bread, butter, margarine, beer, and roasted fish flew around at random without settling down.

Klein also lost his balance as he couldn't help but be thrown towards the ceiling.

He extended his palm in time and pressed upwards, quickly adjusting his posture like an acrobatic act, allowing him to look less pathetic.

Not far away, Nina showcased her stunning balance. With the help of the ceiling, she maintained her posture. Perhaps intentionally or unintentionally, she extended her feet and kicked Frank to send the Poison Expert flying diagonally to a beer barrel, drenching him with pale yellow liquid.

At this moment, the most casual and unfazed person was

Cattleya. Stars swirled around her as the resplendence beneath her feet coagulated, causing her to float in midair. She wasn't affected by the sudden dip.

Apart from her, Bloodless was the least pathetic. At some point in time, this Rose Bishop had blended into the shadows and disappeared.

With the Future about to plummet into the bottomless crevice, a plume of water surged up suddenly!

It held up the ship and threw it high into the air and towards the other edge.

After momentarily floating in the air, Klein believed that the Future had landed stably on the surface of the sea. Once again, the charm from the Sea God domain, which he held tightly in his right hand, wasn't used.

At that moment, the sunlight outside the window shone inside, illuminating the mess inside the dining hall.

Klein, who had long regained his balance, briskly walked to the window and saw that the endless sea seemed to be burning with golden flames. It appeared to have been noon the entire time.

It was only morning moments ago!

Klein looked up and narrowed his eyes to see that the sky was filled with sunlight. There were no clouds nor the sun, just a swath of golden rays.

It's no wonder Arrodes's description of this place is that it's no longer a real ocean, but a relic of a war between the gods.

As he swept his gaze, he discovered nearby ruins which were diagonally ahead.

The ruins were mostly covered by seawater. Protruding out from the surface was gray stones and stone columns that formed a peak. At the top was a dome-like object. From its angle, it was able to hold up quite a large area of space.

The ruins were definitely massive in the first place. Through the transparent waters, Klein saw that its base extended to the seabed without end.

"These are extremely dangerous waters." At some point in time, Cattleya came beside him.

Klein turned his head over and waited for her to continue.

Cattleya's gaze was cast forward as she said somewhat wistfully, "I haven't been here many times. Furthermore, all my visits happened a long time ago."

"My" and not "our"... That means that it wasn't with the crew of the Future... Or was it back when she was a subordinate of Queen Mystic? Klein acutely noticed the terms which Admiral of Stars had used as he made a guess.

Cattleya didn't turn her head as she looked at the sky and sea which were covered in golden flames.

“No one knows where the ends of these waters are. Nor does anyone know how wide it is.

“Do you know what’s most dangerous about this place?”

…I should’ve gotten Arrodes to give me a more detailed explanation… Klein honestly shook his head.

Previously, he had nearly been caught by a demigod of the True Creator. He had only survived thanks to the Die of Probability; therefore, in the past two months, he didn’t dare bring the radio transceiver back to the real world. He was afraid that the True Creator, who was closely watching the region, would sense it. Hence, he didn’t have an opportunity to contact Arrodes.

His original plan was to seek out Will Auceptin’s help through the paper crane once he approached the dangerous waters, and understand the corresponding dangers of the environment. To his surprise, they had encountered King of Immortality Agalito, and the Future didn’t give him any time before they arrived at their destination.

Behind the thick glasses, Cattleya’s black eyes with a purple hue glazed over for a moment.

“There are many ruins floating here. There are all kinds of mutated monsters. Among them include many demigods who have lost control or ancient evil creatures.

“This isn’t the most dangerous part. If it’s only because of this, these waters would’ve become a hunting ground for the seven Churches, a treasure trove for them to obtain High-Sequence ingredients or items. Of course, there are many monsters and evil creatures who have lost control here, but they might not be real. They can kill us, but they might not leave anything behind

after they are killed."

Upon hearing this, Klein made the connection to the Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt.

This dragon king could conjure anything through his imagination!

Could it be that these waters were where the ancient gods of the Second Epoch fought? Klein nearly frowned.

Cattleya said with an ethereal voice as she continued, "Here, you will never guess what dangers you will encounter next. Perhaps you will just melt while approaching a ruin, turning into a wax-like monster. Perhaps you might turn into a rock amidst the storms from slightly deviating from the explored sea routes and end up shattering to pieces.

"To Beyonders at our level, that is the greatest danger."

Klein turned his head slightly as he sharply asked, "What about Beyonders that surpass our levels?"

Cattleya sighed and smiled.

"The waters here are filled with a voice that shouldn't be heard.

"The higher the Sequence, the easier it is to hear it. Therefore, most demigods who dare explore these waters have ended up with problems. They either went mad or lost control, ending up lost here forever."

It's no wonder the seven Churches don't send their experts here to reap the harvest... Most of them ended up with problems... Which means that there are a small number of demigods that can survive here? Enlightened, Klein looked out the window again.

At this moment, the Future had closed in on the ruins.

Suddenly, a loud and clear panting was heard by everyone!

Chapter 648: Noon and Night

Whoosh! Gasp!

The loud panting sounds entered Klein's ears in a slow and rhythmic manner. It left a chill running down his spine as he felt an inexplicable sense of horror, but he didn't feel any dangerous foreboding.

It wasn't only him. Cattleya, Frank Lee, and the other pirates also heard the panting sounds. They either turned their heads, looked outside, raised their weapons, or were on high alert, showcasing their rich experience.

After trying to discern the source, Klein discovered that the intense panting stemmed from the ruin ahead of them. It originated from a spot between the peak made of stones and stone columns.

At that moment, Bloodless Heath Doyle floated out of the shadows. He clasped his head and softly grunted in pain.

"There's a corpse…

"There's a corpse there!"

Corpse? A corpse that pants loudly? Klein's thoughts raced. Cattleya, who had subconsciously removed her heavy glasses and looked towards the ruins, had her expression suddenly turn solemn. She turned her head towards the pirates in the dining hall and said, "Quick!

“Quickly circle around that area and do not approach it!”

Her voice contained a magnetic allure that jolted everyone awake. The sailors rushed out of the dining hall and headed for spots that needed help. Under Navigator Ottolov and Boatswain Nina’s instructions, they adjusted the sails and changed direction, passing by the ruins from a relatively great distance.

Only when the peak formed by stone and stone columns vanished beyond the horizon did Bloodless Heath Doyle lower his hands; his expression no longer in pain.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein narrowed his eyes. He felt that this Rose Bishop, the second mate of the Future might be a huge latent risk on this voyage.

This wasn’t because of his contempt towards Beyonders of the Secrets Suppliant pathway, but a judgment he made from combining the Admiral of Stars’s description and how Heath Doyle had reacted.

Just now, Heath Doyle was the only one in pain while everyone heard the loud panting. He instinctively believed that there was a corpse buried in the ruins, and Cattleya’s reaction after her observation proved his words.

That means that even if Heath Doyle doesn’t proactively listen to the True Creator’s voice, just by having the Beyonder powers of a Listener is enough to make him hear more than the average person and most Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonders in ordinary environments. Hence, he was affected the most and obtained more information on the danger when we encountered the panting sounds while being sufficiently close to the source of the sounds.

Here, it doesn’t mean that problems can be resolved by avoiding

similar ruins. Because according to Cattleya, these waters are filled with voices that can make a demigod lose control—voices that shouldn't be heard. If Heath Doyle were to be in an inadequate or overly adequate state one day, he might end up hearing those lethal whispers.

Similarly, even if a Sequence 6 Rose Bishop is inferior to a demigod who is good at listening, the gap can't be too huge. In terms of the Die of Probability, just 2 points—not 1 point—is enough to have Heath Doyle hear voices he shouldn't hear to go mad or lose control… I have to warn Ma'am Hermit even though she should've long figured this out and made the corresponding preparations… Klein retracted his gaze and heard his stomach groan softly.

He had yet to have breakfast.

At this moment, beer was splashed across the floor. Butter had been splattered everywhere. All kinds of food—roasted fish, toast, white bread—were strewn across the floor or hanging off of something. All of them had become somewhat dirty.

It should still be edible by peeling off the outer layer… Klein looked at a piece of bread that was leaning on a table leg, in a dilemma on his course of action.

This was at odds with Gehrman Sparrow's persona!

When he decided to wait for lunch, Cattleya instructed the chef, "Prepare breakfast for the rest once more.

"Leave this to Frank. P-perhaps he has uses for it."

For the rearing of monsters? Klein lampooned inwardly.

After a while, he finally had breakfast which wasn't as sumptuous as before. It was a smoked pork sausage and two utterly burnt toast, as well as a cup of unsedated light beer that was treated as water.

Due to them traveling through very dangerous waters with the possibilities of mishaps happening at every turn, Klein showcased his eating skills from back when he was studying in college. He only spent one to two minutes to finish the breakfast just like he did back in his college's mess hall.

He left the pirates' dining hall and came to the deck. He was having an after-meal stroll while also observing his environment.

At that moment, the sea still appeared as though it was illuminated by a midday sun as it was colored gold.

Klein stopped and looked into the distance and saw a point of light ahead expanding.

Under the sun's illumination, the point of light was producing coruscating, multi-colored lusters due to the refraction. It was a like a gigantic and transparent gem.

As the Future continued forging ahead, the point of light gradually revealed itself.

It first parted before becoming clear. It was comprised of four gigantic columns made of pure diamond.

They were like legendary columns that held up the sea. They extended downwards and stably stood there, holding up a sizable

floating island.

Above the floating island, the soil was charred black without any hint of greenery. In its depths, the lights had such an abnormal brightness that it outshone the midday sky.

Suddenly, there was a long screech that was emitted from the island.

It was loud and unrestrained, but it gave people a hair-raising sense of danger.

Before long, Klein heard the galloping sounds of horses as he saw two steeds that seemed to be tempered from gold rush out of the floating island. Behind it was a beautiful chariot which was similarly made from gold.

At this moment, Cattleya's voice was amplified as she hurriedly had it resound in every corner of the Future.

"Look down!

"Don't look at it!"

Klein was never one to put on a brave front. He subconsciously lowered his head upon hearing those words and looked at his leather boots.

He noticed that the sunlight which illuminated the deck was becoming brighter before it dimmed and was rapidly restored to its former brilliance.

“It’s alright now.” Cattleya’s voice sounded in the ship again without any obvious emotional fluctuations.

Only then did Klein look up. He discovered that the two steeds tempered from gold and the beautiful chariot they pulled behind it had vanished. The diamond pillar silently supported the floating island as resplendent glows swirled around it.

What a huge diamond… What a strange floating island. What would happen if I hadn’t lowered my head and had watched the golden chariot charge forward? Klein looked around as he suddenly frowned.

A pirate who stood about seven to eight meters away from him had already vanished. Standing there were two pitch-black footprints.

Looking at the ashes floating in midair, Klein vaguely knew the outcome of not lowering his head.

Thankfully, Admiral of Stars has been here a few times in the past. She knows what to avoid and when to bow her head. If I had hired Mr. Hanged Man, even if he was the one steering the ghost ship, we might’ve already been wiped out by now… No, if the Future hadn’t arrived at its destination ahead of time without giving me any time to prepare, I would’ve long sought out Will Auceptin’s advice. A magician never performs unprepared… Besides, if I had hired Mr. Hanged Man, I definitely would’ve purchased the relevant information from Ma’am Hermit… Klein first sighed before recovering his calm.

He didn’t suggest visiting the floating island to explore it. He left the Future to pass it by and head forward.

In the rest of the time, the sea was like the outer world. There

were only the undulating waves, the vastness, silence, and endlessness.

Klein occasionally saw fire embers floating on the surface of the sea, but he didn't find any signs of marine creatures, including mermaids.

Time ticked by, and lunch was soon underway.

Just as Klein was about to leave the deck for the dining hall, he suddenly realized that his surroundings had darkened!

The sky which had remained in a midday state no longer had any sunlight as it was covered in rich darkness.

This change was so sudden and fast that Klein's first reaction was to wonder who had switched off the lights!

Silently, the Future was covered in a layer of resplendent stars that illuminated paths in every direction.

Cattleya's voice that contained a magnetic allure was once again magnified as it resounded in everyone's ears.

"Return to your room or find any corner you can and make yourself fall asleep.

"Then, wait until you wake up naturally."

Puzzled, Frank Lee asked loudly, "What will happen if I don't sleep?"

At that moment, his voice boomed like a speaking bear.

Cattleya stood behind the window of the captain's cabin and said, "When we wake up, we will find you gone, never to be found again."

The night here is that terrifying? Klein was curious, but he had no thoughts of attempting to stay awake.

He returned to his room, and using the starlight which hadn't been extinguished on the Future, he unfolded a paper crane and picked up a pencil to quickly write:

"What should be taken note of when traveling to the dangerous waters on the easternmost front of the Sonia Sea?

"Where can I find mermaids there?"

Putting down the pencil, he folded the crane. Without taking off his coat, he lay in bed and, with the help of Cogitation, quickly fell asleep.

In a hazy world, he suddenly jolted awake, clearly knowing that he was dreaming.

No one is infiltrating it... Klein surveyed his surroundings and found himself on a mountaintop. Behind him and to his sides were black, cloister-like buildings. Ahead of him was a withered tree and a protruding boulder.

On top of the boulder, Cattleya sat alone. She hugged her knees and leaned her body forward as she stared at the mountain

opposite them.

She was still dressed in the black classical robe that exuded an air of mystery. Her expression wore an indescribable look of confusion.

At that moment, she didn't move at all; it was as though she was a stone sculpture.

Why is she in my dream? Klein took a few steps forward and leaped onto a boulder.

Before he could ask, he was stunned by the vast scene before his eyes. It was a feeling that struck a blow to his body and soul.

In front of the boulder was a bottomless cliff and across the cliff was a mountain which was covered with countless palaces, spires, and majestic city walls.

These buildings were opulent and stacked in circles. Just one of them was abnormally huge and didn't resemble a human's residence. Combined together, it had an indescribable sense of epic proportions that seemed legendary or mythical.

The sun hung far away as it cast the colors of the sunset onto the city as the light seemed to be frozen.

"This is a dream shared by all of us..." Cattleya continued sitting there, hugging her legs as she said as though she was in a reverie.

Chapter 649: Black Cloister

A dream shared by everyone? Klein repeated Cattleya's words inwardly as he slowly realized the situation he was in.

Nighttime in these dangerous waters would connect the dreams of all living creatures!

And any creature that didn't sleep would lack the necessary protection, as their Soul Bodies weren't in the dream. As such, they would suffer an unknown attack.

As for why such an attack would lead to one's disappearance and not instant death, Klein, who hadn't actually experienced it, had no grounds for speculation.

As his thoughts raced, Klein retracted his gaze from Cattleya's body, recasting them onto the magnificent city on the opposite cliff. He thought out of curiosity.

If this world can really be formed from the connection of dreams from all the local creatures, who could've imagined such an unimaginable city?

He observed for a few seconds before asking, "What is its name?"

What's the name of this city that can only exist in myths and legends?

Cattleya stared ahead in a daze as she spoke as though she was in a reverie, "No idea... There will be a chance of seeing it every

time we enter the dream, but it's impossible to approach.

"She said that it resembles the Great Twilight Hall in Feysac.

"She likely has her own guesses, but she has never told me."

She? That Queen Mystic? The Great Twilight Hall is where the Church of the God of Combat's papal chair is… Klein surveyed the area and deliberated before saying, "I plan to look around."

He believed that the Future wouldn't leave these waters anytime soon. He would definitely encounter more nights and enter this dream world several times. Therefore, to defend against any accidents and to obtain intel, it was necessary for him to explore the area.

And the exploration no doubt needed a partner.

Cattleya remained sitting there, hugging her knees. Her tone remained ethereal as she said, "Not interested."

…This isn't what a mature pirate admiral should say. You could've been more euphemistic. Ma'am Hermit, you resemble a young petulant lady… Klein was taken aback as he suspected if he had misheard. This was in conflict with the Admiral of Stars he had in his mind.

Thinking of how Gehrman Sparrow also had his side of not being afraid of dirt and hardship, he came to a realization. He quickly made a guess.

Cattleya isn't completely awake in the dream. She is able to know

that she's in a dream, but she's unable to effectively control it!

That is to say that she would unknowingly depict the feelings buried deep in her heart and reveal some of her personality which she usually suppresses.

It's no wonder she said that she was never able to approach that miraculous city. It's because she never had the intention of exploring it herself… Klein thought for a moment and deliberately probed, "We might be able to discover something over there."

"Not going," Cattleya didn't hesitate to reply, but she never shook her head. "I'll be here waiting! Waiting!"

She really is in a semi-unconscious state… Klein made the judgment based on her reaction and tone.

He didn't waste any more time and turned to leap off the boulder.

Pa!

Klein's feet stepped on the ground as he subconsciously looked back.

Cattleya remained sitting there hugging her knees. There wasn't anyone around, and the congealed sunset from the city opposite her shone over, producing a long shadow for her, blending with one of the shadows produced by withered trees.

A gentle mountain breeze blew as the black figure gently shook.

Cattleya didn't move as she stubbornly waited on the spot.

At such times, there's a need for a Psychiatrist to interpret the dream's emotions. This has nothing to do with the revelations obtained from divination... Klein curled his lips and surveyed his surroundings to seek a direction in which to explore.

He discovered that regardless of the direction he took, he would end up at the black buildings formed from the cloisters. There was a towering wall that isolated it from the cliff. No matter how the exploration was made, one had to pass by the cloister unless once jumped down the cliff.

Since there was no other choice, Klein went directly to the pitch-black door of the cloister.

The door was nearly ten meters tall, and it didn't look like it was prepared for human use. Klein sized it up for a few seconds, took a deep breath, and extended his hands to push at the ends of the door.

A creaking sound followed. The door's weight far exceeded Klein's imagination. His muscles bulged as his face flushed red. Yet, he was only able to move the door by a tiny bit without being able to push it open.

Thankfully, it's only a dream. As long as there's reason to believe, I can raise my strength without truly activating Creeping Hunger... Klein exhaled and made his left glove be tainted with a paleness.

In the midst of dark green sparkles, he obtained the strength of a Zombie. His arm turned thicker as his legs swelled.

Screech!

A deep grinding sound boomed as the door slowly opened to reveal its interior.

The two dark spires and the black buildings were connected by covered bridges as they surrounded a vast grayish-rock square.

There were plenty of holes in the square. Embedded in them were huge arrows. There were flaming stacks in various spots as if they had previously encountered an attack.

Klein passed through the cave's entrance and entered the square. Unsurprisingly, he saw Frank Lee, Nina, Ottolov, and company there.

This is their dream? It doesn't seem so... Or should it be said that everyone's dream is limited to themselves? They will then be randomly placed somewhere in this world? Klein guessed without confidence.

Frank Lee was the closest to him. He was holding a shovel and digging at some rubble. Beside him were the white bread, toast, and roasted fish which had previously fallen to the floor.

He plans on using them as fertilizer? He's planting things even in his dreams... Klein went over and casually asked, "What are you doing?"

Frank didn't stop, but he revealed a smile.

"I'm cultivating some little things. They need to sleep in the soil

for some time before they can grow big and proliferate."

"What's their use?" Klein asked, both worried and curious.

Frank beamed and said, "They're a crossbreed of fungus. It can make bulls produce milk. This way, we can obtain more milk, allowing more people to drink good milk."

Spare those bulls... Klein's face twitched as he asked, "Will it succeed?"

"There's no problems with the effects, but I'm very worried that they can't reproduce," Frank said with a frown.

May Death forever favor them... Klein prayed as he walked pass Frank Lee and headed for the black building's entrance across the square.

Along the way, he passed by Nina and Navigator Ottolov, who were drinking beside a collapsed pillar.

"Have you ever thought of leaving the pirate crew after you're older to find a man to marry and settle down? I don't think anyone wishes to drift out at sea their entire lives." Ottolov took off his pointed bonnet and revealed his slightly hoary hair.

His eyes and tone informed Klein that in between the lines, he meant: if you wish so, why not consider me?

Mr. Navigator, you are old enough to be Nina's father. You need to consider your health... Passing by, Klein couldn't help but lampoon when he heard the conversation.

Nina gulped a mouthful of beer and looked in a particular direction.

"No, that's not the life I wish to lead.

"Before joining you, I once attempted to settle down in the east coast of Feysac and not be a pirate again, but I was unable to bear with the boredom. I have to lug wood and move things every day, and I can only stay at home at night. I'm not allowed to go to the bar or go out hunting in the wilderness. Such a life seems constant and unchanging! Furthermore, I suffered all kinds of criticism, tolerating those irritating people. I have to worry about the cops even if I wished to beat them up!

"It's still better on the ship. Although it's boring most of the time, we can often go to different places and encounter different matters. Heh heh. Even the most boring times can wreck those fellows, training them into passable pirates. I can also tell them that the one who performs the best every month can spend the night in my room. Then, I'll watch them excitedly enjoy the torment. Of course, spending the night and having sex are different. It depends on my mood."

A true female pirate... Everyone wishes for something different... Klein neutrally gave a comment and didn't believe that there was anything wrong with Nina's ideas.

I won't disagree with her choice, but if she often kills, engages in arson, and plunders, I don't mind using her head to exchange for a bounty the next time we meet... Klein retracted his gaze and arrived at the suspected entrance of the black buildings and spires.

Subconsciously, he turned his head and realized that the shadows in the corner seemed normal, but there was something different about it.

Bloodless Heath Doyle? He hides in the shadows even in a dream? According to my limited knowledge of psychology, this is a result of greatly lacking a sense of security... Klein pushed another door which was similarly almost ten meters tall.

Amidst the grinding sounds, his gaze suddenly froze.

Behind the door was a vast hall which had two rows of stone pillars supporting it.

The hall was abnormally dark without any candlelight. As the main door opened, the light from outside shone in, lighting up the interior to make it clear.

Klein saw that there were murals of various colors, with gold being the main color of choice on the dome. They were connected to one another without any gaps. It gave him a magnificent and sacred feeling.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

A figure had its back facing Klein, using the axe in its hand to chop at a long and huge tree; its motives were unknown.

The figure was dressed in a white shirt and a black vest. It didn't look like any of the pirates on the ship.

There's someone else in these waters? Or could it be the mysterious pair of eyes that had been observing the deck and me? Klein's heart sank as he slowed down. He warily approached and came to the figure's side where he discerned the figure.

It was a man who looked young. He had blond short hair that was split seventy-thirty. His emerald-green eyes looked focused and serious.

“What are you doing? What is this place?” Klein carefully asked.

He intuitively believed that the person wasn’t the owner of the mysterious eyes.

The young man raised his hand to touch his earlobes without turning his head.

“Why are you asking these questions? My ship has sunk, and I’m busy making a canoe for myself. I don’t have time to speak to you.”

“…”

Klein thought before asking, “Who are you?”

“Who am I? I’m the unlucky Anderson. Ever since I saw that mural, I’ve been plagued with bad luck.” The young man pointed in a direction.

Tracing his finger, Klein saw a mural.

The mural depicted a sea of fire that split in the middle to produce a path.

On the path, there was a long line of people. The members either held their heads low with pious devotion or prostrated to the

ground. Their destination was in the depths of the sea.

Their leader was a lanky man with long silver hair. His facial features were mild and his eyes were tightly closed. On his back were layered wings.

This… Klein's pupils constricted suddenly.

He recognized the leader on the mural!

It was the Angel of Fate which Little Sun had once depicted!

It was the Tail Devourer, Ouroboros!

Chapter 650: The Unlucky Anderson

After recognizing the leader on the mural, Klein subconsciously suspected that it was something from his dream.

However, he quickly rejected the idea. This was because the unlucky Anderson wasn't someone he knew. He was also not someone that had left an impression on him. There was a low chance of him being the extension of his own dream.

And Anderson had clearly said that he became unlucky after seeing the mural. It was strongly tied to the mural, so it could only be the case that the mural was part of Anderson's dream!

As he focused and looked carefully, Klein quickly realized that the mural was somewhat different from the mural that Little Sun saw in the True Creator's abandoned temple.

The background here was a sea burning with golden flames, while the previous one was that of a desolate plain.

The destination here was the depths of the sea, while the previous one was had a destination of a distant mountain. On the mountaintop was a huge cross and figure hanging upside down.

The bottom of the Angel of Fate Ouroboros's feet was black slush with heads pointing down and fishes stuck inside. Previously, it was a meandering river.

It's a different mural, but more of a memory from different stages of the same pilgrimage... Klein nodded with a guess.

A similar scene surfaced in his mind.

A very long time ago, in a particular period of the Fourth Epoch, Ouroboros led a devout group of pilgrims or the remnant believers of the True Creator. With many powerful enemies in pursuit, they rode a boat through this sea.

Due to certain reasons, “He” abandoned the boat. With the help of the True Creator or “His” own powers, he parted the sea and led the devotees through it and into the Forsaken Land of God, leaving behind the kindling for organizations such as the Rose Redemption and Aurora Order.

In the Forsaken Land of God, they tore through desolate plains, and on the pilgrimage, they built temples along the way. And one of them was discovered by Little Sun and company.

With how Will Auceptin was forced to restart a cycle and be reborn as a baby, the Tail Devourer is likely still alive... Does this mean that “He” eventually arrived at the destination with the pilgrims—the holy residence of the True Creator? Does this mean that the holy residence of the True Creator is somewhere in the Forsaken Land of God? With this in mind, Klein suddenly felt a baffling sense of wistfulness.

If my theory is correct, then that means that no matter how the City of Silver tries to save itself, or how they continue passing the flame, once the True Creator completely awakens or is restored to his original state, they would unavoidably head towards destruction!

When you are very close to the divine kingdom or holy residence of an evil god, your survival has nothing to do with your struggles!

This is like the bubbles produced when sea waves surged to the

shore. Once the waves recede, they would vanish.

Human civilization and ethnic groups are just that weak under the gaze of an evil god.

No, I can't be that pessimistic. I was only making a guess. Perhaps the one that forced Will Auceptin to reincarnate isn't Ouroboros. Perhaps the True Creator wouldn't recover or awaken that easily. "He" might be sealed by the seven deities…

Therefore, the City of Silver still has a chance. A path between the Forsaken Land of God and the external world needs to be forged before the evil god escapes from his shackles, allowing them to be moved out! This is probably why the chief of the City of Silver released Elder Shepherd. They need to use all the power they can get… Klein forcibly retracted his thoughts.

He suddenly felt somewhat worried, afraid that his arrival was enough for him to be stuck in an endless cycle of fate created by the Tail Devourer.

At this point, he instinctively wished to take four steps counter-clockwise and go above the gray fog. He wanted to forcibly search for memories that he might have lost, but ultimately, he resisted those actions and prepared to observe first.

From his interpretation of the symbols, there were no repeating rivers. There was only a black slush with fish embedded inside. It didn't mean the existence of a circle of fate, only the lingering of bad luck!

This was identical to what Anderson said!

As a King of Angels, Ouroboros definitely has more than a cycle of fate. Different temples have different murals, and them using different powers is completely logical… Besides, this is a dream!

Besides, even if I didn't do anything and really am stuck in a repeated cycle, making me repeatedly converse with the Admiral of Stars, to the point of making my observations, the problem will be resolved once Monday comes. The Tarot Club will definitely not be held. Miss Justice and the others will definitely feel puzzled as they make a prayer, and I'll use it to regain my memories… Klein instantly felt confident as the chaos and tension in his heart was buried instead of disappearing.

He looked up ahead and discovered that the hall went further in. There was no end to it, and there was light shining inside. However, it was restricted to the entrance. The other areas were dark and only became darker the deeper it was. All that could be seen were the wooden doors on both sides; their destinations were unknown.

Upon seeing this dark and creepy scene, Klein's desire to continue exploring was minimized.

To encounter a mural left behind by a King of Angels here, who knows what will happen if I delve deeper or enter some room…

The fear of the unknown was an extremely ancient feeling. A premonition of danger with unknown origins had brought about a strong terror towards the unknown. Klein observed himself for a few seconds before he stopped proceeding forward.

He turned towards Anderson, who was chopping the gigantic tree.

"Why are you here?"

Anderson looked up and scoffed.

“I’m a treasure hunter.

“So tell me, why would I be here?”

Treasure hunter… Klein casually asked, “There’s treasure here?”

Anderson continued busying himself with the creation of the so-called canoe. His voice suddenly turned deep.

“There are treasures everywhere in these waters.

“As long as you obtain it successfully and leave alive.”

That’s true… But the problem is that it’s very dangerous if one isn’t a demigod, but it’s even more dangerous for a demigod to be here… Klein looked into the hall’s depths and asked, “Do you know where this place is?”

Anderson traced his gaze and said, “I don’t know.

“At least a third of my companions formed a team and headed in to explore. But they never returned.”

“Are you referring to the real world or the dream world?” Klein asked with a clear line of thought.

Bang!

After the axe landed, Anderson laughed.

“Of course it’s in the real world.

“The ones that proceeded to explore the dream are the other third of my companions. They similarly didn’t return.”

“…”

Klein inhaled as he thought.

“Where are their bodies in the real world?”

“They have mutated into monsters. They killed off quite a number of my companions.” Anderson raised his axe and cleaved down.

Clang!

Amidst a crisp sound, his axe broke into two. As the crack was towards the back, the fragment immediately shot at him.

Anderson’s right chest and abdomen immediately bled like a spewing fountain.

He held his left hand to his wound and looked up at Klein. Smiling bitterly, he said, “I told you I was plagued with bad luck ever since I saw that mural.

“Thankfully, this isn’t considered too unlucky. At the very least, they didn’t destroy my ordinarily handsome face.”

…Are such descriptive terms supposed to be used that way? Klein looked at Anderson quickly pull out the fragments from his body as he handled the wound and consumed some medicine. He discovered that Anderson was unfazed, and the skill involved in his actions meant that he had already gotten accustomed to it.

Klein had a single hand in his pocket as he played with the coins in it. After some deliberation, he asked, “When your companions began the exploration, were you part of the group that stayed behind to study the mural?”

Anderson was taken aback as he inserted his medicine bag into his belt and wiped his mouth.

“No.

“I was part of the group that did the exploration…”

As he spoke, he grinned and revealed a genial smile.

This… Klein’s pupils constricted as he bent his back slightly and raised his left palm.

At this moment, blinding sunlight illuminated everything in a dazzling white. Then, it dimmed and vanished.

Klein naturally opened his eyes and discovered that the outside had been restored to the midday state.

He took out the pocket watch in his inner pocket and opened it.

Only half an hour passed. This night is rather short…

That unlucky Anderson looked very normal, but who knew that he was that terrifying!

Rolling to his feet, Klein suddenly recalled something. Snake of Fate Will Auceptin had yet to "reply" to him!

As everyone's dream had been pulled into the world without the connection of the spirit world, "He" was unable to locate me? Or did "He" sense Ouroboros's aura and didn't dare come close? Or could there be something problematic with these waters to begin with? As his thoughts whirled, Klein decided to verify it.

As for how it could be verified, the method was simple. He could sleep again while it was still "noon."

However, he wasn't in a rush to do so. This was because he wasn't sure if there were any taboos about sleeping in the day.

Wearing his cap, Klein came outside the captain's cabin and knocked on the door.

After three knocks, he retracted his hand and patiently waited.

Before long, Cattleya opened the door.

She no longer looked as lost as she was in the dream. She had worn her heavy glasses once again.

“Is sleeping in the day alright?” Klein asked directly.

Cattleya nodded.

“Yes.”

After answering, she hesitated and asked, “It seems you were very proactive in that dream?”

Realizing how much danger lurked in these waters, and thinking about how he would be forced to show some of his abilities, Klein decided to proactively lay the foundations of his future explanations.

He looked at Cattleya and smiled politely.

“Yes.

“This is a gift bestowed upon me by my Lord.”

My Lord... Under Cattleya’s thick glasses, her eyes clearly shimmered.

In a rare instance, she frowned slightly and eased them without asking any more questions.

Klein thought for a moment, then he added, “Be careful of Heath Doyle.”

Cattleya clearly understood what he meant and directly answered, “Don’t worry. He has a Sealed Artifact which has a negative effect of him only being able to hear voices from nearby.”

That’s a smart use of a negative effect… Klein didn’t drone on as he took off his hat and bowed before returning to his room.

He lay down once again and used Cogitation to fall asleep.

In the dream world, he woke up and saw the familiar pitch-black plains and black steeple.

Phew, it’s still possible to connect… Klein heaved a sigh of relief and traveled into the steeple. In the usual place, he saw the scattered tarot cards and the new words.

“There’s plenty of dangers there, the most dangerous being the dream that happens when night falls.

“It isn’t about the disappearances if you do not sleep, but there’s one thing to remember.

“Do not explore that dream!

“Absolutely do not explore that dream!

“Since there’s not enough space, I won’t explain why. Alright, it’s just a joke. The reason is that the area contains some of the dreams left behind by a deity.”

Chapter 651: Meeting Again

Upon seeing Will Auceptin's warning, Klein's first found himself blessed with good luck.

Thankfully I didn't court death and continue the exploration... He didn't hesitate to heave a sigh of relief.

Although he had seen the mural related to Ouroboros, as well as the terrifying monster, Anderson, who mutated for some unknown reason, he didn't actually physically get himself into a dangerous situation.

I wonder if I'll randomly appear in a region in the next dream, or will it continue from before... If it's the latter, the best choice of action is to not disturb Anderson so as to avoid agitating him. I'll just walk the same way back and leave that black cloister... Klein retracted his gaze and continued reading.

"Apart from the dream, the other things aren't that troublesome. As long as you don't attempt to approach those ruins, directly look at the thing that flies in the sky at 'midday,' or challenge the storms that give ample warning, then it wouldn't be a problem if you follow the safe sea routes that have been verified by others.

"As for mermaids, just keep cruising forward and you'll ultimately encounter them. This is because, at their levels, they will only live in relatively safer areas, and there aren't many such areas.

"Finally, I hope everything goes smoothly.

“Sincerely, your friend who might be often in deep sleep due to reaching a critical stage in his maturing development,

Will Auceptin”

The final sentence was long and somewhat awkward-sounding, but Klein instantly understood what the Snake of Fate meant: *Before I’m born, don’t disturb me unless it’s something extremely important and critical!*

I’ll try my best… Klein replied inwardly without any assurance.

If he successfully advanced, then it might not take long before he had to seek Will Auceptin’s help in finding the Sequence 4 potion formula for the Seer pathway.

Being more confident with finding mermaids, Klein immediately left the dream, wore his hat, and headed for the pirates’ dining hall.

Due to the dream’s disturbance, most of the food had turned cold, but the pirates still had a great time eating. After all, no one died.

Since no one died during this mystical encounter, they naturally felt great that they had something to brag about.

“Do you want a cup of milk?” Frank Lee held a plate and sat opposite Klein, asking warmly.

Recalling the conversation in the dream, Klein firmly shook his head with a deadpan expression.

Inwardly, he was very worried that the milk on the ship were all Frank's experimental products.

Frank didn't mind as he gulped a mouthful of milk.

"I remember telling you about those little things in the dream?"

"Yes." Klein cut through a Dragon-Bone Fish that was cooked in sauce, and he stuffed it into his mouth.

This kind of fish was well known for having few bones. Most of the time, it only had one main bone. In Backlund, due to its various species, they were considered a mid- to high-end delicacy, but east of the Oravi Island, in the periphery of the safe sea routes, they could often be caught.

Frank chuckled.

"My description back then was a little inaccurate. Their true purpose was to successfully produce milk even when they aren't in a state capable of lactation, regardless of whether they are male or female. As long as they consume it, they will produce milk and return to normal once they aren't fed. This way, the milk cows don't have to suffer any torture. This way, it becomes fairer for men and women to bring up their children. It will be beneficial for women to head out for work..."

Wait, why are you telling me this... Klein nearly failed to maintain his persona as Gehrman Sparrow.

At that instant, he felt that the nickname of crazy shouldn't be Gehrman Sparrow's but Frank Lee's.

He's actually someone who supports equality between men and women. However, his means are a little terrifying… That's right. The Church of Earth Mother is like the Church of the Goddess. They believe that women should have the same standing in society as men. However, they place more emphasis on reproduction, treating it as the holiest matter…

Among the seven Churches, the Church of Storms and the Church of the God of Combat are most biased towards men. The Church of the Sun is next. As for the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, they are different from the other Churches. They discriminate based on intelligence. The Church of Steam is neutral and has even worked with the Church of the Goddess to encourage women to head out for work due to the need for more labor in the development of industry… Klein instantly had the differences between the seven Churches flash past his mind.

He looked up and glanced at Frank Lee as though what he had just said was something trivial.

This made Frank rather happy as he couldn't help but drink a few more mouthfuls of milk.

After the pirates finished their lunch in batches, Cattleya pushed open the windows to the captain's cabin once again. Using magic, she amplified her voice.

"There's an island 1.5 nautical miles ahead of us. We will dock there and wait for the storm to pass.

"In these waters, every time there's a switch from noon to nighttime, there's a possibility of a terrifying storm occurring. I cannot confirm when it will happen, but I believe it's safer for us to wait for it to pass before we continue our voyage."

She went into the details a lot more than in the past, as it wasn't a sudden occurrence, and there was plenty of time.

One of the things people at sea feared the most was a storm; therefore, no one objected to it. They went according to Cattleya's instructions. Under Navigator Ottolov's and Boatswain Nina's guidance, they nervously prepared to dock.

And this made Klein confirm one of the matters that Will Auceptin had mentioned.

Do not challenge any signs of a storm!

Before long, an island covered with gigantic trees appeared ahead of the Future.

The more than hundred-meter-long sailboat adjusted its course and docked against the wind.

More than half an hour passed as the sky suddenly dimmed. Lead-colored clouds surfaced one after another.

They overlapped with one another as though they enveloped all the surrounding waters.

Amidst a loud boom and blinding flashes of lightning, a hurricane from afar swept over.

It was connected to the clouds at the top and to the sea at the bottom. It was more exaggerated than any legendary giant. It was like a gigantic coiling serpent in a bid to destroy the world.

The terrifying hurricane brought with it waves that towered like mountains. Lightning that branched out like trees and didn't stop because of the incoming storm. It constantly struck the surface of the sea, splitting into tiny electric bolts that spread outwards.

As the rain pattered down on the Future's deck, it made the pirates who had entered the cabin or gotten shelter feel like the apocalypse had arrived.

Such a storm didn't last too long. The sea calmed down after about fifteen minutes, and the hurricane dissipated. The midday sunlight reigned in the sky once again.

"You can head onto the island for a while, but don't wander inside. You have to be within the range of the cannons." Cattleya gave the pirates a brief chance of reprieve.

Klein kept in mind Will Auceptin's warnings and had no desire to explore the island. After leaving the Future, he only walked about on the shore, taking in the feeling of having his feet on solid ground.

Beach, *sunlight*, *trees*... *It feels like a vacation*... Klein thought in amusement when he suddenly noticed a rapidly moving black dot through the corner of his eye.

It was rushing over from the boundary of a cliff!

The black dot increased in size to reveal a human figure!

Not far away, Cattleya, who was on the sand, also noticed the abnormality. She half-turned around and took off the heavy

glasses on her nose bridge.

The figure with emerald-colored eyes approached. He was wearing a white shirt, a black vest, and trousers. He was of medium build with his blond hair split seventy-thirty.

Anderson!

The unlucky Anderson!

Klein instantly recognized him.

The person was none other than the terrifying Anderson in the dream world!

It was the Anderson who said that his companions never returned after they proceeded to explore the hall but had claimed to be a member of the exploration team!

At that moment, Anderson raised his right hand.

Without any hesitation, as Gehrman Sparrow, Klein took out a charm and chanted a single word in ancient Hermes.

“Storm!”

The charm made of tin immediately turned sharp, resembling a thin blade.

With the infusion of spirituality, the wind in midair reverberated.

With a deadpan expression, Klein threw out the charm in his hand at Anderson.

Sou! Sou! Sou!

Azure sharp blades shot at their target like a lined up firing squad.

Anderson was raising his right hand high with a smile and was about to say something when he heard a deep and mysterious incantation and the scalp-numbing sound of the wind.

His gaze froze as he threw himself to the side and somersaulted multiple times in a pathetic manner as if the area before him was scorching metal.

Sou! Sou! Sou!

The wind blades struck the beach, slicing clear slits into the sand, but they were just short of hitting their target.

“Stop! Stop!” As Anderson nimbly somersaulted to dodge, he shouted, “I come in peace! I mean no harm!”

“Anderson Hood…” Admiral of Stars suddenly said a name as she raised her hand to stop Gehrman Sparrow who had taken out a charm.

She knows Anderson? Klein didn't rashly chant the charm's incantation as he said in a deep voice, "He has already mutated.

"I saw him in the dream."

He wasn't surprised at meeting the unlucky Anderson. This was because the pirates were all in the same area during the dream. They were all very close to one another, which also meant that Anderson, who wasn't too far away, was also very close to the Future.

"No! Not at all!" Anderson stood up, at a loss on whether to laugh or cry. He raised his hands like he was surrendering. "I recognize you. You asked me many questions. Back then, I wanted to pull a prank on you. Really, it was just a joke to enliven the mood. Don't you think that having the mood suddenly change into one of horror is an exhilarating experience? Of course, I'm referring to the target and not myself.

"If I had participated in the exploration, how could I still be alive?"

That is what I'm worried about… Klein didn't believe his explanation.

Anderson shrugged and said, "I was preparing to explain that the moment I said that. I was planning on telling you that I was joking and had planned to seek your help. I hope that you could take me away, but at that moment, the dream ended… Dammit, I was really too unlucky!"

It does comply with the traits of being unlucky… Klein silently muttered.

He planned on flipping a coin right there and then to test him with divination when he suddenly heard Admiral of Stars Cattleya say, “Listen to what he has to say.

“He’s very famous in the Fog Sea. He has the nickname ‘Strongest Hunter.’”

Chapter 652: Mermaid Clues

Strongest Hunter... Klein was shocked by this nickname. After carefully recalling, he realized that the man didn't have a bounty on his head.

That meant that Anderson Hood's description of himself in the dream world was real and reliable. He was more of a treasure hunter!

Unfortunately, Gehrman Sparrow hasn't killed any pirate admirals, otherwise, I would be the strongest hunter... Klein didn't let down his guard as he coldly looked at the man.

As long as Anderson Hood showed any signs of abnormality, he would immediately throw the charm in his hand. After all, the activation incantation was all the same. At his Sequence, he could do it simultaneously while injecting his spirituality.

Upon hearing the Admiral of Stars's introduction, Anderson seriously shook his head.

"No, I'm not the strongest hunter."

Oh, he's still rather humble... Klein sighed inwardly.

Anderson chuckled and added, "Admiral of Stars, if you really insist, then it's best if you add the condition: below that of a demigod.

"Yes, the strongest hunter below that of a demigod."

...I take back what I just said... The corners of Klein's mouth twitched indiscernibly.

Seeing no response from the Admiral of Stars, Anderson naturally lowered his arms.

"These waters are very dangerous, but it contains many treasures. In this regard, I believe the two of you are very aware.

"In the past, many adventurers, or more precisely, treasure hunters, have entered these waters to seek our fortuitous encounters, but most of them didn't leave these waters alive. Heh heh, I'm talking about most, so there are always some lucky ones who can obtain items and ingredients while successfully leaving.

"The treasure-hunting team I was in was organized by two treasure hunters who are experienced in this area. They claimed to be very aware of which ruins are not to be explored in the first half of the safe route and which ruins could be attempted. They also claimed to know which methods should be used to hunt various kinds of monsters, as well as what methods should be used to avoid evil creatures who have lost control.

"I've always been curious about these waters and was successfully convinced by them and joined the expedition."

"And then?" Cattleya looked at the figure opposite her with her black eyes that had a purple hue.

Anderson sighed and said, "It was very smooth in the beginning, as smooth as it can be. We avoided danger and obtained many of the relics left behind by former explorers, and we also hunted some monsters and obtained several ingredients.

“Everything changed when we discovered a strange temple on a submerged island. There were many murals which remained intact. This gentleman has also seen it in the dream world.”

He used his chin to gesture at Klein.

“That’s not important,” Klein replied calmly.

Anderson shook his head and smiled bitterly.

“One of the murals was very sinister. It described a pilgrimage proceeding forward amidst a parted sea.

“The leader of the pilgrimage is depicted as an angel, having long silver hair that reached his back. He had very mild facial features.

“I was the first to arrive in front of that mural. I reached out my right hand and habitually outlined the various lines in midair. It’s true, I… really didn’t touch it. I was at least five centimeters away, but to my surprise, the angel in the mural suddenly opened his eyes.”

…*Your nickname as the Strongest Hunter must’ve been forced as a result of you attracting too many problems*… Klein scoffed silently without any sense of pity.

“Silver-haired angel?” Cattleya asked in return.

“Yes, but I’m not sure which angel it is. At the very least, he hasn’t appeared in any of the portraits of the seven Churches. Of course, the mural artist might’ve casually added it, and it might

not be real." Anderson was just about to raise his hand to comb his hair when he discovered that the man wearing a round neck shirt, a brown jacket, pantaloons with a dark-colored cap was coldly staring at him. It appeared as though any abnormal action would result in the man attacking without hesitation.

But at that moment, Klein was thinking about something else.

This fellow is very professional when it comes to art. At the very least, the typical person wouldn't be able to know of so many religious portraits.

Cattleya, who didn't receive an adequate answer, immediately turned her head towards Klein, her gaze filled with an inquisitive look.

She had just heard from Anderson Hood that Gehrman Sparrow had seen the mural.

Perhaps, this member of the organization that has been gifted by the "Lord" can recognize the angel... Cattleya had an inexplicable feeling that Gehrman Sparrow might really know the answer.

Considering how Ma'am Hermit would be able to obtain the answer at the next Tarot Club from a casual question, Klein didn't hesitate to simply say, "Tail Devourer Ouroboros."

Tail Devourer Ouroboros? That Angel of Fate? That King of Angels? Cattleya unknowingly pursed her lips as the purple hue in her eyes turned slightly more obvious.

The last time she had heard this name was from the Tarot Club, thanks to Miss Justice.

And that was her first time learning of the existence of the Kings of Angels. She never expected to obtain clues of them in the real world in just a few months!

"Tail Devourer Ouroboros?" Anderson ruminated over the name in a daze.

Klein didn't speak further, showing his disinterest in explaining.

Seeing how the Admiral of Stars wasn't speaking a word, Anderson could only laugh and continue, "I thought I was hallucinating back then because the mural didn't show any abnormality after that.

"Following that, our team fractured into two. Most of them were frightened by my account and believed that they shouldn't continue exploring the temple. The remaining third desired to obtain more treasure and began setting off deeper into the temple. We waited an entire day—noon switched night a total of three times—but we didn't manage to see them return.

"We were all outstanding treasure hunters, so we knew that something must've gone wrong. After making some confirmations, we didn't dare stay any longer or wait. We immediately left the temple and got onto the ship to return the way we came. We had already received plenty, and we didn't wish to take any more risks."

Wait, none of you had the intention to save your companions? Yes, a treasure-hunting team that is temporarily put together will only bother with themselves and the few friends they are familiar with when they encounter danger... According to my experience, those companions of yours that vanished might be eating the fingers of corpses... Klein lampooned and didn't reprimand Anderson.

Anderson sighed again and said, “After leaving that temple, I discovered that there was something abnormal about myself. On the one hand, I became very unlucky, with everything I do failing. Even when drinking light beer in silence, I’ll realize that someone had used a beer barrel as a toilet and pissed in it. Well, that’s not what I encountered. It was my companion.

“On the other hand, we obtained control of ourselves in our dreams. We were no longer in a reverie and knew something, but we had no means to take action. Therefore, a number of my companions, a third of the original number of people, ventured deep into the dream world. Heh heh, they never returned.”

Cattleya, who had been listening in silence, asked, “What about their bodies in the real world?”

“They mutated into monsters, killing quite a number of my remaining companions and sailors.” Anderson took an obvious deep breath. “We might’ve successfully killed those monsters, but due to the lack of sailors, as well as encountering a streak of bad luck, we failed to reach this island in time before the storm arrived. Therefore, our ship sank. Likewise for our loot. The rest of my companions either drowned, got struck by lightning, or got eaten by the underwater monsters. I didn’t see all of it myself.

“As for me, I was relatively stronger and luckier than them. I was sent flying by the waves and successfully swam to the shore of this island and began attempting to create a canoe to leave this area. Heh, as you can see, even my final axe has shattered. It was also reflected in the dream.”

Anderson’s final sentences were directed at Klein.

They really are a treasure-hunting group plagued with bad luck… Klein inwardly drew the crimson moon for him.

He believed that Anderson's description was likely real. His experienced didn't seem to be fabricated out of thin air. However, it was unknown if he was hiding something.

Perhaps, Anderson had really gone deep into the temple and eaten the fingers of the corpses before coming out, believing that he was fine. Perhaps, he had already explored numerous places in the dream world and had been corrupted by some unknown creature in an inconspicuous manner.

After Anderson Hood finished recounting his experience, he smiled at Cattleya and the man who he didn't know the name of.

"Do I have the honor of being a passenger on your Future?

"I will pay for the fare."

He looked as if payment wasn't a problem at all.

Cattleya once again turned her head to the side towards Klein, as though asking if he would accept.

This is to say that you are leaning towards accepting his request? Aren't you going to do any tests? I have to go above the gray fog to divine before I can provide a clear answer. What gives you the confidence? A Beyonder power obtained once a Mystery Pryer reaches Sequence 5? Klein figured out a lot of information from Cattleya's gaze.

Just as he was hesitating, Anderson hurriedly said, "I'm very familiar with the route ahead!

“I can help you avoid the latent dangers on the safe sea route, and I can tell you which ruins aren’t to be explored. I can also give you early notice to avoid the singing voices of the mermaids in time!”

“Singing voices of mermaids?” Klein’s eyes nearly lit up as it took him a great deal of effort to maintain Gehrman Sparrow’s image.

“Yes, a day’s voyage from here, and I mean a day in terms of the world outside, we will circle around a ruin and turn…” Upon saying that, Anderson suddenly realized something as he shut his mouth with a smile without saying anything more.

Klein thought for a moment and took out a gold coin in front of Anderson as he silently chanted.

“Anderson Hood is problematic.”

…

He repeated seven times and went through the standard process of divination, but he didn’t hold any hopes for an answer.

It was a test on Anderson.

If Anderson really was problematic, he would definitely show signs of guilt. After all, he couldn’t be certain of Gehrman Sparrow’s divination standard and was unable to determine if he could disrupt it successfully.

Ding!

The gold coin was flung into the air before landing. Klein glanced at it before putting it into his pocket.

"No problem."

I'll later make a confirmation by going above the gray fog... Klein added inwardly.

Cattleya looked at Anderson and nodded.

"I agree to your request.

"However, after we leave these waters, you need to hand over half of what you have. If there's nothing, I'll not take anything either."

Anderson fell silent for a few seconds before smiling again.

"Deal!

Having found a way out, he clearly relaxed as he smiled.

"Also, I have to warn you that although my bad luck is limited to me alone, you should be careful because I might attract monsters. Of course, I believe that with you, this gentleman, and myself, we should be able to guarantee our safety."

Just as he said that, the entire island quaked. A smoky plume emanated out of the primitive forest.

“Don’t tell me a monster is really coming…” Anderson subconsciously turned agape.

Chapter 653: Black-faced, Black-handed

The ground trembled slightly as a figure that was nearly three meters tall appeared at the boundary of the island's primitive forest.

Its body was grayish-white in color, seemingly formed from boulders. Its face was potholed without any obvious eyes, nose, mouth, or ears.

"Stone giant..." Cattleya muttered the monster's type.

Be it Klein or Anderson, both of them knew nothing about such monsters.

However, they didn't cast an inquisitive look at Cattleya. They focused on the monster, looking highly professional.

Cattleya turned her body to face the docked Future. She raised her right hand halfway and amplified her voice.

"Aim!"

The pirates on duty immediately adjusted dozens of cannons on the port of the ship, aiming them right at the Stone Giant which was lumbering over.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Cannonballs flew out and landed around the Stone Giant, sending dust flying as the bombardment covered a huge area.

The ground clearly quaked as flames surged. Splinters spewed everywhere as though everything could be destroyed.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The tall grayish-white figure tore out of the dust, having not suffered any serious damage. All it had were a few cracks on its surface.

Cattleya said without a perturbed expression, “This isn’t a kind of giant, but a kind of stone golem.

“Its core is the main ingredient of Sequence 5 Guardian from the Guardian Sequence pathway. Therefore, its defenses are extremely high.”

Amidst the reverberating cannon bombardment, Klein nearly suspected if there was a problem with his auditory senses.

Since you know that the stone giant has high defense, why did you use a cannon bombardment? Isn’t that a waste of cannonballs? he thought in puzzlement as he lampooned.

Perhaps hearing his inner thoughts, Cattleya said as she watched the stone giant approach, “I’ve never encountered such a Beyonder creature before, so I wished to do some tests.”

I have nothing to say against such a reason… Klein was rendered speechless.

At this moment, Anderson Hood, who had been observing the stone giant the entire time, raised his hand and said, “Do you have anyone who has Beyonder powers in the ice and frost domain?”

“Me,” Cattleya coldly answered.

Seeing how Ma’am Hermit had the means, Klein swallowed back the words he nearly said out loud.

He really didn’t wish to activate Creeping Hunger unless necessary, despite Zombie possessing the powers of ice and frost.

He believed that he couldn’t find any suitable food on the island!

Cattleya took out a grayish-black scroll from a secret pocket in her warlock robe and softly chanted a single word in ancient Hermes, “Freezing!”

Silently, the scroll was consumed by icy-blue flames and immediately, there were crystalline streams of light that appeared in midair.

They flew towards the stone giant and froze the target within as icicles hung from it.

Amidst jarring, cracking sounds, the ice layer cracked in turn as the stone giant slowly walked out of the zone. However, its grayish-white exterior had turned a darker shade. Its motions were a lot stiffer than before.

At this moment, Anderson raised his hands as though he was a

conductor gesturing for the audience to give their applause.

Orange-yellow flames which were almost white in color sprouted at the stone giant's feet as though it had stepped into a particular trap.

Its surface rapidly produced a bout of steam as cracks spread across its body in the form of deep fractures.

Anderson pulled back with his right arm as a burning-white spear condensed in his palm.

The flames at the tip of the spear condensed to a point as it emitted a blinding luster.

The spear flew out, accurately hitting the crack in the stone giant's belly as the flames melted a huge hole in it.

As for Anderson Hood, who was originally on the beach, he seemed to merge with the burning-white spear. The flames brightened as he strangely appeared behind the stone giant.

He held his left hand into a fist as his arm bulged. With an uppercut, he struck upwards from the hole and into the stone giant's heart.

This simple-looking strike created an exaggerated effect. The stone giant immediately froze on the spot as cracking sounds constantly emitted from its interior. In seconds, it had crumbled into rubble.

A critical strike... Klein's pupils constricted.

Cattleya calmly stood on the spot and said without any surprise, “Sequence 5 of the Hunter pathway is Reaper.

“Furthermore, they are good at finding the weakness of their prey.”

Reaper… A death reaper of life? No wonder… Klein nodded slightly.

At this moment, Anderson crouched down and rummaged through the stone giant’s carcass.

Then, he turned his head and smiled ruefully.

“It’s not a real monster.”

That meant that there weren’t any spoils of war!

While Anderson described the situation, the rubble vanished at a discernible pace.

…For an unlucky fellow like you, don’t be the one opening chests or looting corpses… Klein couldn’t help but lampoon inwardly.

Anderson returned and kept droning on.

“The greatest problem of these waters is this. Not every monster will provide you with riches!”

This is because conjured monsters such as this are a part of more powerful monsters of a higher level. Of course, it's possible that they're the result of remnant powers and auras... Klein already had a preliminary theory towards this.

Having gone through the voyage, he discovered that there were Beyonder traces of Sun, Evernight, Storm, and the Spectator pathway. He had a more fleshed out theory from his previous theories.

He originally suspected that these waters were the remnants of a battlefield in a war between Second Epoch ancient gods. Storm belonged to Elf King Soniathrym; Spectator belonged to Dragon King Ankewelt; Evernight belonged to King of Demonic Wolves Flegrea. With Little Sun providing him with the legendary records from the City of Silver at each gathering, Klein had gained a preliminary understanding of the authorities of the eight ancient gods in the Second Epoch.

However, the constant midday and the Sun Chariot formed from gold had made Klein have doubts about his theory. This was because none of the eight ancient gods grasped the Sun pathway.

Soon, Klein connected it to Amon's and Adam's father, the City of Silver Creator who was deemed as the ancient sun god.

After this Creator awakened, and after a series of intense battles, he had taken back the authorities of the ancient gods!

Hence, these ruins of the battle between gods were left behind? The incomplete mural he saw at the elven ruin suddenly surfaced in Klein's mind.

Elf King Soniathrym and the City of Silver's Creator, who was also the ancient sun god, were at odds!

As his thoughts wandered, Anderson had returned to his chuckling state. He looked at him and said, “How do I address you?”

“Gehrman Sparrow,” Klein simply gave his name.

“Gehrman Sparrow?” Anderson was first taken aback before recovering. “I’ve heard of you. You’re the adventurer who nearly successfully hunted Vice Admiral Ailment. You have the title of the craziest hunter! Last month, when the ship I was onboard passed by the Rorsted Archipelago and Oravi Island, I had thoughts of getting to know you over drinks, but your whereabouts were unknown.”

Last month? I was doing volunteer work at the hospital… Klein nodded and said, “You know me now.

“Also, try your best not to say anything.”

“…” Anderson forced a smile. “I know, my bad luck tends to make the negative words I say become reality. Alright, stop looking at me. I won’t speak again. Put down that charm of yours.”

Due to the appearance of the stone giant, the pirates’ relaxation time was cut short. The Future quickly set off once again, venturing deep into the sea.

Along the way, Klein stayed standing on the deck and leaned against the side of the ship. He observed his surroundings while Anderson was loitering on the ship. He was good at socializing and interacting with the pirates.

Impressive. He easily got to know the situation of the ship… Klein

shot a glance at Anderson, who was drinking with a few pirates in the shadows, as he sighed inwardly.

Of course, the Strongest Hunter probably doesn't know that the alcohol he's drinking has a sedative of unknown origins... Klein held back his laughter as he thought mischievously.

With Anderson's help, the Future circled around two hidden maelstroms and a floating palace ruin as it continued down the safe sea route.

About three hours later, night fell again.

Klein rapidly found his lucidity and reason in the dream as he opened his eyes and looked around.

His vision was a swath of pitch-blackness with nothing to be seen.

...Don't tell me I'm blind... Such a thought instinctively appeared in Klein's mind. Then, he reached his right palm into his pocket and took out a matchstick.

This was a component that every Magician needed for his spells.

With familiarity, he took out a matchstick and ignited it. Immediately, a weak flame appeared in front of Klein's eyes.

The flame struggled as it bloomed, slightly illuminating his surroundings.

He was in a prison cell, one with an unlatched gate made up of metal railings!

Why would I be here? I'm neither beside Admiral of Stars or in the mural hall where Anderson was... I'm randomly placed in a particular area? As his thoughts raced, Klein flicked his wrist and extinguished the matchstick that nearly burnt his fingers.

A resplendent layer of sunlight bloomed on his left hand as his eyes had two miniaturized suns.

With the soul of the Priest of Light, he obtained night vision from the Light of Holiness.

As he observed his surroundings, Klein saw that the cell he was in wasn't too cramped, but the floor was dirty and messy. There were many footprints, a mystery as to what previously happened.

Most of them are human footprints. A few of them are rather exaggerated, likely belonging to giants... The single bed is broken in the corner while there's a key beside the door... Someone succeeded in a jailbreak? Klein came before the unlocked metal gate and carefully looked outside.

The prison was filled with darkness. The darkness enveloped a stone-paved corridor, and across from him was a cold but solid wall. The path extended continuously on both sides as though there were more prison cells.

Klein retracted his gaze, picked up the key on the ground, and locked the gates.

He didn't attempt to head out and continued staying in the cell.

He clearly remembered that Will Auceptin had advised him not to explore the dream world. Therefore, he planned on awaiting the arrival of noon!

So what if it's a prison cell? It's not like I'm leaving... Klein huddled in the corner, sitting on the halved single bed, seemingly blending with the rich darkness around him.

In this extreme silence, Klein suddenly cocked his head since he vaguely heard light footsteps!

The sound of footsteps came from afar in an ethereal manner and at a slow frequency as it approached him.

Chapter 654: Prisoner and Guard

No way. I haven't gone anywhere... Has the far-reaching hands of trouble come on its own? Klein revealed a grimace that didn't match Gehrman Sparrow's persona. He nearly drew a gasp.

The only thing stopping him from doing that was because it would cause quite a stir, making "trouble" discover his hiding spot!

No longer a green Nighthawk, he rapidly made up his mind. He held his breath, slowly stood up, and moved to the side of the metal gate, without a sound. He secretly and silently looked in the direction of the incoming footsteps.

He believed that, since hiding and avoiding it wasn't necessary useful, he had to determine the danger revolving around the situation so as to make the best choice!

The two miniature suns in his eyes dimmed as Klein waited for nearly a minute as he heard the footsteps turn heavier and clearer. Following that, he heard the clanking sound of a metallic gate slamming into the wall.

Following that, he saw a towering figure appear on the right of the corridor.

The figure was nearly 2.5 meters tall and wore black, full-body armor. The cold feeling it exuded seemed corporeal like a gigantic knight.

His aura was converged, and he was staid like the deep sea. In

the space where his eyes were, there were two deep-red glows that flickered. In his hand was a long and broad black sword.

Creak!

He pushed open the metal gate to a cell and stepped in. He circled the cell, seemingly in search of something.

Man... Is he trying to find a particular prisoner? I'll definitely be discovered if this continues... Klein hesitated for a moment and wondered if he should leave the cell and search for a way out before the figure came close, or to sneak an attack to finish the target in a clean swoop before continuing to huddle in a corner to await the end of the dream.

After judging how much time he had left to think, Klein quickly took off the topaz pendant on his left wrist and began divining with a voice that perhaps only he could hear.

"That knight from before is very strong."

After quickly repeating it seven times, Klein opened his eyes to see the topaz pendant turning clockwise at a high frequency and large amplitudes.

This meant that the target was an extremely dangerous existence!

Without any hesitation or time to hesitate, Klein used the Beyonder powers of a Clown and controlled his muscles to pull open the metal gates without causing any additional stimulation.

Then, he took the opportunity when the black-armored entity entered another cell, to gently walk out into the corridor and rapidly headed left with his body crouched.

In the immense darkness, as he listened for any commotion behind him, he maintained his stealthy and swift motions, quickly making a bend and arriving at a metal gate which opened outwards. It looked like an exit.

Attempting to push and pull, Klein discovered that the metal gates weren't heavy, but it had been locked.

After two seconds of thought, he took out the key he picked up inside his cell, inserted it, and twisted it without holding out much hope.

A light click of a latch opening sounded as the metal gates unlocked.

That works? Although it's a dream, you can't just have a randomly picked up key be an important item… I originally planned on folding some paper to insert into the keyhole and repeatedly slice at it, bit by bit… Klein slowly pushed open the door as he lampooned while thinking in puzzlement.

To his disappointment, what stood behind the metal gates wasn't the exit but a hall filled with junk.

Closing the gate behind him in passing, he locked it again and circled around the items randomly strewn around, in search of a possible door or path.

A few seconds later, he noticed an inconspicuous black wooden

door in a corner. Therefore, he carefully approached it and reached out for the handle.

The scene inside naturally appeared in his mind. It was a storage room, and on the right was a full-body mirror. And to its right was a figure wearing a short linen robe.

There's someone there? The escaped prisoner? Having been forced to leave his comfort zone, Klein decided to take hold of the initiative in a limited fashion. Therefore, he gently twisted the handle and pushed open the black wooden door.

He wanted to gather information on the general situation, so as to determine where to engage in combat or flee at the critical moment in time.

"Who is it?" the figure wearing a short linen robe hurriedly but softly asked. Its voice was filled with despair and pain.

"An adventurer," Klein succinctly answered.

He had already used his night vision to discern the figure's looks.

It was a man with a weathered face. He had wrinkles on his forehead and the corners of his eyes and mouth, but his hair was raven-black and lustrous. There wasn't a single strand of gray hair.

His short linen robe was ancient and simple. His expression was distorted due to the pain. His rarely seen pure black eyes were filled with unconcealed surprise and puzzlement.

“Adventurer?

“Why would you be here?”

Klein maintained a certain distance from the man who was difficult to discern whether he was considered young or old. He stood by the entrance and looked at him.

“Before asking others, introducing yourself is a necessary form of politeness.”

As a Faceless, just the short act of sizing him up from before had made him grasp the man’s features. Apart from the discordant hair and the wrinkles, he had an old, gruesome scar on his cheek.

The man was startled as he worriedly glanced at the hall.

“It’s best you close the door. We cannot be caught by that devil; otherwise…”

The muscles on his face clearly twitched as though he had recalled something nasty.

“Devil?” Klein murmured and extended his hand back to close the black wooden door.

The man heaved a sigh of relief and smiled wryly.

“I apologize. I was indeed impolite.

“My name is Leomaster, an ascetic of a religious organization.”

“A religious organization? From the looks of it, you aren’t a devotee of any of the seven deities.” Klein discovered a problem with his choice of words.

If he was an ascetic of one of the seven deities, he could’ve directly said it out loud. Even the high priest of the Church of Sun and the bishops of the Church of Storms wouldn’t come to blows the moment they met in such a dangerous place.

Leomaster said with a self-deprecating laugh, “That’s right. I worship the original Creator. ‘He’ is an omnipotent and omniscient existence, the source of everything great. ‘He’ is the Beginning and the End. ‘He’ is the god of all gods!”

This… Upon hearing how this person revered the original Creator, Klein’s first reaction was that it was the Twilight Hermit Order.

However, there are also some smaller denominations in the Northern and Southern Continents. There’s quite a number of people who believe in the original Creator… Klein deliberated as he asked, “What’s the name of that religious organization?

“How did you end up here?”

Leomaster hesitated for a moment before saying, “To the far east of the Sonia Sea is where my Lord sleeps. ‘His’ sacred mountain is hidden somewhere there. I led a pilgrimage here in an attempt to witness his miracles to redeem myself.

“Perhaps it’s a necessary test. We were caught by that devil, and

one by one, we died...

"Later, I seized the opportunity to escape the cell and hid here, awaiting the devil's departure."

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "Do you know the name of that devil? What characteristics does he have?"

"He?" Leomaster shook his head, saying in a somewhat puzzled manner. "I do not know his exact name, but many pilgrims seem to know him. They call him the Saint of Darkness."

Saint of Darkness? A demigod? Is this Leomaster's dream, or is it the demigod's dream? From the outcome of my divination, it's likely the latter. Otherwise, it wouldn't be that dangerous... Klein was about to continue asking which organization Leomaster was from and determine the Beyonder powers of the Saint of Darkness when he suddenly noticed the full-body mirror opposite the ascetic through the corner of his eye.

In mysticism, mirrors were passages that connected hidden and unknown worlds. It easily brought about terrifying accidents; therefore, Klein, who was in a dangerous dream, carefully walked over and planned on using the powers of a Priest of Light to destroy the item.

"No, don't!" Leomaster seemed to sense Klein's intention as he cried out softly in horror. "Without it, I-I will immediately die!"

Ah? Klein looked at the mirror again in puzzlement.

Although the environment was abnormally dark, the mirror clearly reflected two figures. One of them was Leomaster with

his numerous wrinkles and raven-black hair. The other was the thin-faced, black-haired and brown-eyed Gehrman Sparrow who wore a cap.

At this moment, the Gehrman Sparrow in the mirror slowly moved his head even though Klein didn't make any movements. He revealed a deep, sinister smile towards him!

The mirror's surface suddenly rippled as a hand reached out.

With just the blinking of his eyes, the Gehrman Sparrow, who looked identical to him, crawled out of the mirror. His face was tainted with an obvious sinisterness due to the darkness cloaking it!

How terrifying… Unfortunately, I don't look like Gehrman Sparrow; therefore, you failed to scare me… If Zhou Mingrui came out of the mirror, I might've been woken up out of fright… Klein calmly looked at his counterpart and raised his left hand which swirled with a layer of sunlight.

The sinister Gehrman Sparrow smiled as he raised his left hand as well, making a darkness that was made up of magnificence and sinisterness surface on his glove.

This corresponded to the powers of a Baron of Corruption!

My clone? Klein thought as he raised his right hand expressionlessly.

From out of nowhere, he held a short milky-white scepter in his palm, and at its tip were embedded blue "gems."

Sea God Scepter!

Although his actions in a dream needed to abide by logic in order to achieve the desired effects, Klein suspected that the illusory world was unable to influence the mysterious space or the gray fog. Therefore, he attempted to simplify the ritualistic process and told himself that the Sea God Scepter was stored in a similar unique zone in the spirit world. He could retrieve it whenever he wanted.

The outcome from his attempt delighted Klein. Indeed, the dream world was unable to differentiate between a unique zone in the spirit world and the space above the gray fog. With the premise of the Sea God Scepter belonging to him, this Sealed Artifact at the demigod level was “retrieved!”

It really works… Otherwise, I’d have to engage in an intense battle… Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

He similarly believed that the mirror was unable to replicate matters related to the gray fog.

The sinister Gehrman Sparrow looked opposite him in a dazed state. He instinctively raised his hand, but his right palm was empty.

Then, he saw countless bolts of silver lightning shoot out, enveloping him inside, causing him to expend one Paper Figurine Substitute after another without being able to escape from the area.

With a sizzling sound, a huge ball of lightning illuminated the cramped room which provided no room for dodging. Following that, the Gehrman Sparrow from the mirror vanished.

For some reason, Klein felt himself immediately turn serene, as though he had become a sage.

He turned his head and looked at Leomaster again.

“What’s the name of the religious organization you joined?”

Leomaster trembled as he answered, “Aurora Order…”

Aurora Order? Klein was stunned as he couldn’t help but prick up his brows.

At this moment, there was a loud clanking outside. The locked gates that opened outwards had seemed to have been kicked open.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The heavy footsteps that sounded like drumming walked towards the corner, seemingly discovering where Klein and Leomaster were hiding.

Klein suspected that the Lightning Storm from before had been sensed by the Saint of Darkness!

There’s no way of hiding… Klein held the Sea God Scepter and kicked the black wooden door of the storage room open towards the Saint of Darkness!

As the door tumbled, he clearly saw his target’s appearance.

The knight, who was wearing black full-body armor, had already raised up his visor at some point in time, revealing his deep wrinkled face and some of his bright raven-black hair, as well as the old scar on his cheek.

He looked identical to Leomaster. Even the minute features were identical!

The only difference was the deep redness that emitted from his eyes.

Chapter 655: Dream Analysis

!

Klein was alarmed. He instinctively turned his body to the side without exposing his back to Leomaster, who was trembling in horror in the storage room.

He couldn't be certain that the prisoner wearing a short linen robe wasn't problematic!

At this moment, the deep redness in the black-armored knight who had the same face as Leomaster brightened drastically. He raised up the gloomy broadsword in his hands.

Bam!

With a step forward, he cleaved forward at a speed that Klein couldn't capture with his naked eyes.

At the same time, Klein, who was standing to the side of him, subconsciously raised the Sea God Scepter and made the blue gems at its tip light up simultaneously.

Whoosh!

A corporeal hurricane appeared out of thin air as it swirled around Klein, protecting him within the eye of the hurricane.

Whoosh! The black streams of light carved its way over as layer after layer of the strong winds dissipated, scattering in every direction, causing the entire hall to tremble.

Boom!

Under the black broadsword, the hurricane produced an explosive boom and was reduced to a surging wave that flooded the entire region. It lifted up all the junk into the air.

The intense collision clearly shook the dream as Klein felt his mind go adrift. He couldn't help but roll twice.

Plop!

He fell from his bed to the floor, the fall causing him to open his eyes.

That Saint of Darkness is really powerful… Or should I say that I've never used the Sea God Scepter in the real world, so I'm unable to replicate its full might in the dream… Wait! It's still night! Klein suddenly noticed a problem.

At that moment, the midday sunlight wasn't beaming in from the windows!

His awakening was due to the intense struggle in the dream, not due to a natural occurrence!

That also meant that he needed to sleep immediately; otherwise, he might very well disappear in the dark night, never to be found again!

With that thought flashing in his mind, Klein pushed his right hand to the ground, flipping his body up as he flew towards his bed and laid himself down.

Then, he imagined the stacked spherical lights and quickly entered his dream.

During this process, Klein swept his gaze to the window and vaguely saw the dark night outside. It was quiet and serene without any sense of sinisterness.

Meanwhile, he vaguely felt that there was a fog encompassing the surface of the sea relatively far away. Amidst the fog, there was a cathedral composed of rather ancient architecture. It was completely black in color. There wasn't a bell tower, and at the top of it were pitch-black ravens spiraling around it as though they were consecrating or lamenting over something.

This cathedral has many buildings around it. There are ordinary two-story residences and simple wooden huts. There are bread shops with hanging signboards and grayish-white mills using waterwheels for power... Pedestrians pass through the main streets and alleys with their figures flitting about, impossible to know of their actual situations.

A mirage? The source of the danger at night? All the people who disappeared had lost their minds and went somewhere? Klein woke up from his dreams because he subconsciously considered the questions that he had accumulated.

Following that, he forcefully made himself concentrate. He retrieved the Sea God Scepter from the "spirit world's unique zone!"

He remembered that he was in an intense battle with the Saint

of Darkness just before he left the dream!

The slightly dim golden light shone into Klein's eyes as everything immediately turned bright.

What he could see was no longer the tall knight dressed in black full-bodied armor, nor was it Leomaster, who was dressed in a short linen robe. Instead, he was facing a floor-to-ceiling window that faced the setting sun.

The window was very clean and revealed an indescribable sense of purity under the sun's illumination.

By the side of the window were tables with their original wooden colors and black high-back chairs. Further away were rows of bookshelves with all kinds of books placed on them.

A library? A book repository? Every time I enter this dream world, I'll be placed randomly in a certain area? Klein carefully observed his surroundings and confirmed that it was temporarily safe without the so-called Saint of Darkness or strange evil creatures.

He held the Sea God Scepter and first came to the floor-to-ceiling window and looked at the environment outside.

The first thing that he saw was the opulent buildings that covered the opposite mountain peak. The huge palaces, magnificent steeples, and the towering city walls that all appeared frozen in the sunset. It was a visual spectacle.

Even though it wasn't his first time seeing it, Klein still held his breath, quietly admiring this miraculous scenery for a few seconds.

He then moved his gaze away towards the cliff. He saw the high walls of the black cloister and the withered trees beside the boulders. But as they were blocked, it was impossible to confirm whether Cattleya remained in her original spot.

Indeed, within a certain radius, it's not possible to leave this region… I'm deep inside the black cloister? Klein retracted his gaze in thought as he walked to the bookshelves.

He temporarily didn't have the time to consider what happened between the Saint of Darkness and Leomaster in his previous dream. This was because he needed to determine his current situation.

When he arrived by the bookshelves, Klein discovered that the books placed on them had their own names. They weren't blurry and indistinct like ordinary dreams.

The Spirituality of Life, *Book of Charms*, *The Flower Within the Heart*, *The True Cosmos and Inner Universe*… *These are all books on mysticism*… Klein carefully reached out and took out the Book of Charms.

He quickly flipped through it and realized that he knew most of the content, but there was a small portion which he had never come into contact with.

It can be confirmed that this isn't from my dream… Ma'am Hermit's? The knowledge that pursues her and is injected into her has been conjured in this black cloister? Klein had no desire to explore beyond where he was. He held the Book of Charms and returned to the side of the floor-to-ceiling window. He found a spot to sit down and began reading in a serious manner with the sunset's glow.

You can still study even in dreams! As he lampooned, he took out a pen and paper as he wrote and drew.

While he was engrossed in this, the light suddenly bloomed as blinding whiteness blanketed his vision.

Klein naturally opened his eyes and felt warmth from the sunlight that shone inwards.

I just read a few pages and planned to speed read it before using dream divination to recall them… Klein sat up, frustrated. He felt like he had lost a good opportunity to study. This was because he couldn't determine if he would be randomly placed in the black cloister's library again.

He straightened his hair, wore his cap, and went to the deck. As he observed his surroundings, he recalled the dream.

That prison is likely inside the black cloister as well. Yes, it might be underground. In other words, the Saint of Darkness and Leomaster are in a ruin nearby.

It's no wonder that Will Auceptin told me not to attempt exploring the dream. These places are really filled with danger!

Why would the Saint of Darkness and Leomaster look identical? That dream was a little strange. Also, that full-body mirror was very magical and sinister. It actually managed to clone a Gehrman Sparrow…

Upon recalling this, Klein began to find examples from his past experiences to confirm his through processes by comparison.

This was called relying on experience.

Soon, he thought of something. He had once borrowed the Mental Terror Candle in Backlund and helped Father Utravsky eliminate the "past him." A character that was dissociated from his original self!

Could it be that Leomaster is the Saint of Darkness from the Aurora Order?

Due to certain reasons, he had split his personality, separating his good and evil sides? That sealed and dark prison is the reflection of his inner dream?

Yes, that full-bodied mirror! Leomaster had said that if it were destroyed, he would vanish as well. When I looked into the mirror, the Gehrman Sparrow inside it did form a corporeal body. It was evil!

It's no wonder I felt like a sage after I eliminated the Gehrman Sparrow in the mirror. It's because I got rid of my evil and sinister thoughts in my mind...

Yes, that full-body mirror must be in the form of a mirror in the real world... These waters clearly have the Beyonder remains of a Visionary. It conjures many unreal and real monsters that can kill... And this belongs to the Spectator pathway; therefore, being able to split good from evil and causing dissociated personalities does make logical sense...

Heh heh, Saint of Darkness Leomaster is a high-ranking member of the Aurora Order. He must originally be very evil, but that ruin or item stirred up his inverse side, which is the good hidden deep in his heart. It caused a split personality; hence, he is trapped somewhere nearby. Klein felt that he had roughly understood the

truth to the matter and felt a little regret.

Unfortunately, I'm unable to enter the same spot a second time. Otherwise, with the Sea God Scepter and Leomaster's good side, there's a high chance of defeating his evil side, the Saint of Darkness. And the damage dealt in the dream world would continue on in the real world…

In that case, a good saint who understands the Aurora Order would be born. It will make it easier to strike down on this cultist organization… Klein silently sighed and turned halfway around and watched Anderson Hood walk out of the cabin.

"Where did you go in the dream? I didn't actually find you," the Strongest Hunter asked as though they were best buds.

Klein secretly frowned as he asked, "Why should I be seen by you?"

Anderson was taken aback.

"Shouldn't you return to the spot where you left the dream upon returning there again?"

…There are other elements involved in my random appearance in other spots within a particular radius? Something to do with my uniqueness? Klein realized that the problem was more complex than he had imagined.

He said with some deliberation, "I went elsewhere after entering the dream."

“Strange…” Anderson frowned as though he was very puzzled.

Without waiting for Klein to speak, he thought before speaking again, “There’s another strange incident.”

“What?” Klein asked cooperatively.

Anderson surveyed his surroundings.

“Back when I was pretending to make a canoe in the hall last time, I heard the sounds of a door opening and of footsteps that came out from deep inside. But when I looked up, I found nothing.

“I originally thought that it was someone from the ship, but later it didn’t seem like the case.”

Chapter 656: Crazy Mutations

Someone opened a door deep in the hall of murals and came out? A Rampager or Beyonder creature who was nearby? Furthermore, it possesses the ability to act in dreams? After hearing Anderson Hood's description, Klein began making logical speculations.

As his thoughts whirled, he suddenly had a new idea.

Could it be the owner of the mysterious eyes that observed me and the deck?

It's possible! If that mysterious person has been lurking on the ship the entire time and followed us into these waters, then he'd have to sleep when night falls, so he will appear in the dream world... Ma'am Hermit is completely unaware of his existence, or has she tacitly agreed to his actions? Or he's the trump card that she wields, which is why she isn't afraid of the dangers in these waters when taking on my mission? No, that cannot be determined. At the very least, I can't determine that the person who opened the door deep inside the hall of murals is the mysterious person on the ship... Klein looked at Anderson with a deep, gloomy look before asking, "Why does it seem unlikely?"

Back when Anderson Hood mentioned it, he originally suspected that the person who opened the door was a member of the Future, but he later felt that it was unlikely.

Anderson chuckled.

"I visited every person on the ship in the dream, and I discovered that no one possesses the ability to act freely in that world except you."

“Unfortunately, I was pushing open a door outside back then,” Klein said calmly.

Anderson shrugged and said, “I know; that’s why I’m not suspecting you. These waters have dangers lurking everywhere. All sorts of unimaginable monsters are active here. Perhaps the person opening the door from before was the stone giant from earlier or a rotting dragon who dreamed of countless treasures.”

Upon saying this, he leaned against the side of the ship and looked at the sea which was bathing in golden sunlight as he smiled wistfully.

“I discovered that ever since I escaped the ship-sinking crisis brought about by the storm, my bad luck has been decreasing bit by bit. Haha, it’s obvious that it’s not fixed and wouldn’t last forever.

“Look, I successfully swam onto the island, and although I kept meeting with all kinds of bad luck, I managed to last until you arrived.

“Yes, I do attract monsters and did make that stone giant appear, but didn’t we easily resolve it?

“Also, nothing happened despite me being on board for several hours. Doesn’t that explain…”

Before Anderson could finish his statement, Klein coldly cut him off.

“Shut up!”

Doesn't this guy know to keep his words to a minimum when faced with a livid expression? I really want to beat him up! If it wasn't for the divination above the gray fog that said that you haven't mutated or have a big shot possessing you, then I would've already sunk you to the bottom of the sea. Yes... Sequence 8 of the Hunter pathway is Provoker. He must've easily digested the potion back then... From the bottom of his heart, Klein felt that the level of Anderson's provocation was far higher than Danitz.

Without feeling frustrated, Anderson raised his arms and said with a rueful smile."Fine, fine. I'll shut up."

Seeing how he wasn't providing him with any more clues about the individual who opened the door in the dream world, Klein remained silent for a few seconds, suddenly turned around, and walked into the cabin.

He had discovered a huge oversight on something!

Since Anderson, who's plagued with bad luck, was on the ship, that meant that the chances of them experiencing an incident would only increase exponentially. Therefore, he needed to make some preparations!

After returning to his room, Klein walked to the bathroom as he picked up Azik's copper whistle and Will Auceptin's paper crane. After setting up the ritual to summon himself, he brought Tinder, the Sun Brooch, and the Nightmare Beyonder characteristic from above the gray fog into the real world.

He didn't immediately switch out his equipped inventory, but he did place them inside his suitcase and beside the Biological Poison Bottle.

This way, even if danger suddenly struck, he would have a

chance to adjust his “inventory,” and then he could make a selection based on the danger he faced.

After doing all of this, Klein felt significantly relaxed. He put away the other items and left the room for the deck, afraid that he would miss any signs of mermaids.

Just as he walked out of the cabin, he saw Frank Lee crouched in a corner, looking shocked and dazed.

“What happened?” Klein felt his heart skip a beat.

He was afraid that something had gone wrong with the crazy cross-breeder’s experiments, causing everyone on the Future to be embroiled in a terrifying biological disaster.

Frank shook his head in a daze.

“Didn’t I mention about those little things before?

“They actually need to sleep for some time before they can grow and reproduce. In the end…”

“What happened in the end?” Klein’s expression turned solemn.

This made the Strongest Hunter Anderson, who was bragging about how many pirates he had hunted to the audience around him without realizing the change in their eyes, sense something as he curiously stopped his description and came over.

The crouching Frank looked up and said, “They just finished a

large-scale reproduction stage and have even mutated.

“Th-this is a miracle!”

“And? Where have they gone? Are they still in your laboratory?” Klein instinctively felt that this wasn’t something good.

Frank used two seconds to digest the problem as he rolled up his sleeves to show his hairy arm.

He pounded the deck in front of him and revealed a smile.

“They have drilled inside and have seemingly reconstructed the Future…”

Amidst the dull pounding, something that seemed like milk spewed out like a fountain from the deck, spraying Frank Lee in the face.

He licked the liquid by his lips and said in pleasant surprise, “The Future… The Future has produced milk!”

At the same time, the pirates by the side of the ship pointed down at the cannons in horror.

“The cannons are spewing milk!”

This… This isn’t scientific… Klein nearly couldn’t control the twitching of his facial muscles.

Ever since he boarded the Future, and ever since the ship came to the ravine and began the descent, he felt that many of the things that had happened were extremely unscientific. It even exceeded the confines of his mysticism knowledge.

Anderson watched agape, nearly forgetting to inquire. He stomped his feet habitually and successfully saw another milk fountain spew out.

One thought after another flashed past Klein's mind as he acutely figured out a problem.

He immediately looked at Frank Lee and asked in a deep voice, "After your little things have infected the Future, will it continue infecting people?"

While asking, Klein's right palm reached into his pocket. According to the situation, he selected the Floating Charm and prepared to fly into the air in order to escape the infection.

Frank Lee thought seriously for a moment.

"In theory, yes..."

Before he finished his sentence, a figure appeared and kicked him in the ass, sending him tumbling a few times, slamming into pools of milk.

That person was none other than linen shirted Nina, who was draped in a blue jacket.

She glared angrily at Frank Lee on the deck as she cursed while

hyperventilating.

“Aren’t you going to finish off those darn little things of yours!?

“Did you do this while thinking that my breasts aren’t big enough?”

“A-alright,” Frank Lee patted his ass and said unwillingly.

At this moment, Klein had already taken out his charm and softy chanted, “Storm!”

He believed that he had underestimated Frank Lee’s ability to cause trouble and suspected that the disaster brought about by him would only worsen; therefore, he decided to first fly into the air.

Blue flames enveloped the charm made of tin as squalls immediately stirred. They swirled around Klein’s feet and body, lifting him off the deck and to a height of four to five meters.

Anderson was first taken aback before he reached out his palm in an attempt to grab Klein, but he was a moment too late. All he could do was watch Gehrman Sparrow rise up as he remained standing on the spot.

This ordinarily handsome hunter shook his head with a warped expression, somewhat amused while also wanting to dismember the first mate of the Future.

At this moment, Frank had already taken a bottle of dark green powder. He grabbed a handful of it, and as he chanted in Jotun,

he scattered it around his surroundings.

The moment the powder made contact with the deck, it immediately produced green vines that grew wildly. Soon, it drew out the milk and the “little things,” entangling the entire deck and cabin within.

In just about ten seconds, the Future had been reduced into a forest of vines.

“Phew, it’s over.” Frank smiled at Nina before his expression changed again. “Th-they’ve mutated!”

At this moment, a pirate walked over in a stagger, shouting with a tinge of horror, “A… A watermelon is growing from my head!”

Klein looked towards the voice and saw a green vine drilling out of the pirate’s head. One of them seemed to produce a soon-to-ripen watermelon.

“This is the so-called mutation? This is way too crazy, goddamn madness!” Anderson blurted out a sigh.

His eyes then darted around as he said in a deep voice, “There’s something wrong with the surrounding waters!”

In midair, Klein had also determined the same thing.

If there wasn’t any external disruptions, then Frank Lee’s experimental products and Beyonder powers wouldn’t have caused a simultaneous mutation!

Rip!

One vine after another tore apart as the window to the captain's cabin opened.

Cattleya appeared there and shouted in an amplified voice with witchcraft, "Frank, stop all experiments.

"There are remnant auras of Earth Mother here."

Earth Mother? Klein looked in surprise at Ma'am Hermit, and he felt that his theories about these waters being the battlefield of the gods had been completely overturned!

"Oh my, Merciful Mother!" Frank crossed his arms and made a pose like he was hugging a baby.

Following that, he sprawled on the floor as he devoutly kissed the vines.

Cattleya silently watched this scene as resplendent stars instantly swirled around her. Following that, she made the entire Future light up.

With a flick of her finger, she made a colorless flame land on the vine outside the window of the captain's cabin.

The vines were immediately ignited as they silently turned to ashes.

The colorless flames silently spread and wreaked havoc, without

harming a single sailor. As for the Future, the light it produced helped it withstand the fire.

Before long, the forest of vines vanished completely, leaving behind the pirate who had a watermelon growing on his head. Of course, the vine that was connected to it had been burned to nothingness.

“Phew, th-this is no different from a devil’s descent!” The pirate took two steps forward and carried the watermelon which had grown out from his head.

“Don’t open it!” Just as Cattleya’s warning reverberated, the pirate had opened the watermelon with brute force, partially to vent his anger and partially to satisfy his curiosity.

The watermelon split into two, and inside it was a milky-white “brain” filled with gullies. Flowing around it was a blood-like liquid.

With a thud, the pirate died immediately, without any chance of saving him. The Beyonder characteristics on him rapidly condensed at an extraordinary speed.

How sinister and crazy… Klein sighed silently and prepared to land back onto the deck.

At that moment, he saw a gigantic palm suddenly reach out from the surface of the sea, smacking the side of the Future.

The five fingers of the palm were long, each almost half a meter long. The entire thing was a grayish-black color like an arid desert!

Klein silently drew out a gasp as he couldn't help but look at Anderson Hood.

This fellow had just mentioned that nothing had happened since he came on board!

Chapter 657: Terrifying Vitality

The grayish-black hand grabbed the side of the ship and quickly hoisted it up, revealing the submerged parts, inch by inch.

Through the blue water waves, Klein saw a huge grayish-black shadow. Following that, squirming flesh occupied his entire vision.

The monster seemed to be an amalgamation of countless blackening or graying corpses. Attached to the two gigantic palms were withered-looking arms that resembled dry timber. The arms stemmed from a corpse that was suspected to be from a giant. This giant's single eye was shut tightly as a few heads were stuck to its neck. And further down these heads were incomplete scaly fish, lizard bodies, or warped human corpses. Layer after layer, they formed flesh that appeared like a floating island.

From the different corpses and the connections of the crevices, a yellowish-green gas was emanated and spread to its surroundings as though it was enveloping the entire area.

Cough! Cough! Cough! Cough!

Just the smell of it had made many sailors on deck cough violently. It was so bad that they couldn't even straighten their backs.

Upon seeing this scene, Frank Lee didn't hesitate to take out the materials inside a hidden pouch on his belt. He showcased his corresponding Beyonder powers, but to his surprise, Cattleya's voice rang in his ears.

“Frank, stop!

“Help Nina command the sailors to get them to adjust the sails!”

“Why?” Frank Lee subconsciously asked in return.

“In this area, the supernatural matters within the authority of Earth Mother will mutate, including your powers.” As Cattleya spoke, she extended both her palms forward and pressed down on a particular spot on her desk.

The symbols and the magical labels on the Future immediately became more pronounced as they lit up one after another, converting the entire ship into a resplendent sea of stars. They seemed to correspond to each and every point of starlight that swirled around Cattleya’s body.

The spreading yellowish-green gas was kept out as Klein began floating towards the window of his room from the closest wall.

The coughing pirates felt alleviated, and under the lead of Boatswain Nina and First Mate Frank, as well as the instructions of Ottolov, they quickly adjusted the sails and attempted to make the Future escape from the nearby waters in order to escape the influence of the mutation effects.

However, the grayish-black colossal monster had held back the front of the ship, and the body beneath the water had connected to unknown parts of the ship in order to hold the Future, preventing it from advancing forward.

At the same time, formless tall mountains seemed to appear around them, blocking out the sea winds that blew from afar,

preventing the Future from using its strength no matter how it adjusted its sails.

Faced with such a situation, there's a need to use a backup steam engine system. Unfortunately, the Future lacks it...

Yes... It can still fly with the help of the starlight, but that seems to be extremely draining on Ma'am Hermit. Besides, it will be difficult to grasp the direction and distance it will bring us. To make such a flight in such waters, there's a high chance of entering a more dangerous zone without being blessed with good luck. Heh, there's still the extremely unlucky Anderson on board... Klein floated by the window in his room as he took in the situation.

He wasn't nervous, as neither Admiral of Stars Cattleya nor the Strongest Hunter Anderson had showcased their true strength.

Of course, that includes me as well... Klein added inwardly.

He planned on first returning to his room and wearing Tinder. Without any "food" around, using such a mystical item was more suitable than Creeping Hunger. The latter was to be reserved for him when facing more dangerous and complicated situations before throwing it above the gray fog for it to cool down.

As for the negative effect of losing items on him, Klein already had a plan. He decided to put in his wallet, Azik's copper whistle, the adventurer's harmonica, and other items into his suitcase when changing his inventory, leaving Creeping Hunger, Murloc Cufflink, and the charms from the Sea God domain. He would keep a close watch on the latter two to prevent them from being lost.

And from a probability standpoint, the most likely item to be lost by Tinder would be the charms since they were the greatest in number.

Klein wasn't worried about this. He had created charms with different effects. They were highly disposable!

Besides, the corresponding metal in the Storm domain is tin. It's very cheap and worth nothing. The Beyonder effects are bestowed by the Sea God Scepter, so I don't have to spend any additional money... As Klein mumbled, he reached out to push open the window to his room.

At this moment, the colossal grayish-black monster, which was a combination of flesh, climbed higher again. With its approach, the busy sailors had their hair grow wildly, to the point of exceeding their waists.

This wasn't the most terrifying outcome. It was more harrowing that the blob of flaxen-colored hair seemed to have a life of its own. They would interweave and bind themselves to their owners.

As the hair began to produce similar changes, the lustrous sea of stars on the surface of the Future could no longer hold back this influence.

To a number of pirates who had shaved themselves bald, their uniqueness didn't bring them luck either. Their nose hair would rapidly grow at a discernible pace, blocking their nasal passageways.

By the window of the captain's cabin, Cattleya had raised her arms at some point in time. In her hand was a scroll made of smooth fish skin.

“Numb!”

As the incantation in ancient Hermes resounded while the scroll burned in silence, a light green luster shot out from within, striking the monster’s gigantic palm that appeared by the side of the ship.

The squirming flesh formed from countless corpses didn’t pause at all. It slammed down on the lustrous sea of stars, sending sparks flying while the ship trembled.

The dark purple color in the depths of Cattleya’s eyes deepened. She didn’t take out a new scroll, and she instead directly pushed her right palm forward.

“Imprison!”

When the mysterious incantation came out of the pirate admiral’s mouth, the resplendent starlight that swirled around her flew out, descending upon the terrifying monster.

The starlight instantly converged, creating a gigantic, transparent amber. It enclosed all of the squirming flesh and bound it to where it was.

At this moment, a pitch-black and lusterless short sword appeared in the Strongest Hunter Anderson’s right hand. On the surface of it was layers of diabolical patterns, but they were only an illusion.

Seizing the opportunity of having the terrifying monster trapped in the starlight cage, Anderson’s body produced a layer of blinding white flames.

The flames flew forward, leaped out of the ship, and landed on the grayish-black flesh which was formed from countless corpses.

Following that, the blinding white light rapidly flowed across the monster's surface as if it was engaged in painting an extreme piece of artwork.

With a boom, the flames surged into the sky as Anderson jumped back onto the deck with his pitch-black sword.

The colossal monster remained frozen in place, as though it had lost all its vitality.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Deep wounds appeared on its surface, shattering into countless pieces of flesh in just a second.

A Reaper's offensive strength is truly exaggerated... Klein, who had redone his inventory, returned to the side of the window to see this scene.

Suddenly, he frowned indiscernibly.

At this moment, something unexpected happened. The fractured pieces of flesh spread out their "limbs," shooting towards the deck in a barrage of attacks.

This colossal attacher seemed impossible to kill no matter how many pieces it was divided into—the number of pieces determined the number of monsters!

Silently, a piece of grayish-black flesh facing the captain's cabin

jumped up from the deck, heading straight for Admiral of Stars in a bid to wrap around her head.

A figure surfaced from the darkness and shielded Cattleya. It was none other than Bloodless Heath Doyle.

He opened his mouth as they cracked open, all the way from his nose to his chest. Soon, he formed a squirming vortex of flesh and blood.

The vortex sucked at the grayish-black flesh and rapidly swirled inwardly, pulling it inside.

Heath Doyle landed on the deck like a shadow. After wavering a little, he finally recovered. As for the grayish-black flesh that had splintered off from the monster, it had completely disappeared.

The most terrifying part of the monster is its ridiculous vitality. If only this trait can be stolen… Having used another Floating charm, Klein floated out the window. He reached out his black-gloved right hand and spread his fingers.

The scene before him changed as a result. Blobs of different, gorgeous colors replaced the corresponding people and items.

These colors kept changing as they rapidly twinkled, making it difficult for anyone to grasp the rules it followed.

With the help of this vision, Klein discovered that the grayish-black flesh shared some of this luster. Although it was splintered, it was actually one.

Calmly, he clenched his right fist, grabbed a blob of the light, and turned his wrist to the right.

Suddenly, Klein saw the yellowish-green luster being drawn away, fusing into his right palm.

This was the corresponding trait of the Fog of Poison.

He had stolen the grayish-black monster's Fog of Poison!

This was Tinder's effect!

At the same time, Klein discovered that his Damage Transfer Beyonder power was lost. He no longer had it!

I can only steal from the same target once every twelve hours... With some level of realization, Klein looked at the surrounded Future. The yellowish-green fog which was corroding the resplendent sea of stars rapidly thinned and no longer looked obvious. The grayish-black flesh that scattered everywhere also showed signs of desiccating and darkening.

With that, the pirates found a chance to catch their breath. As for Cattleya, she wore a golden brooch on the front of her classic robe.

The brooch seemed to be made of gold, and it was shaped like a bird with a long feather tail.

The surrounding atmosphere suddenly turned staid and serene. All the chaos and anxiety vanished in a baffling manner. Even Klein sensed the indescribable influence and felt like he had

become an emotionless zombie.

Seeing how the critical moment was at hand, a ship came cruising over.

It was also a sailboat and was equally large. Its color was mainly dark with a ghostly green to it.

Its ghastly pale main sail drew a blooming pitch-black tulip.

It was the flagship of Admiral Hell Ludwell, the Black Tulip!

It was a ship that frequently plied these waters!

Chapter 658: 55,000 Pounds

The Black Tulip... Admiral Hell Ludwell... This is jumping out of the frying pan and into the fire... Aren't we a little too unlucky? Floating in midair, Klein was the first to discover the approaching ship. He couldn't help but turn his head to look down at Anderson, who was wielding his pitch-black sword and seriously observing the monster.

Anderson quickly returned the gaze in puzzlement. As he remained wary against the grayish-black flesh which could shoot out at any moment, he asked, "The look you are giving me is very strange. Did something happen again..."

Just as he said that, he reflexively shut his mouth and sensed something. With a leap, he dodged the monster's splintered body which was making his fingernails rapidly grow. He quickly arrived at the other side of the ship.

As he straightened his back, Anderson suddenly hissed.

"Admiral Hell..."

He wasn't a good person. As a pirate admiral who was infamous for killing indiscriminately, he didn't have any psychological burdens when it came to earning profit by "fishing" in troubled waters.

Once he weighed the situation and realized that he could use the powerful monster to finish off Admiral of Stars and everyone on the Future while also receiving tremendous spoils of war, he would definitely take action!

My bad luck hasn't decreased at all. It has only switched to a lump sum withdrawal? Anderson's expression warped, it was a mystery on whether he was crying or laughing.

At the same time, the corresponding information surfaced in Klein's mind.

Just the bounty placed on Admiral Hell Ludwell's head by Loen alone had reached 55,000 pounds!

He was an extremely powerful member of the Seven Pirate Admirals, the one with the highest bounty among the Seven Pirate Admirals!

His flagship, the Black Tulip, didn't have many pirates living on it. Most of the jobs were left to undead creatures or the spirit world creatures he controlled.

He killed indiscriminately, but he didn't have a sick fetish for killing. All he did was seriously complete his job of sending living creatures to hell.

He had all kinds of connections with the Numinous Episcopate. The rumors state that he possesses a ring left behind by the ancient Death!

While Klein and Anderson were looking at the Black Tulip, the golden brooch on Cattleya's robe began to emit a pure bright light instead of blinding sunlight.

In front of the captain's cabin was a blurry figure that was rapidly increasing in length.

It was filled with the silence and serenity of a specter's aura, but it also emitted a warmth resembling sunlight.

This was an extraordinarily incongruent existence. It was as though a wraith had been created out of Sun Holy Water!

It was both holy and evil!

The Sun Wraith widened its arms as it flew out at ludicrous speeds and hugged the grayish-black flesh.

The sizzling sound of fat and oils burning sounded out. The Sun Wraith and the grayish-black flesh canceled each other out as they were simultaneously obliterated, leaving no traces behind.

The dark purple hue in the Admiral of Stars's eyes flowed as the brooch brightened. It quickly produced another Sun Wraith outside the window of the captain's cabin as it pounced towards the grayish-black flesh that had invaded the Future.

And at this moment, Bloodless Heath Doyle protected Frank, Nina, and the other sailors. He used the devouring and digesting method in order to resist the monster's flesh which possessed immense vitality.

The Black Tulip's speed was faster than Klein had anticipated. In seconds, it had entered a range which was cause for alarm for the Future.

The black sailboat with a gloomy green slowed down and stopped to the side. It didn't seem to be aware of what had happened.

Suddenly, Klein saw a nearly transparent eye surface around the Future's airspace. It had ghastly-pale eye whites as it looked down from above without blinking.

This... is a Spirit Medium's version of a telescope? After a momentary pause, Klein drew his revolver with his right hand and aimed at the eye that belonged to a spirit world creature.

At that moment, he was somewhat hesitant. As the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, to directly fire was the choice that matched his persona the best. But at this moment, Admiral Hell Ludwell had yet to show any signs of animosity. He might have qualms about the faction backing Cattleya and hold back. If Klein were to rashly kill the "telescope," it would undoubtedly push the situation into the direction of a more chaotic and dangerous development!

During that brief dilemma, the nearly transparent illusory eye vanished. A distance away, the Black Tulip continued approaching as it became clearer and clearer.

High above the Black Tulip, white skeletons, who didn't wear clothes or leather armor, busily controlled the sails while pale zombies patrolled the area with cutlasses in hand. The latter were observing their surroundings with green burning eyes. Shadows, wraiths, and all sorts of strange spirit world creatures were flying in circles, boring through the ship at times as the shipboard protruded transparent faces that weren't too obvious.

Amidst Klein's Spirit Vision, the Black Tulip only had one living person. It was the man dressed like a captain, who was silently standing on the deck.

He wore an exaggerated triangular hat with a white skull and feathers on it. He wore a lace-trimmed white shirt and a heavy and magnificent brown coat. The ox-hide belt which held his

white tights had a thin rapier hanging off it.

The man wore a silver mask. His facial features and contours were hidden within. The holes that depicted his eyes, nose, and mouth had cold lines that left one shuddering.

This matched the rumored image of Admiral Hell Ludwell!

Where are his first mate, second mate, third mate, and boatswain? Klein was first surprised at the lack of living personnel on the Black Tulip before quickly coming to a realization.

Just like how the third mate, the gunner commander, and many of the sailors of the Future were sent to the other ships of the pirate crew, only the minimum number of personnel were used to enter these waters. Admiral Hell Ludwell didn't let his "weak" subordinates follow him. After all, he could control the undead and spirit world creatures to steer the ship.

At this moment, the Black Tulip clearly turned around and aimed its starboard side over.

As Admiral Hell Ludwell touched his silver mask, a salvo of shots rang out.

Cannonballs flew over, some falling into the sea before they came close, producing splashes; others overshot and fell somewhere even further away.

This was a calibration shot!

Soon, the Black Tulip produced a second volley of bombarding cannon fire.

Klein was just about to activate Creeping Hunger and use the Baron of Corruption's Distortion power to change the target of the cannonballs, sending them further away when he saw Anderson Hood raise his right hand and push it forward.

Orange-yellow Fire Ravens instantly condensed as they accurately flew out to intercept each and every cannonball!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Blinding flames were emitted in midair as debris scattered, it was as though dozens of fireworks were set on display.

I have to say that a Pyromaniac's powers are very useful at sea. It's a mystic version of a ballistic missile defense system. However, this is because Anderson is the Strongest Hunter and has already reached Sequence 5. If it were Danitz, there's no way he could block them all. It would be pretty impressive if he could trigger half of them... Sigh, when I use Flame Controlling, I can only deal with one cannonball at a time... As Klein sighed, the Black Tulip ceased its bombardment and changed its speed again, closing the gap between it and the Future.

As it approached, the surface of the sea between the two gigantic sailboats which was dyed with golden sunlight rapidly turned black. It didn't look like ink, but the darkest night without any moon or stars.

Translucent and illusory ferocious creatures crawled out of this dark sea. Pale corpses reached out their palms which had rotten flesh dangling from them as dark red or cold flames emerged, forming pairs of eyes.

Suddenly, the area seemed to turn into the entrance to hell. All kinds of undead creatures floated on the surface of the sea in dense numbers as they charged forward like an unending tidal wave.

Anderson looked back at the Sun Wraiths which were obliterating the grayish-black flesh, and he knew that Admiral of Stars was at a critical moment in dealing with the terrifying monster. All he could do was draw a gasp and look up at Gehrman Sparrow with a bitter smile.

Just as he was about to press his hands onto the shipboard to create scarlet flames that spread outwards to prevent the invasion of the undead army, he was surprised to see Gehrman Sparrow turn around and fly back into his cabin.

H-he fled? No way... Anderson's expression clearly froze.

He grimaced as he hurriedly leaned forward with his extended palms to press onto the shipboard.

Silently, a swath of scarlet flames soared into the sky and swept the area ahead of him.

At this moment, a charm suddenly fell in front of him as he heard a word spoken in ancient Hermes.

"Storm!"

Huh? Anderson instinctively looked up and saw Gehrman Sparrow in his round neck shirt and brown jacket being swept up by a squall as he rapidly flew towards the Black Tulip.

I-is he committing suicide? I can't understand such madness... Anderson turned agape as he felt puzzled.

Whoosh!

With the charm's effects and the blessings of the wind, Klein flew to the airspace above the bow of the Black Tulip.

Admiral Hell Ludwell immediately looked up at him. The eyes behind the silver mask burned silently with two pale-white flames.

The shadows, wraiths, and the spirit world creatures of the Death domain who were spiraling above the Black Tulip immediately swarmed towards the enemy.

They either opened their mouths, letting out silence screeches, or they extended their long tongues with shrunken faces as though they were extremely excited.

Klein looked at them with a deadpan expression as he reached into his pocket with his left hand, releasing the wall of spirituality on a squarish box.

Then, he took out Azik's copper whistle, which was tied to a few matchsticks, and threw them at the deck of the Black Tulip's stern.

Suddenly, the transparent, cold, and indistinct shadows and wraiths paused. It was as though they were frozen worms.

Following that, they didn't hesitate to turn their bodies to rapidly

fly to the stern of the Black Tulip. The strange-looking spirit world creatures followed closely behind.

In less than a second, the skeletons and zombies who were adjusting the cannons betrayed Admiral Hell. The bow was left completely empty except for Ludwell.

Pa!

Klein landed on the deck while pressing down on his cap, landing right before Ludwell.

His body was bent slightly as he released the right hand on his cap, his gaze locked on the silver-masked Admiral Hell.

Chapter 659: This Beyonder Power is Very Powerful

On the Future, Anderson Hood pressed his hands on the shipboard and saw the undead army in the pitch-black sea recede like the tide. They rushed over one another and surged for the stern of the Black Tulip. He saw Gehrman Sparrow press his cap with his right hand while he descended from the sky before landing opposite Admiral Hell Ludwell.

Such a scene was illuminated by dark red or gloomy green light. With the accentuation from the wraiths, shadows, and all sorts of strange spirit world creatures, there was an indescribable sense of beauty.

Cool! As expected of the craziest adventurer… Anderson praised from the bottom of his heart before recalling something.

Gehrman Sparrow had apparently thrown a charm in front of him before flying over. Furthermore, he had specially demonstrated the incantation to activate the charm!

His intent is… Anderson Hood moved his gaze down and discovered a charm made of tin at his feet.

On the Black Tulip, Klein, whose body was slightly bent while his eyes were locked onto his enemy, wasn't actually as cold and calm as his expression depicted.

Anderson better fly over with the charm. There's a high chance that I can't deal with him alone. It might even be very dangerous… While his eyes reflected the silver mask and the two pale-white flames, Klein silently prayed.

As the mysterious eyes that observed the deck and himself existed, as well as the door opener in the dream world which Anderson Hood had mentioned, he cautiously gave up the idea of immediately praying to himself in order to use the Sea God Scepter above the gray fog to respond. He also warned himself not to expose such matters unless he was in dire straits.

He believed that Creeping Hunger and Tinder, together with the various Beyonder powers of Magician and the charms of the Sea God domain, gave him the ability to fight Admiral Hell Ludwell. As for Azik's copper whistle, it could attract undead creatures or spirit world creatures that were inclined to Death's domain. It could neutralize the most powerful means of a powerful Spirit Medium. For a Sequence 5 Beyonder of the Death pathway, as long as it didn't exceed a certain number, one would often choose to overwhelm their enemy with numbers when facing a certain number of Mid-Sequence Beyonders.

However, Klein didn't believe that he alone could defeat Ludwell in such a situation or even kill him. Firstly, the battlefield would be held on the Black Tulip. Considering how Admiral of Stars could use the Future, anyone with a brain knew that such a situation wasn't optimistic. Secondly, Ludwell was the most senior pirate admiral at the moment. He had the two powerful factions, the King of the Five Seas and the Numinous Episcopate, backing him. The mystical items and Sealed Artifacts he had might not be any weaker than Klein's or might even exceed his. In addition, many rumors indicated that he possessed a ring that was left behind by the ancient Death!

Along with the fact that his Sequence was lower than Admiral Hell, Klein was not only lacking in the adrenaline of a pending successful hunt or of performing great acting in the role of a crazy adventurer, but he was also tense and anxious. He didn't dare to be careless. All he wished was that the Strongest Hunter who was plagued with bad luck would quickly fly over.

Only when two people of equivalent strength allied together

could they have a small chance of defeating or resisting Ludwell, who had lost his undead army. It also gave Cattleya and her pirates time and space to finish off the pieced-together monster.

Just as this thought flashed across his mind, Klein didn't hesitate to launch an attack. He made the Fog of Poison which he stole with Tinder spread.

No one could see the uneasiness and worry in his heart.

Wearing an exaggerated triangular hat and silver mask, Ludwell raised his clenched left fist, spread his fingers, and aimed his palm at Klein.

Instantly, the deck of the bow was enveloped by a harrowing yellowish-green fog. And in front of Ludwell, an illusory glow exploded. Following that, a point spiraled and collapsed inwardly, outlining a blurry bronze door whose two sides swung open.

The bronze door was covered in all sorts of mysterious patterns. It had an indescribable heaviness and silence to it.

With a creak, the door shook and cracked open a little.

Behind the gap was endless darkness, as though it was the deepest and darkest night.

Indescribable pairs of eyes were hidden in the darkness behind the door. They were densely packed and everywhere, but it was impossible to discern their actual bodies.

Skinless arms covered in blood, along with greenish-black vines with baby faces reached out. Palms with mouths filled with teeth grabbed at everything beyond the door as they screamed, laughed, sobbed, yelled.

This brought a terrifying suction force. Out of nowhere, cold hurricanes that sent chills down the bone stirred, pushing objects towards these strange creatures and the gap in the bronze door!

The yellowish-green Fog of Poison was instantly cleared as Klein couldn't help but lean forward as he stumbled.

The glove on his left palm immediately turned pitch-black. It had the sinister feel of the night and the grandeur of the cosmos.

Klein's brown eyes darkened as he spread out his left arm to the side in a gesture of politeness.

The terrifying suction force that swept the bow's deck suddenly changed direction, "grabbing" the skeletons and rotting zombies that were rushing to the stern, and it threw them into the gap of the door. They were bound by the greenish-black, baby-faced vines and bloody arms and were pulled behind the bronze door where the countless eyes were.

"Distortion!"

Baron of Corruption's Distortion!

Klein had distorted the target of the mysterious door, and he used the skeletons and zombies on the Black Tulip to substitute himself.

Despite that, he was still affected by the remnant forces of the tremendous suction force. He found it difficult to take a step, preventing him from fully making use of his nimble and agile traits.

The cap he wore had already been blown up by the hurricane and was spinning in midair. It seemed to take flight as it pursued the undead creatures that had been sucked away.

At this moment, Admiral Hell Ludwell, who wore his exaggerated triangular hat, raised his right hand again and extended his palm.

The right side of his upper body rapidly turned illusory, as though it belonged to that of a specter or wraith. His arm kept extending and instantly covered quite a significant distance as his pale palm grabbed at his enemy.

Whoosh!

The noise from the hurricane suddenly vanished as soft sobbing sounds drilled into Klein's ears, causing his body to turn numb, as though his blood had frozen.

As the pale palm approached, he seemed to be possessed by a wraith or evil spirit. He couldn't produce an effective response as he watched death approach. In despair, he felt his vitality deplete at an increasing rate.

Without any resistance, Ludwell's pale and illusory right palm grabbed Klein and squashed him into a thin paper figurine.

The paper figurine was covered with signs of dark green

corrosion. Soon, it was shredded to dust under the hurricane that never stopped.

To the side of the bronze door, Klein's figure surfaced again. His left glove had already been dyed with the color of pure sunlight.

He immediately straightened his body and spread open his arms.

Golden flames swirled around a pillar of holy light that descended from the sky, striking the bronze door which was covered in mysterious patterns.

Sunlight suddenly burst out, and it was so blinding that it made it almost impossible for Klein to open his eyes. As for the terrifying door which Ludwell had created, it had begun shaking and turning slightly blurry. Even the extraordinary suction force from behind the door had weakened. More than half the greenish-black baby-faced vines and the bloody arms were vaporized.

However, even more strange arms and distorted creatures attempted to squeeze out from the opening in the door.

Just as Klein was about to continue using the Priest of Light's Light of Purification to purify the bronze door, Ludwell's pale palm swiped down wildly.

Klein hurriedly dodged to the side as he kept rolling to avoid the remnant effects of the hurricane and the soul-sucking palm.

One roll, two rolls, three rolls, and his body abruptly bounced up in a diagonal fashion. At some moment in time, Creeping

Hunger had already appeared to be made of gold.

Admiral Hell's silver mask was the first thing that was reflected in Klein's eyes. It included the pale flames in his eye sockets. Following that, two bolts of lightning brightened from the depths of his eyes.

Interrogator's Psychic Piercing!

At this moment, a black, square-shaped ring on Ludwell's left index finger produced a slight glow.

Immediately a scene appeared in Klein's mind.

It was a gigantic throne that was made up of the rotting heads of creatures like humans, elves, giants, dragons, demonic wolves, sea monsters, and vampires. On each side, there would be miniature transparent faces of wraiths, shadows, and evil spirits. They were filled with hatred, viciousness, and indignation.

Suddenly, Klein felt as though his head had been struck by an axe. The fearsome pain filled his mind without any delay.

His Psychic Piercing had not only failed to show its effects, but it had even ended up affecting him in an amplified manner!

If not for him having experienced more extreme pain, Klein definitely would've fallen to the ground, wailing and struggling. But even so, he temporarily lost his ability to resist as he bent his back with a grimace.

Seizing this opportunity, the gap where Ludwell's mouth was, a slow language that ordinary living creatures were unable to understand was emanated. The surroundings instantly turned dark, blurry, and illusory.

This was the Language of Death that came from hell and the Underworld!

Just as Klein felt a little better, he discovered that his Spirit Body was floating up uncontrollably, separating from his body, inch by inch!

And the terrifying suction force from the bronze door was an irresistible force to the spirit.

No, this won't do! While his Spirit Body hadn't completely left his body, Klein raised his right arm and spread his hand which was wearing Tinder with great difficulty.

Different lustrous glows instantly interweaved as they surfaced before him and kept changing and rapidly flickered.

Without any hesitation, Klein grabbed onto a pale-white blob swirling with a gloomy green color. He twisted his wrist and extracted it.

In this battle, the Beyonder power he wished to steal the most was the one that created the bronze door, but he couldn't guarantee his success. All he could do was seek the blessings of the Goddess.

The lustrous glow flew over and landed in Tinder.

However, this wasn't the Beyonder power that Klein wanted the most. However, it wasn't the worst either.

The mouth behind Ludwell's silver mask moved, but it wasn't able to produce the sluggish, awkward language that was destined for the living to not understand.

At the same time, Klein opened his mouth.

Chapter 660: Behind the Mask

One syllable after another of distorted, incomprehensible, jarring, and indecipherable words slowly spewed out of Klein's mouth. It made the hurricane produced by the bronze door's terrifying suction force to instantly calm down, cloaking the already dim surroundings with a deeper gloom.

Only at this moment did he know that the Beyonder power which Admiral Hell Ludwell had just used was known as the Language of the Dead. It could circumvent the protection of one's flesh and blood, so as to target the Spirit Body.

It belonged to an advancement in a Spirit Medium's powers. It could go from direct communication with spirits to that of commandeering, to the point of enslavement!

Living creatures were unable to understand the resounding language. Ludwell couldn't help but freeze on the spot. A transparent layer rapidly surfaced on his pirate captain attire.

His spirit was being tugged at by an illusory power!

At this moment, the black, square-shaped ring on Ludwell's left index finger produced a faint glow.

The minute portion of his Spirit Body which had been forcefully drawn out had returned to his body as the two fused back into one.

Ding!

With his right hand, Ludwell drew the thin rapier hanging by his waist.

It was iron-black in color, and its tip gathered the surrounding light, turning into a dark point.

Admiral Hell suddenly took a step forward and with vigorous wind currents, he suddenly closed the distance between him and Klein. Immediately, he thrust out the rapier in his hand at lightning speed!

The bronze door which was covered with mysterious patterns remained standing erected in its original spot. It didn't vanish because of Ludwell's retracting of his left hand and subsequent actions. This was different from the similar-looking ability that Miss Sharron had previously cast using a mystical item.

Oof!

The black rapier pierced through Klein in an unavoidable manner.

Klein's figure rapidly crumpled into a piece of paper. Its surface turned yellow and dry, as though it had been weathered for thousands of years.

The hurricane brought about by the bronze door completely pulverized the paper figurine.

In midair, Klein jumped out of the darkness as he held a huge handful of charms from the Sea God domain.

“Storm!”

He quickly shouted in ancient Hermes as the tin flakes lit up individually as they sacrificed themselves to Sea God. This also meant that if Klein wished so, he could recycle most of the materials and use it multiple times until the metals could no longer withstand the spirituality.

Whoosh!

Blue wind blades shot out as the surrounding waters sprayed out heavy waves that were as tall as the ship. As Klein didn’t attempt or have the time to distinguish between the different kinds of charms, while these attacks inundated Ludwell, the extraordinary effects also augmented Admiral Hell. He was given augmented effects like Underwater Breathing, underwater mobility, flight, and pressure resistance, none of which were useful at that moment.

Ludwell suddenly opened his mouth and produced a silent screech. He then struck the waves beside him as countless wind blades temporarily froze in midair.

Immediately following that, Admiral Hell raised his left hand as the black, square-shaped ring on his index finger produced a sinister and eerie glow that instantly brightened.

Whoosh!

The bronze door, which exuded an indescribable feeling, instantly swelled as it doubled in height and width.

Amidst a heavy creaking sound, the gap in the door opened up.

The already terrifying suction force immediately rose to an unimaginable level.

Blue wind blades and black sea waves were produced as Klein charged at the door from the air, heading straight for the strange vines and arms that extended outwards.

Klein had planned on using the Priest of Light by clashing head-on with the bronze door with Light of Holiness to catch a breather, but he ended up seeing a glaring white fireball about half the height of a person fly over.

The fireball's speed was augmented by the ridiculous suction forces generated by the door. It flew by Klein and smashed at the gap of the mysterious door.

Boom!

The white flames scattered as they rained down, but all it did was make the bronze door quake a little and dim a little.

Klein took the opportunity and snapped his fingers.

The few matchsticks he separated in his pockets immediately lit up as scarlet flames rapidly enveloped his body as he melted away.

A flame burst out by the side of the bronze door as Klein leaped out of it.

He instantly noticed that Anderson Hood was floating in midair in a rather awkward manner. He held a burning-white spear in

his palm.

The Strongest Hunter had finally arrived, but he just appeared unaccustomed to flying.

When Ludwell looked up and saw this scene, the pale-white flames behind the silver mask clearly jumped twice.

Clearly, he never expected that the Future had two other powerhouses at the pirate admiral level apart from Admiral of Stars Cattleya. Furthermore, they wielded pretty good mystical items and Sealed Artifacts.

At this moment, Ludwell suddenly raised his hand and pressed down on his face, surprisingly taking off his silver mask.

Heavy, pale-white light suddenly spewed out from behind the mask, causing endless silence to instantly spread out from the black, square-shaped ring on Ludwell's left index finger.

The silence surged into the bronze door and lifted it off the deck and into the air.

The door covered in mysterious patterns fused with the endless silence as it rapidly burgeoned to more than thirty meters tall.

With the sea as its base, it stood there, erect like an entrance to another world, one completely different from the present world.

Creak!

The bronze door opened as unspeakable darkness surged out and enveloped the Black Tulip's bow.

Upon seeing this, Klein didn't focus on his attacks as he quickly took out the correct charm and rapidly used it on himself.

A strong gust of wind swept over and lifted him above the Black Tulip.

With the pull of the darkness, the gigantic sailboat steered into the bronze door, ten meters a time, as it sailed into another world.

Admiral Hell Ludwell stood at the bow as he looked up into the sky. His face was blanketed by the pale-white luster, preventing anyone from discerning his looks.

His gaze first swept past Klein before landing on Anderson Hood. He seemed to make a mental note of these two hunters, but he didn't make any further attempts to attack. He seemed to have been restrained by the surrounding darkness.

Anderson was taken aback as he didn't hesitate to throw out the burning-white spear in his hand.

The spear shot straight at Ludwell, but once it entered the region enclosed by darkness and silence, it silently vanished.

Ludwell is planning to escape? How decisive... Klein was first stunned before he recalled that Azik's copper whistle was still on the Black Tulip.

With the gigantic sailboat halfway inside the bronze door and about to enter another world with no way to stop them, Klein threw a matchstick and snapped his fingers.

He appeared fifty meters above the stern where the undead creatures were fighting for Azik's copper whistle. This item which kept changing hands finally burst into a scarlet flame due to the matchsticks tied to it.

Amidst the flames, Klein's figure surfaced there and grabbed Azik's copper whistle.

This was the preparations that he had made for retrieving the copper whistle!

Furthermore, to prevent any mishaps from happening, such as the matchsticks being pulled away by the undead creatures, he had also coated the copper whistle with an easily flammable essential oil of the sun!

Pa!

Surrounded by countless undead, Klein didn't have the luxury of time to retract his hand that grabbed the copper whistle. He immediately snapped his fingers again.

At this moment, transparent, rotting, pale, or illusory hands grabbed him!

The matchstick Klein had previously thrown into the air ignited in midair as it produced a flame.

His figure quickly materialized amidst the flames. His face was livid and his lips were white.

Having been grabbed by countless shadows, wraiths, and undead creatures, Klein felt that the depths of his Spirit Body was ice-cold. He couldn't control his body as he plummeted into the sea dyed in gold.

With the Black Tulip almost completely crossing the bronze door, the sea which appeared like an entrance to hell had been restored to normal.

Klein sank a few meters and swallowed a few mouthfuls of bitter and astringent seawater before he ultimately recovered.

Thankfully I was sufficiently prepared... As this thought flashed past his mind, he suddenly felt something amiss.

By wearing the Murloc Cufflink, he had the passive ability to breathe underwater for ten minutes. He shouldn't have drank mouthfuls of water!

Klein suddenly turned his head and looked at his wrist, only to realize that the blue cufflink had detached itself at some point in time.

It's lost... Tinder lost it... I was on the Black Tulip the entire time... Klein splashed a few times and floated to the surface, just in time to see the gigantic sailboat's tail meld into the darkness as the bronze door slowly closed.

He instinctively swam forward a few seconds before ultimately stopping. He selected one of his remaining charms and gave

himself the Beyonder effect of Underwater Breathing.

In midair, Anderson Hood clicked his tongue when he saw this.

“This fellow is really crazy...

“He’s actually trying to engage in pursuit!”

At this moment, the starlight above the Future fell and condensed into a long bridge that extended over.

Cattleya had finally finished off the grayish-black monster with immense vitality!

What a pity. If only Admiral Hell had hesitated a little and didn’t flee in such a timely fashion... Anderson Hood sighed silently and firmly landed on the star bridge.

As he watched Gehrman Sparrow fly over, he was just about to greet and praise him when he saw the cold and gloomy expression.

Anderson instinctively made way and chuckled dryly, allowing Gehrman Sparrow to walk past him.

After returning to the Future via the star bridge, Klein held back his effusing emotions and watched Frank Lee walk over and give him a thumbs up.

“You’re the craziest fellow I’ve ever met!

“You actually dared to board the Black Tulip alone and single-handedly challenge Admiral Hell. You even returned alive!”

Sorry, in terms of craziness, I’m far inferior to you… Klein thought in response.

At this moment, pirates with long or disheveled hair expressed their astonishment and amazement.

In such an atmosphere, Klein closed his eyes and felt his Faceless potion completely digest.

Chapter 661: Approaching

Frank Lee sensed the Gehrman Sparrow's abnormality as he added with a chuckle, "I had planned on providing you some help by throwing some seeds over. Unfortunately, I have no way to throw that far."

Throw some seeds at the Black Tulip? These waters have the remnant auras of Earth Mother. Beyonder matters in the corresponding domain would mutate and would attack everyone, without identifying friend from foe... I was on the Black Tulip at that moment... Thankfully, you didn't throw them... Klein suddenly recalled the tragic state the Future had been placed in moments ago and how the dead pirate had grown a watermelon on his head.

Just as he was about to give a minced answer to match Gehrman Sparrow's persona, he suddenly saw Heath Doyle appear from the shadows, bending his back to vomit.

This Bloodless retched first before his knees went limp as he knelt on the deck.

Ugh! Ugh!

He finally vomited a pool of yellowish-green liquid. Amidst it was a piece of half-rotten grayish-black flesh which was still squirming a little.

Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!

Heath Doyle continued vomiting similar items.

Upon seeing this, other than feeling somewhat disgusted, Klein felt significantly relieved. He was originally worried that Rose Bishop Heath Doyle had been corrupted from randomly eating things. But from the looks of it, he had likely isolated what he had eaten without truly digesting it.

As expected of a Rose Bishop who isn't mad... Klein silently sighed.

Just as he was planning to look away from the vomit, thoughts suddenly flashed in his mind.

Creeping Hunger has already been activated. It needs to be "fed" once within a day. And there aren't any outsiders here. There's also no ideal scum... The pirate who died won't do. Although his partners might not put too much weight on his corpse, Creeping Hunger devours the soul...

I wonder if these pieces of flesh can be treated as "food." At the very least, it contains a tremendous amount of vitality, a corpse that has been influenced by Earth Mother's aura...

With this in mind, Klein took two steps forward and came beside Heath Doyle.

He couldn't bear to look at the puddle of vomit as he instinctively cast his gaze aside towards the grand sea which reflected the sunlight beyond the shipboard.

Then, he reached out to a piece of grayish-black flesh with his left hand.

Creeping Hunger didn't react as it didn't crack open a mouth.

Looks like it doesn't wish to eat it... For now, I can only barely use it to deal with any latent dangers. If I'm still unable to find any suitable food when the day is almost up, I'll throw it above the gray fog... Klein helplessly retracted his hand as he looked up at the captain's cabin.

The golden brooch in front of Cattleya bloomed with light once again, materializing a Sun Wraith that cleansed the pieces of grayish-black flesh from Heath Doyle.

This pirate admiral's expression didn't seem to change. She only looked slightly tired as the purple hue in her eyes became increasingly obvious.

After confirming that the ship had set sail again, Klein didn't stay any longer as he prepared to return to his room to change out of his drenched clothes.

Anderson glanced at him and curiously opened his mouth.

"Shut up!" Klein spoke out before he could.

The turn of events had made him lose his Murloc Cufflink; therefore, he progressively found the person plagued with bad luck as a sore sight. He was just short of defining him as food for Creeping Hunger.

"...Alright." Anderson raised his arms. "I'll just drink in silence."

Klein ignored him and entered the cabin before returning to his room.

Inside his bathroom, he picked up a Water Creation charm and activated it with ancient Hermes. With a tub of clean water, he took off all his clothes and slid in.

The ice-cold sensation and the warm sunshine significantly soothed him. He picked up a pen and paper he brought from his desk and wrote down a divination statement: “The location of the Murloc Cufflink.”

After reciting it seven times, Klein completely leaned down, using the front of the bathtub as a pillow before entering a dream.

Amidst a grayish blur and a disconnected illusory world, he saw a zombie rotting in several parts of the deck. The blue Murloc Cufflink was embedded in the flesh of the zombie’s left waist.

Apart from the deck, it was pitch-black. It was impossible to tell where the ship was.

It really is on the Black Tulip… Klein opened his eyes and came to the conclusion.

I hope Admiral Hell wouldn’t discover it. This way, I can use this cufflink to lock onto the Black Tulip’s location…

It’s not a big problem, even if he discovers it. As long as Ludwell doesn’t throw the cufflink away, and there isn’t too much of a delay in time, I can use it to locate his ship. However, the place to do the divination will have to be above the gray fog instead of the real world.

Also, I need to perform divination disruption later to prevent

Admiral Hell from locking onto me with the cufflink or even being able to curse me.

That ring really seems like an item left behind by the ancient Death. Yes, I should write to Mr. Azik and inform him of this. Klein quickly rinsed his body and walked out of the bathtub.

After wiping himself dry, he switched into the Loen gentleman suit from before. He first adjusted his inventory and washed his clothes before unfolding a piece of paper, taking out Azik's copper whistle.

Standing beside the desk and looking at the objects on it, Klein hesitated when he extended his right hand.

The light in his eyes flickered before he put away Azik's copper whistle and placed it into a small metallic box. He then isolated its aura with a wall of spirituality.

He planned on summoning the messenger only after he left these waters and the Future.

I suffered quite a huge loss this time. Thankfully, I finished digesting the Faceless potion. I can now just wait for the appearance of mermaids...

Yes... The actual situation of this battlefield of gods is different from what I imagined. It actually has the aura of Earth Mother...

It must've been left behind later; otherwise, it's impossible that a deity can't control "Her" own aura.

None of the eight ancient gods in the Second Epoch wielded the authority of the Earth domain…

There are some suspects among "Their" subsidiary gods, such as Giant Queen, Goddess of Harvest Omebella, or Goddess of Life who's subsidiary to Vampire Ancestor Lilith.

This is a battle with subsidiary gods participating, or it really wasn't something from the Second Epoch? Klein knew too little about the battlefield of the gods, so he could only mainly guess and have some fanciful thoughts.

He focused again as he began cutting some paper figurines and drew The Fool's symbol of concealment and change on them.

Pa!

Klein raised the paper figurine and shook it.

Flames appeared out of thin air as the paper figurine burnt to a crisp.

By doing this, he could obtain the desired effects to a certain extent. If he wished for better effects, he had to go above the gray fog to respond. He could use the Black Emperor's card to stir the powers of the mysterious space, coupled with the paper angel to provide protection.

With Azik's copper whistle and Will Auceptin's paper crane interfering with a suspected existence's spying, Klein returned to the bathroom and methodically finished what he needed to do.

After tidying up the room, he put on Creeping Hunger and Tinder, and he slowly walked to the deck, prepared to seriously observe his surroundings, so as to not miss any clues of mermaids.

Just as he left the cabin, he saw a seated Anderson Hood leaning against a wooden alcohol barrel. He had a gloomy expression as his aura was converged. It was as though he was in thought or feeling melancholic.

He really kept to his promise and has been silently drinking? Klein mumbled to himself as he passed by Anderson.

Anderson slowly looked up and asked as though he was in a reverie, “Is there a problem with the alcohol here?”

Klein was taken aback as he seriously replied, “Yes.”

“…” Anderson fell speechless.

This fellow is just too unlucky. His Beyonder powers had even failed him to the point of him not detecting the problem with the alcohol? The corners of Klein’s lips twitched as he continued forward.

On the deck, many sailors were gathered together, watching Nina take on the duty as a Lord of Storms priest. She was holding a wake for the recently deceased pirate.

After a simple prayer, Nina looked around and said, “Revere’s wish was to be buried on the mountain at his port hometown after his death. There’s the most beautiful sunset there.

“He wishes to be cremated so that he wouldn’t be disturbed after his death.

“Holy Lord of Storms, bless him with eternal peace.” Many of the sailors believed in the Lord of Storms as they struck their left breast with their right fists.

Klein didn’t approach as he silently watched this scene from a distance.

After the wake was over, the corpse of the pirate, Revere, was reduced to ashes with the help of a scroll. Klein silently sighed as he inwardly drew a crimson moon.

For the rest of the day, the sunlight remained brilliant as it continued being midday. The Future circled around several ruins as it ventured deeper into those waters.

At some point in time, Anderson had recovered and arrived beside Klein.

He shot him a glance and pointed to the buildings that were submerged ahead.

“After passing this ruin and heading about ten nautical miles with a left turn, there will be a chance of encountering mermaids.”

Finally… Klein was just about to answer when the sky suddenly darkened. The sunlight subsequently vanished.

Night had fallen again.

Without another word, he returned to his room and got into bed.

Soon, he found himself awake in his dream. Clean floor-to-ceiling windows stood before him. There were also neatly arranged tables and chairs, as well as bookshelves filled with books.

He had returned to the spot from where he had previously left the dream. He was back in the library.

As the glow of the sunset shot in, it cloaked every object with a faint layer of gold. Klein walked forward in puzzlement and came before the bookshelf he previously browsed.

Unsurprisingly, he saw Book of Charms and other books on mysticism.

Klein planned on taking out the book again and quickly read through it when his gaze suddenly swept across a bookshelf opposite him. He saw a black-covered book with the title: Roselle's Notebook 3!

The emperor's diary? An entire diary? Klein subconsciously wanted to extend his hand.

At this moment, the pair of mysterious eyes that observed the deck and himself flashed in his mind, along with the individual who opened the door in the hall of murals that Anderson Hood had mentioned, as well as how he was abnormally moved about in the dream.

Klein retracted his gaze and took out the Book of Charms again.

He came to a long table, sat down, and began quickly browsing through it.

Suddenly, he heard footsteps approaching from the depths of the library.

Klein instantly tensed up as he slowly lifted his head.

The first thing that he saw was a pair of black leather boots.

Chapter 662: Powerful Aura

As his gaze moved up, Klein roughly guessed the owner of those footsteps.

She was a woman wearing beige trousers that made it easy to move about. She wore a pair of long black leather boots, but on her body was a light brown skirt that reached her knees. The hemline fell down diagonally and in layers, giving an unrestrained and cool vibe to her.

Such a getup made Klein feel as though he had returned to Earth. This was because be it Loen, Intis or Feysac, Feynapotter, Lenburg, Masin, East Balam, and other countries, none of them had popularized such styles!

Klein lifted his head faster and finally saw the lady's appearance.

She had long chestnut hair that naturally cascaded down. Her straight eyelashes extended out just perfectly. Her deep blue eyes were deep and profound, as though it hid an ocean in them.

She had outstanding beauty, but that wasn't the most eye-catching thing of all. Her actions naturally effused a sense of nobility. She gave off a strong impression at how she had enjoyed having the status of being someone important for extended periods of time. Klein subconsciously tried to bow his head to avoid meeting her gaze.

Furthermore, she's very tall. She's almost as tall as my state as Klein Moretti... Klein suddenly added inwardly.

After completely digesting the Faceless potion, he came to a realization that one's self was an amalgamation of personality, experiences, knowledge, and social connections. His looks and build could be changed at will; therefore, as long as he knew who he was, he didn't mind using the word "state" to describe the characteristics of each of his different identities. After all, every Faceless change could be fixed without any additional maintenance. That also meant that, even without the corresponding Beyonder powers, he could still maintain his external appearance as Gehrman Sparrow.

And because of that, he could easily make Klein Moretti grow taller if he wanted.

Tap. Tap. Tap. The lady, who exuded the feeling of looking down from above, walked in front of Klein. She pulled out a chair and sat down.

"We meet again," the lady said with a gentle and emotionless tone.

The way she speaks sounds familiar… Klein's mind whirled as he remembered the source of the sense of familiarity.

The scene of her arrival immediately resonated in his mind, and he finally fixated on that pair of black leather boots!

It's… It's her! Klein suddenly recalled the relevant scenes.

Back when he used his Spirit Body state to infiltrate the Royal Museum and retrieve the Black Emperor card, he had encountered a demigod. She had been sitting at the top of a wooden staircase in the middle of two large bookshelves. Her black leather boots back then were dangling in the air!

He changed back into his identity as Sherlock Moriarty and shouted for help when he was being pursued by the Devil dog. Midway, he encountered a forest path formed from green pea vines. He had no choice but to follow the carriage up into midair where he saw the pea vines interweave to form a hammock and a pair of black leather boots!

It's her! Why would she appear in this dream world and these waters? B-besides, she said, "we meet again." I'm Gehrman Sparrow right now! Amidst his thoughts, Klein replied with a deadpan expression, "We haven't met before."

So what if you're a demigod? As long as you aren't an angel, I can use the Sea God Scepter to resist you in this dream world! Klein encouraged himself in secret.

The lady with long eyebrows sat there and lifted her chin as she observed Klein for two seconds.

"Is that so? Mr. Hero Bandit Black Emperor…"

Klein's thoughts erupted with a boom as if he had been struck by lightning. His thoughts were reduced to countless fragments that were left in shambles and chaos without any main line of thought.

S-she knows that I'm Hero Bandit Black Emperor?

She recognized me as the Spirit Body who originally stole the Card of Blasphemy from the Royal Museum?

H-how is this possible!?

Wait, why did she directly address me as Hero Bandit Black Emperor. If she had used Sherlock Moriarty, I would be even more astounded, and I might even fail to hide the change in my expressions...

As these thoughts flashed through his mind, Klein instinctively controlled his facial muscles and calmly said, "I don't know what you're talking about."

The lady, who wore clothes that were different from the present fashion trends, didn't repeat her words or explain anything. Instead, she said in a direct manner, "Your identity as Gehrman Sparrow was provided by me."

"..."

Klein instantly felt his scalp tingle. He felt as though he didn't have a single secret when facing her.

This identity of Gehrman Sparrow was created through the use of Miss Sharron's resource channels... This demigod lady is one of them?

Right, Miss Sharron had previously mentioned that someone in her circles had been investigating the true identity of Hero Bandit Black Emperor and had promised to fulfill any reasonable request in exchange. For ingredients, it was limited to those below that of High-Sequence Beyonder ingredients...

According to Miss Sharron's description, the person who offered the mission was more than 1.7 meters tall, with a very proportionate body and long chestnut hair. She liked wearing black leather boots. Man... isn't that the person before me... Back then, I even suspected if she was the demigod whom I met in the Royal Museum. Furthermore, she knew very well that I had taken

the Black Emperor card…

Thoughts flashed past as Klein was temporarily at a loss for words. All he could do was maintain his silence.

The lady whose chin wasn't sharp and was a little rounded didn't harp on Gehrman Sparrow's identity. She looked out at the frozen sunset and said, "While you were in the Rorsted Archipelago, Nast Solomon's Black Emperor also appeared in those waters.

"I believe you know what that means, Mr. Hero Bandit."

Realizing how she wasn't exposing his identity and was even giving him clues and evidence, Klein could only twitch the corner of his lips and say, "Law of Beyonder characteristics convergence."

The expression of the lady opposite him immediately softened as she said with a smile, "You really are Hero Bandit Black Emperor."

…So you weren't certain… You were only listing down the clues and presenting your confident attitude… How was she so certain just now? Does she still have evidence that she hasn't provided? Klein felt some regret and was abnormally puzzled.

The lady who seemed to enjoy her standing as an important figure didn't say anything further. She then looked at the bookshelf and said, "You discovered that the bookmark has a Black Emperor card through his diary?"

Diary… This lady also knows that the so-called Roselle's notebook

is a diary… Klein was taken aback as he didn't reply to her.

"You didn't take that notebook because you sensed something?" the lady asked again.

This… Klein suddenly realized something and decided not to answer and instead pose questions. He wanted to extricate himself from a passive state and not be led by the nose.

He looked at the lady's deep blue eyes and asked directly, "You are the mysterious person on the Future who was secretly spying on me?"

The beautiful lady who didn't allow anyone to come close replied frankly, "Yes. Cattleya doesn't know that I've secretly boarded the Future, but you actually discovered it… A Clown's sense for danger?"

Based on the observation and the information from before, she can basically determine that I'm a Faceless, a Magician… From her tone, she's very familiar with Admiral of Stars… The upper echelons of the Moses Ascetic Order or that Queen Mystic? Klein nodded and said, "That's right."

The lady raised her chin and curled her lips up slightly.

"It's impossible for a normal Clown to sense danger at this level, even if they're already a Sequence 5."

She has discovered another unique trait again… This… She knows the Seer pathway very well… Indeed, I've been somewhat affected by the gray fog's powers, giving me a direct premonitory intuition even in situations that aren't dangerous? Klein didn't give her a

chance to speak again as he asked in a deep tone, “Were the sounds of the door opening and the footsteps heard by Anderson Hood in the depths of the hall of murals yours?”

“Are you referring to the hunter who’s plagued by bad luck?” the lady asked in thought.

“Yes.” Klein nodded.

“It was indeed me.” The lady paused. “Inform that hunter of a prophecy. The most lethal danger often lies in day-to-day life.”

What does that mean? Seeing how she had no intention of explaining, Klein deliberated and asked, “You were the one that made me appear in the Saint of Darkness’s dream?”

The lady combed her long chestnut hair as she said gently but coldly, “That’s not hard to guess.

“Through that dream, I confirmed that you took the remains of that sea serpent, Kalvetua.

“And like before, you appeared using a Spirit Body state. You took away the item from Jahn Kottman and vanished directly? Oh, you still carry the Black Emperor card.”

Klein didn’t respond to this topic and switched to asking, “You are Queen Mystic?”

“Many people call me by that name,” the lady calmly answered.

It's really her... This lady's bounty reaches 650,000 pounds just from Loen's bounty alone! Klein silently drew a gasp and said, "Ma'am, is there a reason why you are looking for me?"

Queen Mystic used her blue eyes to look at him for a few seconds before saying, "I hope you can share with me the method to interpret the language created by Emperor Roselle. For that, I can satisfy most of your requests."

Klein didn't admit or deny anything. He chuckled and asked, "Don't tell me you're even able to give me the corresponding High-Sequence Beyonder potion formulas?"

Queen Mystic had her bearing converged, but she said without any decrease in her dignity, "Your fate lies on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range."

This... Klein felt a baffling sense of shock.

His eyes darted around. While he was considering a question, Queen Mystic stood up.

"When you need some help or clues to a few Cards of Blasphemy, tell me the answer."

She turned around and walked into the depths of the tidy and vast library. With each step, her figure turned faint before quickly vanishing.

The library immediately collapsed. After a moment of feeling adrift, Klein found himself in the hall filled with beautiful murals.

Anderson looked at him in shock as he blurted out, “How did you get here?”

Chapter 663: False Alarm

After hearing Anderson's question, Klein was momentarily at a loss for an answer. He couldn't just tell him that he had fallen out of a dream suspected to belong to Queen Mystic.

He coldly looked at the unlucky Strongest Hunter, raised his right hand, and pointed upwards.

"Is that so..." Anderson Hood nodded in enlightenment.

What... did you figure out... I don't even know what I'm expressing myself... Klein discreetly twitched the corner of his lips and changed the topic. He said in recollection, "I met someone just now..."

"Not someone we know? Not a member of the Future? The person who came out of the door from deep inside the hall?" Anderson suddenly became excited.

This fellow doesn't put on airs of being the Strongest Hunter. He's like a breaking news reporter... Klein lampooned without answering him. He directly said, "She got me to pass on a prophecy to you."

"She... What prophecy?" Anderson was somewhat puzzled.

If I were using my identity as Klein Moretti, I would've answered, "Sorry, I've forgotten. She only said it once"... As Klein imagined the prank that wouldn't have happened, he said with a deep voice, "The most lethal danger often lies in day-to-day life."

Anderson listened carefully as he drew a gasp.

“That’s just too accurate! I was drinking beer and nearly made myself a ret*rd. Who would imagine that most of the alcohol on the Future is problematic!”

He ruminated for a few seconds and asked, somewhat worried, “That’s it?

“Did you forget any details or keywords?”

I can tell that you’re being provocative… Klein ignored Anderson Hood and walked to the entrance of the hall of murals where he looked at Frank and Nina outside.

Back in the library, he had been suddenly accused of being Hero Bandit Black Emperor by Queen Mystic. This inevitably caused him to be placed in a passive state. Afterwards, he attempted to throw her off and not be led by the nose; therefore, he remained extremely nervous. His thoughts were completely focused on what he should say in response, without the time to consider the entire process and figure out the details. Now, he finally had the time.

First, what’s most important is to understand a question. To what level of comprehension does Queen Mystic have towards my identity and Roselle’s diary?

Yes… She believed that I grasp the means to interpret the language created by Emperor Roselle, and not the language itself. Although the difference in meaning isn’t great, it’s enough to prove that our identity as transmigrators isn’t something she has figured out or have any clues that point towards that conclusion.

Miss Sharron isn't a rookie who just joined the mysticism circles or got herself involved in complicated matters. While getting someone to fake an identity for me, it's impossible for her to divulge who she's doing it for. Besides, the picture I provided was already Gehrman Sparrow's image...

That means that Queen Mystic hasn't equated Sherlock Moriarty to Gehrman Sparrow. Yes, if she had already known about this, as I had previously imagined, a better form of address would be Mr. Black Emperor Sherlock Moriarty. This would've dealt my mental defenses a blow that was several times stronger than directly addressing me as Hero Bandit Black Emperor.

From her standpoint, how did she gather useful information from scattered clues?

She knows that the bookmark is the Black Emperor card. Hence, the specter-like Hero Bandit Black Emperor and the strange Spirit Body who stole the Card of Blasphemy from the Royal Museum were connected together. Later, King of the Five Seas, Nast, suddenly appeared in the Rorsted Archipelago. According to the law of Beyonder characteristics convergence, she guessed that Hero Bandit Black Emperor might've appeared in Bayam and the archipelago.

After her investigations, she discovered the familiar identity known as Gehrman Sparrow. Then, from his identical trajectory with Hero Bandit Black Emperor's actions, she made a prediction and engaged in pursuit. She infiltrated the Future and observed me up close.

This is logical, but there's a certain level of coincidences in all of this. King of the Five Seas Nast appears anywhere he likes. Perhaps he might be missing a particular lady from the Red Theater and got his ship to cross the spirit world to enter the waters around the Rorsted Archipelago, or perhaps Bayam happens to have the High-Sequence Beyonder ingredients of the Black Emperor

pathway that attracted him… There's no way to directly link it to Hero Bandit Black Emperor.

Of course, it's not incomprehensible for Queen Mystic to make such a connection. Perhaps she abides by the principle of being wrong rather than feel sorry in regards to important clues. Heh, that's a good habit, but it's just tiring.

There's also a high chance that she didn't lock onto Gehrman Sparrow immediately. However, with the reputation of the crazy adventurer Gehrman Sparrow becoming more prominent in the Rorsted Archipelago waters and the City of Generosity Bayam, she matched the timing after hearing the name, and then she came to a preliminary conclusion.

Sigh, it's still better to keep a low profile in life. Thankfully, my acting has finally come to an end. Subsequently, I can make the identity of Gehrman Sparrow vanish! Klein ran through everything and felt that he had mostly understood the problem at its root.

However, he had another thought and guess.

It was the way Admiral of Stars Cattleya had received Gehrman Sparrow on her ship. She had done it in an ostentatious manner, as though she was afraid that it wasn't known to the world that the crazy adventurer was cooperating with her!

Perhaps, she was providing a certain level of clues. Later, Queen Mystic came and learned that it was Gehrman Sparrow. After figuring out the trajectory of my activity at sea, she had a certain speculation. Instead of trying to pull a bluff, she was actually rather certain! Klein held one hand in his pocket as he walked out of the hall of murals. He then headed straight for Cattleya, who was outside the black cloister. He planned on using her turbid state to question her.

At this point, he had actually relaxed significantly. This was because Queen Mystic clearly only knew that Gehrman Sparrow was equivalent to Hero Bandit Black Emperor, and he was a Beyonder who worked for some important figure. It didn't involve even more secrets.

Even if she had connected the loss of the Black Emperor card that night to Detective Sherlock Moriarty who was nearby, that wouldn't be a huge problem.

*From a very long time ago, I had already equated Sherlock Moriarty to The World, and I also equated that to the Blessed of The Fool. Gehrman Sparrow is only an extension of that identity. Heh heh, this is my preparation for such matters. I always believed that I shouldn't treat others as ret*rds. As long as someone is active, any clues on their trajectory and social connections would lead to exposure. Therefore, I prepared this identity ahead of time for these smart people. I also strictly abided to these settings even in my everyday life.*

And for the Blessed of an important figure to have a basic understanding of Roselle's dairy is completely understandable and acceptable. It's within the realms of an ordinary bestowment from a special existence.

Heh, you probably never expected that there's a mask under the mask!

Amidst his thoughts, Klein also felt that the help from the gray fog and his caution had played a significant role. If he hadn't noticed that he had been observed by someone ahead of time while instinctively abiding by his will, he might've summoned the messenger under Queen Mystic's surveillance.

The messenger alone might not expose anything, but it's worrisome that Queen Mystic might have a way of tracking it and

finding Mr. Azik. From his recent sightings, it's possible for her to dig out my identity as Klein Moretti... Klein tore through a square filled with numerous giant arrows, walked out the black cloister, and saw Cattleya sitting there as she hugged her knees just like before. She was staring at the beautiful sunset.

Klein leaped onto the boulder and came to the side of the withered trees. He looked at the magnificent buildings on the opposite mountain and said in a seemingly normal manner, "At Nas, you showcased the star bridge to connect the dock to the ship. Were there any hidden motives behind that?"

Cattleya's head leaned to the side a little as she said, "I'm not telling you!"

"..." Klein was momentarily left at a loss.

He originally imagined that Admiral of Stars would be very honest in the dream world. He had never expected such a situation; of course, this was also a form of honesty, but it was an honest personality.

After two seconds of silence, Klein decided to pull a bluff.

"You wished to use this method to inform someone that I'm worthy of attention?"

Cattleya exhaled and remained sitting there, hugging her knees.

"Pretty much.

"It was mainly to tell others that if something serious happens

or if I show obvious abnormalities, you will be the first clue."

As expected… Klein sighed inwardly.

He knew that Admiral of Stars had done such a cheap trick to protect herself, but as The Fool, he needed to punish her for such actions.

However, I can't use this matter to act up. It will appear as though The Fool protects "His" Blessed too much. That will be quite lacking in standing… Yes, Admiral of Stars must've done more than this. I can tabulate these series of actions as one and punish her for them… Klein quickly made up his mind. He wasn't as flustered towards what he encountered in this dream world again.

As for Queen Mystic's suggestion, he didn't even consider it.

Emperor Roselle's diary contained matters of his transmigration and Earth. If he taught Queen Mystic how to read Chinese, she would discover this point and make even more critical guesses!

She must have her qualms about the important figure who can randomly lend out the Sea God Scepter, so she wouldn't take any forceful actions. If there really are any matters that need her help or if she has some dirt on me, I can agree to help her translate a few important pages of the diary she wishes to know about. But I'll definitely not teach her Chinese. Yes, even if I translate it, it will be watered down with the use of synonyms. I just need to maintain the main points; that way, she has no way of reverse-engineering the language… Klein retracted his gaze and casually asked Cattleya, "Rumor has it that you and Queen Mystic had a falling out, but it doesn't seem to be the case?"

Cattleya's glazed expression suddenly had a lively change. She pursed her lips and said, "What right do I have to fall out with

her?

“I was just banished.”

Banished... Klein was just about to ask when blinding sunlight beamed as he naturally woke up.

Looking at the bright sky outside, he wiped his forehead and muttered silently to himself.

What a terrifying dream.

After dealing with his wistfulness, Klein rolled off the bed and came to the deck. He continued his observation and awaited the appearance of mermaids.

Nearly an hour later, he finally heard a faint, indistinct voice coming from the distance.

Chapter 664: Every Second Counts

Mermaids?

Klein felt delighted as anticipation and excitement filled him.

Having left Backlund for nearly four months and experiencing a series of events, he finally arrived at the destination of his travels. He was completing the last condition needed for him to advance to Sequence 5 Marionettist!

His irascibility and frustrations had been constantly growing ever since he entered these waters, and it was all thanks to the waiting. The various ridiculous and humorous matters on the Future, the matters that seemed abnormally harrowing on careful thought, and the dangers and unknown things contained within the night, noon, and dreams in the ruins of this war of gods had left him even more mentally tense. He lived through every minute and hour with great torment.

Now, the pressure from these emotions finally had a chance of being released!

Phew... Klein slowly heaved a sigh of relief. He directly returned to the cabin and entered the room that belonged to him.

Without being flustered or letting the joy get to his head, he followed the planned sequence of taking out Azik's copper whistle and Will Auceptin's paper crane to interfere with the possible spying of Queen Mystic.

After taking out the remnant spirituality of ancient wraiths, the

pair of eyes from a six-winged gargoyle, drago bark, and a metallic bottle containing Sonia Island's Golden Spring from his suitcase, he spread them across his desk, entered the bathroom, and locked the door. He then familiarly set up the bestowment ritual.

After setting up the ritual, he wasn't in a rush to go above the gray fog to respond to the prayer. Instead, he set up another ritual of summoning himself!

While taking four steps counterclockwise and chanting the incantation, Klein arrived above the gray fog. He responded to the summoning ritual and used his Spirit Body state to come to the real world. He then brought Tinder back to the mysterious space.

After doing all of that, Klein didn't relax. He came to the seat of The Fool, conjured a pen and paper, and quickly wrote the divination statement: "The singing ahead comes from mermaids."

Taking off his topaz pendant, he used divination to confirm the situation.

The singing ahead of the Future was from mermaids!

After calming his emotions, Klein summoned the iron cigar case from the junk pile and made it land on the ancient, mottled bronze table.

With a snapping sound, he opened the lid and saw the pupil-less All-Black Eye sitting there in silence. He could sense the extreme madness and danger from it, but it appeared to be in deep slumber.

After observing it for two seconds, Klein took out Tinder and slowly wore it on his right hand.

After completing all of this, Klein didn't hesitate and reached out his right palm and spread his fingers.

All sorts of blobs of light surfaced before his eyes. Grayish-white, bronze-green, dark red, and black colors formed the foundation of this mysterious space.

And inside the All-Black Eye, there was a flaring and flailing iron-black beam lingering around the remaining colors.

Without using his spiritual intuition, Klein knew with certainty through his understanding of objects that the True Creator's mental corruption was represented by this iron-black light!

Feeling extremely wary, he closed his fingers and grabbed at the target before turning his wrist.

The iron-black light was instantly extracted as it fused with Tinder. Immediately, the illusory, evil, terrifying, and indescribable ravings boomed in his ear like déjà vu.

This destroyed his line of thought as it ground at his psyche. It brought about a fracturing pain to his brain, but it was soon repressed by the gray fog's power and turned completely silent.

Klein didn't think further. He followed his plans and reenacted the trial runs that he had practiced numerous times by grabbing Tinder with his left hand, pulled it off, and threw it onto the stone ground of the magnificent palace.

Right on the heels of that, Klein grabbed the All-Black Eye which was now completely fine. He quickly replied to the bestowment ritual and passed the Marionettist Beyonder characteristic through the illusory door and into the altar in the bathroom.

He didn't dare delay any further. All he did was glance at the evil-exuding Tinder which was tainted with an iron-black color as its fingers twisted and its palm cracked opened. He then used his spirituality to envelop himself as he stimulated a plummeting sensation to return to the real world.

Klein opened his eyes, grabbed the All-Black Eye on the altar and ran out into his room. While doing so, he had a thought. *If I allow Creeping Hunger to watch what happens to Tinder and its outcome, I wonder what its thoughts would be...*

Coming before the desk, from the side, Klein took out an iron pot that originally belonged to the Future. He then poured 80 milliliters of Sonia Golden Spring into it.

As the pale gold liquid slowly spread out in a clear and transparent state, it made him subconsciously feel thirsty, as if he wished to drink a cup of it to quench his thirst.

The items—drago bark, eyes of the six-winged gargoyle, and the remnant spirituality of an ancient wraith—were thrown into the pot by Klein, causing different reactions. Finally, the potion turned into a pale gold color, but it looked ethereal as though it was weightless.

At this critical juncture, Klein became abnormally calm instead. He steadily picked up the pupil-less black eye and dropped it into the potion.

He had already confirmed that the True Creator's mental

corruption hadn't penetrated the gray fog or returned inside the All-Black Eye!

And this was something he had expected.

The All-Black Eye was instantly submerged by the pale gold liquid as the surface began bubbling.

Every bursting bubble made the potion turn blacker. About ten seconds later, all the changes came to a halt.

Inside the pot, the potion took form as a completely black liquid. Inside, it seemed to contain countless tiny worms that were squirming about, worms that couldn't be seen by the naked eye.

Klein took out a gold coin and made a quick divination as a confirmation.

After receiving the revelation that it was a success, he heaved a sigh of relief and poured the Marionettist potion into a metallic bottle he had prepared and stuffed it into his pocket.

He didn't act in a fluster or rush. He followed the process he had planned by quickly clearing up the altar in the bathroom, and he retrieved Azik's copper whistle and Will Auceptin's paper crane.

At this point, he walked out of the cabin and onto the deck.

At this moment, the symbols and magical labels on the Future had once again lit up, forming a resplendent sea of stars. It significantly reduced the mermaids' singing.

Rumors claimed that the singing of mermaids could make humans lose their reasoning and turn irrational. They would then jump off their ships to become food for the mermaids.

Klein subconsciously nodded at the window corresponding to the captain's cabin.

Admiral of Stars was standing there as her body swirled with starlight. The gaze she sent back at him appeared mixed.

Have you recalled what you said and how you acted in the dream?
Klein lampooned as he said with a calm expression, "I need a dinghy."

"It has already been prepared." Cattleya pointed towards the shipboard without any signs of surprise.

Gehrman Sparrow had mentioned that his purpose was to seek out mermaids back when he hired the Future!

Soon, Klein left the Future and the protection of the resplendent sea of stars. He headed into the ocean on his tiny dinghy.

As the singing grew louder, a voice seemed to drill into his Spirit Body, numbing his body, making him wish to hear more of it.

This was far from sufficient for Klein. Besides, his spiritual intuition told him that he needed to be closer to make the singing clearer so as to satisfy the requirements of the ritual.

"Storm!"

Klein took out a charm made of tin, and he summoned a controllable gale that could push the dinghy ahead.

After an unknown period of time, the mermaid's singing increased in volume. They were so clear, it was as though they were singing softly by Klein's ears. Each tone stirred his Spirit Body, and the melody was intoxicating.

Klein felt his mind adrift as he nearly jumped into the sea and swam towards the source of the melodic singing.

He tried his best to control himself and discovered many reefs ahead. Figures were seated at its edge as they sang.

These creatures with a human head had quite some beauty in their clear, pure eyes. Their breasts were lifted up high, but they were also covered by dark red scales. The lower halves of their bodies were comprised of massive fishtails as they rhythmically struck the reef.

The mermaids looked different and had different colored scales. From a human's standpoint, they were all a different kind of beauty.

Klein relinquished his control of the dinghy, raised his right hand, and reached into his pocket for the potion.

At that moment, the mermaids sensed his approach and looked over.

Then, these creatures, who were also known as sirens, stopped singing out of shock. All of them leaped into the water with a splash.

Don't go... Klein feebly reached out with his right hand.

Isn't it said that you use your singing to attract humans for food? Why are you running with a human here? I'm not a bad guy. I'm only here to listen to your singing... At this moment, Klein's heart was filled with "what the f**k" emotions.

He soon discovered that the mermaids' singing didn't completely stop. Further away on the reef were a few mermaids with their backs facing him. They didn't discover the fleeing of their companions, due to the crashing of the winds as they continued boldly singing.

Klein's mind stirred as he thought for a moment and took out a charm.

This was the charm from the Sea God domain that gave the user affinity with underwater creatures!

"Storm!"

Amidst the incantation, blue flames enveloped the tin plate, making it vanish from the real world.

Although the remaining mermaids noticed him, they didn't flee in fear. Immediately, Klein took out the metal bottle containing the Marionettist potion and unscrewed the lid.

He made every second count so as to prevent any mishaps!

As he gulped the potion down, a somewhat bitter potion with a mustiness surged down his throat, into his gullet, and into his

stomach.

Suddenly, Klein found himself abnormally stiff. He felt as though he had returned to Tingen, back when he was being controlled by the strange puppet known as Sealed Artifact 2-049.

He tried moving his joints, but he felt as though they were filled with lead.

At the same time, he felt that tiny worms were boring into every one of his cells and into his Spirit Body.

His thoughts slowed down as his brain reflected the gradual loss of control over his body.

The mermaids' singing floated over, stirring those desires, the accumulated fanaticism and infatuation, allowing Klein to hold onto his final lumps of emotions. Through this temptation, he slowly escaped the state of petrification.

A grayish-white fog quickly surfaced before his eyes as he heard the illusory ravings of "Hornacis... Flegrea... Hornacis... Flegrea..." Compared to his advancement to a Seer, Clown, and Magician, these ravings appeared staccato, as though they were being disrupted by something.

It's different from when I became a Faceless. The ravings are clearly much stronger. It can intermittently break through the obstacles produced from the fusion of the powers of the gray fog and reality... I can think again! Klein was delighted as he attempted to raise his arm.

His joints still felt heavy, but the feeling was weakening!

At the same time, Klein “saw” his present appearance.

His skin was yellowish-brown, like a puppet that had been buried alive for years with old bandages.

Fleshy tendrils were hidden beneath his skin as they squirmed, separated, and fused.

Klein immediately outlined the countless spherical lights in his mind, and he used Cogitation to calm his present state.

During this process, the mermaids’ singing continued to reverberate in his ears, allowing his joints and muscles to twitch before the numbness slowly receded.

After an unknown period of time, Klein opened his eyes, his body having completely restored to normal.

He took a deep breath and silently sighed.

Finally…

I’m finally a Sequence 5!

I’m finally a Marionettist!

Chapter 665: Spirit Body Threads

Under the strong sunlight, the sea reflected a golden shade. Apart from that, deep in Klein's eyes were countless illusory black lines.

They extended from the nearby mermaids, from his body, and from the different parts of the neighboring waters. They were packed densely in thin and numerous threads, corresponding to different spots. Some extended into the infinite distance, to the ends of the void.

This strange, beautiful scene wasn't an unfamiliar sight to Klein. In the few times he used the All-Black Eye's powers and his usage of it to create the fake World, he had been able to see similar scenes.

This was the source of a Marionettist's Beyonder powers!

From the knowledge he obtained from the potion, these illusory thin black threads were known as Spirit Body Threads. By controlling them, one could directly influence the target's Soul Body, Astral Projection, Body of Heart and Mind, and Ether Body. Then, with the Ether Body as a bridge, one could control the target's body.

Therefore, all the Beyonder powers of a Marionettist was built on the Spirit Body Threads.

Firstly, it could find a hidden target using the Spirit Body Threads that existed in every creature. It was the best measure against a Demoness's invisibility and a Shadow Ascetic's hiding in the shadows. Of course, Klein wasn't aware if there were means to

hide one's Spirit Body Threads.

Secondly, it was to control a target like a puppet. It would make the target's thoughts and body stiffen. This was a type of forceful control and was almost indefensible. The only way of escaping this control was to rely on the potency of one's Spirit Body. It was almost no trouble for a Sequence 5 Marionettist to control anyone who wasn't a demigod.

Thirdly, through the passage of time, the control would deepen. A Marionettist could completely turn the target into their marionette. Up to a certain distance, they could hide behind the scenes and control the marionette to do battle. While doing so, the marionette could use all of its original Beyonder powers!

This is truly magical, terrifying, strange, and indescribable. It's the perfect thing for someone working behind the scenes. It's no wonder Rosago claimed that the control of Spirit Body Threads is one of the most difficult abilities to deal with for anyone that isn't a High-Sequence Beyonder...

But it requires time. Control cannot be instantly achieved. It requires a process that deepens with each step until it's ultimately achieved. To obtain initial control, the present me needs 20 seconds. But with the digestion of the potion, the time needed will clearly decrease. Once my Marionettist potion completely digests, I might be able to do it within five seconds. Yes, before the effects show, the target wouldn't even notice it. Perhaps those with prophetic abilities might be able to detect it...

Once initial control of the target has been achieved, they will immediately be slow to think. Their actions will be impeded and their bodies stiffened. Then, bit by bit, they will develop into a puppet, a marionette. If a Marionettist has a partner, this process will make it easy to finish off a target that has been forcibly controlled. Yes, if the enemy's Spirit Body isn't strong enough, a Marionettist will have the strength remaining to even draw a gun

or use a mystical item to act in concert with himself.

If the controlling process isn't disrupted by an external force, the target will become my marionette after five minutes. In a sense, the marionette is truly dead and the process is completely irreversible. Once the potion is completely digested, the time it takes to convert someone into a marionette will definitely be greatly shortened.

The maximum number of marionettes I can control at present is one. I can't be sure how many I can control in the future, but it will definitely increase. The limit seems to max out at three.

This will not only need time, but there's also a distance restriction. I can only see Spirit Body Threads within a hundred meters. And to control them, I need to be five meters from the target…

When controlling marionettes, I cannot be more than 100 meters from it. I'm sure it will increase in the future.

Heh, apart from keeping its Beyonder powers, a marionette can also normally use mystical items and Sealed Artifacts. Furthermore, it expends its own spirituality and not mine. Of course, my controlling of the marionette will expend spirituality itself.

This ability is very suited for me. In extremely dangerous situations, with me having no choice but to investigate, I can let the marionette do it for me. Although it will be heartbreaking to lose it, it's better than having myself die. Heh heh, back when Marionettist Rosago came to deal with me, he must've been engaged in another operation. This resulted in him losing his marionette. Yes, he must've not fully digested the Marionettist potion. That's why he wasn't able to achieve initial control over me while waiting for me to open the door. He had to enter in order to converse with me.

In short, this lives up to being a Sequence 5 Beyonder power! Furthermore, the Beyonder powers before this have also been enhanced by 50%, or even more...

I'm really looking forward to knowing what kind of qualitative changes I'll experience when I reach Sequence 4 when possessing so many strange powers. Sigh, I don't even know what its name is... Klein ended the inspection of his body and reflected wistfully.

He then used the experience of setting an activation and deactivation method for his Spirit Vision to give himself a restriction of seeing Spirit Body Threads, so as to not see things he shouldn't see.

Activating by tapping my left thumb twice on the first segment of my index finger. Repeating the action deactivates it. Same for the right hand... He reined in his thoughts and looked ahead, and he saw that the remaining mermaids had turned around and were looking at him with watery blue eyes.

At the thought that he would've lost control and become a Sealed Artifact akin to 2-049 without their singing or this simple ritual, Klein gave them a friendly smile.

Affected by the charm, the mermaids also moved their lips and showed a somewhat embarrassed smile.

As their light purple or deep red lips parted, one by one, Klein saw their teeth—razor-sharp like wolf fangs. They were white and shiny and dripping from them was a sticky liquid.

Klein was taken aback. He discovered that this was even more unacceptable for him than a real monster.

He had originally mentally prepared himself and treated mermaids as creatures that swam in the sea. Therefore, no matter how crazy and terrifying they looked, he believed that he could tolerate it. However, the situation was somewhat beyond his expectations. Mermaids were clearly beautiful and alluring females on the surface. Their tails had a hetero sense of beauty, but their teeth were nasty and disgusting. This was a stark contrast that Klein couldn't take. He nearly moved his eyes away.

Waving his hand, he quickly took out a charm from the Sea God domain and created another gale of wind to push his dinghy back to the Future.

Along the way, Klein couldn't help but recollect the feelings he just had.

So the mermaids' singing is meant for neutralizing and balancing. Otherwise, most Faceless are unable to resist the corrosion of their own Spirit Body Threads by the Marionettist potion. They would directly lose control. Heh. Lucky ones like Kalvetua aren't included. Perhaps, it's because of the lack of the ritual's help that it's relatively weaker.

In theory, as long as there's a voice or Beyonder power with similar effects, they can be used to replace a mermaid's singing, but people who haven't personally experienced it themselves wouldn't be able to tell the minute differences. Therefore, High-Sequence Beyonders who aren't from the Seer pathway will find it difficult to provide any effective suggestions.

Amidst his thoughts, the dinghy returned to the Future. With a rope, Klein easily returned to the deck.

Anderson Hood stood by the shipboard and chuckled.

“So your search of mermaids was a requirement of a ritual, and not because you wish to obtain the corresponding ingredients.”

“That’s obvious,” Klein succinctly replied.

Anderson shrugged and said, “No, it’s not. A normal person will guess that mermaids are the ingredients you need, as this doesn’t match the rituals needed by a Sequence 4. But who knew that Adventurer Gehrman Sparrow, who was at the level of a pirate admiral, was only a Sequence 6.”

What do you mean “only?” Klein resisted the urge of controlling Anderson’s Spirit Body Threads.

Ignoring the Strongest Hunter who automatically had a provocative halo, he entered the cabin and returned to his room.

Just as he approached the captain’s cabin, he heard a creak as the door before him opened.

Cattleya didn’t wear her heavy glasses. She looked at Gehrman Sparrow as the dark purple hue in her eyes swirled.

“Congratulations on your advancement.

“P-previously in the dream, did I say something?”

“You know what you said,” Klein replied with a deadpan expression.

Cattleya fell silent for two seconds before saying, “You

questioned me about my relationship with Queen Mystic?”

As she spoke, she couldn’t help but look around.

She guessed that Queen Mystic might be on the Future because of my rather sudden question? I really have to be careful when conversing with a smart person… Klein nodded, walked past her and returned to his room, leaving the corridor in silence.

Only when he opened the door and took a step inside did he hear Cattleya’s voice sound out from the captain’s cabin. It reverberated through the entire ship.

“Set sail for the return voyage.”

Inside the room, Klein waited a few minutes before reentering the bathroom. He set up the ritual again and threw Creeping Hunger, which was turning more irascible due to the lack of food, above the gray fog.

After doing this, he wasn’t in a rush to leave. He summoned the distorted iron-black Tinder and made it land before him.

After studying it for a moment, Klein placed Tinder inside the iron cigar case and threw it into the junk pile.

Although this expensive glove was now unusable, Klein was certain that trash could still be used.

Immediately following that, he slowly took off the already silent Creeping Hunger, and he similarly placed it into the junk pile.

Phew... Klein remained silent for two seconds before leaving the palace that looked like a giant's residence, and then he ventured deep into the mysterious space above the gray fog.

From his previous exploration, he discovered a bright staircase that seemed to lead to heaven. He suspected that the number of steps had something to do with his Sequence; therefore, he immediately came here to confirm it after he advanced.

After walking for a while, Klein finally saw the holy staircase made out of pure light. Compared to before, there was another step, making it a total of five steps.

Indeed... Klein sighed, unsurprised.

Then, he climbed up the staircase that appeared to be prepared for giants and arrived at the top.

At that moment, he wasn't that far from the gray fog which was hardened in midair. He seemed to just need one more step to reach that height.

Klein subconsciously looked up and seemed to see something.

Chapter 666: Afternoon Town

That's... Klein's eyes reflected a nearly transparent object.

It appeared like a carapace of something, occasionally shrinking and vanishing from Klein's line of sight, and at times peeking out due to an invisible wind, revealing some of its outlines.

With it acting as an anchor point and looking further up, there were colors of green that was almost black, standing there silently.

They look like the colors of the trees of a dark forest... Klein mumbled without imagining what the object of those colors signified. All he could do was boldly guess that it had something to do with gaining a deeper control of the mysterious space above the gray fog.

Without trying to do something that was destined to be in vain, he jumped down from the staircase that seemed to lead to heaven and phased back inside the palace.

With the existence of Queen Mystic in mind, Klein did some simple tidying up before leaving the gray fog and returning to his bathroom.

After tying up the loose ends, he walked to his suitcase, took out the Sun Brooch, and wore it on his double-breasted frock coat.

After all the turmoil he had been through, the mystical items he could now use had returned to the state when he was in Backlund. However, he was already a Sequence 5 and possessed

one of the most difficult powers to deal with below that of the demigods. He was, in the true sense of the word, a powerhouse in the Beyonder world.

I should be very agitated and happy, but I'm actually not. I'm even as excited as when I found mermaids... This is because I've just taken another step on my road to revenge. The true goal I wish to achieve is still a distance away...

Following this, I should conclude the principles and digest the Marionettist potion and seek out the corresponding Sequence 4 formula and ingredients. Yes, I can only do all of these things after leaving these waters. Next, I'll seek advice from Mr. Azik, Will Auceptin, and Arrodes...

Heh heh, I should relax for the next few days. Being overly tense might break me down and cause me to have symptoms of losing control... Klein turned to look at the full-body mirror in his room. Looking at his 1.8-meter-tall build, black hair, and brown eyes, with a thin face and cut features; dressed in a white shirt, a suit with a bow tie, and a top hat that was matched with the pale gold Sunbird brooch. He wore a calm expression with a deep, dark gaze.

After looking at this in silence, he raised his hands and adjusted the buttons at his cuffs and patted his black suit.

...

Lightning streaked across the sky, illuminating the stacked, dark buildings ahead.

Demon Hunter Colin Iliad, with two swords on his back, pointed ahead and said, "That's Afternoon Town."

He combed his grizzled hair that was flying about in the wind that swept through the wilderness.

That's fast... With his Axe of Hurricane in hand, Derrick sighed wistfully in surprise.

He soon realized that it was reasonable. This was because the Giant King's Court was located somewhere near the City of Silver. Afternoon Town was the intersecting point that connected both nodes.

With the lightning that illuminated the night sky, he clearly saw Afternoon Town in its entirety. It was built at the foot of a mountain and was naturally split into upper and lower levels. Instead of calling it a town, it wasn't much smaller than most of the ruins the City of Silver found.

Here, the gray stones were stacked into different buildings. Some were entirely emptied out, nearing ten meters. Some were similar to the residence Derrick currently resided in; it was short as though any normal person would hit their heads onto the ceiling.

These buildings were arranged close together before spreading out. Some of them had collapsed, while a number remained standing despite showing signs of age and tear.

It's completely different from what's described in the textbooks... Derrick suddenly recalled the knowledge he had learned from his history lessons.

According to the City of Silver's records, Afternoon Town was the door that separated reality from myth. It was a place where humans and giants lived together. There was day and night here, but most of the day was in a "noon" state. Regardless of the

fog, storms, or snow, none of them were able to blot out the strong sunlight. But at this moment, it was dark and heavy. Even if the area was illuminated by light, it lacked a sense of brightness and there was no signs of life.

Clenching his axe tightly, Derrick, whose eyes had two miniature suns, was on the flanks of the exploration team. He followed Chief Colin into Afternoon Town.

This area had been cleared once on the first exploration. The streets were covered with signs of rotting flesh and dry pus. It was completely silent.

“Be careful. There are many strange monsters lurking in the darkness.” Colin Iliad, with his scarred face, didn’t let down his guard. He drew one of his dual swords as the silver light on his sword converged.

This is the mythical door? When the Creator abandoned this piece of land, even the myths were abandoned? Derrick couldn’t help but imagine what Afternoon Town had experienced during the cataclysm. He instinctively felt that it was probably different from the Kingdom of Silver.

Before he could carefully observe his surroundings in search of possible clues, he suddenly heard a teammate on the other flank anxiously cry out, “There’s something!”

Derrick turned his head and saw a transparent face growing out of the wall of a ten-meter-tall stone building.

The face was filled with countless cracks. With great regularity, they spiraled around the center, forming a single eye or mouth that resembled a vortex.

The hurricane within the vortex was corporeal as it spewed out with a howl. The dawn-like light from within was dense, as though they were arrows of light.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

They struck a few members of the exploration team, but they seemed to strike thick city walls. All they produced was dull and closely-spaced out thuds before disappearing into the dark environment.

At some point in time, City of Silver Chief, Colin Iliad, was genuflecting. He stabbed the silver sword in his hand into the rotting gray ground.

He had provided the front row with the strongest protection!

At the same time, the other members of the exploration team methodically unleashed their attacks. Hurricane's of light and scarlet fireballs struck the monster.

Right on the heels of that, the holy light that Derrick summoned had landed on the vortex that resembled a single eye.

Amidst the explosive boom, the boulder, which was originally covered in cracks, collapsed. A transparent face screamed as it vaporized.

Although the battle was simple, Derrick didn't feel happy at all. He had heard Mr. Hanged Man and Miss Justice discuss cases of Beyonder fights. Matching it with the experience the City of Silver had accumulated from resisting all kinds of monsters from the darkness, he worriedly discovered that the City of Silver

had a limited number of pathways. Those who were not demigods lacked effective means of control, and the situation from before proved this point.

Thankfully, there are Sealed Artifacts that are formed when monsters die to make up for this... Derrick silently thought as he heard the Chief instruct, "Move according to plan. Three to four people a group. Search and clear the different areas."

"Yes, Chief!" The exploration team members were mostly rich in experience. They soon formed their groups.

Derrick's group consisted of three people. Apart from him, there was Joshua and Haim who had been to the abandoned temple with him before. The former was a Sequence 7 Weapon Master, and he had a mystical glove that could control fire. The latter was a recently advanced Sequence 6 Dawn Paladin. He was tall and reached a height of 2.3 meters.

The City of Silver, which had Warriors—also known as the Giant pathway—as the main force, had an average height of 1.8 meters (including children above the age of 6). Even if the Beyonder characteristics were inherited, the normal genes that were modified had accumulated with each generation. Although Derrick wasn't old, he was nearly 1.8 meters tall and still had room to grow.

According to the designated targets, Derrick, Joshua, and Haim entered an alley on the left in a triangular battle formation. They checked every building that still allowed entry.

Perhaps as a result of the former sweep, they didn't encounter any monsters. They couldn't help but feel a little relieved.

"Rumor has it that the six-member council plans to set up camp

here and make Afternoon Town a stronghold," Joshua, who was wearing a scarlet glove on his left palm, said after observing the buildings.

Haim nodded and looked down at his two partners.

"The true target seems to be..."

He pointed diagonally upwards.

"The Giant King's Court?" Derrick asked in surprise.

Isn't it a search for the sea where Jack and company came from? Don't we need to circle the Giant King's Court? Derrick was filled with puzzlement.

Haim shook his head.

"I've only heard rumors."

He swept his gaze and pointed at the entrance to the underground chamber.

"Let's finish our search here."

Derrick answered tersely. With his night vision and ability to emit light, he wasn't afraid of the darkness as he stepped into the underground chamber first. Haim lifted an animal hide lantern while Joshua followed closely in tow.

This building's underground chamber was rather wide, with traces of dried, blackening pools. The smell of blood remained despite the many years that had passed.

Derrick surveyed the area and suspected that a sacrificial ritual had once been held here.

A very, very long time ago... he silently added and discovered a candle left on the stone table which resembled an altar. He felt more certain about his guesses.

Why would the residents of Afternoon Town secretly hold sacrificial rituals in their underground basement? When the Giant King's Court was in power, they were believers of the Giant King. Later, they came under the lord that created everything... The owner of this building secretly worshiped other gods? Questions arose in him as Derrick approached the altar. He saw that the stone table was originally carved with words, but they had been damaged by either natural or unnatural elements.

After some careful identification, Derrick found three names:

"Ouroboros;

"Medici;

"Sasrir."

Ouroboros? Isn't that the name of the Angel of Fate? Mr. Fool mentioned before that Medici is also a King of Angels. Sasrir is another one? Derrick suddenly felt excited and horrified as he hurriedly turned his head to shout out for his companions to take a look.

But in his vision, the underground chamber was empty. There was only darkness. Haim and Joshua who were supposed to be behind him were gone!

Chapter 667: Prayer

They're gone?

There's only darkness?

Faced with such a sudden change, Derrick's first reaction wasn't horror; instead, he clasped his hands together and pressed it to his mouth.

Pure light was emitted out of his body as he dispersed the surrounding darkness, illuminating every corner of the underground chamber.

In Derrick's living environment, darkness was the most terrifying existence. Once they left the City of Silver, they had to constantly maintain the existence of light. Even a brief loss of light couldn't last for more than five seconds.

When Derrick first joined the exploration teams and lacked experience, he had nearly killed himself because of such a mistake. Thankfully, the Chief was standing nearby.

As the light slowly and continuously radiated from him, Derrick raised his tightly-gripped Axe of Hurricane and carefully observed his surroundings.

He discovered that apart from Haim and Joshua—teammates who had entered the underground chamber with him—vanishing, the stone slabs and tufts of black hair on the walls had turned blood-red at some point in time. They were moist as though they had just been sprayed on.

This calmed down Derrick, who was well-versed with exploration materials, to realize a possibility. The problem didn't stem from Haim or Joshua, but himself!

All I did was approach the altar and silently read three names… Typically speaking, even angels will require someone to read or write down an accurate honorific name in its complete form before they can receive "prayers." And it's supposedly limited by range… I wonder if the Kings of Angels require the same conditions…

Uh, one of those three names was the key to activating the hidden powers in the altar. I triggered the problem by using Jotun which can stir the powers of nature? No, that's not right. It needs to be said out loud. Even if these are the true names of the Kings of Angels, I've never faced such problems in the past… Derrick anxiously turned his body while feeling perplexed. He returned to the altar and came to the stone table.

He was surprised to see that the words and symbols on the stone table were a lot more complete and clearer than before. It was as though the host of the ritual had just drawn it.

The words were written in three languages. They were in Jotun, Dragonese, and a language that Derrick couldn't recognize. However, he suspected that it was the ancient Hermes previously mentioned by Miss Justice and Mr. Hanged Man. This was because he had a basic understanding of some words from the conversations during the Tarot Gathering. They were rather similar to the words used on the stone table.

The content expressed by Jotun and Dragonese were identical. They repeated the three names and their corresponding titles.

Angel of Fate, Ouroboros;

Red Angel, Medici;

Dark Angel, Sasrir.

Following these names and titles was an entity Derrick was very familiar with.

Rose Redemption!

Sasrir really is a King of Angels, one known as Dark Angel. "He," Angel of Fate, and Red Angel are the founders of Rose Redemption? I wonder if Mr. Fool knows anything about "Him"... "He" definitely knows a lot... The words in ancient Hermes should likely be the same content... In Afternoon Town, which had already converted to the faith of the Lord that created everything, there were residents who were secretly worshiping the three Kings of Angels beside the Lord... Upon having this thought, Derrick suddenly felt a chill run down his back. He felt as though he was close to the reason why the Creator had abandoned this land.

When he looked up again, he saw that the walls remained red, but Haim and Joshua were still nowhere to be seen.

Silently repeating them didn't do a thing. Perhaps they don't produce any effects on their own... Derrick drew a breath as he raised his Axe of Hurricane. He carefully walked towards the entrance of the underground chamber, hoping to find the problem at its roots, so as to determine what led to his present situation.

One step, two steps, three steps. Like a gigantic candle, he returned to the hall upstairs.

There were rich shadows here, making it gloomy and eerily silent. The rotting chairs and the remnants of stone tables remained sitting there in silence, no different from before.

Failing to find Joshua and Haim, Derrick could only walk towards the window while he felt high-strung. He wanted to see if he could encounter other members of the exploration team.

Thud... *Thud*... Amidst light footstep sounds, he approached a huge hole that should've been a window sill. He leaned forward and looked outside.

Countless dark buildings spread out, either tall or short, as they extended outwards like steps.

The lightning in the air happened at a very low frequency as many windows had candlelight emitting out of them. The dim yellow flames danced but weren't extinguished.

This... Derrick couldn't help but swallow a mouthful of saliva. He felt as though all the residents were still living in peace just before Afternoon Town encountered its cataclysm.

...

Haim, who was carrying an animal hide lantern, didn't need to bend his back to enter the underground chamber. He jokingly said to Joshua, "This house must belong to a human, but their family definitely has giant's bloodline in them. They're probably my height. Tsk, the last time we went to that ruined city, we had to bow our heads when using the main doors!"

Having a giant's bloodline didn't necessarily mean that they had

giant blood flowing in them. Instead, it referred to a physical characteristic that was inherited by descendants thanks to the consumption of the pathway's potion. Being tall was one of its manifestations.

Joshua looked up at Haim and scoffed.

"That was you. I didn't need to."

"But you won't take long before you can advance. When the time comes, you won't be shorter than me," Haim said with a smile before glancing at Derrick via the corner of his eye. It was to prevent any accidents from happening when Derrick approached the altar.

Joshua thought before saying, "Actually, I'm very curious. Chief is a Sequence 4 Demon Hunter. He should be like an ordinary giant with a height of three to four meters. Why does he look very ordinary, with him being only half a head taller than me?"

Haim subconsciously surveyed the area and said, "Rumor has it that the Chief has a giant form."

"A giant form? Will his clothes tear when he becomes a giant?" Joshua asked with a laugh.

"Unless his clothes and pants are mystical items." Haim and Joshua exchanged a knowing smile.

They were just about to turn their heads to share the joke with Derrick when they realized that the youth was gone!

Derrick, who should've been standing before the altar, had vanished!

Haim's and Joshua's expression instantly turned heavy. One of them raised his huge broadsword, while the other raised his red-gloved left hand.

They carefully approached the altar and did a careful inspection, but they failed to identify anything suspicious.

Joshua was just about to attempt to identify the words on the stone table when Haim patted him on the shoulder.

"Don't look at it. I just recalled that Derrick was looking at those words before he vanished.

"Let's bring the Chief here."

"Okay." Joshua nodded.

They didn't leave in a fluster. They surveyed the surroundings before one of them rubbed his index finger with his middle finger to light the remaining candle on the altar.

This was to protect Derrick so as to prevent him from falling into true darkness!

In the past, the exploration teams of the City of Silver had similar encounters in the ruined cities. A teammate might appear to have suddenly vanished, but they had actually been concealed by some kind of power. He stood in his original location, but with his teammates eager to seek help, they would

leave the area with their lanterns. Hence, the poor bastard would be devoured by the true darkness, never to be found again. If it wasn't for another teammate finding themselves in another similar situation and having been rescued on the spot, the others wouldn't have known the actual reason for the previous person's death.

With the candle lit, the dim yellow light spread outwards. Haim and Joshua immediately left and arrived at the alley where they released a spirituality signal that everyone carried.

They didn't wait too long for Colin Iliad who had jumped off from the roof of another building before landing firmly.

"What happened?" the Demon Hunter asked in a deep voice.

The silver sword in his hand was already covered with a layer of light gray oil.

Haim immediately recounted what had happened. Finally, he said, "We didn't discover the reason for Derrick's disappearance."

Derrick... Colin nodded in thought, walked past them, and headed straight into the corresponding building.

...

Despite the candles alight outside and the warm yellow color, Derrick felt as though he had fallen into a frozen abyss. A chill at the bottom of his heart kept spreading.

He clenched the Axe of Hurricane with his right hand and

retracted his gaze from the town. He turned to return to the underground chamber and stood in front of the altar again.

He had already determined that he was the one with the problem!

However, he didn't have the urge to explore the strange Afternoon Town. He didn't even dare open the door.

Derrick wasn't nervous, nor did he show any obvious signs of flusterness. This was because he didn't believe that he had encountered something severe.

As long as it's not an immediate threat, it's nothing severe... Derrick took a silent breath, bowed his head, and reverently whispered, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era.

"The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.

"The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck..."

Klein, who had been admiring the scenery of the battlefield of the gods, had no choice but to enter the bathroom, set up the disruptive items, and take four steps counterclockwise to head above the gray fog.

He sat at the high-back chair at the end of the long bronze table. He stretched out his right hand and emanated his spirituality, touching the crimson star which represented Little Sun.

Suddenly, the prayers turned abnormally clear as the corresponding scene appeared before Klein's eyes.

He first saw the still-hazy Little Sun, before discovering that the environment around him was abnormal!

Swirling around The Sun was an unspeakable darkness, and in the darkness there were eyes of different shapes silently watching him.

The eyes were densely packed and hidden in the darkness. They were like unwelcomed observers which Little Sun hadn't noticed at all.

Afternoon Town is that dangerous? Klein was very aware of what dear Sun was up to lately.

He thought for a moment and instinctively believed that the darkness was extremely strange and surreal. Therefore, he abandoned the option of using the Sea God Scepter to respond to Little Sun. Instead, he switched to pulling him up above the gray fog.

Klein extended his spirituality, but he felt as though the crimson star seemed to be in a quagmire, making it rather difficult for him to pull him over.

Which King of Angels has he crossed this time? With a thought, Klein made the mysterious space and the gray fog beneath him produce ripples.

After advancing to Sequence 5, he could stir some of the powers above the gray fog, without the use of the Black Emperor card and the corresponding rituals!

Silently, Klein easily completed transporting Derrick as his figure

appeared on the high-back chair belonging to him.

Meanwhile, Klein saw the strange darkness swirling around Little Sun's body shatter.

...

The Demon Hunter entered the underground chamber in high alert, followed closely by Haim and Joshua.

They saw that in front of the dim yellow candlelight, Derrick Berg's figure was quickly outlined like a picture.

Chapter 668: Confidence Might Also Be a Weakness

Above the gray fog, in the palace that was held up by stone columns.

Derrick quickly repeated his encounter to Mr. Fool.

Dark Angel Sasrir... The names and titles of these Kings of Angels seem to have been washed away by the rivers of history. Almost no one knows of them. If it weren't for Little Sun discovering them in the Forsaken Land of God, or me directly encountering the ancient evil spirit suspected to be Red Angel himself, I might not even know a single King of Angels. At best I would've heard of the Amon family and would have no way of delving deeper into the Blasphemer... Where is this Dark Angel at present? Is "He" still alive? Is "He" still one of the upper echelons of the Rose Redemption? Klein felt wistful.

Afraid that Little Sun would ask him related questions that he couldn't answer, Klein instantly stopped his contemplations and leisurely leaned back into the chair and said, "You have been freed from your predicament. Your companions will soon find you."

As he spoke, he didn't give Little Sun a chance to speak by directly cutting off the connection.

As for an explanation in the event that Little Sun was discovered to be abnormal, Klein disdained the thought of reminding him to fabricate an explanation.

To mysteriously disappear and then appear again, wasn't it very normal that all sorts of strange scenarios accompanied it?

At that moment, Derrick was very grateful that Mr. Fool didn't ask him any further questions. This was because he was afraid that he would be exposed to the lethal darkness or hidden monsters once he escaped the alternate Afternoon Town. Therefore, he was eagerly hoping to regain control of his body as soon as possible, so as to prepare the necessary precautions. However, if Mr. Fool had really asked a question, he would still seriously and very patiently explain the corresponding situation.

With his consciousness returning to his body, Derrick rapidly recovered his senses.

When he opened his eyes, he saw a candle which was almost done burning. The wick's flame was wavering in the wind.

Immediately after that, he discovered that the Chief was standing to his side at some point in time. The tall Haim and the red-gloved Joshua were warily standing two steps behind.

How long have they been watching me like that… Although Derrick had already thought of a reason above the gray fog, he still felt guilty and nervous.

Colin's wrinkled face was deadpan. He asked in a normal tone as he looked at Derrick Berg, "What did you encounter?"

Derrick didn't immediately answer, as it would appear as though he had already fabricated an excuse. He used a trick taught by The Hanged Man—he deliberately paused for a few seconds, and as he recalled, he described while recalling the events in a rather staccato manner, "I saw the altar after entering the underground chamber. I suspected that it was an altar and tried to identify the remnant words and symbols on it. I recognized three names. One of them was Angel of Fate Ouroboros… At this point, the light from the lantern extinguished. When I turned my head to look, Haim and Joshua had vanished. I created a light source and

walked out of the underground chamber and discovered that the outside was still… was still Afternoon Town. However, many of the buildings had candles lit inside them as though… as though humans were living in them.

"I didn't dare to leave the building, and I returned to the underground chamber. I attempted to do what I did again. Uh, Chief, in that Afternoon Town, the words on the altar were very complete. There were a total of three languages. One was Jotun, the other Dragonese, and another I didn't recognize. However, the first two languages expressed the same words. They were the names and titles of the three angels, as well as Rose Redemption…

"Later, I found myself back here."

What he said was the truth, and it was very complete. All he did was hide the details of how he returned.

Derrick didn't have any hopes of successfully lying to the Chief. He planned on being confused when he was pressed, pushing the reasons onto the abnormality of his body that he didn't understand.

This will definitely make the Chief suspicious, but Mr. Hanged Man and Miss Justice from the Spectator pathway all said that he wouldn't ask too many questions regarding such matters. By appearing abnormal, will he think more importantly of me? I will be viewed as a chess piece that can counterbalance Elder Lovia… The outside world sure is complicated. It was only recently that I fully understood their train of thought… Derrick couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

In a dire environment, the depletion of every ounce of strength would mean more danger for the City of Silver. It had very few instances in the past. And even if it happened, it was basically

concentrated within the six-member council. The first thing the other Beyonders learned in their patrols and adventuring was cooperation.

Colin nodded gently, walked to the altar, and attempted what Derrick described, but he didn't disappear as a result of this. He remained standing in his original spot.

"From the looks of it, the remnant powers have already completed their mission," the Demon Hunter muttered softly to himself.

I didn't even need to fabricate an excuse... Derrick thought, feeling somewhat embarrassed.

Colin thought for a moment before turning his head to look at Derrick.

"What are the corresponding titles of Medici and Sasrir?"

"Red Angel and Dark Angel." Derrick was honest.

Colin nodded gently, seemingly in thought.

"In a small number of books, there is mention of a Red Angel, but with no actual name associated with it. As for Dark Angel Sasrir, 'He' has completely been lost to history."

Derrick was just about to take the opportunity to ask about the other Kings of Angels when he suddenly noticed that the candlelight in the underground chamber had dimmed, as though a shadow was surging in from outside.

“Let’s leave this place for now,” Demon Hunter Colin said cautiously, having sensed the same thing.

With the Axe of Hurricane in hand, Derrick immediately approached Haim and Joshua to form a battle formation with them.

However, just as he took one step, he discovered that Haim had retreated two meters to the side. Joshua had raised his left red-gloved hand. Both of them didn’t hide their wariness as their eyes keenly observed him.

Derrick knew that this was a very normal reaction from them. This was because lessons regarding explorations had the corresponding teachings. Be observant and make less contact with companions who had just escaped a strange situation!

And I haven’t clearly explained how I escaped that strange Afternoon Town… Derrick opened his mouth in a bid to explain, but he closed his mouth in silence again.

He felt ashamed and aggrieved as he pursed his lips. Holding the Axe of Hurricane, he turned and followed the Chief, taking one step at a time before leaving the underground chamber.

The quartet soon arrived at the entrance and was prepared to leave. To their surprise, they realized that the Afternoon Town with shadows cloaking its buildings had appeared to have darkened a little.

Almost instantaneously, there was candlelight shining out from different windows from different buildings. The dim yellowish lights were either connected or disconnected, silent and heavy.

…

Klein didn't stay too long above the gray fog. He quickly returned to the bathroom and put away the corresponding items.

Let's hope that there wouldn't be any more incidents on Little Sun's side. It wouldn't be too good for me to repeatedly enter the bathroom. People in the know will realize that I'm hiding a secret, but those not in the know would definitely think that Gehrman Sparrow has a bladder problem. It would be a tarnish on my persona!

Although I've already digested the Faceless potion, Marionettist Rosago went from one Sequence to the next. The Beyonder characteristic he left behind obviously contains a set of the Faceless potion… Using this Beyonder characteristic as a main ingredient is equivalent to me drinking an additional Faceless, Magician, Clown, and Seer potion, or even more…

Sigh, I should still try my best to abide by the various principles I previously concluded, so as to digest the excess portions. Klein made some clean water and washed his face before walking out of the bathroom.

Just as he was wondering if it was almost time for dinner and was planning to take out his golden pocket watch to take a look, the scene before his eyes suddenly turned black. He could hardly see his fingers.

It's night again… The intervals don't follow a pattern… If we encounter a monster and both sides are in an intense battle, what happens when the sky suddenly turns dark? Monsters are also creatures, so they need to sleep as well; otherwise, there's a high chance that they will disappear into the night… Heh heh, both parties in combat have to lie down and sleep, only to continue when they wake up… Is this really a story that can pass the

censors? Klein, who had relaxed after successfully advancing, lampooned as he quickly walked to his bed.

Just as he got in bed, he suddenly thought of a problem.

The night here is very dangerous. If living creatures do not sleep, they will vanish completely.

The darkness of the Forsaken Land of God, including the City of Silver, is similarly dangerous. If there's no light to disperse the darkness, humans would completely vanish if the darkness exceeds five seconds.

It's really similar... Could there really be some connection here?

Klein shook his head and, with Cogitation, entered a dream.

Amidst the dream, he realized that he had switched locations again once he became lucid!

The last time he left the dream, he was on the boulder where Admiral of Stars Cattleya was sitting as she hugged her knees. This time, he was facing a staircase.

The light of the sunset shined through the colored glass panes high above, making the black spiraling staircase adorned with sculptures look exceedingly beautiful.

Klein instinctively looked to the side and found Queen Mystic standing high up the staircase.

This long chestnut-haired lady wasn't wearing her dress with open hems. Her top was a white shirt with lace and flowery bands, matched with a simple dark blue coat. Her lower half was still the beige-colored trousers with black leather boots. However, Klein believed that Queen Mystic probably had an entire wardrobe, or even a room full of trousers and leather boots of the same style.

"What's the matter?" Klein took the initiative to ask.

Queen Mystic caressed the handrail with her right hand as she slowly walked down.

"Confidence might be a weakness at times.

"You trust that copper whistle and paper crane of yours too much. Perhaps one day, it will be the source of danger."

Klein felt a little uneasy at that, but he didn't show it.

"I don't understand what you mean."

"Confidence might be a weakness at times," Queen Mystic repeated again. "Cattleya trusts the Sealed Artifact she gave Heath Doyle too much. If I hadn't boarded the ship, then Nina, Frank Lee, and her would've died. But you might survive."

"That Sealed Artifact isn't actually able to block the ravings that fill these waters? That's how Heath Doyle mutated?" Klein acutely read in between the lines.

Queen Mystic nodded.

“Under ordinary circumstances, it can. But do you know who the ravings that fill these waters come from?”

Without waiting for Klein’s reply, she gave the answer.

“The True Creator.”

Chapter 669: Exchange of Information

The True Creator? The ravings that fill these waters come from the True Creator? Upon hearing Queen Mystic's answer, Klein was surprised while feeling somewhat joyful.

He was rejoicing because, just as Queen Mystic said, if she hadn't boarded the ship, Heath Doyle might've undergone a mutation even with the existence of a Sealed Artifact which could reduce his auditory senses to a certain effect.

Towards Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonders of other pathways, they would only feel repressed and frustrated, or they would occasionally suffer from nightmares when faced with the True Creator's ravings without actually listening to them. But to a Rose Bishop, the Sequence 0 for his corresponding pathway was the True Creator. To be immersed in the ravings of this evil god, even if he was deaf, something would've happened to him sooner or later.

Once Heath Doyle went mad or lost control, together with the uniqueness of these waters, it was truly difficult for the rest of the people on board the ship to be safe. However, Klein believed that as long as he could survive the sudden attack, he would have the chance to pray to The Fool and use the Sea God Scepter above the gray fog to provide a response to resolve the problem.

He was surprised that the owner of the ravings was in complete contradiction with his theory. He originally imagined that these waters were the battlefield between the ancient gods and the Creator worshiped by the City of Silver during the Second Epoch. He suspected that the subsidiary gods, who were also the corresponding angels, had participated in it as well. To his surprise, this appeared to be wrong from the beginning. This was because the True Creator had apparently first appeared after the Third Epoch's Cataclysm!

I cannot rule out the possibility that the ravings were later left behind… Klein didn't blindly make a conclusion. He watched as Queen Mystic walked past him as she caressed the sculptures on the handrail and slowly walked down.

The lady's back was tall; neither fat nor thin. Her figure was extremely proportioned, and her long chestnut hair simply cascaded down.

This made Klein feel a sense of familiarity. After recalling the matters involving Queen Mystic, he finally recalled the source of the familiarity.

Back when he was searching for the Cards of Blasphemy at the Roselle Memorial Exhibition, he had seen a similar back. Back then, the figure dressed somewhat oddly. Despite wearing a yellow layered dress which had the vibes of a young girl, she wore a black, out-of-fashion bonnet.

She was likely Queen Mystic. She had also visited the Roselle Memorial Exhibition ahead of time… Back then, she was looking at the basic education books the emperor had improved for his children and the Chinese Chess and toy blocks… She was certain that I had taken the Black Emperor card…

The emperor's eldest daughter, Bernadette, established the Element Dawn to resist the Moses Ascetic Order. And from the diary, that lady appreciates the maxim, "do as you wish, but do no harm." Therefore, from these two points, it can be inferred that she's likely a demigod of the Mystery Pryer pathway…

The Mystery Pryer pathway's Sequence 4 is Mysticologist… Queen Mystic… Of course, the reputation of Queen Mystic has long been known across the seas for more than a hundred years. She's definitely not a Sequence 4 anymore. Yes, after Cattleya left Queen Mystic, she joined the Moses Ascetic Order…

This queen seems to take the interpretation of Roselle's diary very seriously…

All sorts of fragmented pieces of information came together as Klein suddenly had a theory.

Perhaps Queen Mystic was Emperor Roselle's eldest daughter, Bernadette Gustav!

This might explain why this queen dresses in the style that resembles Earth's but also appears rather strange. She has been deeply influenced by the emperor's preferences, and she's unable to completely extricate herself from the fashion trends. Hence, she mixes them into a unique and strange style she can call her own… As for it being aesthetically pleasing, that's a whole other matter. A beautiful person will look good and fashionable even with a gunny sack… Klein lampooned inwardly, but he wore a solemn expression. He unhurriedly followed Queen Mystic down the beautiful staircase.

Queen Mystic didn't turn her head. As she walked, she said, "This dream world isn't vast. There are only two parts. One of them is the projection of the Giant King's Court on the opposite mountain, and the other is the black cloister over here."

Giant King's Court? The majestic building complex that seemed frozen in the sunset surfaced in Klein's mind.

This is actually the projection of the Giant King's Court!

And Little Sun and company happen to be at the entrance of the Giant King's Court, Afternoon Town!

Queen Mystic said with a gentle but emotionless tone, “This is my theory, as it resembles the Great Twilight Hall in Feysac.

“And in the Fourth Epoch, there has always been rumors that the God of Combat is an ancient giant who survived the Cataclysm.”

The God of Combat pathway is the Giant pathway… Klein inwardly expressed his agreement with Queen Mystic’s theory.

At that moment, he recalled the mythical information he had received from Little Sun. He realized that the description of the Giant King’s Court being “forever residing in the sunset” matched the spectacle of the opposite mountain.

From the True Creator to the Giant King’s Court, she has revealed two extremely valuable pieces of information… She’s expressing her goodwill to me, no—the entity backing me. Heh heh, and the person backing me is myself… Klein calmly replied, “The real Giant King’s Court is in the Forsaken Land of God.”

He said this matter in an indifferent tone, so as to accentuate his value and the entity backing him.

Queen Mystic stopped in her tracks as she pressed down on the beautifully sculptured handrail with her right palm. She half-turned her body to face Gehrman Sparrow and said at an adequate speed, “Rumor has it that the path leading to the Forsaken Land of God is hidden in the mountain across us, hidden in the projection of the Giant King’s Court.”

So Little Sun and company have begun exploring Afternoon Town? But didn’t Jack mention that they appeared by the sea? The Giant King’s Court and the projection of the Giant King’s Court must have switches in them. Only by opening them ahead of time can the two seas meet?

This place is filled with the True Creator's ravings, and it hides the secret of the Forsaken Land of God. It has remnant powers of the Evernight, Sun, Storm, Earth, and Spectator pathway. This seems to correspond to the Cataclysm!

After the Cataclysm, the Forsaken Land of God was isolated from the outside world. The Goddess, Eternal Blazing Sun, Lord of Storms, Earth Mother, and company saved the world while the True Creator appeared… Only the Spectator pathway's imagination doesn't exactly add up… Klein made a guess based on whatever information he knew at hand.

Queen Mystic continued walking down as she said, "The black cloister here doesn't appear big, but each building and every level represents a different part of these waters. Behind every door might hide the dream of a creature."

I see… Klein glanced at the handrail and discovered that the sculpture on it was mainly that of a human's head. It was beautiful at a glance, but terrifying on careful inspection. Hence, he asked in passing, "Whose dream does this staircase belong to?"

"An Undying from the Numinous Episcopate. He came here in search of Death's remains—one of the main requirements of the Artificial Death. However, he lost control as a result of the ravings, and he's forever loitering in an underground ruin, turning every adventurer who dares to enter into becoming his zombie," Queen Mystic calmly explained.

Death was also involved in the battle of gods that happened here? It's no wonder Admiral Hell would take the risk and enter these waters from time to time… Klein felt enlightened.

He wasn't alarmed about the matter regarding Artificial Death, as he had previously heard Demoness of Unaging Katarina Pellè

mention it before. Furthermore, the Numinous Episcopate seemed to be rather far from success.

At this moment, just as Queen Mystic finished walking down the stairs, she turned to glance at him.

Right on the heels of that, the lady turned into a corridor and entered a building.

Klein surveyed the area and discovered that there was no longer any stairs leading downwards. They were apparently at the bottom level.

Queen Mystic stopped in front of the black wooden door filled with strange patterns. She gripped its handle and said, “I’ve always suspected that the dream within is the key to sustaining this place. The remnant powers of Evernight only provides the possibility of such a development.”

As she spoke, she twisted the handle and opened the door.

The black door slowly moved backward, and behind it wasn’t a room as Klein had imagined, but a sea.

The sea was illuminated by blinding sunlight. The waves were huge swaths of rich gold.

As the door opened, Klein felt an unimaginable aura seep out from inside. The entire building began to quake in an obvious manner as the dust and bricks on the wall began to fall.

Subtly, Klein felt that the dream was on the brink of shattering.

At this moment, Queen Mystic pulled her right hand, shutting the black wooden door tightly. Everything was restored to normal as a result of this.

"Even I do not dare enter," this mighty figure in the mysterious world said.

"This place has the dreams of certain remnant deities," Klein said calmly as though he had someone backing him, allowing him to grasp the situation ahead of time.

Queen Mystic turned around as her blue eyes swept over Gehrman Sparrow's face.

"These waters and this black cloister hide a lot of secrets. My understanding of it might not even reach a single percent."

She didn't continue as she silently looked at Gehrman Sparrow, as though waiting for something.

What intense pressure... Klein thought for a moment and asked probingly, "Do you know the activation incantation of the Black Emperor card?"

Queen Mystic fell silent for a few seconds and shook her head.

Klein looked her in the eye.

"Bernadette."

The entire corridor turned so silent that even their breathing

could be heard. Queen Mystic's lips moved a little before they pursed together.

Her blue eyes temporarily lost their focus, but they quickly recovered their profundity.

Queen Mystic turned around at an adequate speed, walked to the black staircase, and said without a change in tone, "The dream is ending."

Klein looked at her back move up the black staircase until the blinding light drowned out everything.

...

Afternoon Town.

Upon seeing the candlelight light up in the buildings outside, the silent town seemed to come to life. Derrick felt as though they had plummeted into a nightmare as they instantly tensed up.

Demon Hunter Colin observed for a while before solemnly saying, "We are in the real world.

"The power of the altar has leaked out."

Chapter 670: Repenter

That strange Afternoon Town has infiltrated the Afternoon Town in reality? Derrick vaguely understood what the Chief was saying as he had a rough guess as to why this had happened.

He suspected that when Mr. Fool pulled him out of the strange Afternoon Town, “He” had broken an intricate balance, causing the powers to seep out.

This also explained why Demon Hunter Colin Iliad didn’t vanish immediately when he repeated the attempt.

Just as Derrick was wondering what kind of changes this would bring, the chief of the six-member council, Colin, had taken out a luminescent powder from a pouch on his belt, and he scattered it in the air.

The powder suddenly blasted apart, spewing silver light upwards. It made it appear extremely obvious in such a dark environment.

Derrick, Haim, and Joshua knew very well what this signal meant. It meant not to run about haphazardly. Stay in your area, be wary against any incoming enemies, and await rescue!

Without a doubt, this was a signal to all the other exploration teams scattered across Afternoon Town.

Colin consecutively released the signal thrice in the span of two lightning bolts. Then, he turned and said to Derrick and company, “We shall meet up with the rest by combing outwards.

“Be careful along the way.”

“Yes, Chief!” Derrick had already forgotten the grievance from before, only wishing that he could help his partners as soon as possible.

Following Colin’s instructions, he took the left flank of the small team. On the other side was the red-gloved Joshua who held an iron-black sword. Lining the back was the relatively stronger Dawn Paladin, Haim. And right in front was the Demon Hunter who was about three steps away.

As lightning flashed at relatively fast intervals, the gloomy Afternoon Town would go from being bright to darkness. The candlelight from each window showed a wavering flame that burned in silence and calmness.

Derrick was no longer the fledgling he once was. Although he was nervous, his palm didn’t sweat while holding the Axe of Hurricane. He skillfully moved his gaze around, wary against any monster that might leap out from the buildings on both sides.

After a flash of lightning, the world was thrown back into darkness. The bits of candlelight in Afternoon Town seemed to await travelers that needed lodging.

As for the animal hide lantern in Haim’s hand, its light scattered outward, but it failed to produce much light in a radius around him. It wasn’t as effective as Derrick’s night vision.

The only usage was that it appeared to dispel the rich darkness around them.

At that moment, Derrick suddenly felt a chill down his neck, but there wasn't any cold winds!

He didn't turn his head subconsciously. Instead, he took one step diagonally, half-turned his body, and glanced through the corner of his eye.

He saw the nearly 2.3-meter-tall Haim looking at him with a gloomy expression. He cleaved down with the broadsword in his hand!

Bang!

Derrick somersaulted to dodge the strike as he seemed to still hear the echoing sound of the intense wind.

Following that, he heard the Chief's voice.

"What happened?"

"Haim attacked me!" Derrick rolled towards Colin's direction and stood up.

"Me?" Haim held the animal hide lantern in one hand and his broadsword in the other, asking with a look of puzzlement.

Colin glanced at Derrick.

"I didn't discover any abnormality on his part."

As he spoke, the Demon Hunter's eyes produced two dark green symbols.

He surveyed the area and said, "The attacker transformed its appearance to Haim's?"

Before he finished his sentence, the silver sword that was clenched tightly in his right hand stabbed backward!

Oof!

Amidst the dull clashing sounds, a figure appeared in the dark environment. He had grizzled and disheveled hair, with deep wrinkles. He had weathered but profound blue eyes and he held a silver sword with light gray oil slathered over it—looking identical to Demon Hunter Colin. The only difference was his gloomy expression and dark skin.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Two silver swords clashed in midair, sending sparks flying.

Meanwhile, Colin Iliad shouted with a deep voice, "Light!"

Light? Derrick instinctively raised his hands and pressed them to his mouth and nose.

At that instant, he discovered three figures dashing out from the surrounding darkness. One of them was the tall and muscular Haim, another the red-gloved Joshua, and the last one was a tall person with a child-like appearance—Derrick himself!

Derrick wasn't thrown into a fluster. He acted in accordance with the Chief's instructions and released lustrous brilliance from his body.

The three figures seemed horrified of this as they raised their palms to cover their faces while attempting to escape to the sides.

However, their speeds were in no way comparable to the speed of light.

The lustrous brilliances illuminated the surroundings, enveloping the three figures within.

They opened their mouths and let out silent screams, but they soon dimmed and vanished.

As the light surged outwards, the two Demon Hunters were consumed by the light. The actions of one of them immediately turned stiff and was impeded before losing its color and turning completely black.

Oof!

The silver sword with light grayish oil slathered on it penetrated the monster, but it seemed to stab into air, failing to cause any actual damage.

At this moment, the black monster suddenly immolated itself, cracking into distorted shadows as they corroded the light and flames, inch by inch.

Colin retracted his silver sword and turned his head to Derrick and company.

“The monsters this time are our shadows.

“Their weakness is the brightness of light!”

As he spoke, the Chief’s body produced a bright and holy light of dawn, illuminating the entire street as though it was day.

This was a Beyonder power a Dawn Paladin would receive from the Warrior pathway. The reason why he didn’t use it from the beginning was because the effects were obvious, and he had no idea what kind of accident it might bring. Now, he was already aware of the weaknesses of these monsters in Afternoon Town!

The light of dawn produced by the Chief was like a domain. Haim gave up his plans on using a similar Beyonder power. He continued holding up his animal hide lantern, and he followed behind Colin Iliad with Derrick and Joshua as they turned into another street.

Before long, the quartet arrived at a half-collapsed cathedral.

The cathedral originally had a tower, and its entirety was made up of classical stone columns and masonry. They were heavy and dark.

Passing through the door that even a giant would find wide, Derrick followed the Chief and came to the prayer hall. They saw the deity’s statue destroyed, but the candle on the altar had been lit by some unknown entity.

In front of the altar, a figure donning a spartan white robe was prostrated there, praying so softly that no one could hear him.

"He's not one of us." Haim, who also had night vision, was the first to discover the abnormality thanks to his height.

This means that it's not a monster that was transformed from our teammates' shadows... Derrick helped Haim express the context between the lines inwardly.

This meant an unknown, and an unknown often represented extreme danger!

"There should've been an exploration team here." Colin converged the range of his light of dawn to prevent himself from provoking the white-robed figure.

Haim, Joshua, and Derrick suddenly fell silent. Under such a situation, the absence of the exploration team's immediate appearance basically meant an undesirable outcome.

Their minds raced as two men dressed in tight black clothes walked out from the right side of the hall. They were the two members of the exploration team at the cathedral.

"Chief, those shadows... Those shadows are problematic! Laroya was swallowed by his own shadow!" One of the teammates swiftly made his way to Colin and immediately said in agitation and fear.

Has someone already been sacrificed... While Derrick's heart sank, he saw the light of dawn expand, enveloping the two teammates within.

The two of them suddenly wore ferocious expressions as their bodies rapidly darkened. Just two seconds later, they completed vanished like shadows that had been illuminated.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

White bones and globs of bloody flesh fell from their bodies, smashing to the ground.

Light slowly effused out of these mangled carcasses.

Colin retracted his gaze as he said, without an expression, “Go to the side of the ecclesiastic and hear what it’s reciting.”

Derrick and company nodded in silence as they set off towards the collapsed statue.

About ten steps later, they discerned the white-robed figure’s appearance from diagonally across. He was a crying middle-aged man with deep features.

This ecclesiastic’s face was nearly plastered to the ground as he muttered to himself, “Omnipotent Lord, I repent. … tempted Sasrir. The Kings often came to the palace belonging to the dusk to conspire.

“It was unknown when the people in this town changed. They set up secret altars and held strange rituals, doing things you forbade.

“It was already too late by the time I discovered all of this. Degeneration, bloodshed, darkness, rot, murders, corruption,

and shadows had already drowned this piece of land.

"A huge calamity will begin here!"

These words kept repeating like a prophet describing the inevitable future with a heavy voice.

A huge calamity would begin here? The abandonment from the Lord that created everything of this land, is this where it began? Also, who tempted Dark Angel Sasrir? This ecclesiastic should've stated who. It's because after he said the words "I repent," there should've been a name, but it was blank... He had originally said it, but the name vanished by itself? Who wiped it away? This ecclesiastic should've been from that strange Afternoon Town. After the balance was broken, he appeared here. Otherwise, he should've been discovered on the previous exploration... Many thoughts flashed through his mind in a short span of time.

At that moment, he saw the Chief take a stride, walking to the side of the ecclesiastic in white.

...

Klein woke up from his dream as the midday sunlight shone at his eyes from outside the window.

He rolled out of bed, and he unhurriedly arrived at the pirate's dining hall.

When Frank Lee saw his arrival, he immediately waved at him.

"Gehrman, I discovered something new!"

*F**k, what now...* Klein immediately felt his heart in his mouth.

“A new invention of yours?”

“No, it isn’t. Frank shook his head in excitement. “I was planning on studying the fish in these waters. They will likely be able to dream! Just as I tried fishing, I ended up getting this strange item.”

Chapter 671: The Fourth Name

Strange item? Klein instantly felt a headache, but he asked with an unperturbed expression, "What is it?"

"Fish with human fingers growing in them!" Without waiting for Gehrman Sparrow's reply, Frank ran into the dining hall. Before long, he ran back and held a strange bluish-black fish in his hand.

The fish was of normal length. In the space where its eyes were, it had a face resembling a human. Its belly had been dissected, and three bloody fingers could be seen stuffed inside.

"It wasn't inserted by me. It was originally like that! Look at its teeth. It's very unlikely that it will eat something like that, so it can only be the case of the fingers producing themselves! Of course, I'm currently unable to determine what the fingers will do to its body," Frank hurriedly explained his judgment.

Klein glanced at the fish and said after some deliberation, "It might also be stuffed inside by someone."

"...Makes sense. Then it's not the most unique fish." Frank was stunned for a second as he appeared somewhat disappointed. "Fingers are considered flesh and blood. I'll ask Heath. He's an expert on such matters."

As he spoke, he surveyed the area and found Heath Doyle who was huddled in a corner eating.

Frank quickly went over and placed the bluish-black fish before

Bloodless.

Heath Doyle extended his hands and pressed his face to the fish.

Upon seeing this scene, Frank had a baffling feeling that something was amiss.

He soon reacted and laughed.

“No, this isn’t food for you. You’ve been eating fish all this time to the point that even your body smells of fish.

“What I meant was to ask if you know the fingers inside the fish’s stomach? Can you find its original owner?”

Heath Doyle stopped his leaning actions and carefully studied it for a few seconds.

“They belong to a Rose Bishop’s, at least a Rose Bishop’s.”

He took out the three bloody fingers and stacked them together.

After a brief moment, the fingers melted like wax, turning into a puddle of sticky flesh and blood.

The flesh and blood squirmed as they drew a word in blood-red: “Help!”

Fingers from a Rose Bishop… “Help”… Upon seeing this scene,

Klein instantly made some connections.

He recalled the Saint of Darkness and Leomaster from the dream world!

This Aurora Order saint was in a particular ruin, and he was affected by the remnant powers of an angel or deity of the Spectator pathway, causing him to dissociate and transform into a kind character. This resulted in him being trapped there.

His good and evil side constantly fought, often clashing at the psyche level. The main persona, which was more inclined towards the darkness, gradually held the advantage as the good personality hid everywhere in the mind world in search for help.

Therefore, this is an attempt by Leomaster's good side to call for help? As a saint of the Aurora Order, he might very well have advanced from a Shepherd, so it's nothing strange to have the Beyonder powers of a Rose Bishop... Klein nodded in thought, believing that his judgment was likely close to the truth.

"Help? How?" Frank Lee turned his head at Gehrman Sparrow with a blank look.

You should ask your captain, not me... Klein shook his head.

"You don't have to bother.

"There are too many oddities with these waters."

The reason for giving this opinion was that, from the dream, Leomaster's main persona held the absolute advantage. To really

rescue him, he needed to make preparations to deal with a demigod. Although the good side would definitely interfere with it, all it could do was lower the Saint of Darkness's strength to a certain extent. It would still remain a demigod.

Of course, with Queen Mystic on board the Future, to make any actual attempts wasn't impossible. But if Leomaster were so easily rescued and have him become a completely good Saint of Darkness, Klein believed that the queen would've long done so. The reason why she didn't take action had to be because it was unrealistic.

For example, the place where Leomaster is at causes one's spirit to dissociate, so much so that Queen Mystic doesn't even dare challenge it... Leomaster's dream was only partially restored. It nearly made me face a situation I couldn't deal with. Finally, I resolved the problem quickly with the Sea God Scepter. If I were to meet him in the real world, I'd really suffer a dissociation in personality, becoming a member of an asylum. I would have to find a way to borrow the Mental Terror Candle from Father Utravsky to have a chance of being treated... Heh heh. I can also get Miss Justice to treat me, but she's still lacking in strength at the moment... Klein recalled the past as he jested inwardly.

"Yeah." Frank Lee trusted Gehrman Sparrow a lot. "Perhaps the fellow who's asking for help is long dead..."

Upon saying this, his eyes suddenly lit up as he stared at Heath Doyle.

"Can you wipe out the mental imprint left on this flesh and blood?"

"Yes," Heath Doyle replied succinctly.

The ends of Frank Lee's mouth cracked open bit by bit as he smiled like a two-hundred-pound child.

"I've always been very curious about the flesh and blood structure of a Rose Bishop.

"I've always thought of the outcome of using similar flesh and blood as the medium for crossbreeding."

One day, you will die amidst your experiments. Thankfully, I'll be leaving this ship soon... Klein had the baffling impression of a brattish child entering an armory.

Heath Doyle, whose face was nearly translucent from the paleness, was taken aback for two seconds before sincerely saying, "Thank you."

"Why thank me?" Frank Lee scratched his head, looking completely puzzled.

He's probably thanking you for being able to hold back your curiosity and not using his flesh and blood as the experimental subject. You are a partner worth trusting... The corners of Klein's mouth twitched a bit in an attempt to interpret the reason. He realized that the Future's first and second mate had rather strange thought processes.

...

Afternoon Town. In the half-collapsed cathedral.

Colin stood by the side of the ecclesiastic in white and softly

asked, “Who are the Kings?

“What is the huge calamity?

“Who tempted Sasrir?”

The ecclesiastic didn’t seem to hear him as he continued prostrating to the ground. He repeated his words of penitence as though he was an illusory recording left behind by the environment.

A wraith, specter, or an evil spirit? Derrick looked in that direction, feeling somewhat nervous.

Seeing no response from the ecclesiastic, Colin reached out his right hand, inching his silver sword towards the person.

However, despite the sharp blade tip reaching the back of his head, the ecclesiastic remained in penitence, as though nothing had changed.

Colin Iliad retracted his silver sword as he surveyed the area with dark green symbols in his eyes.

Then, he walked diagonally to the altar ahead as he cast his gaze onto the candle emitting a yellow light.

After a few seconds of silence, he reached out his left hand and extinguished the entirety of the candlelight.

The collapsed deity statue in the middle of the altar suddenly

turned dim as the prostrating white-robed man finally stopped his penitence.

He slowly lifted his head. It was a gloomy green, and his gaze was filled with hatred.

Before Derrick, Haim, and Joshua could react in time, the devout ecclesiastic had pounced forward with an exceedingly fast speed, drawing out an afterimage.

Colin was already prepared for it. He took a step diagonally forward with his right foot, turned his body halfway, and swept backward with the silver sword in his left hand.

On the sword, spots of light soared, instantly forming a gigantic storm.

The storm that was formed purely out of light swept the surroundings, leaving the ecclesiastic frozen in midair before he was completely devoured.

The storm quickly came to an end as Colin looked at the ecclesiastic whose body had been infused with the light of dawn. Then, he repeated his previous questions again.

“Who are the Kings?

“What is the huge calamity?

“Who tempted Sasrir?”

The ecclesiastic whose figure was already very indistinct replied in a dazed manner, “The Kings are Sasrir, Ouroboros, Medici…”

Just as he was about to say the fourth name, a transparent flame tore through him from the inside!

The flame instantly engulfed him, burning him into a spreading black gas.

So the Kings refer to the Kings of Angels… What’s the fourth name? Why did he self-destruct just as he was about to say it? Is it the one who tempted Sasrir, or someone else? Derrick was filled with questions.

As the ecclesiastic died, the streets outside and the entirety of Afternoon Town suddenly produced roars that sounded like wild beasts.

Derrick subconsciously looked out the window and saw a gigantic face.

The glass where it was originally plastered to had grown a single unique eye. On its face was short and dense black hair.

Tap! Tap! Tap! Another similar monster rushed out from inside the cathedral. It had the build of an ordinary human and two eyes, but the surface of its body was similarly covered with short black hair that resembled a beast’s.

“A degenerate town that has been completely corrupted…” Colin sighed as he faced one of the monsters.

Derrick, Haim, and Joshua also took up battle positions in a bid to fend off the remaining monster.

...

The Future continued cruising in peace before encountering a brief night once more.

After Klein entered the dream world, he found himself back in his original position—by Admiral of Stars Cattleya's side.

He was just about to look at the projection of the Giant King's Court on the opposite side of the mountain to seek out more possible clues when he suddenly heard Cattleya ask heavily while hugging her knees.

"Have you met her?"

Klein acknowledged tersely without hiding the truth.

Cattleya pursed her lips and asked, "She's on the ship?"

"Yes." Klein turned his head and looked at Admiral of Stars as he said in passing, "You have very deep feelings for her."

Cattleya's expression wasn't as lost and dazed as before. Biting her lips, she said in a self-deprecating manner, "That's right.

"I was by her side before I was three. Heh heh. That's what they say, but I no longer have any actual memories of that.

“She taught me, and she held me by the hand as we adventured. She watched me grow up. To me, she’s my captain and my teacher, as well… as well as my mother…”

As Cattleya spoke, she suddenly fell silent.

Chapter 672: Bystander

Upon glancing at the silent Cattleya, Klein suddenly felt a little awkward.

He didn't speak again as he turned and jumped off the boulder. He walked into the black cloister through the half-opened door.

In the square surrounded by a gloomy tower and the buildings, there were remnant fires from a war. Gigantic arrows were embedded in the ground, with the end of their shafts softly wobbling from the wind.

Frank Lee was still digging and planting something, but there wasn't food by his feet anymore, but a pool of flesh and blood.

"What experiments do you plan on performing on them?" Klein, who walked past, couldn't help but ask.

Frank smiled in excitement.

"Plenty!

"For example, all I need is one ox that can satisfy the meat requirements of an entire ship. Every time a piece of meat is sliced off, it will regrow new flesh again!"

...*Why is it oxen again?* Klein was momentarily unable to provide a response. All he could do was silently draw the crimson moon inwardly.

Along the way, he encountered Navigator Ottolov, who was reading on the ground; Nina, who was almost taking off her clothes due to her inebriation; Heath Doyle, who was hiding silently in the shadows of a corner, before arriving at the hall filled with murals.

At some point in time, Anderson Hood had conjured a reclining chair and was leisurely lying on it, observing the extremely religious and holy murals on the dome.

“Sigh, we’re finally about to leave these cursed waters. It will just be another two noons and nights!” Seeing Gehrman Sparrow enter, the Strongest Hunter sighed from the bottom of his heart. “As long as we successfully leave this area, then I’ll no longer need to worry about any remnant problems.”

Klein originally wished to ask him to shut up, but since he was talking about himself and no one else, he couldn’t be bothered. He asked in passing, “Are you from Intis?”

“Barely. My father is from Intis, and my mother is from Segar,” Anderson answered, with the full intention of having a chat.

Klein continued taking a few steps forward.

“Then, do you believe in the Eternal Blazing Sun, God of Steam and Machinery, or the God of Knowledge and Wisdom?”

Anderson’s expression suddenly turned a little odd.

“My faith was originally in the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, but their priests are too despicable. Just because I failed my examinations, they ignored my ordinarily handsome face and

treated me as a ret*rd. Pui! I'm just better at other topics. My intelligence is in no way lacking! My eye for aesthetics and my basic foundation in drawing has always been excellent! Heh heh, before becoming a hunter, my dream was to be an artist.

"Of course, after coming to the sea, my faith is more or less in the Lord of Storms."

Upon hearing Anderson's description, Klein suddenly thought of a joke*—a priest from the God of Knowledge and Wisdom might make such a statement: "He failed his examinations? This child is hopeless. Just bury him."*

He was about to lead the conversation into Anderson's life as a hunter, as he was the only person apart from Queen Mystic who could communicate with him normally in this dream world when he suddenly heard the sound of a door creaking open.

In the depths of the hall of murals, there was the sound of a door opening!

Anderson just mentioned about successfully leaving these waters... Klein felt an inexplicable urge to facepalm himself as he focused his gaze on the source of the sound.

Following that, he saw a man in a short linen robe running out from the depths of the hall of murals and towards them.

The man had luxuriant raven-black hair, but he had wrinkles on his face, as though he had suffered plenty of hardship.

Saint of Darkness Leomaster! Leomaster's good side! Klein recognized the man, and he immediately discovered a tall figure

surface in the depths of the hall of murals.

The figure was dressed in thick and heavy black full-body armor. His eyes emitted a deep redness.

He held a huge sword as he chased after Leomaster.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

His metallic boots hit the ground repeatedly, releasing clear and hurried sounds.

It's the real Leomaster! The main persona of the Saint of Darkness! Klein saw the two approaching figures as he instinctively turned to the side and quickly retreated.

He immediately held himself to the hall's wall before realizing that Anderson Hood had leaped up from his reclining chair at some point in time, clinging close to the other side of the wall.

Sensing Gehrman Sparrow's gaze, Anderson grinned, returning a smile that meant "so you are the same as me."

Who's the same as you? This isn't cowardice. If you weren't around, I would've taken out the Sea God Scepter and fought the Saint of Darkness! I've always been considering what would happen in the real world if I were to help the good Leomaster kill the main persona in the dream...

Yes, there are crewmembers from the Future outside. If Leomaster's main persona really goes mad, Queen Mystic will definitely take action...

It shouldn't be a coincidence that these two fellows left their own dreams and came here... Both parties are already very close in the real world? Perhaps someone had directed the good Leomaster over. Queen Mystic? Many thoughts flashed through Klein's mind.

Leomaster, who was dressed in short linen robes, saw the two men ahead. He had wanted to cry for help, but in the blink of an eye, he discovered that the two of them had escaped to the two ends of the hall, as though they didn't wish to partake in any of this.

"..."

He desperately ran as he rushed out the hall of murals.

The redness in the armored Leomaster's eyes darkened. He continued his pursuit, completely ignoring Klein and Anderson who were clinging close to the mural walls.

By the time they left the hall, Klein, who had some theories in mind, didn't hesitate to take a stride forward and rush out like a hunting leopard.

"..."

Anderson raised his right hand and grabbed at thin air, failing to stop Gehrman Sparrow in time.

"This guy was still rather rational a moment ago. Why did he suddenly go mad? He discovered something? What a strange person..." Anderson looked at the square outside, hesitated a few seconds, and finally chose to follow.

They chased all the way out the black cloister, and they arrived in the region where the Admiral of Stars was. Klein saw the linen-robed Leomaster circling around the boulder to escape his evil counterpart. Then, he took the opportunity and faced the projection of the Giant King's Court on the opposite mountains, praying softly with ancient Hermes, "The Lord that created everything;

"You are omnipotent and omniscient..."

After making another circle, the good Leomaster continued chanting,

"You are the source of everything great. You are the Beginning and the End;

"You are the god of gods. You are the ruler of the vast astral world!"

With the honorific name spoken, the sea of clouds that separated the two mountains suddenly stirred before slowly splitting apart and revealing a deep crevice at the bottom.

The projection of the Giant King's Court on the opposite side suddenly sucked up the frozen dusk that was extremely distant!

However, nothing happened after that.

Klein seemed to figure out something as he turned his head to look at the buildings near to the black cloister's door. He saw that, behind a clean floor-to-ceiling window, the beautiful but distant Queen Mystic Bernadette was watching everything that was happening in silence.

She was indeed the one who made the good Leomaster escape from his dream and arrive here... Since a Listener from the Aurora Order was able to bring Little Jack into the Forsaken Land of God, it doesn't make sense that the Saint of Darkness isn't able to do so! When there's no path ahead, and with him seeing the projection of the Giant King's Court, Leomaster's split personality will definitely wish to escape into it. Hence, he demonstrated the way to enter the Forsaken Land of God to the person observing in secret... Klein retracted his gaze with great certainty.

As for why Leomaster didn't succeed, he believed it was because —he wasn't in the right location!

He needs to be deep in those waters, and he needs to find a particular spot that is surrounded by danger and strangeness. Then, only by chanting the honorific name of the City of Silver's Creator in the dream brought about by the night, will the passage that's hidden in the projection of the Giant King's Court be opened? Following that, one can enter with the aid of a dream, bringing one's body and ship to transmigrate through the fog that mixes reality and illusion, so as to reach the shores of the Forsaken Land of God? Klein thought of certain possibilities.

To him, the method of entering the Forsaken Land of God wasn't something he needed to care about. If he wished to do so, once he advanced to Sequence 4 and truly obtained a certain level of godhood, he could get Little Sun to set up a descent or bestowment ritual for him to directly descend!

However, if he used this to reverse engineer the way to leave the Forsaken Land of God, it would be extremely useful. This was priceless for the City of Silver!

From the looks of it, the key to leaving the Forsaken Land of God is really in the Giant King's Court, but as to what it is, there's no way of guessing it... Amidst his thoughts, pea vines rapidly grew out from the soil, instantly turning the area outside the black

cloister into a green forest, and it also forcefully separated the Saint of Darkness's main persona and the good persona.

Then, Klein saw through the gaps of the pea vines that Cattleya had stood up. She was no longer sitting there hugging her knees.

...

Sizzle!

Derrick first did a roll before he jumped up, cleaving down at the giant's leg which was covered in short, black hair. Stimulated silver lightning smote down, causing the single-eyed monster to tremble as he stood rooted to the ground.

Derrick didn't miss this opportunity as he immediately opened up his arms.

Bright and pure holy light descended and enveloped the mutated giant.

In the brilliance, the monster collapsed with a tragic cry as its body produced black fog.

After a series of battles, Derrick discovered that the monsters produced by the strange Afternoon Town were all afraid of intense light despite their different traits.

Such an experience had allowed him to avoid injuries, allowing his teammates to keep their lives.

After a while, when Colin finished the strongest monster, Afternoon Town was restored to its silence. All the lit candlelights were already extinguished.

The Chief of the six-member council surveyed the area before saying with a sigh, “Let’s regroup before we set up camp.”

At that moment, the teams that had gathered together had already been reduced to a third. There were only six people!

Colin Iliad’s true goal was actually the Giant King’s Court, but their encounter in Afternoon Town had made him realize that the exploration couldn’t be done in haste. This was because the Giant King’s Court might hold deep secrets about the cataclysm, with unimaginable danger. Therefore, he needed half a year or more, perhaps even two years of preparation and preliminary explorations before he could attempt opening it.

Chapter 673: Blood Text

Layers of pea vines that appeared as though they were capable of weaving into a stairway into heaven dropped and shrank back into the soil.

Be it the Saint of Darkness's main persona or Leomaster's good side, they vanished. Only Cattleya stood at the top of the boulder, surveying her surroundings with a blank look.

Queen Mystic threw Leomaster's main and good side back into his own dream? Or did she pull them elsewhere in an attempt to understand the unique traits necessary for entering the Forsaken Land of God?

It seems like it's impossible to pull these two personalities into different dreams; otherwise, Queen Mystic would've long conversed with the good Leomaster individually, as well as agree to help him defeat the devil in exchange for relevant information, without going through so much trouble...

Of course, to truly kill off the Saint of Darkness's main persona, perhaps one will have to enter the dangerous ruins in the real world. Even Queen Mystic wouldn't dare to attempt it, as it might produce an evil queen who abides by "do as you wish, and do as much harm"... Klein turned his head once again in thought, looking at the nearby buildings around the black cloister's door. He saw that the figure belonging to Bernadette had vanished behind the clear floor-to-ceiling windows.

Klein didn't attempt to seek her out to figure out if Queen Mystic had obtained more information from Leomaster's good side. This was because he remembered Gehrman Sparrow's core persona—Mr. Fool's Blessed!

And Admiral of Stars knew very well that, in Mr. Fool's Tarot Gathering, The Sun came from the City of Silver in the Forsaken Land of God. To say that Mr. Fool didn't know the method of entering the Forsaken Land of God was unbelievable.

Therefore, as a Blessed, Gehrman Sparrow definitely lacked the motivation to delve deep into the matter!

There are many matters where the case is true that a persona which brings you success will also make you fail. This is a flaw for Faceless... Klein retracted his gaze and looked back at the projection of the Giant King's Court on the opposite mountain, only to realize that the frozen sunset was slowly returning to the horizon.

On the same mountain, the boulder remained standing as Cattleya slowly sat down again, hugging her knees.

...

Noon and night switched thrice, but the actual amount of time that had passed in the outside world was just the daytime of a single day.

The Future circled around the dangerous ruins and dodged the latent dangers hidden in the safe sea routes, before finally arriving near the entrance of those waters.

Klein and company once again saw the ruin which was mostly submerged with seawater from the very beginning. They saw the gray stones and columns, as well as the huge dome at the top.

Previously, they could hear loud and clear panting sounds.

Bloodless had even painfully pointed out that a corpse was hidden in those ruins!

And that corpse was very likely to be the source of the panting!

At that moment, the ruin that hid immense danger no longer brought fear to the people on board the Future, but joy. This was because it meant that they were about to leave the ridiculous and terrifying waters!

At some point in time, Nina had already climbed up to the tall crow's nest and said loudly as she looked at the ruin, "Eh, there's a ship!"

Ship? Klein circled around Anderson Hood, who was blocking him, and approached the shipboard as he focused.

Indeed, on the right of the stacked stones and stone columns, there was an ordinary three-mast sailboat docked by it. As there was something in the way, it would be difficult for the people on board the Future to notice it if they weren't viewing it from a high vantage point or looking carefully.

The sailboat floated there without a single sailor on board. The silence made it terrifying.

"It's as though it was all eaten by the ruin." Anderson came over and shook his head with a sigh. "In these waters, one mustn't go close unless one knows the ruins well."

A person who dares outline the mural of an Angel of Fate doesn't have the right to say that... Your treasure-hunting team claimed to be rich in experience, but in the end, aren't you the only one left

from it... Klein didn't turn his head as he lampooned.

At this moment, Cattleya also came to the deck as she looked at the sailboat docked by the ruin.

During this entire process, she didn't give Gehrman Sparrow a glance; it was as though he didn't exist.

After a brief moment of silence, Cattleya raised her hand to remove the heavy glasses on her nose bridge. The deep purple hue in her eyes swirled as though she was trying to outline one complex symbol after another.

A pair of eyes suddenly appeared above the empty sailboat; they were a pair of illusory, translucent dark purple eyes!

The pair of eyes slowly moved and circled the deck once before entering the cabin.

This Beyonder power is very useful... Speaking of which, based on the means demonstrated by Queen Mystic and Admiral of Stars, the Beyonder powers of a Mystery Pryer has some of the highlights of fairy tales! Man, will Queen Mystic be able to turn people into frogs? Also, is the mystery prying of a Mystery Pryer demonstrated here, on their eyes? Admiral of Stars's eyes are somewhat odd. I have to take note... Klein silently made a guess as he awaited the outcome of Cattleya's remote exploration.

After a while, the dark purple hue in Cattleya's eyes finally dimmed.

She rubbed her brows, wore her glasses again, and said to Anderson Hood and Frank Lee, "There's a problem inside."

As she spoke, she took out a handful of colorful powder from her classic warlock robe, and she suddenly threw them outwards.

The powder didn't scatter onto the ground and instead formed a realistic color picture.

The picture's background appeared like a captain's cabin. There was a picture on the desk and a portrait on the wall, both depicting the same person.

He was a man from Feysac, with broad shoulders, light blond hair, and deep blue eyes!

This… Klein first found it familiar before he recalled where he had seen the man before!

Back when he was in Nas, an adventurer had been pursued by the second mate of the King of Immortality, Kircheis, and ran into the Lærdal Bar to seek help from the members of the Adventurer Association. At that instant, among the powerhouses who stood up to provide protection was a muscular man from Feysac who was more than two meters tall. Klein had found him rather strong and placed him at Sequence 6 at the very least.

Why would his ship suddenly enter these waters, and why would he rashly explore a dangerous ruin? Amidst Klein's puzzlement, he carefully observed the supernatural picture on the deck.

This time, he saw a pool of blood on the floor, and beside the blood were a few words in Feysac: "The Fountain of Unaging…"

The last character had a drawn-out mark of blood before it was connected to clear smudges that extended out towards the door.

Klein's mind seemed capable of restoring the actual scene. The Sequence 6 Feysac man had suffered a sudden attack and fell to the ground, heavily injured. He tried his best to write down the source of his encounter, but just as finished the first few words, he was held by the legs or head by some unknown entity, and he was forcibly pulled away!

Considering how the red words weren't wiped away, Klein suspected that the entity that dragged the adventurer away wasn't a living person.

It should be the corpse of that ruin… he thought, feeling a headache.

"The Fountain of Unaging? They came here in search of the Fountain of Unaging?" Anderson Hood said in excitement.

"Clearly, but they didn't find it." Frank Lee shook his head in great disappointment.

He also looked forward to the Fountain of Unaging, believing that the fountain's waters could create qualitative changes to his various experiments.

The Fountain of Unaging… Slaughterer Kircheis was the one chasing after the young adventurer back then. He's the second mate of the King of Immortality… Rumor has it that the King of Immortality had once drunk the waters of the Fountain of Unaging… Kircheis even warned me—Gehrman Sparrow—to not interfere with the young adventurer's matters, claiming that it was the will of the King of Immortality… Klein barely reproduced the truth based on various tidbits of information.

The young adventurer obtained the secret of the Fountain of Unaging from one of the King of Immortality's aides, and he was

thus pursued. Later, with the protection of some of the stronger members of the Adventurer Association, he barely escaped from Slaughterer Kircheis. Later, to hide from the King of Immortality and also to seek out the Fountain of Unaging, they finally chose to adventure into these waters. Who knew that they ended up being wiped out in that ruin…

Could it be that the Fountain of Unaging is hidden deep in that ruin? Klein looked at the stacked gray stones and stone columns as he vaguely made a prediction.

As he temporarily had no way to verify his theory, nor did he know whose corpse was buried there, he didn't have the urge to explore or take risks. He rationally retracted his gaze.

I can ask Will Auceptin or Arrodes… Heh, perhaps the Fountain of Unaging is the pus produced from that rotting corpse… Klein guessed with the most nefarious of thoughts.

At this moment, Cattleya, who heard Anderson's and Frank's conversation, thought and said, "If their death was caused by their search for the Fountain of Unaging, I do not believe that the owner of the portrait and picture would have the motivation to leave behind accurate information before his death. After all, the people who actually find him here wouldn't be his family."

Makes sense… If I were in his shoes, and if I encounter a monster in my treasure-seeking adventures, I wouldn't think of providing any hints to others before my death… Klein indiscernibly shook his head, failing to think of any reason for the time being.

Cattleya looked at Anderson and Frank who wore looks of anticipation.

"A successful adventure is a result of having detailed intel and

sufficient preparation, but we lack all of that now."

Her voice suddenly turned loud as it resounded in every corner of the ship.

"Continue sailing.

"Leave these waters!"

"Aye aye, Captain!" Nina, who was on the crow's nest, gulped a mouthful of beer.

A few minutes later, the descent and ascent that violated common sense happened once again, but the prepared members on the Future were no longer in a sorry state like before. They easily overcame the stimulating scene of jumping over the ravine and being sent flying.

Soon, the Future landed over blue seas, and a distance away was a gigantic storm blotting out the sky.

Not far away, there was another ship floating there silently. It was two hundred meters long, its front and back curved up, making it look like a crescent.

Upon seeing the flag depicting the black tombstone, Klein's mind flashed with the corresponding name: *The Death Announcer!*

It was the flagship of the King of Immortality Agalito!

At this moment, Klein no longer felt fear and horror, but

excitement and agitation.

With Queen Mystic on board, and with no need to hide this time… She, together with me, Admiral of Stars, Anderson Hood, and the crew of the Future will have the chance of wiping out the crew of the King of Immortality! Food for Creeping Hunger has been found! I've found a candidate for a marionette!

At this moment, the Death Announcer suddenly turned around, moving away at an unprecedented speed.

I-it fled… Klein instantly wore a blank look.

Soon, the Death Announcer had vanished from his line of sight.

Chapter 674: Leaving the Ship

That was way too fast... I just had the thought... Klein looked at the undulating surface of the sea, temporarily unable to gather his thoughts.

Amidst his thoughts, he came up with a theory.

King of Immortality Agalito's second mate, Slaughterer Kircheis, is suspected to be a Devil or even a Desire Apostle. He possesses the Beyonder powers to detect danger ahead of time and the ability to lock onto the source of the danger. Then, would the King of Immortality be a Sequence 4 demigod of the Devil pathway to begin with?

That's why once the crew of the Future possessed the actual strength to deal harm to him with an actual plan in mind, he immediately sensed the problem and discovered the existence of Queen Mystic, so he didn't hesitate to retreat?

Yes, this means Queen Mystic also had the intention of taking action. Otherwise, my thoughts would've only made King of Immortality sneer and retaliate crazily...

Sigh, this Beyonder power of the Devil pathway is just too useful. Trying to ensnare the King of Immortality or his first mate, second mate, or third mate is quite impossible... Klein thought regretfully as he looked at Anderson Hood.

The Strongest Hunter still showed a clear, warped expression, as though reeling in despair that his bad luck hadn't decreased. He was also surprised that the Death Announcer would flee with its tail between its legs, as though it wasn't going according to the

script in his mind.

He darted his eyes as he looked around with a guess, seemingly coming to a conclusion.

Unfortunately, Anderson's bad luck isn't strong enough. Otherwise, he can be sacrificed in order to bait the King of Immortality... Heh heh, isn't that the correct usage of a Provoker? Klein turned into the corridor and returned to his room.

Just as he pushed open the wooden door, he saw a familiar back standing before his window. She had a very proportionate figure and was dressed slightly oddly. She was none other than Queen Mystic, Bernadette.

Ma'am, did your father not teach you? You shouldn't enter someone's room without permission, especially the room of a male stranger? As a lady who was brought up in a noble family, you should've been waiting by the door and earnestly request permission to enter... Emperor, didn't you recall the books on education? Klein silently lampooned as he closed the door in passing.

Without waiting for him to say a word, Bernadette said to him with her back facing him, "The matters from before have verified a theory of mine."

"What theory?" Klein repressed his curiosity as he asked with a deadpan expression.

Bernadette didn't turn her head as she looked out at the calm sea surface.

“Agalito’s Fountain of Unaging is a scam.

“If there really is a Fountain of Unaging, it would’ve been one of the main ingredients of a Demoness of Unaging, or it would be something that would be produced from their corpses. Therefore, any man who claims to have drunk from the Fountain of Unaging is lying.”

She didn’t explain what a Demoness of Unaging was, seemingly certain that Gehrman Sparrow knew what it was. And even if he didn’t know, he would have the means of figuring it out later.

Fountain of Unaging… Demoness of Unaging… It does match. So, the bloody text on that sailboat beside the ruin is to tell the world that the Fountain of Unaging is a scam? King of Immortality Agalito has released news of the Fountain of Unaging again and again in order to lure adventurers and pirates to enter dangerous waters and die, or to take the opportunity to slaughter them? It has strong vibes of a Devil… It’s no wonder Slaughterer Kircheis warned me not to interfere… Klein thought for a few seconds and deliberately said in a ruminative tone, “scam…”

Queen Mystic Bernadette nodded and said with a gentle tone, “This might be part of the ritual that Agalito needs for his advancement to Sequence 4. It might also be an action needed to digest the Sequence 4 potion.”

She paused as though making a silent sigh. Then, she said, “That’s because the Sequence 4 of his pathway is Demon.”

Demon? Sounds deceitful… Creating a treasure scam to harm others, that does match the style of a demon… Klein was instantly enlightened.

At this moment, Queen Mystic turned around as she cast her

gaze through her checkered black veil and towards Gehrman Sparrow's eyes.

It's my turn to provide information? Klein deliberated for two seconds.

"According to the analysis of limited diary entries, Emperor Roselle suffered an extreme predicament in his later years. This forced him to come up with the idea of attempting something crazy."

In this aspect, he was extremely frank. This was because the diary entries he had received up to date didn't reveal what Emperor Roselle wished to do in his later years, what predicament he was in, or what crazy action he did.

Therefore, by providing this piece of information, he was hinting to Bernadette that to know the truth, she had to hand over the diary entries of Emperor Roselle's critical period to Admiral of Stars Cattleya.

Bernadette remained silent for a few seconds.

As the dark clouds moved through the sky, allowing the sunlight to shine from the outside, the queen that reigned over the Five Seas suddenly dissociated like bubbles, shattering and disappearing.

The light refracted from the bubbles had produced different colors, filling the room with a fairytale-like dreamscape.

If not for the Hidden Sage, the Mystery Pryer pathway is really interesting… Klein reflected as he tapped his left thumb on the

first segment of his index finger twice.

He activated his vision of Spirit Body Threads, but he didn't discover any additional black threads.

This meant that Bernadette had already left!

Phew… Klein silently sighed and quickly deactivated the vision.

Just as he was about to lie in bed to take a rest, he heard brisk footsteps approach.

Knock. Knock. Knock. Someone knocked at his door.

"Who is it?" Klein sat up.

"It's me." Cattleya's voice sounded.

Klein went over, feeling puzzled as he opened the door.

He didn't ask what it was about as he coldly looked at her, his gaze expressing everything.

Cattleya nudged the heavy glasses on her nose bridge and said, "Coming out from those waters doesn't bring us back to where we entered. We are less than 100 nautical miles away from Toscarter Island. It will take about three days to Nas. Where do you wish to return to?"

The entrance and exit are different? Klein was surprised as he asked in a confirming manner, “Then, is it possible to enter those waters from this place?”

“No, we will directly fall into that bottomless ravine of the ocean. According to the results of divination, the people who did so are dead in the true sense of the word,” Cattleya explained simply.

Is that so… Klein thought before saying, “To Toscarter Island.”

The reason why he didn’t choose Nas was because they were close to the next Tarot Gathering. He didn’t wish to do something that took plenty of time on the Future.

Furthermore, Toscarter Island was the easternmost colony of the Loen Kingdom. The currency used was pence, soli, and gold pounds. Klein no longer needed to consider the problem of foreign exchange.

“Alright.” Cattleya had no views on this.

Watching her turn and walk to the captain’s cabin, Klein shook his head slightly and sighed inwardly.

If you had come earlier, you would’ve met Queen Mystic.

…

In the evening, the Future arrived at the port of Toscarter Island as it forcefully docked there.

Klein dressed up as a gentleman, carried his leather suitcase, and came to the deck. He then handed over the final payment placed in his two pockets to Admiral of Stars Cattleya.

After subtracting the Pugilist Beyonder characteristics worth 700 pounds, it was a total of 1,300 pounds.

As such, Klein's wealth was reduced to 8,436 pounds and 5 gold coins.

Cattleya received it in silence and opened her mouth as though she wanted to say something, but she ultimately didn't say a word.

"Are you getting off here, or are you going somewhere else?" She turned to look at Anderson Hood.

Realizing that Gehrman Sparrow was about to leave and that he was on a pirate ship with him hunting several pirates in the past, Anderson immediately smiled.

"I'll get off here."

"You can now make payment." Cattleya didn't spare him just because Anderson had borrowed clothes from the pirates.

"Alright." Anderson didn't hide his heart-aching expression as he reached out and pulled off an ordinary button in the middle of his shirt.

Reluctantly, he handed it over.

“This is what I acquired from those waters. It’s from the corpse that originated from an explorer from the Loen military.

“I’m not sure of its original name, and I can only call it by its corresponding Sequence 6 due to the powers it exhibits. Yes, Judge.

“It’s negative effects aren’t especially strong. It makes its wearer easily offend people or monsters. Perhaps, one might end up being targeted by a demigod.”

This isn’t something you can call not especially strong? If I were Admiral of Stars, I would’ve chosen that sword of yours… Klein lampooned as he watched Cattleya receive Anderson’s payment for the boat ride.

He didn’t bother with their affairs as he lifted his suitcase and left the Future, arriving at the pier of Toscarter Island.

Bang!

Anderson Hood leaped off the deck and landed beside him.

“Let’s get some drinks? To celebrate our departure from those cursed waters!” the hunter invited him with excitement in a relaxed manner.

Klein swept his glance at him, refusing his offer with his eyes. All he wanted was to put a distance between him and this fellow who had bad luck and a provocative halo.

“Alright.” Anderson looked to his sides, cleared his throat, and

said, “Can you lend me money? As you know, everything that I had has sunken in those waters.”

Having said that, he laughed.

“Don’t worry. I’ll return what I owe tomorrow morning. There are plenty of pirates in Toscarter’s bars and brothels. I plan on getting them to sponsor me a little.”

Extort those without bounties while cashing out those with bounties? Klein tsked inwardly and handed him a five-soli note.

“That little?” Anderson said with his mouth agape.

“It’s enough for your drinks, meals, and hotel,” Klein calmly replied. “Besides, this is one pound in cash.”

“One pound?” Anderson rubbed his eyes and said with a helpless smile. “Alright, it’s one pound. I’ll return one pound to you tomorrow morning.”

Chapter 675: Building Ties

Afraid that Gehrman Sparrow would go back on his word, Anderson grabbed the five-soli note as scenes of ordinary beef sizzling over flames and alcohol beverages without any additional sedatives surfaced in his mind.

Well, well, well, this fellow actually accepted it. I was just saying it in passing in order to accentuate my persona, as well as to let him understand that it isn't so easy to borrow money from me so as to prevent him from hunting pirates and returning to the Fog Sea after borrowing a huge sum of money... Klein mumbled inwardly.

To him, a Sequence 5 Hunter wouldn't starve or have nowhere to stay when placed in a place with plenty of pirates, even if he didn't have a single penny.

He indiscernibly shook his head and was about to leave the dock when he suddenly heard a boorish shout, "Gehrman!"

"..."

Upon hearing Frank Lee's voice, Klein shuddered as he turned around, his nerves taut.

The first mate of the Future, the Poison Expert with a 7,000 pound bounty, stood by the shipboard and held his hands to his mouth. As though broadcasting his voice, he asked, "Where will you be most of the time? Where should I write letters to?

"I wish to share with you the latest results of my research."

I don't wish to know... This fellow probably doesn't have many friends. And I dare say that many people he thinks of as friends doesn't treat him as one... Yes, Admiral of Stars is still inclined towards Queen Mystic, and she lacks belonging to the Tarot Club. To openly develop a snitch at her side, no—a source of intelligence. It helps in my shock and awe tactic towards her, and it's a kind of "Gehrman Sparrow" level punishment imposed on her... With this as a bedrock, it would be reasonable and natural for Mr. Fool to punish her... Klein's thoughts raced as he took out a notepad and fountain pen used for divinations from his pocket.

He scribbled down the summoning ritual needed to summon his messenger, and he didn't forget to include the additional requirement of a gold coin.

With a whoosh, Klein flicked his wrist, sending the note flying at Frank Lee like a dart, landing accurately in his hand.

"Excellent!" Frank Lee glanced at the information on the piece of paper and waved his hand in delight.

Klein didn't delay any further as he picked up his leather suitcase, left the dock, and began searching for a hotel.

During this process, he was originally very adamant about objecting to Anderson's request to stay in the same hotel, but on second thought, he agreed to it.

He was afraid that this fellow who was plagued with bad luck would get into trouble again, bringing about a disaster to the innocent guests and attendant; therefore, he decided to monitor him up close and decisively handle the problem if required.

After checking in, Anderson went into his room with his key.

Bang! He sat down on a reclining chair as though a heavy burden was released.

After leaving those dangerous waters, he finally felt like he was human again. He didn't need to worry about suddenly dying.

After he laid there silently for a while, Anderson Hood slowly got up. He took out a flask that had an outer lining made of iron, flipped over a glass cup, and poured himself some hot water.

He believed that he should recollect himself and begin visiting the bars.

After drinking some alcohol and filling his stomach, he could seek out some sponsors!

After the hot water cooled a little, Anderson raised his cup and gulped it down comfortably.

Suddenly, he coughed intensely as his face turned a little purple.

Cough! Cough! Cough!

Anderson reached for his throat, but he didn't seem capable of taking a single breath.

With a crashing sound, the glass cup fell to the floor from his hand, shattering across the ground.

Cough... Cough... Cough... Anderson's coughing weakened as his face turned purple.

At that moment, his eyes seemed to produce a spark as the veins on the back of his hands squirmed like they were alive.

Bang!

Anderson fell to the ground, convulsing a little before becoming motionless. His breathing even seemed to come to a halt.

Seconds later, the corpse-like Anderson suddenly got up as he rubbed his face in fear.

“Damn it, I almost choked to death from drinking water…

“If that really happened, then I might be the hunter with the most laughable cause of death!

“Thankfully, thankfully, I bought this item at great cost before entering those waters. It finally came in handy today…”

As he spoke, Anderson took out a doll formed of straw, from a secret pocket in his vest. Ink was used to simply draw two eyes, a nose, and a mouth.

The doll’s surface had already been corroded as pitch-black liquid dripped down, drop after drop.

In about eight seconds, it was completely reduced to a liquid, turning into a stain on the floor.

“My bad luck hasn’t decreased at all, and it has even gotten worse… Man, Gehrman Sparrow once told me of a prophecy,

saying that the most lethal danger often lies in day-to-day life." Anderson paced about as he carefully avoided the glass fragments at his feet, afraid that it would cause him another death.

"No, I need to save myself! I need to save myself!" Anderson pulled open the door and carefully walked out.

He came straight to Klein's room, reached out his finger, and rapped on the door.

Soon, the wooden door, which was neither too solid or hard, opened without a sound. Gehrman Sparrow, who had only taken off his coat, appeared before Anderson.

Anderson forced a smile and said, "Surprise!"

Bang!

The door closed right in front of him.

"..."

He was first stunned before he muttered to himself with a stiff expression, "I should change the way I talk."

Thump! Thump! Thump!

He knocked on Klein's door again.

The door quickly opened as a revolver was pointed at him.

“Haha, I just wanted to ask if you know any Beyonders who can improve my luck?” Anderson raised his hands midway, wildly hinting for Gehrman Sparrow to provide him with the details of the powerhouse that informed him of the prophecy.

Too late. I’ve no idea where Queen Mystic is… Eh? She didn’t leave me a way to contact her? But since my messenger’s summoning ritual is known to Frank Lee, it also means Admiral of Stars knows of it. And that means Bernadette knows of it. Also, after returning to Backlund, I can seek out Miss Sharron’s help. Queen Mystic is in her circles, even though the frequency of her appearance isn’t high… Klein gave Anderson Hood a look of pity.

He wasn’t fond of this Strongest Hunter, often mocking him inwardly and expressing all kinds of nefarious thoughts towards him. After all, Anderson was partially responsible for him losing his cufflink; however, it was only limited to his thoughts. He had no intentions of actually putting it into practice. If Anderson truly sought his help, he similarly wouldn’t reject him.

Klein thought for a moment before saying, “I can help you ask, and I’ll give you the answer tomorrow morning.

“But I suspect you don’t have the means to pay me.”

“I’ll go make my rounds at the bars later! Furthermore, I have plenty of stashes in the Fog Sea,” Anderson replied without hesitation.

Klein nodded and as he closed the door, he said, “Meet you tomorrow morning. I hope you can survive until then.”

Creak!

The door was locked once again.

“Is that a curse, or was he wishing me luck?” Anderson whispered with a wry smile. “According to my experience, there probably wouldn’t be any accidents in the next two to three days.”

Inside the room, Klein returned to his desk.

On it was a letter that already had the introduction written, as well as an unfolded paper crane.

In regards to Anderson’s problem, Klein had already thought of a target to ask before he even agreed.

There was no doubt that to resolve the means of a Snake of Fate, questioning another Snake of Fate was the best solution!

He pondered over the space that was available after unfolding the paper crane and the questions he would like to ask before writing a draft in his mind. Finally, he raised his pencil and wrote:

“How should the bad luck curse from an Angel of Fate mural be removed?

“What’s the name of the Sequence 4 potion for the Seer pathway? Where can the formula and main ingredients be obtained?”

Putting down the pencil, Klein carefully scrutinized the questions before carefully folding the paper crane according to the folds and placing it in his wallet.

After doing all of this, he continued writing to Mr. Azik.

In the letter, Klein first mentioned that he received the help of Admiral of Stars in entering the dangerous easternmost front of the Sonia Sea; successfully completed the ritual; and, changing gears, he mentioned his encounter with Admiral Hell Ludwell's inexplicable attack mid-journey and how he nearly suffered terrible losses.

While on this topic, he began describing the ring on Admiral Hell's hand, which was suspected to be a relic from ancient Death. He asked very subtly if Mr. Azik had any recollection of it, or if he needed to obtain it to study it, so as to invoke more memories.

After mentioning this, Klein mentioned in a casual manner about the Artificial Death Project by the Numinous Episcopate, as well as asking this big shot if it was feasible, or if there were any records that recorded the actual details.

Finally, he mentioned how he didn't know the subsequent Sequences of his pathway, and he didn't know how to obtain those opportunities. Klein began providing a description of the summary of things to take note of from traveling through those dangerous waters.

This was to provide Mr. Azik information so as to prevent him from suddenly wishing to seek out the remnant aura of ancient Death, without realizing the lurking dangers.

"...Rumor has it that those waters are filled with the ravings of

the True Creator. The higher the Sequence, the clearer one will hear it, making it easier to be influenced and resulting in madness or a loss of control. This is demarcated by Sequence 4… But a small number of demigods have found the means to act freely there…" Klein wrote at the end of his letter.

After folding the paper, he picked up Azik's copper whistle and summoned the huge skeleton messenger.

The messenger burrowed out from the ground and politely looked at Klein from a level height before opening his palm.

Not bad… Klein praised silently and handed the letter over.

Then, he brushed his teeth and took a bath before comfortably getting into bed.

After an unknown period of time, he found himself awake in a dream, and he saw the desolate plains and pitch-black steeple.

Familiarly walking into the depths of the steeple, Klein discovered Will Auceptin's reply among the scattered tarot cards.

"Friendly reminder: The paper crane is about to tear!

"The bad luck curse brought about by the mural can be resolved by Ricciardo.

"High-Sequence formulas for the Seer pathway can only be obtained from the crazy Zaratul or the Hornacis mountain range. If you are the Blessed of the Evernight, treat it as though I didn't say it.

“Sequence 4 of the Seer pathway is Bizarro Sorcerer!”

Chapter 676: Tripartite Transaction

Bizarro Sorcerer... Klein suddenly woke up from his dream as he opened his eyes to see the dark night.

It's not noon yet. It's still very dangerous... he mumbled before returning back to sleep.

At this moment, he finally recalled that he had already left those dangerous waters. He wouldn't vanish or go missing if he wasn't sleeping at the end of the night.

Phew, it's this kind of stable environment that's good! I have to say that mysteriously vanishing due to not sleeping after dark is something that can be used to scare kids, making them not dare to sleep late. Heh, I was often scared by such stories when I was young. Klein sat up, walked to the desk, and poured himself a cup of water.

After a moment of silence, he gulped down a mouthful of water as he gradually recovered his ability to think.

Zaratul really went mad... What exactly did he encounter, or what happened to him...

Bizarro Sorcerer. Sequence 4 is called Bizarro Sorcerer. The Seer pathway's main focus is on being tricky, crafty, pranky, and paranormal? Or should it directly be summarized as being bizarre?

Yes, Clown, Magician, Faceless, and Marionettist do give me such a feeling. Seer appears to be an exception, but in the eyes of others,

the style of a charlatan might appear rather strange and terrifying at times... That's why Zaratul said that fate isn't the main domain of this pathway?

Also, it's clear that Beyonders of this pathway are more inclined to being spellcasters.

According to Will Auceptin's explanation, there are three methods to obtaining the potion formula to Bizarro Sorcerer. One, seek out the Secret Order and find the mad Zaratul. Two, head to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range and find the treasures left behind by the Antigonus family. Three, obtain it from the Church. For example, that Antigonus family's notebook might contain the corresponding formula.

But each one of these three options is more dangerous than the other. According to Emperor Roselle's description, Zaratul was a Sequence 2 Miracle Invoker a long time ago, a true angel. Later, he even advanced to Sequence 1. He's equal or slightly weaker than a King of Angels. The crazy him, no—"Him" might have gone mad, but it's likely that "He" will be more difficult to deal with. At the very least, there's no possibility of me convincing or tricking "Him". Even in terms of pure strength, I wouldn't be Zaratul's match even if I employed Mr. Azik's help.

Heh heh, unless I wait for Will Auceptin to be born, but if "He" were to involve "Himself" in this matter, there's a small chance of him incurring the attention of Angel of Fate Ouroboros.

As for the treasure on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range, the resounding ravings, the set up of the Antigonus family, and the rumors of the Nation of the Evernight buried in the depths of mystery, they make me feel that it isn't a simple matter. I suspect it's likely to be a trap.

I don't even need to consider the Church of the Goddess. Ignoring

the fact that the Holy Cathedral has angels presiding over it, as well as a bunch of Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, just the Backlund diocese where the Antigonus family's notebook is has a terrifying demigod…

Klein couldn't help but recall Mr. A who had been erased like a pencil drawing. And the one that executed all of that was likely to be one of the upper echelons of the Church of the Evernight Goddess!

A beautiful lady whose eyes lacked spirituality… She even smiled at me. I've no idea what it means… Klein shook his head in resignation, believing that he only had one course of action that he had at present.

That was to find a demigod from the Secret Order who was still considered normal.

Compared to the mad Zaratul, I can communicate with them at least, or even deal with them. Just Klein alone was impossible, but he could seek Mr. Azik's help or Queen Mystic Bernadette's help at a certain price.

I can only consider this for now… Klein rapidly turned his thoughts back on how to help Anderson Hood rid the bad luck curse.

It's been more than two months. I wonder if Fate Councilor Ricciardo has left Oravi Island. Sigh, he hasn't summoned my messenger all this time to inform me of clues to the mystical item I seek. However, it's not a big problem. Bellman Carnot definitely hasn't left his post. I can contact Councilor Ricciardo through him.

That's good too. The Life School of Thought hasn't completed the request up to now, meaning that they haven't made their final

payment. They can pay it off by changing Anderson's luck for the better, then I can receive the payment from Anderson.

Heh heh, when it comes to a mystical item or Sealed Artifact which possesses immense offensive powers, isn't Anderson's sword one? According to the traits showcased by Reaper, I can ignore the item formed after he dies… Heh, I'm not some greedy demon either. I'll definitely pay additional fees to tide him over.

Klein wiped away his mischievous thoughts and took out the paper crane from his wallet. After unfolding it, he carefully erased the pencil marks on it.

"It's really about to tear. I can use it another two times at best…" he muttered sadly. Then, he folded the paper crane and returned to his bed to continue sleeping. As for using the radio transceiver to contact Arrodes, he planned on doing so after leaving this pirates' playground.

…

After daybreak, Klein languidly got up and slowly washed up, believing that this was how life should be.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The knocking on the door interrupted his state of wistfulness.

Without his acumen for danger, his spiritual intuition told him that it was Anderson Hood.

As expected of the Strongest Hunter. He successfully survived up to

now... Klein tsked and controlled his expressions before opening the door.

Anderson was wearing a deer-hunting cap of unknown origin. He grinned as he handed him a Loen gold coin.

“What I owe you from yesterday.”

Klein received the gold coin and measured its weight in his hand.

“There’s an answer to your problem.”

Anderson’s eyes lit up.

“What’s the solution?

“Don’t tell me that the answer is that there are no solutions...”

Am I such a person? I’ll just say that it’s hopeless, so just wait for your death. Goodbye! Klein lampooned as he swept Anderson with an indifferent gaze.

“A demigod that’s good at changing one’s luck stays in Oravi Island. He owes me a favor.”

“Excellent!” Anderson didn’t hide his joy. “So, what sort of payment must I make?”

Very sensible of you… Klein deliberately fell silent for two seconds before saying, “I need a mystical item with powerful offensive abilities. Do you have any clues?

“If the value exceeds that of the luck enhancement ritual, I will pay the difference.”

Anderson frowned bit by bit before easing them. He said with a smile, “I have a mystical item that matches your request. It has a Beyonder power that can deal lethal damage. The negative effects aren’t bad either. It eats, sleeps, and has some bad luck, easily attracting monsters and enemies. Occasionally, it will be talkative and be a little off-putting. Haha, it’s a joke.

“To be frank, my Death Brachydont is the mystical item you need, but it’s the only weapon I have left. Eh… I do have one relevant clue. It’s a rather special revolver. The bullets it shoots have the effects of ‘Weakness attack,”Lethal attack,’ and a ‘Slaughtering effect.’ Furthermore, it can be matched with bullets of different characteristics. The negative effects include developing a weakness that originally didn’t exist after every use, such as the fear of light, the fear of ships, the fear of dogs, etc. And such a weakness will last for six hours.

“There’s almost no negative effects when having it on you. It just makes you easily thirsty. This is something completely tolerable. If not for the characteristics of the revolver overlapping with my abilities and the mystical items I have, then I would’ve bought it back then. The seller is offering it for 9,000 pounds!

“So, the total price would be 1,500 pounds and the clues to the revolver. How about that?”

Sounds very suitable. Besides, it fits my combat habits… Klein didn’t directly agree as he asked in return, “1,500 pounds?”

“Haha, I found more than ten pirates yesterday. They were all very kind, contributing all their wallets to me. Otherwise, they would lend me their characteristics and heads. In just one night, I received 1,600 pounds. Seriously, I love this pirates’ paradise!” Anderson said with a beaming smile. “I have to keep 100 pounds for myself for the ship tickets to return to the Fog Sea. So all I can do is pay you 1,500 pounds.”

Earning 1,600 pounds a night? Not only are there many pirates in Toscarter, but they are either worth a lot or have plenty of money? Klein suddenly had thoughts about staying a few more nights in the port city.

But considering how the easily cashable and locatable targets had mostly been finished off by Anderson, what was left was definitely not easy. He felt depressed again as he coldly asked, “Aren’t you afraid of being a target of revenge for doing something like that in a pirates’ playground?”

“What’s there to worry about? I’m not afraid, even if they’re subordinates of a pirate admiral. Heh heh, I believe you’re the same. If they’re men of the Four Kings, that’s not a big problem either. We’re about to leave, and the propagation of information takes time. By the time they come, I’d have changed ships and identities several times!” Anderson said without much concern.

Why are you cursing yourself again… Klein silently swept him a look of pity.

“Deal.”

“Haha, here’s 300 pounds. You’ll have to wait for the remaining 1,200 pounds. That’s when the bounty rewards and characteristic money arrive. Don’t worry, it will definitely come today. It’s not a lot.” Anderson took out a thick wallet filled with plenty of soli bills and handed them to Klein.

In consideration of his persona, Klein only did a simple count before stuffing the cash into his wallet and pockets. He said without emotion, “Buy two tickets to Oravi for tomorrow.”

He didn’t deliberately exhort Anderson to buy them with a different identity, as he believed that the hunter across him was mature and experienced.

If he’s lacking in experience and strength, with the way he does things, he would’ve long been buried in some sea… Klein couldn’t help but lampoon inwardly.

“Alright.” Anderson pointed at the floor. “Breakfast together? My treat.”

Klein nodded without refusing him.

Once they arrived downstairs, the two sat at a table near the window. Midway, a waiter brought white porcelain cups and teaspoons over.

Just as they interacted, the waiter’s gaze suddenly turned adrift. He picked up the teaspoon and stabbed it at Anderson’s throat without any warning.

Although Anderson was surprised, his reaction was in no way slow. He immediately leaned backward and dodged the sudden strike.

Bang!

Not far away, the hotel’s boss suddenly shot at Anderson’s

dodging body.

“W-what am I doing…” After the gunshot, the boss muttered with a look of alarm and blankness.

Chapter 677: Falling to the Ground

Amidst the gunshot, Anderson's body suddenly collapsed to the floor, using an amusing manner to dodge the bullet.

As for Klein, who didn't fully understand the situation, he jumped to the side and activated his Spirit Vision while pulling out his revolver.

At that instant, his first reaction was that Anderson had gone overboard in his hunting last night and was now the target of revenge. He only wished to shout, "I don't know him! It has nothing to do with me!"

At the table beside Anderson Hood, a stout man dressed in a shirt with rolled-up sleeves threw forks and knife, and he suddenly drew an already loaded double-barreled hunting rifle, aimed at the ground, and pulled the trigger from a commanding height.

These series of actions were nearly simultaneous with the hotel's boss, but they were simply one step slower due to the many steps involved.

Bang!

The scattershot sprayed out countless tiny shrapnel, riddling the ground with holes. Although Anderson had dodged in time and avoided most of the blast, he was still struck by a portion of the shrapnel as his sides were immediately left mangled.

Just as Klein was about to kill the stout man with the double-barreled hunting rifle to help Anderson Hood get out of danger,

he realized that the man suddenly turned blank, just like the hotel's boss. He was then filled with alarm and horror as though he had jolted out of his stupor.

That's not right. They're not the true assailants… Klein rationally stopped attempting to pull the trigger. He quickly swept his gaze across the restaurant.

Discovering nothing with his Spirit Vision, he tapped his left thumb on the first segment of his index finger twice, activating his Spirit Body Threads vision.

At this moment, all the ladies and gentlemen in the restaurant had stood up in a fluster due to the sudden shootout. All of them were rushing for the exit.

When passing by the tumbling Anderson, an elegantly-dressed lady with pretty good looks suddenly paused. She released the dark-colored glass bottle she held in her hand and poured it at the Strongest Hunter.

Sizzle!

Anything that was splashed by the liquid rapidly turned black as it suffered intense corrosion. Anderson covered his face and leaped up, dodging this attack once again.

Immediately following that, a gentle and cute lady, a gentleman with newspapers, a red-vested waiter, and a five-year-old child whose hands were stained with sweets attacked Anderson Hood in all kinds of manners.

Flour, lit matchsticks, fruit knives, boiling coffee, and

concentrated alcohol beverages inundated him as almost everyone in the hotel's restaurant seemed to have one goal—kill Anderson Hood!

In this abnormally dangerous situation without any Beyonder powers involved, Anderson, who had been surrounded with no way to escape, employed an array of actions—leaping up, sending tables flying, igniting items ahead of time, barely managing to avoid suffering damage to any vital spot—and didn't suffer any serious damage.

Meanwhile, Klein also noticed something abnormal.

In a corner of the restaurant which was blocked by a decorative cabinet, there was clearly thin, illusory black Spirit Body Threads extending from it, but it was silent over there.

In this chaotic and panic-stricken restaurant, it appeared especially abnormal!

The true assailant who planned the "passersby murder case" is sitting over there? From the confusion, puzzlement, horror, and fluster that the hotel's boss, waiters, and guests exhibited after attacking Anderson, they didn't become marionettes. This is another kind of control... An illusion, an emotion seed of a Desire Apostle, or could it be an influence on one's psyche? Klein suddenly had an idea light up in his mind. He immediately took two steps forward and sent a customer who still had butter on the corner of his lips flying, opening up a pathway for Anderson Hood.

The Strongest Hunter immediately somersaulted out of the encirclement via the path that was opened up, and he ran up to the hotel's second floor. Then, with his back to the wall on the corner of the staircase, he gasped for air.

“Has my provocative powers reached this level? Even the ordinary residents that I don’t know wish to kill me and have actually rose to arms? Man…” Just as he spoke, Anderson pulled his right rib and nearly cried out in pain.

No, no, no. The real circumstance is that a person plagued with bad luck shouldn’t do things like hunt pirates… The reason why Klein had abandoned approaching the target to attempt to control them with Spirit Body Threads was because he had thought of a possibility.

The passersby were implanted with psychological cues or had suffered manipulation on the psyche level. Only then would they attack Anderson in an orderly fashion. This didn’t match the Beyonder powers of a Desire Apostle, as the attacks by the manipulated passersby were targeted and precise, without showing any observe signs of preparation. And Klein had formerly heard of the name of the potion formula of a Sequence 4—Manipulator!

In addition, according to the Psychiatrist released from Creeping Hunger, Klein always suspected that Toscarter Island had a mission or figure related to the Psychology Alchemists.

In addition to the psychological cue and the control on the left side of the mind, it was rather similar to that of the Spectator pathway. Klein had long believed that a Manipulator very likely belonged to the Spectator or dragon pathway; thus, making the outline of the matter relatively clear.

The Psychology Alchemists really does have an important base in Toscarter Island. They also sent a Sequence 4 demigod go watch over it. This demigod influences certain pirates and makes them unknowingly do his bidding, but these pirates had unfortunately ended up as Anderson Hood’s sponsors last night. Hence, their true investor came knocking!

Keeping his expressions in check, Klein looked at Anderson and indifferently said to him, “It’s likely that one or several of the pirates from last night is involved with a hidden demigod on this island.

“Do you think something like that can be done by a Mid-Sequence Beyonder?”

“I can’t be that unlucky, right…” Anderson’s voice grew softer before it turned into a mutter. “Indeed, those people were controlled and are innocent. Thankfully, I didn’t attack back, or I would become the main suspect of a shocking murder case and be given a bounty! When that happens, I’ll be in trouble and could only become a pirate.”

“…”

The corners of Klein’s mouth twitched slightly.

“If the ones being controlled had been pirates with Beyonder powers, or Mandated Punishers, or priests of the Church of Storms, how would it develop?”

“I would already be dead.” Anderson threw up his hands as he said in realization, “You mean he doesn’t want me dead and only wants to give me a warning?”

Klein nodded in a serious manner and said, “So, you still have a chance.

“Yes, to apologize.”

Go see what that demigod is up to.

"Apologize?" Anderson's face wrinkled immediately. Placed in a difficult position, he said with great difficulty, "I have quite a reputation in the Fog Sea."

Klein didn't say a thing. He stood up, patted his coat, and prepared to walk off.

At this moment, Anderson lunged forward and rushed to the entrance of the staircase ahead of Klein. He yelled, "I'm sorry! It was my fault!

"We can talk about anything!"

He paused for a second and repeated again, "I'm sorry! It was my fault!

"We can talk about anything!"

Clap! Clap! Clap! A series of slow claps sounded on the first floor as a figure appeared at the staircase.

Amidst the light footsteps, this figure slowly walked to the bend, but Klein instinctively moved his gaze away as though he didn't wish to know what that person looked like.

In addition, he realized that he didn't have any intentions of raising his arms or aiming his gun. It was as though he had been cued and had lost the intention of resisting.

This is terrifying… Yes, it's not a face-to-face hypnosis, which is why I could detect it. But if I was directly targeted, the repercussions would be unimaginable… I can be influenced now. In the way Miss Justice would explain it, the other party will use the sea of collective subconscious to silently arrive beside my island of consciousness, and then they would do something to a certain extent? Klein came to a realization as he had the sudden urge to leave and return to his room.

This is the silent "instruction" given to me by the demigod? Klein roughly understood that the other party wished to communicate with Anderson in private; hence, he didn't resist and walked to the stairs before returning to his room.

In less than five minutes, Anderson knocked on his door, his face grimacing.

"Done talking?" Klein asked without much surprise.

Anderson gave a heavy nod.

"Phew… Yes, he got me to help him do something. As for what is it, I can't tell others."

"Do you still remember what he looks like?" Klein deliberately asked.

Anderson thought carefully as he suddenly frowned.

"I don't remember…"

As expected… Look at you. For 1,600 pounds, you offended a

demigod. It wasn't worth it at all... Klein silently sighed and then said, "Can we leave tomorrow?"

"Yes. There's no rush for that matter. Let's resolve the problem with my bad luck first," Anderson didn't hesitate to answer.

Klein didn't speak further as he pointed at the floor.

"Still having breakfast?"

Anderson was first taken aback before revealing a smile.

"Of course!

"No type of frustration can influence eating and sleeping!"

The two went down to the first floor and discovered that the waiter was silently clearing up the shattered items. The boss and the customers had all forgotten what had happened.

...

After breakfast, Anderson continued going out, busy obtaining his bounty rewards and Beyonder characteristics money. He also did some preparations while Klein stayed in his hotel room, converging the spirituality that overflowed from his advancement and using worms to test his Marionettist Beyonder powers.

At half past two in the afternoon, he went above the gray fog ahead of time and began practicing for the upcoming Tarot

Gathering. After all, Mr. Fool would very casually and lightly punish The Hermit Cattleya.

Sitting in the chair belonging to The Fool, Klein began playing out the three punishment plans he had decided over the past few days. Two of the plans needed him to borrow some of the power of this space, and two of them needed to use props. Hence, he needed to decide on the entire process ahead of time. He would then familiarize himself with it, and he couldn't reveal his lack of fluency at the critical moment.

After an unknown period of time, Klein exhaled and confirmed his plan.

Then, he conjured The World. Without any items, he saw the countless dense black threads that emanated from his body.

Items conjured using the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog possess a certain amount of spirituality... So they come equipped with Spirit Body Threads. And in the real world, items without life do not have any. Klein familiarly controlled the black threads and quickly completely controlled The World.

Now, not only could he make The World's expressions more intricate and have reactions that were more like a real person, he could also make the marionette's spirituality fluctuations become more natural. It wouldn't appear as lifeless anymore!

Apart from that, he was like a player who had two accounts, gaining The World's vision, hearing, as well as his other senses.

After completing all of this, Klein glanced at his golden pocket watch, sent Little Sun a message, and began to silently count his heartbeats.

Chapter 678: Punishment

On the two sides of the ancient mottled bronze table, blurry figures extended outward from the embrace of deep red beams of light before turning corporeal. The surroundings remained as silent and empty as always, as though no living creature had ever set foot there for millions of years.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~" Audrey's brisk and cheerful voice soon resounded through the resplendent palace held up by stone columns.

Klein nodded his head with a smile, watching as the other members expressed their greetings under Miss Justice's lead.

Here, there was no doubt that The Hermit Cattleya appeared rather reticent. Audrey's read on her was that she had many things on her mind.

After the voices came to a stop and the members had taken their seats, The Fool Klein swept Miss Justice a glance, making the Psychiatrist instantly understand his intentions; hence, she didn't raise her hand slightly and speak out. Following that, he looked at Cattleya and chuckled indifferently.

"Tell Bernadette that she can use certain items in exchange for some answers."

Bernadette... After hearing this familiar name which was neither Queen Mystic, the owner of Dawn, nor the leader of the Element Dawn, Cattleya realized that Mr. Fool already knew everything. Her cheap tricks were laid bare in front of "Him!"

This made her heart sink as she couldn't help but feel an intense sense of fear. She was temporarily at a loss in regard to the attitude or words that she needed to show in response.

To her, Mr. Fool's words were clear. Pass on the message, but only that one message; nothing else. She wasn't allowed to provide any other hints!

Cattleya believed she knew what "He" meant between the lines.

Bernadette? That's a common name for Intis females. Who could it be? What is the answer she wishes to exchange for? What relationship does she have with Ma'am Hermit? Ma'am Hermit had privately made a request, and Mr. Fool's answer is "yes?" No, that's not it. Definitely not it. If it's a private and reasonable request, Ma'am Hermit wouldn't have mentioned it specially in front of us. He would've directly replied to her prayers... "He" is giving a warning? Audrey forgot to observe the other members as a series of questions flashed through her mind. Following that, with her acumen from the Spectator pathway, she grasped Mr. Fool's true intentions.

Following that, she had a particular theory.

Ma'am Hermit had privately hinted about our Tarot Club to this Ma'am Bernadette because she hopes to acquire some answers... Mr. Fool is very displeased regarding this matter, so he pointed it out directly and gave this first-time offender a warning?

Seriously, why would you divulge matters of the Gathering to others? I haven't even told Susie! This will bring danger to everyone! Thankfully, Mr. Fool is around!

Audrey nearly puffed up her cheeks, forgetting her image and etiquette. For the first time, she realized that not every Tarot Club

member had a sense of belonging like she did, showing such reverence and faith in Mr. Fool.

The Hanged Man Alger, The Magician Fors, and The Moon Emlyn also had similar questions and theories, but their focus wasn't the same.

As Alger anticipated what Mr. Fool would do, he began to wonder who this Bernadette—a commonly seen female Intis name—represented. He was curious as to why the reserved Hermit would risk divulging some information on the Tarot Club. While Fors was worried if the existence of the Tarot Club would be exposed, she also instantly imagined a spy and double spy story. Emlyn watched in schadenfreude, believing The Hermit to be truly foolish.

Heh, even our Sanguine's Ancestor treats Mr. Fool equally and had sent me as an envoy to be nurtured. You aren't even a demigod, but you attempted to try pulling off cheap tricks under Mr. Fool's watch? Do you have a death wish? Indeed, I can't understand the thoughts of short-lived creatures. Emperor Roselle once said that bugs that can only live in summer have no way of truly knowing what snow looks like... Emlyn sat back in a relaxed manner as he didn't hide the shaking of his head.

The Sun Derrick didn't have many thoughts on the matter; all he felt was that the mood wasn't right. Out of curiosity and puzzlement, he asked, "Mr. Fool, who's Bernadette?"

Well asked! I thought Miss Justice would be the one asking. Yes, she seems a little angry, which is why she doesn't wish to speak... Klein silently commended him as he casually answered, "Roselle's eldest daughter;

"Owner of the Dawn;

“The leader of the Element Dawn.”

He mentioned all of Bernadette’s identities, making her appear without any secrets before all the Tarot Club members.

And the reason why he had used “Owner of the Dawn” in place of Queen Mystic was that Klein didn’t believe that The Fool should address Bernadette as a queen.

The owner of the Dawn… Queen Mystic! She’s actually Emperor Roselle’s eldest daughter! Ha, The Hermit, I can confirm that you are Admiral of Stars Cattleya. So the rumors of you having a falling-out with Queen Mystic are fake… Alger felt excited. He felt that the restriction and pressure he had endured for the past three months had vanished at once.

This made his staid self mock The Hermit inwardly.

Emperor Roselle once said that those who play with fire will ultimately burn themselves. And you, Admiral of Stars, dared to challenge a god’s clairvoyance!

At that moment, Alger was rather thankful, thankful that although he had attempted to pull off some cheap tricks and attempted to figure out Mr. Fool’s identity, goals, and present state, he hadn’t involved any outsiders. He hadn’t divulged any information, so he hadn’t suffered any punishment.

As he had introduced the Four Kings and the Seven Pirate Admirals, Audrey and company just needed to recall in order to confirm that Bernadette was Queen Mystic, a demigod that reigned supreme over the Five Seas. They were also surprised that Emperor Roselle’s eldest daughter would still be alive and had become an important figure that was known throughout the world.

The answers that Queen Mystic wishes to obtain are hidden inside Roselle's diary? Combining everything that had happened and the words that were said, Audrey vaguely guessed Bernadette's goal, believing that the emperor's daughter wished to figure out the truth behind her father's assassination.

At this moment, Cattleya had already regained her ability to think. She turned her body to face the end of the long bronze table and said without any hopes that she could be let off, "Yes, I committed some mistakes. I will not defend myself. It was indeed wrong.

"Mr. Fool, no matter how much you punish me or even kill me, I'll accept it."

Hypocrite... If Mr. Fool really wishes to punish you, do you think you have any means of resistance? Mr. Hanged Man scoffed on the opposite side of the table. He could identify the problem with such a simple sentence.

Ma'am Hermit is still a little afraid... Audrey could notice the hidden fear from the minute actions and words Cattleya had used.

To her, people who deliberately emphasized their willingness to be executed were often afraid of dying right there and then.

Fors found her peace from The Fool's calm attitude, believing that there weren't any leaks about the Tarot Club; or that the leaks weren't anything important. Hence, like Emlyn, she waited curiously and expectantly for the punishment Mr. Fool would mete out.

Derrick remained clueless about what had happened, uncertain why Ma'am Hermit would suddenly request to be punished.

At that moment, seeing Mr. Fool's brief moment of silence, Cattleya resisted her unease and lifted her head slightly, observing the existence behind the thick gray fog without a trace, in an attempt to figure out "His" true intentions so as to give a better response. She didn't wish to make another mistake again and provoke "Him," making the situation irredeemable.

The dark purple hue in her black eyes produced a sense of mystery as her eyes penetrated through the gray fog and saw The Fool.

Suddenly, Cattleya's eyes heated up as illusory blood bled from them.

A sinister, terrifying, and depraved language and an indescribable roar sounded in her ears. It instantly filled her senses with extreme pain as her body began to convulse and tremble uncontrollably.

Her face, hands, and the areas that weren't concealed by her clothing had quickly cracked opened, revealing her flesh and blood. Inside, black worms and white moths squirmed before forming all kinds of indescribable eyes.

Cattleya's cries and painful grunts resounded above the gray fog, causing Alger, Emlyn, Fors, and company to exchange looks as though they could sense the pain she was suffering.

Meanwhile, the blurry figure turned rather clear, allowing them to see The Hermit's mutation.

The disgusting and nasty scene frightened Audrey enough for her to look away. She straightened her back and looked straight ahead without daring to move.

Although the others didn't have such an exaggerated response, they also shared the same behavior.

The True Creator's ravings are indeed useful... Klein, who was shrouded in the thick gray fog, reflected from the bottom of his heart.

The reason why he hadn't immediately replied to Cattleya's request for punishment, was because he wanted to confirm if there was anything special about her eyes, whether they could see beyond what he allowed!

For this, he had stirred some of the mysterious space's powers to be hidden in the gray fog that shrouded him ahead of time. It was to connect anyone who used a Beyonder power to see through the obstacle to Tinder!

This was equivalent to the owner of the Beyonder power directly observing an item corrupted by the True Creator at a psyche level. Hence, with Klein not using the gray fog to deliberately suppress the influence, Cattleya naturally heard the True Creator's ravings. Her "organ" which used the Beyonder power was first severely damaged before she was imbued with extreme pain, causing her mutation!

If Admiral of Stars hadn't tried observing him, then the plan Klein had prepared was to get her to apologize to every Tarot Club member, and also to allow them to discuss a method of punishment in a democratic manner.

And regardless of how democratic it was, the major punishment would ultimately be to stir some of the mysterious space's powers to connect Cattleya to Tinder!

After waiting two seconds, Klein knew it was enough. He gently

lowered his palms, allowing the gray fog to silently repress the True Creator's ravings and revert Cattleya's mutation.

Admiral of Stars trembled as she calmed down at a discernible pace. The cracks in her skin gradually closed as her thoughts returned to her, allowing her to take in her surroundings once again.

At this moment, Alger said in a deep voice, as though he was warning himself, "Do not pry into the mystery of God..."

Chapter 679: Murder Request

"Do not pry into the mystery of God…"

Alger's whispers soon disappeared, but it continued resounding in everyone's ears, making them realize a reality.

Although Mr. Fool often didn't put on any airs and seldom spoke, nearly answering every request they had, making them find him warm, "He" was ultimately a god, a god whose mysteries shouldn't be pried into. He was a god that transcended reality!

Audrey, Emlyn, and the other Tarot Club members instinctively accepted Mr. Hanged Man's altered saying, pretending that they had forgotten the original wording to be "do not look directly at God," because they had looked at Mr. Fool from time to time, asking him questions or seeking his advice, and with regards to that, Mr. Fool didn't seem to mind.

Of course, we weren't looking at him directly due to the thick gray fog's obstruction… From Ma'am Hermit's outcome, Mr. Fool had done so for our own good… Audrey slowly exhaled.

At this moment, The Fool Klein was thinking, *Mr. Hanged Man is working very well in concert. I was prepared to control The World to say something similar to complete the final step of the punishment…*

He originally felt that getting the fake World to say something like "do not lie to god" or "do not pry into the mystery of God" would make it somewhat embarrassing. In the future, if people were to learn that the so-called Blessed or the so-called World was actually a smurf of The Fool, he would be too embarrassed

to face anyone. But later, on second thought, The World had done similar deeds in the past, so he wasn't short of one more. Besides, all he needed to do was to not let anyone know, right?

Having overcome his mental barrier, Klein had planned on acting according to his rehearsals, but to his surprise, reality went better than he had expected. The Hanged Man seemed to be shocked to the bone as a result of The Hermit's punishment. As such, he helped him say the sentence "do not pry into the mystery of God," making the effects even more natural and perfect!

Yes... The problem of Ma'am Hermit's leak of information regarding the Tarot Club was only briefly tapped on by The Fool. "He" had given a warning via the insinuation behind "His" words, but she later suffered from prying into the mystery of a god. It wasn't truly The Fool's intentions...

This is the outcome I wished for the most. This can effectively uphold The Fool's image. After all, a god wouldn't be petty with mortals, as it would only tarnish "His" reputation...

However, the way Ma'am Hermit does things is way too bold. I just realized and confirmed today that she has pried into the mysteries of The Fool more than once. Although it wasn't for any vile motives, it's also something worth punishing her for. Heh, my previous reactions must've made her believe that I had "acquiesced" her "observations," so she made it a habit. In the end, she ended up falling headfirst into my expectations...

In addition, without fully grasping Mr. Fool's attitude, she directly gave hints to outsiders. Her boldness is obviously extraordinary. This means to show that she hasn't suffered enough in the past. Today's lesson should be enough to drill it into her for a very long period of time...

Thinking back to her state in her dream, all of this seems pretty much the expected outcome… Sparing the rod spoils the child!

Heh heh, I also managed to put Mr. Hanged Man, as well as the other members in check today as a result, Klein silently muttered to himself in amusement, surveyed the area, and said calmly, “That shall be all.”

Upon hearing that, The Hermit Cattleya, whose Spirit Body had just recovered, felt relieved. She felt intense fatigue and joy surge through her body. All she wanted was a reclining chair for her to rest for a while.

The first time is a warning, but the second time wouldn’t be a nice outcome… This pirate admiral sighed silently, warning herself not to try her cheap tricks any further or believe that her hints could fool Mr. Fool. She was also not to attempt to pry into “His” secrets!

The pain she received was in no way weaker than the torment of having knowledge injected into her by the Hidden Sage. Therefore, she believed without a doubt that Mr. Fool was essentially a god, a true god, an unfathomable god whose mysteries couldn’t be pried into!

Thankfully, Her Majesty now knows where she can exchange the answers she has been desperately looking for all this while… I don’t need to hint to her or tip her off in the future… Cattleya turned her body to the side again, trembling as she looked at the end of the long bronze table. This time, she only dared to look at the end of the table or the armrest. The dark purple hue in her eyes had also turned faint.

Amidst silence, with sincerity, she said, “I’ll remember your leniency in sparing me.”

In the gray fog, The Fool Klein nodded gently without repeating his previous words.

After a moment of waiting, The Magician Fors straightened her back, looked around, and spoke before Justice Audrey.

“Everyone, is anyone interested in an assassination mission?

“The target is an important member of a cult.”

Grateful for the favors her teacher, Dorian Gray, had given her, Fors had been recently hoping to do something for him.

After some consideration, she placed her sights on the Aurora Order Oracle who had dealt immense damage to her teacher’s family—Lewis Wien who could be a Scribe or Traveler!

She didn’t let Leymano’s Travels get to her head to the point of believing that she could kill an experienced Sequence 6 or Sequence 5 Beyonder who was good at escaping. The reason why she had such considerations was that she believed that the secret organization known as the Tarot Club, which was backing her, would provide her with unimaginable support.

Ma’am Hermit and Mr. World both appear to have the means to fight Lewis Wien. With any of them taking action, and with me using Leymano’s Travels to help, it’s not impossible for us to succeed… Fors began formulating the most ideal situation.

Of course, she knew that her current savings weren’t enough to kill a powerful Beyonder like Lewis Wien. After all, with her 830 pounds, she probably couldn’t even buy a single hand of his. She knew very well that back then, Miss Audrey Hall had spent more

than 10,000 pounds to kill an Intis ambassador, a Sequence 6 Conspirer. The cost of assassinating Lewis Wien, who was of a similar Sequence or even higher, was obvious!

Fors planned on agreeing to a series of requests that the executor of the mission would have, helping the executor complete matters they found inconvenient to do themselves, in order to pay off the cost of the mission. She believed that after obtaining Leymano's Travels, she was equipped with the abilities to complete certain difficult tasks.

After hearing Miss Magician's request, The Hermit Cattleya, The Hanged Man Alger, and Justice Audrey cast their gazes onto The World. They believed that this gentleman, one who had a unique penchant for hunting Beyonders, possessed the necessary strength.

I'm not in Backlund... However, I can't respond that way. Otherwise, it would expose the possibility that Mr. Fool only has two to three Blessed to Mr. Hanged Man and Ma'am Hermit... Klein controlled The World, overcoming his emotions as he hoarsely laughed.

"Where? Which cult?

"What's his Sequence? What unique powers does he have?"

Eh, Mr. World is a little different from before... I can't explain it clearly, but it feels like he's suddenly in a better mood. Perhaps, he has really encountered something worth being happy about... Audrey suddenly noticed the difference as she excitedly imagined what could have recently happened to Mr. World.

Fors happily replied, "He's an Oracle from the Aurora Order. He's in Backlund, formerly a Sequence 6, but he might be a Sequence

5 now, but I can't be sure.

"He can record the Beyonder powers that others have used and can use them once. He's good at escaping any form of entrapment, and it's difficult to surround him. Perhaps, he might be able to travel through the spirit world…"

The target is an Oracle from the Aurora Order, a Sequence 6 or 5, with powers seemingly from the Apprentice pathway… Indeed, Miss Magician doesn't appear as simple and ordinary as she seems. My original judgment was right… Cattleya quickly returned to her usual state. She wasn't surprised that The Magician would actually dare conspire against a particular gentleman from the Aurora Order.

As for which Oracle he was, she wasn't sure because the only ones she knew were Mr. Z and Ma'am D.

Meanwhile, Klein also quickly evaluated the situation.

An Oracle from the Aurora Order, that makes it impossible for him to be innocent. Rather, he's a madman who destroys lives. Killing him doesn't make me feel guilty…

It's not like I haven't offended the Aurora Order more than once or twice…

Sequence 6 or 5; that's something I can handle… I've seen something that matches the trait of recording and releasing Beyonder powers as described by Miss Magician. Mr. A had used it before, but it might not really be it…

To me, it doesn't matter if he's good at escaping and traveling

through the spirit world. As long as I'm close to the Oracle and successfully control his Spirit Body Threads, there will be no way for him to run!

It's hard to tell what will happen in a direct clash. I do have quite a solid chance of success if I sneak an attack in. Of course, succeeding at a sneak attack is a whole other matter…

After some serious consideration, The World looked at The Magician Fors.

"I can consider taking on the job, but not anytime soon. It will, at the least, be two months later."

He wasn't sure what other accidents he would encounter at sea, so he had been rather relaxed on the time period.

"Two months later…" Fors repeated the time, appearing to be in a deep dilemma.

It was too long; besides, she wasn't sure how long Lewis Wien would stay in Backlund.

At this moment, Alger, who had been watching from the side, deliberated and interjected, "Miss Magician, do you need to kill that Aurora Order Oracle personally?"

"No, as you can see, I'm considering requesting Mr. World for help," Fors replied with a smile.

Alger nodded as though in thought.

“The premise of killing someone is to be able to find the Oracle. Can you find him?”

“No, but I’ll investigate,” Fors answered frankly.

“Why don’t you get The World to do it after your investigations bear fruit?” The Hanged Man pressed.

“Yes, but I haven’t decided.” Fors was somewhat confused, unaware of the reasons as to why Mr. Hanged Man was asking her all these questions.

Alger sneered.

“If you can confirm the location of the Aurora Order Oracle’s location, then why spend large amounts of money to hire someone to kill him? Wouldn’t reporting him directly to the Churches be enough? After the Great Smog, no Church is willing to let go of any related clues.

He wasn’t trying to make The World lose any business. Instead, he had clearly read the dilemma inside her, believing that there was a higher possibility of her not going through with the request. After all, too many incidents might happen in two months. Therefore, he gave some suggestions to ensure that this matter reached some preliminary agreement.

Report him to the Churches? This sounds familiar… Klein was surprised, never expecting Mr. Hanged Man to say something like that.

Heh heh, while everyone is being infected by Mr. Hanged Man, he too has been influenced by us… Klein immediately felt relieved

and rather pleased.

“Report?” Fors was momentarily stunned.

After a few seconds, she whispered, “That’s possible…”

The Hanged Man smiled upon hearing that.

“You can do it this way. First, investigate your target and seek out his whereabouts. If you obtain anything in two months, then you can hand the matter over to the Church. If the matter exceeds two months, and when Mr. World is free, then he can provide you the help needed. What do you think of that?”

Fors seriously considered it and said, “Okay.

“When the time comes, I’ll discuss the price with Mr. World.”

Chapter 680: New Thoughts

After receiving The World's consenting nod and confirming the matter regarding Lewis Wien, Fors thought for a moment and continued, "Everyone, does anyone have a Meteorite Crystal or the crystallized blood of a Lavos Squid, or any information about them?"

These were the main ingredients of the Astrologer potion formula.

Fors originally planned on continuing her requests, hoping that Mr. Moon, who was also in Backlund, could help her find Lewis Wien, but after some consideration, she decided to first do it herself. Only after confirming that there aren't any solutions or clues would she then request the Tarot Club for help.

Meteorite Crystal? Lavos Squid's crystallized blood? Sounds familiar... Isn't this because I know the Seer potion formula... Yes, it's familiar because the Seer potion formula's main ingredients is 50 grams of Star Crystal and 10 ml of Lavos Squid blood! The main ingredients of Astrologer are like the upgraded versions of a Seer... Indeed, the Apprentice and Seer pathway can be interchanged in the future... With this in mind, Klein suddenly had an idea.

Since the potion formula of Bizarro Sorcerer is difficult to obtain, with the three options being extremely dangerous, should I consider the other Sequence 4 options in the neighboring pathways? Such as Apprentice!

Once he had this idea, he brightened up as he felt that most of his predicament had vanished.

And for the Sequence 4 potion formula of Apprentice, the Tarot Club has clues to it. It's the Abraham family behind The Magician!

With this in mind, The World looked at Miss Magician with a subconscious gentleness to his gaze. It left Fors shuddering, suspecting whether Mr. World had already formulated a plan to hunt Lewis Wien.

At this moment, The Fool Klein recalled another problem. According to Dunn's and Daly's theories, the first five Sequences of the Seer pathway didn't present any obvious progression. Each of them presented a Beyonder power of one aspect. Then, at the critical point of Sequence 4, the five of them would converge and clench like a fist, presenting a qualitative change.

Back when Captain and Ma'am Daly made this theory, they only knew bits of information regarding Seer, Clown, and Magician. I'm only able to verify this idea for the subsequent Faceless and Marionettist by myself... So, could it be that Seer, Apprentice, and the possible Marauder pathways cannot be interchanged at Sequence 4, but at Sequence 3? Klein slowly felt his joy dwindle again.

He knew too little and was temporarily unable to make a judgment. All he could do was await Mr. Azik's reply and wait to leave the waters which were watched by the True Creator before contacting Arrodes.

As Klein was thinking, he suddenly heard Cattleya say, "I have the crystallized blood of a Lavos Squid. It will cost 600 pounds.

"As for Meteorite Crystal, I know where to get it from. How many grams do you need?"

600 pounds, a very reasonable price... Fors replied in a pleasant

surprise, “60 grams.”

“Alright, I’ll give them to you within two weeks. It will also cost 600 pounds,” Cattleya said clearly and succinctly.

It’s resolved just like that… Today’s Ma’am Hermit is really proactive with the desire to participate. Yes, she had just been… Fors quickly nodded.

“That wouldn’t be an issue.”

I have 830 pounds in savings. That’s enough for me to buy the crystallized blood of a Lavos Squid. But in two weeks, I still need to save up nearly 400 pounds. The royalties after the new year will be paid soon. It’s about 150 pounds, making me lack 220 pounds. I have to think of ways to earn money again… Fors quickly calculated her financial situation.

Seeing how Miss Magician took only a minute to gather the main ingredients for her potion, Justice Audrey couldn’t hold back either. She raised her hand slightly and said, “I wish to obtain the complete pituitary gland of an adolescent mind dragon, but if that’s not possible, 60 ml of a Black-hunting Giant Lizard’s spinal fluid and one fruit of an Illusory Chime Tree.”

This was the main ingredient of the Hypnotist potion. If she obtained the complete pituitary gland of the adolescent mind dragon, then there was no need for any other corresponding ingredients.

Just as Audrey said that, she heard Ma’am Hermit reply.

“Since the Fifth Epoch, mind dragons have nearly gone extinct

and are hard to find.

"I have the means of obtaining the spinal fluid of a Black-hunting Giant Lizard, but it will also take two to three weeks. The price ranges from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds, as I'm not the one who decides it.

"I can help you keep a lookout for the fruit of an Illusory Chime Tree, but I cannot guarantee anything."

Wh-what great efficiency... After Ma'am Hermit was punished, her sense of belonging towards the Tarot Club has appeared to increase. She's more active and amiable... Audrey was momentarily speechless.

After a few seconds of silence, she bowed slightly and said, "No problem."

Alger, who had been watching by the side, suddenly felt that the development wasn't going as he expected. Having been punished by Mr. Fool, The Hermit changed her style of being mostly an observer. She began to involve herself in every matter that she could involve herself in during the Tarot Gathering. And with the strength, background, resources, and channels of a pirate admiral, she immediately produced intense and blinding light!

This "blinded" Alger so much that he could hardly open his eyes. He had a strong feeling that he was at risk.

At that moment, he wished for Ma'am Hermit to return to her former state.

Klein also felt surprised by what he heard and saw.

I thought Ma'am Hermit would be silent for some time, feeling an aversion to the Tarot Club for some time, but in the end…

Is she the type that needs to be beaten in order to be obedient?

Yes… Sparing the rod spoils the child. Queen Mystic must've spared the rod too much… Heh, the way Queen Mystic does things isn't much to speak off either. The emperor has also spared the rod!

As he lampooned, Klein controlled The World, making him survey the area before chuckling.

"Does anyone of you have the potion formula of the Seer pathway's Sequence 4, or have any clues regarding it?"

Sequence 4… Mr. World is beginning to advance towards the realm of a demigod? Audrey was surprised.

She originally imagined that she was advancing sufficiently fast, and she felt a little proud about that. But now, she suddenly realized that she was falling behind!

Mr. World has instantly become really lofty… Fors was similarly surprised.

Although she felt that the silent, reserved, and unsocial Mr. World was a powerful Beyonder, she believed that he was still very far from a demigod, from a Sequence 4. But to her surprise, he was already seeking to purchase the Sequence 4 potion formula.

As expected of Mr. Fool's Blessed... Alger sighed.

Likewise, Emlyn and Derrick shook their heads, expressing that they had never heard of the name of the pathway's Sequence 4.

Klein, who believed that he could obtain clues from the City of Silver or the Sanguine, could only helplessly retract The World's gaze.

After a few seconds, Cattleya said, "I need a drop of blood from a mythical creature, regardless of the kind."

In the palace held up by stone columns, silence suddenly became the main symphony. Even The World didn't know the exact concept of what a mythical creature was.

Klein didn't expose this point as he planned on inquiring about it to the people he could ask in the future. He controlled The World to remain silent for a few seconds before saying, "I'll keep an eye out."

As this was a rare request from Ma'am Hermit, Justice and company also gave similar responses.

"Alright." Cattleya wasn't surprised by this outcome.

The only reason why she made the request was to express her attitude of being integrated with the Tarot Club to Mr. Fool. She believed that this was better than trembling and being apprehensive at eliminating the aftereffects of what had happened.

After a brief pause, Derrick was about to say something when Emlyn spoke out ahead of him.

The Sanguine Baron chuckled.

“The requests for our row is clear. He wants the Sun Sequence 6 Notary’s potion formula, and Mr. Hanged Man wishes to obtain the Ocean Songster’s.”

Upon hearing this, Klein suddenly felt a little guilt-ridden. When he first obtained Creeping Hunger, he had wished to quickly release the Priest of Light in it, and obtaining the Sequence 6 and 5 potion formulas of the Sun pathway, so as to sell it to Little Sun. Yet, he hadn’t completed it all this while.

I’ll walk around Toscarter’s pier tonight. I’ll find a pirate with Beyonder powers who deserves to die or some gang leader to settle this emergency, regardless of which Sequence they are… Or, I can directly release the Priest of Light… Klein made The World deliberate before saying, “I’ll provide you with the Notary potion formula in three days.”

Upon saying this, he looked at Little Sun.

“You can consider what item you wish to exchange for it.”

“Alright, Mr. World,” Derrick replied in glee.

As for the Ocean Songster potion formula which The Hanged Man needed, everyone didn’t have any clues.

Emlyn cleared his throat and said, “My request is different from

the last one.

"I hope that you can help me find the believers of the Primordial Moon. Every effective clue will be rewarded with 100 pounds. A direct confirmation will be 500 pounds!"

He looked at Mr. Fool to make a request and, after obtaining "His" approval, he conjured five things that resembled bounty notices. Each person received a set of the five bounties. He and Derrick didn't have one.

Klein controlled The World to pick it up and casually browsed through it.

Galis Kevin, *Dandy*, *Lara*, *Windsor Behring*, *Argos*... *They aren't weak at all. At the very least, they're equivalent to recently born Vampires*... he silently muttered to himself as he memorized the corresponding information.

After completing this matter, Emlyn felt more confident about winning the "competition." He leaned back casually and waited for the other members to issue requests.

This time, no one spoke again.

Upon seeing this, The Fool Klein chuckled.

"Continue your free exchange."

Instantly, Audrey, Alger, Cattleya, and company cast their eyes at Derrick.

They remembered that The Sun had previously mentioned that he would have arrangements to join an exploration mission that involved the periphery of the Giant King's Court.

Chapter 681: Indirect Answer

Being the main focus of attention, Derrick didn't choke. He eagerly said, "I've recently been in an exploration team led by the Chief to Afternoon Town.

"It's a key gateway that leads to the Giant King's Court. It's a door that separates myth from reality."

His opening perfectly garnered the interest of all the Tarot Club members as they awaited the rest of his account in different postures.

Derrick skipped the unimportant experiences that they had during the journey, and he directly started his story from Afternoon Town. He first described the dead silence and darkness before how his three-member team discovered an underground altar. He then described how he identified the names—Ouroboros, Medici, and Sasrir—and entered another side of the town without realizing it. There, he saw the titles such as Dark Angel and the words Rose Redemption.

Having said that, he thanked Mr. Fool once again for "His" help from the predicament.

Then, Derrick simply introduced the monsters that transformed from their shadows before emphasizing the ecclesiastic who was in constant penitence in the half-collapsed cathedral.

He used his own words to describe what was said, mentioning that the ecclesiastic suddenly self-destructed when he was about to say the name of the fourth King of Angels and was burnt to a crisp by a transparent flame.

Another King of Angels! And the mood in Afternoon Town is really dark and scary. The ecclesiastic's penitence has a very, hmm—a feel of a prophet predicting a calamity… Audrey listened in relish as she had her interest about the blank line and unspeakable name piqued.

At this moment, Derrick turned his body and looked at the end of the bronze table, sincerely asking, "Mr. Fool, who was it that tempted Dark Angel Sasrir? Who does the fourth name refer to? Why can't it be said?"

Here it comes… Behind the gray fog, Klein's smile nearly froze.

The reason that he had hurriedly sent Little Sun back to the real world was that he was afraid of facing such a question!

Back then, he was worried that Little Sun would inquire about Dark Angel Sasrir, and now, he was facing a question he didn't know the answer to.

Thankfully, a Magician never performed unprepared. After that day, Klein undoubtedly began to seriously consider how to answer such questions. Now, with great confidence, he landed his right palm on the armrest and said with a deep, meaningful glint in his eyes.

"It's because it's concealed."

He used his eyes and body language to hint to the Tarot Club members that "concealment" wasn't to be taken at face level, and it had a deeper, more substantial meaning. As for what it was, they had to figure it out themselves. Deities had deep reasons to conceal certain matters.

After finishing this series of actions, Klein couldn't help but feel penitent. He felt that his charlatan vibes were increasing. Meanwhile, he felt regret that The Hermit's prying into his secrets was a result of his temptations. This was because Mr. Fool would use "His" eyes and body language to provide additional hints. Therefore, all the members would subconsciously observe "His" attitude.

That's because I have no solutions. Without doing this, how am I supposed to continue the act... It's not like I'm a real evil god! Klein sighed silently.

Secret? The name itself is a secret? The content which Mr. Fool wishes to point out is in here? Hmm, which names are concealed... True gods at Sequence 0? Alger instantly thought of many things as he came up with a theory by combining many of the matters which Little Sun had previously mentioned.

When a name itself becomes concealed, it means that the matter involves a true god. Furthermore, it's very likely to have the Evernight Goddess involved. It's because she's the Mother of Concealment! The extreme danger of the darkness in the Forsaken Land of God indirectly proves this point... Cattleya came up with an unconfirmed theory based on the knowledge she had and the hint from Mr. Fool.

Meanwhile, she was almost certain that the calamity the ecclesiastic was referring to was the Cataclysm that ended the Third Epoch.

A King of Angels who was tempted, Afternoon Town residents who fell from grace, a town being corrupted bit by bit, a black flower of calamity that blooms. All of that buried an epoch, creating the Forsaken Land of God... What a heavy sense of history... Cattleya couldn't help but think poignantly.

While the Tarot Club members were in contemplation, Klein also began to analyze the reason for the empty name and the reason why it couldn't be said.

Could it be the true name of a deity? A true god had tempted Dark Angel Sasrir, and the fourth name representing the King of Angels also became a true god later?

But it's not like I haven't said the true name of a deity before. Primordial Demoness Cheek is understood by many to be on the same level as the seven deities. It's not like anything happened in the end...

Perhaps it has something to do with the language used? The languages of Loen, Intis, and Feysac, and even ancient Feysac do not possess the ability to stir the powers of nature. On the other hand, the commonly used Jotun in the City of Silver can. That ecclesiastic likely used a similar language.

I should later try to pronounce Cheek using Jotun? Then, I'll die on the spot and succeed in courting death... Forget it. Besides, having a blank name and an unspeakable name means different things... I've no idea why.

At this moment, seeing how Little Sun was still in a confused daze without understanding Mr. Fool's meaningful hint, Alger volunteered to give an explanation.

"The two names might separately represent two deities, so they cannot be said.

"Perhaps the True Creator had tempted Dark Angel Sasrir, leading to the fall from grace of the few Kings of Angels and the residents of Afternoon Town. This brought about a great calamity. It's why 'He' has a temple and statue in your Forsaken

Land of God.

"The fourth name that corresponds to a King of Angels might have benefited greatly from the calamity and succeeded in advancing to become a true god."

This is similar to my guess, but they can't be confirmed... Cattleya didn't supplement, as she didn't believe that their theories were facts.

Audrey, Fors, and Emlyn listened attentively as they couldn't help but feel poignant that the Tarot Club often made things appear especially high-end when discussing such matters. Things like Kings of Angels, evil gods and real gods, or ancient secrets all depended on a single word.

"Is that so... I get it." Derrick came to a realization as he earnestly thanked Mr. Fool once again.

Just as he was about to turn around, he suddenly recalled something and worriedly asked, "Mr. Fool, is the crux to leaving the Forsaken Land of God really in the Giant King's Court?"

After all this time, he had already accepted Mr. Hanged Man's take that the region where the City of Silver was located was known as the Forsaken Land of God.

That's what I believe, but the problem is that I'm unable to confirm it... To not search for the sea and switch to exploring the Giant King's Court was likely Shepherd Lovia's suggestion. This can partially verify my theory, but it cannot eliminate the possibility that it's a conspiracy... The Fool Klein's smile nearly froze again.

His thoughts raced as he quickly thought of a solution that didn't need him to give a direct answer without tarnishing Mr. Fool's reputation.

He immediately gave a relaxed chuckle, turned his head at The Hermit Cattleya.

"Speaking of this matter, heh. Bernadette already knows the method for entering the Forsaken Land of God."

Cattleya immediately recalled her vague memories of the dream and subconsciously looked at the end of the bronze table.

"It's that projection?"

Before she finished speaking, she suddenly realized that she was sizing up Mr. Fool again. She hurriedly closed her eyes and said, "M-my Eye of Mystery Prying is instinctive. It can only be enhanced and not be deactivated. I need to rely on a mystical item to seal it…"

But it doesn't exist here.

Is that so… Klein nodded gently.

"You can conjure a pair of glasses."

"Yes, Mr. Fool." Cattleya followed the instructions and conjured a pair of glasses.

During this process, Klein stirred a minute amount of the power

above the gray fog and infused them into the pair of glasses.

By the time Cattleya wore them, she discovered that her Eye of Mystery Prying had been sealed as she had expected.

It was only at this point that Fors and company realized that Ma'am Hermit's eyes were extremely special. It had something to do with the prying of mysteries, and it didn't need to be activated to use it!

It's no wonder we didn't notice it. Ma'am Hermit was severely injured because of her attempt to pry into the mysteries of Mr. Fool… Audrey moved her lips in enlightenment, having one of her questions answered.

As for Alger, who recalled how The Hermit had previously sized him up and how he had been wearing the clergy clothes of the Church of Storms, his face nearly darkened.

Klein didn't wait for the members to calm down. He chuckled and replied to Cattleya's previous question.

"It's that projection.

"The projection of the Giant King's Court."

"So it's the projection of the Giant King's Court…" Cattleya muttered in pleasant surprise.

Then, her mind went adrift as she thought, *She likely also knows this answer…*

Derrick spent a few seconds to digest the conversation between Ma'am Hermit and Mr. Fool, and he vaguely came to a realization. The key to entering the Forsaken Land of God had to do with the projection of the Giant King's Court!

Therefore, the crux to leaving the Forsaken Land of God is really in the Giant King's Court? Derrick's heart palpitated as he bowed his head in excitement.

"Thank you for your answer, Mr. Fool."

Phew... Klein silently heaved a sigh of relief. He felt that such a situation was extremely draining on his brain.

Alger kept his emotions in check as he looked around before looking at The Hermit.

"Where's the projection of the Giant King's Court?"

He didn't dare ask Mr. Fool, as his question about the Forsaken Land of God had previously been rejected.

Cattleya answered frankly, "In the waters on the easternmost front of the Sonia Sea. In the dream of the night time there.

"I happened to wish to share with all of you what I encountered this time."

Audrey and Fors simultaneously slowed their breathing as they waited excitedly for Ma'am Hermit to recount her encounters which were bound to be fantastic.

Chapter 682: Seeking "Food"

Cattleya controlled herself without looking at The World Gehrman. She said in a deep and slow voice, "Northeast from the Gargas Archipelago, there's a safe sea route that allows one to enter those dangerous waters…"

She began her description with the deep abyss which separated the seas, the sun chariot which couldn't be viewed directly, the night which required sleeping, the terrifying ravings that filled the entire sea, and the shadow of the Giant King's Court which stood on the opposite mountain peak in the dream world.

During this process, she didn't mention Gehrman Sparrow at all, deliberately avoiding any mention of him. As for the abnormalities that happened en route, she described them simply, such as the remnant aura of Earth Mother which caused hair to grow rapidly.

Towards the end, she placed her focus on the ruin with a sleeping corpse and the adventurers' sailboat which had the words written in blood, "Fountain of Unaging."

"This might mean that the Fountain of Unaging is in that ruin, and the corpse that produced such loud breathing is the keeper," Cattleya mentioned the common theories on the Future, but it didn't mean that it was hers.

Fountain of Unaging… One of the six major treasures at sea… Alger was tempted by what he heard as he considered the possibility of exploring those ruins after reaching Sequence 5.

Audrey finished listening attentively as she shook her head

slightly.

“I don’t believe that the decisive meaning behind those words in blood mean that the Fountain of Unaging is in those ruins.”

After a second’s pause, she attempted to analyze the deceased’s state of mind.

“A person who’s about to die after being attacked by monsters wouldn’t point out matters regarding the treasure. If he wishes to warn companions or relatives who come looking for him, then he should’ve written that it’s dangerous here, or speak about the source of the danger. If he plans to tell passing ships that the Fountain of Unaging is there, then he lacks the motivation to do so for a living creature at death’s doorstep. Unless, a conspiracy is hidden in this matter—the conspiracy of enticing people to enter the ruin to seek out the Fountain of Unaging might be how he can be rescued.”

“Yes, if I were in his shoes, I wouldn’t think of desperately telling others that there’s treasure here. What’s in it for me?” Emlyn echoed. “Only hatred—bone-deep hatred—will make me write something like that on the brink of death. Otherwise, I’d rather tell others how I should be buried or what kind of burial items I want!”

He tsked and shook his head.

Klein nodded indiscernibly. Controlling The World, he said hoarsely, “The Fountain of Unaging is a scam.”

He used absolutely certain words without any additional words that would signify other possibilities.

The Fountain of Unaging is a scam... Cattleya looked at The World before retracting her gaze in thought.

It seemed to corroborate with certain theories and guesses she had.

Alger frowned, not that he didn't agree with The World's judgment or that he believed that Miss Justice's and Mr. Moon's explanations were devoid of reason. Instead, he realized that he had completely failed to consider this possibility!

To him, this was a mistake he shouldn't have committed!

...After all these years, I'm still being temporarily blinded by immense profit... He fell silent for a few seconds and sighed.

After exchanging what everyone had seen and heard recently, everyone began to teach Little Sun ancient Hermes, and they learned some mysticism from each other.

Time quickly passed as The Fool Klein surveyed the area after everyone came to a stop.

"Let's end it here for today."

"By your will." Audrey stood up immediately and curtsied with her illusory dress. The rest of the members said the same almost at the same time.

As he watched the blurry figures vanish before his eyes, Klein wasn't in a rush to leave. He conjured a goatskin and fountain pen and wrote down the divination statement:

“The hope for my advancement to Sequence 4.”

Putting down the fountain pen, Klein held the goatskin and leaned back. As he closed his eyes, he entered a Cogitation state and began silently reciting the divination statement.

After chanting it seven times, he quickly fell asleep and entered the dream world.

The gray, blurry sky cracked open as he saw a towering mountain tear through the clouds.

At the mountaintop, there was a collapsed palace whose walls were covered with weeds and moss as they showed obvious holes.

Inside the palace’s hall was a huge throne carved out of stone. It was adorned with dull gemstones and gold. It was mostly mottled and damaged.

It looked as though it wasn’t prepared for a human, as countless translucent maggots were bunched densely together. They squirmed slowly as they kept growing.

Around the throne was a raving that seemed to penetrate the long rivers of time and history. It was illusory, ethereal, and constantly echoing.

“Hornacis… Flegrea… Hornacis… Flegrea… Hornacis… Flegrea…”

The moment the ravings entered his ear, Klein jolted awake before he frowned.

It really is the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range. Furthermore, I can see and hear it more clearly than before...

This made him recall Queen Mystic Bernadette's prophetic words: "Your fate lies on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range."

Is that my fate? It really makes me want to be rebellious and not go... Sigh, I can't deal with absolutes. It depends... Klein sighed and conjured the five bounty notices provided by Emlyn White. Combining the information he had, he used the methods of divination to find the locations of the Primordial Moon believers.

Finally, due to his lack of information, he could only confirm two points.

Galis Kevin, Windsor Behring, and Argos are all in Backlund.

Dandy and Lara are at Enmat Harbor and Pritz Harbor respectively.

This is as good as nothing... Klein shook his head and returned to the real world.

Recalling how he had already agreed to provide Little Sun with the Notary potion formula within three days, he wore his coat and a top hat, and he prepared to head out to find a target.

When he opened the door and came to the stairwell, he saw Anderson Hood walking up, twirling his deer-hunting cap with his hand while humming a folk song.

This fellow is really good at recovering from setbacks… He was just taught a lesson by a demigod in the morning and was forced to apologize and agree to a request, but I don't see any sign of trauma from him anymore… It's no wonder he became a Sequence 5 powerhouse. Just this state of mind alone makes it difficult for him to lose control… Klein looked at him, nodding slightly as a greeting.

"Good afternoon, Gehrman." Anderson chuckled as he waved his hand. "I've received the bounty and characteristic money. I'll pay you the rest now."

As he spoke, he took out stacks of cash of different thickness from different pockets.

"It happened pretty smoothly I see," Klein commented without much emotions involved.

Anderson immediately laughed.

"That's right. It happened far smoother than I imagined! Those fellows who should have rocks for brains were surprisingly friendly, polite, and efficient! I even suspect whether I've become a Blessed of Lady Luck!"

"There's no such deity." Klein ruthlessly shattered his fantasies.

"Why so serious? It's life. Relax a little. Relax a little." Anderson handed over the remaining 1,200 pounds. "Actually, I'm very clear about what happened. That gentleman doesn't want me to waste my time, so he secretly 'exhorted' those people."

Klein glanced at the cash, pressed down on it, and asked in

passing, “Have you confirmed which pirates gave you the problem?”

He was asking about the prey that resulted in the Manipulator’s involvement.

“There’s no way for confirmation,” Anderson said with a bitter smile. “Do you think I didn’t confirm it ahead of time? Although I appear nonchalant in front of you, I will investigate the prey’s background and situation ahead of time to avoid provoking someone I can’t afford to. Who knows… Sigh, I can only blame it on my bad luck.”

…This fellow is more careful than I thought… That’s right, his previous Sequence was called Conspirer… Klein thought in enlightenment before asking indifferently, “Who deserves death the most in this area?”

Anderson was taken aback before he chuckled.

“Does our craziest adventurer plan on beginning his hunting activities?

“However, you have to consider it well. I do not wish for you to be my partner when completing the demigod’s mission.”

Don’t worry, we’re different. I’m a Seer. I have all kinds of means to hide my tracks. I will not allow someone to come knocking at my door. Besides, that’s a demigod of the Spectator pathway. He’s not good at divination or prophecies… Klein maintained his cold attitude that was unique to Gehrman and said, “You don’t have to bother.”

Anderson immediately gave a thumbs up.

"Your craziness is worthy of praise!"

He thought for a moment and added, "The person who deserves death the most is Molsona from the Loen's New Party. He's one of the pirates' best friends. He has in his control some kind of plant that's similar to cannabis, which is highly addictive. This helps him control many people in the Toscarter government and the police department. He's one of the most powerful mob bosses over here…

"He has committed many crimes, killed plenty of people, and basically did it with the help of pirates. On the surface, there's no apparent problem.

"Heh heh, he isn't a Beyonder, but the difficulty in killing him is how troublesome it is, yes—troublesome!

"He has three to five Beyonders from different pirate crews providing him with protection. On the rooftops, outside the building, beneath the windows, everyone there belongs to him. To finish him off, the only way is to forcefully storm in and kill a large number of people.

"I have the means to do it, but it's too troublesome. There's also a certain level of danger. You'll become a wanted criminal after that, so I didn't deal with him and only dealt with his safe at home."

Safe… To talk about banditry in such a fresh way… Yes, I previously heard that Toscarter's main industries are its plantation economy and pirates' black market trading. It also has flourishing bar, brothel, and gambling industries. I never expected that it includes new-age drugs… Molsona is an ordinary person

and not a Beyonder... Perfect, Creeping Hunger happens to lack food... Klein nodded and indicated for Anderson to go deeper into detail.

...

Evening, in the Oaktree Bar.

A boxing match was about to unfold in the boxing ring. Many alcoholics surrounded it with mugs in hand.

They were like sharks who had caught the scent of blood. As they placed their bets, they loudly yelled words such as “kill him”!

This was a business of the head of the Loen’s New Party, Molsona. The unique thing about the boxing matches held here was that death was permitted!

Molsona greatly enjoyed matches that resembled ancient wrestling competitions. He often came to watch a few matches. At that moment, he was seated on the second story, overlooking the ring.

Around him were several bodyguards. They were watching every direction, and among them were no lack of Beyonders sent from the pirates he worked with, as well as experienced adventurers he hired with large sums of money.

These people either had their backs or sides facing Molsona as they surrounded him, and they prevented anyone from approaching him. Revolvers, rifles, and hunting rifles were all aimed outside to leave the masses intimidated.

After confirming the situation, Klein pressed down on his top hat, entered the bar, and saw Molsona sucking on a cigar.

This mob boss had a very discernible face. Be it his brandy nose or thin brows, they were all very unique.

Klein retracted his gaze and first went to the bar to get a cup of local malt beer worth 4 pence. Then, he made his way to the railing beneath the second floor.

Although he wasn't directly under Molsona, as it was heavily guarded, he was already not very far from him.

I'm within five meters... Klein silently muttered to himself, raised his cup of beer, and looked at the boxing ring.

Chapter 683: So You Are Here as Well

Black Spirit Body Threads that stemmed from different lifeforms appeared in Klein's vision, but he didn't immediately extend his spirituality to attempt to control them.

After distinguishing and confirming which Spirit Body Threads belonged to Molsona, he gulped a mouthful of malt bear as he began to focus on the boxing match in the ring, just like a real member of the audience.

The two boxers had their tops bare and didn't wear any protective gear. They fought all-out, constantly clashing with each other as fist met flesh, and the situation quickly escalated to a fervor.

Many of the alcoholic gamblers had adrenaline pumping through them as they shouted for the boxer they supported passionately, yelling, "Kill him!"

"Finish that son of a b*tch!"

On the second floor, Molsona also forgot the cigar in his hand as he was fixated on the ring below, his hands clenched tightly into fists.

Apart from those who had to have their backs facing him because they were keeping tabs on any suspicious people or watching the important regions such as the rooftop or area beneath, the people around him couldn't help but have their eyes peeled to the intense boxing match.

Klein raised his hand again, gulping a mouthful of beer as though he was out of breath from the tense atmosphere.

At this moment, his spirituality silently extended and grabbed onto the illusory black threads corresponding to Molsona.

One second, two seconds, three seconds... The brandy-nosed Molsona was just about to pump his fist a little as though he was in the ring himself when he suddenly found his brain go numb.

He felt the surroundings abruptly turn odd, as though several panes of glass were in between him and them.

Molsona immediately discovered that his thoughts had clearly slowed down, as though all the parts in his brain had suddenly rusted.

As the target was only an ordinary person whose Spirit Body was far inferior to that of a Beyonder, Klein took less than twenty seconds to achieve initial control over him.

Seven seconds!

All it took was seven seconds!

Oh no... Something wrong is happening... It's likely... a Beyonder... with relatively... special powers... Molsona, who often interacted with pirates, was no stranger to the mysterious world. It was why he spent large sums of money to hire Beyonders to protect himself. If he hadn't long destroyed his body with sex and alcohol, making his psyche relatively weak and his condition terrible, giving him a high chance of losing control if he were to consume a potion, he would've also wished to obtain

supernatural powers himself.

At that moment, as his thoughts were slowing down and due to his lack of experience, Molsona spent more than ten seconds to figure out that he was under assault. He immediately reached out his arm and opened his mouth in an attempt to shout for help.

However, his actions were extremely slow, and his voice was weak. With a number of his bodyguards around him engrossed in the exciting and nerve-wracking boxing match, and the audience's roaring in an ever-increasing crescendo, as well as all the guards along the perimeter putting their attention on any possible attack locations to protect their employer, his obvious abnormality ended up being neglected.

When the climax of the match received a temporary respite, a number of bodyguards and subordinates turned to look back at their boss, and they saw that his eyes appeared somewhat in a daze. His hands didn't seem to be in the right place as if he was still caught up in the match, anxiously awaiting the final results.

The corners of the mob boss's eyes had tears welling up as he tried hard to release his fingers to drop the cigar to attract the attention of his subordinates, but he discovered in despair that his line of thought was becoming highly impeded and stiff. Even a simple action needed more than a minute to complete, and his fingers were even resisting his will!

Pa!

The burning cigar finally fell to the ground as Molsona's tears flowed down to his neck across his cheeks.

A few bodyguards discovered this and were just about to ask

their boss if it was because the match was too exciting when Molsona suddenly bent down. As he wiped his face, he picked up the cigar.

"That was an excellent match! Give the victor more money!" Molsona flicked the cigar and pulled up his collar as he grinned happily.

He didn't say exactly how much was to be given, as Klein didn't know the market rates. All he could do was give a vague comment.

Yes, Molsona of the Loen's New Party had already become his marionette!

As this mob boss was only an ordinary person, and his Spirit Body was even weaker than most healthy humans, all it took was two minutes and fifteen seconds!

If the time needed was any longer, he would've had to divert his attention to create an illusion to create some chaos, making the bodyguards place their attention on protecting Molsona and not being able to discover his abnormality in time.

"Kill him!"

"Kill him!"

...

The shouts of the audience suddenly turned uniform as the match in the ring came to its end. Molsona also allowed his

bodyguards to continue watching the match.

When a boxer collapsed to the ground unconscious, Molsona took a swig of his cigar and said, “To the lounge.

“I want to take a break.”

“Yes, Boss.” His bodyguards and subordinates immediately surrounded him, escorted him to the corridor on the second floor, and helped him open the door to the lounge.

After instructing his guards to guard different critical spots and to not disturb him, Molsona paced around and opened a safe. He found documents involving all kinds of new drugs and selected the most important ones.

Following that, he placed the documents and an address he cut from the newspapers, as well as a total of 758 pounds in cash into a briefcase.

With a creak, he opened the door and called for a subordinate.

“Throw this bag under the third street lamp around the alley.”

“Yes, Boss.” The subordinate didn’t inquire why.

This was a rule!

After closing the door again, Molsona found three candles and items with spirituality and used a pen and paper to carefully draw the corresponding symbol of The Fool—a half Pupil-less

Eye which represented concealment, and the Contorted Lines which represented change.

Then, this mob boss who had become a marionette lit the candles, used cologne to represent essential oil and extract, and solemnly held a bestowment ritual.

He softly chanted The Fool's honorific name, and he used ancient Hermes, which he originally didn't know, to recite the corresponding incantation. Following that, he picked up the item with spirituality and let it fuse into the wind, constructing an illusory door with the transformed candlelight. If he couldn't find any items with spirituality, Klein had planned on using Molsona's blood. A human's blood was an item with spirituality to begin with!

In the washroom on the first floor, Klein took this opportunity by taking four steps counterclockwise and going above the gray fog.

He didn't use the Black Emperor card, and instead, he directly stirred some of the powers of the mysterious space, combining it with the paper figurine before throwing it through the bestowment door.

The pitch-blackness immediately transformed into an angel with twelve pairs of wings. It flew through the illusory and mysterious door, passing through the pitch-black depths of the void and arriving where Molsona was.

This was to disrupt any subsequent investigations via divination, prophecy, or other Beyonder powers!

Right on the heels of that, Klein picked up Creeping Hunger and threw it into the ritual's door!

Creeping Hunger arrived in the real world thanks to the bestowment ritual, and it arrived in front of Molsona. Having not eaten for a long time, it immediately became restless.

At this moment, Klein, who had returned to the washroom, controlled the frozen Molsona from a distance of dozens of meters away to immediately close his mouth and pick up the glove on the altar.

A crack opened in the middle of the glove as two rows of illusory, white, and eerie teeth were revealed!

The senses of the marionette he obtained quickly weakened as he decisively severed his control.

The slight backlash made his mind spin, but it didn't take long for him to recover.

Then, as though nothing had happened, he left the washroom, returned to the bar counter, and continued drinking the malt beer he didn't finish earlier.

At the same time, he found a rat on the second floor through the use of Spirit Body Threads, and he made it become his marionette in less than two minutes.

The rat began searching for a tunnel and path with rather awkward and unfamiliar motions, and it took quite some time before entering Molsona's lounge through a hole hidden by a bookshelf.

At this moment, a thin glove that resembled human skin lay silently on the ground as there was nothing left behind of

Molsona, not even his clothes.

The rat climbed up to the table and bit on the paper with the symbol corresponding to The Fool, placing it close to the burning candle.

The paper quickly ignited and burned to ashes.

After extinguishing the three candles and returning them to their original locations, the rat came beside Creeping Hunger and bit onto it.

Then, it returned via its original path and left Molsona's lounge.

It stealthily ran all the way to the balcony facing the outside on the second story, and it silently climbed down.

On the first story where the bar counter was.

Klein finished drinking his last mouthful of beer, put down the cup, and slowly stood up.

He pressed down on his half top hat, stuffed his hands into the black double-breasted frock coat, and walked past the alcoholics and gamblers without any haste and came to the streets.

Following the light of the street lamps, he entered the alley at a normal pace. While pulling out a paper figurine and lighting it with a flick, he picked up the briefcase thrown under the third street lamp.

At this moment, a gray rat came with a thin human-skinned glove in its mouth out of the shadows.

Klein bent his back with a deadpan expression once again and picked up Creeping Hunger.

Then, the gray rat left on its own, climbing into a rubbish chute and lying there until it lost its breath.

With night about to fall, the street lamp illuminated Klein as he stood there, spreading his fingers in an unhurried manner while wearing Creeping Hunger on his left hand.

After stretching his finger joints and getting used to the glove, he carried the briefcase and followed the still vibrant and lively Oaktree Bar before vanishing at the crossroads.

...

He took out the address slip and stamps from the briefcase and left only with the important documents, pasting them onto it. Then, he placed it in a mailbox on the corner of the street. Finally, Klein changed back into Gehrman Sparrow, took a rental carriage, and headed for another bar around the pier.

It was a bar provided by Anderson that had relatively more pirates!

Upon entering the bar, Klein swept his gaze and took in the interior.

Suddenly, he saw a familiar figure.

The figure had a medium-sized build and his lips were purple. His brown eyes hid an intense maleficence that left one afraid. He was none other than the second mate of the King of Immortality Agalito, Slaughter Kircheis, with a bounty of 9,500 pounds!

Clearly, after escaping via the exit of the dangerous waters, the Death Announcer had arrived in the nearby Toscarter Island in search of replenishments!

So you are here as well... The corners of Klein's mouth curled up slightly, discovering in a chance encounter the Devil who couldn't be more suitable for hunting!

Just as he generated that ill intent, Kircheis sensed him and turned his head to the entrance of the bar.

Klein didn't hesitate to grab a beer on the table beside him and threw it over.

Right on the heels of that, he drew his revolver and coldly aimed.

Bang!

Chapter 684: Battle Encounter

Kacha!

Kircheis only half-turned his body as the cup of beer hit the round table beside him, smashing to pieces.

Amidst the gunfire, he didn't attempt to dodge, as though he had instinctively seen through the illusion. It was as though he had a spring installed in him as he bounced to the forefront amongst the gamblers and alcoholics who were crouched down or scattered. His gaze was locked onto the cold adventurer wearing a suit by the door.

Gehrman Sparrow... Kircheis's pupils constricted as he opened his mouth and chanted the Language of Foulness that stemmed from the Abyss.

At this moment, Klein truly pulled the trigger as a pale golden bullet that appeared to be scooped out of boiling-hot water shot out, going straight for the "Slaughterer" who had a bounty of 9,500 pounds.

However, all Kircheis did was gently lift his right hand and spread his fingers to produce a light blue flame in his palm. Then, he grabbed the bullet in an unimaginable manner.

The bullet entered a "cage" as the light blue flames solidified. Following that, the bullet emitted sunlight, just enough of it to neutralize everything.

Two figures stood up beside Kircheis, one of them was a short-

haired woman wielding dual pistols, and the other was a boorish man in boxing gloves.

Clearly, Kircheis didn't come to Toscarter's pier in search for supplies alone. Or it should be said that he definitely had partners he knew here!

Three Beyonders... Kircheis might even be a Sequence 5... At that moment, Klein nearly blurted out something along the lines of "sorry, my bad."

One couldn't make any preparations when attacking a Devil, relying on complete chance. Furthermore, there couldn't be any hesitation; otherwise, the Devil would immediately detect the ill intent and danger.

However, under such situations, it was truly hard to tell who held the advantage in such situations!

Klein didn't hesitate to turn around while holding his revolver. Then, he agilely dashed for the staircase leading to the bar's second story amidst the crowd and above the crouching alcoholics.

Just as he dashed in, a light blue fireball smashed into the side of the staircase before instantly exploding.

Boom!

A tiny part of the bottom of the staircase collapsed as the bar began to tremble. The strong smell of sulfur spread.

Kircheis and his two companions didn't delay as they jumped across the first few steps of the staircase in fervent pursuit of Gehrman Sparrow.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Klein ran for the second story, and midway, he quickly began his examination of the corresponding Spirit Body Threads.

This allowed him to easily find an empty room without any humans. He turned around, took a step, and was about to enter the door before jumping off the window to escape from the bar.

At that moment, Kircheis and his two companions chased up to the second story, and upon seeing this scene, they tacitly split up. The former continued the pursuit, while the latter entered the rooms on the same side in a bid to head down to intercept Gehrman.

And Klein was waiting precisely for this opportunity!

He suddenly half turned his body as his left black-gloved hand grabbed at the air.

The woman with the dual pistols and the man in boxing gloves continued their actions without detecting any abnormalities. They rushed into the other rooms, jumped off the windows, and went far away without returning.

Their goal and actions of "separate and intercept" had allowed Klein to use the Baron of Corruption's Distortion to change it to "separate and take action alone!"

This wouldn't last very long, but it was enough time for Klein to fight Kircheis one-on-one for a brief moment.

Boom. Having completed Distortion, he fell to the ground, rolling inside the building and avoiding the light blue fireball which Kircheis kept shooting out.

Amidst the incessant booming, the buildings where the bar originally was wavered as though it had experienced an earthquake.

Right on the heels of that, Kircheis rapidly lunged forward, entering the rather vast room.

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow adeptly somersaulting and jumping without fighting him head-on while also controlling his emotions very well, Slaughterer immediately opened his mouth and used the unique Language of Foulness to say the word, "Slow!"

The entire room and all the objects inside seemed to calm down. Klein's somersaulting actions slowed down significantly and weren't as smooth as before.

Kircheis didn't hesitate to lock onto his target as he followed up with another word of the Devil language.

"Die!"

Klein's figure instantly froze as he stood rooted on the spot and gradually turned faint and thin, becoming a paper figurine filled with spotted red rust.

At the same time, he surfaced by the side of the door, wearing a half top hat and black double-breasted frock suit. He reached out his black-gloved hand, grabbed the handle, and shut the door to the collapsing room with a pull.

Creak!

The din outside vanished as the room seemed to stand out alone, becoming a firm cage.

Upon seeing this, Kircheis's body swelled as his clothes tore.

He instantly transformed into a behemoth nearly three meters tall. His skin appeared dark, but it was dark black and sinister. Goat horns filled with countless mysterious patterns grew on his head as a pair of bat wings on his back spread open. Swirling around him were light blue flames that emitted the strong smell of sulfur.

Sou! Sou! Sou!

Light blue fireballs shot out in unison, blanketing the region around the door. At the same time, the redness in Kircheis's eyes bloomed as he said with the extremely corruptive words of the Devil, "Corruption!"

This was also an area of effect attack!

The light blue in his eyes filled up as Klein clenched his left hand, which wore a sinister and noble glove, and quickly did a half twist.

The fireballs immediately lost their trajectories and acted chaotically as though in random motion.

They smashed into the ceiling, the door, ground, or flew backward at Kircheis. Immediately, the booming sounds in the room undulated. The seal created by the power of Distortion suffered an intense blow as it trembled, but it didn't show any signs of damage.

The light blue flames soared into the sky as the smell of sulfur spread. Klein's body suddenly bent down as his body was covered in a layer of clearly sticky black liquid.

Bang!

His figure exploded, turning into torn pieces of paper and corrupted black fog.

Immediately following that, he surfaced on the other side, his skin a clear dark shade. His clothes were torn from the explosive force and the flames from the abyss.

Corruption, which had splash damage, was useful against his Paper Figurine Substitutes to a certain extent, inflicting damage to a certain degree via an unavoidable influence. And the aftermath of the explosion wasn't within Klein's control. Similarly, it dealt damage to him.

However, upon their first encounter, Klein had "given" Kircheis a cup of beer, completing the Bribe; therefore attacks and control effects directed at him were greatly negated!

Kircheis clearly didn't expect the minor influence that

Corruption had dealt to Gehrman Sparrow. Just as he pulled out a long blade formed entirely of flames, and before he could unleash his speed and strength in a fervent attack, he saw his opponent's left hand's glove transform as though it was made of gold.

Two blinding streaks of lightning tore out of Klein's eyes!

Psychic Piercing!

"Ah!"

Kircheis instantly let out a tragic cry as he felt as though a hundred bottles of holy water had been infused into his mind.

He was rich in actual combat experience and, knowing that having been struck by a psyche attack, knew that he would subsequently suffer a series of relentlessness attacks. Hence, he instinctively transformed into a pitch-black liquid and began spreading across the floor.

The liquid appeared to be the coalescence of the darkest and evilest desires of a person's heart as the liquid spread across the room towards Gehrman Sparrow, as though it would corrupt everything.

This state is truly perfect… In a battle encounter, either party would suffer the problem of not being sufficiently prepared… Thankfully, I've always remembered the suspected Desire Apostle I encountered, and I've completely held back all desires and emotions… Klein didn't dodge as the glove on his left hand rapidly bloomed with pure and clean sunlight.

He spread out his arms, allowing a pillar of holy light that had golden flames swirling around it descend from the sky. It illuminated every corner and every shadow of the room!

The column of light struck the richest parts of the pitch-black liquid as it radiated outwards in a rippling manner.

Amidst the bright and holy light, the pitch-black liquid quickly evaporated and mostly vanished.

Kircheis hurriedly materialized his body and reformed near the window.

He still maintained his state as a three-meter-tall Devil. He was as calm as always, but he could hardly hold back his intense bloodlust and desire to kill.

The present him was already rather weak. He didn't dare to circle around Gehrman Sparrow as he waited for him to show any emotion so as to control his desires. He ignited the two mysterious goat horns on his head in an attempt to forcefully attack his enemy's psyche, inducing emotions to a certain degree in an unavoidable manner.

Once he had any desires or emotions, the situation would be in the Desire Apostle's control!

At that moment, Kircheis's head suddenly turned numb, causing him to nearly lose the thoughts he previously had!

After both parties entered a range of five meters, the reason why Klein remained in a passive state, using Paper Figurine Substitutes and a Baron of Corruption's Distortion powers to

barely put up a fight and stall for time, was to divert attention in order to control Kircheis's Spirit Body Threads!

With the strength of a Sequence 5's Spirit Body, it wasn't easy to obtain initial control over Slaughterer to begin with. However, with the cup of beer Bribe, it reduced Kircheis's defense and resistance. And after that, this Desire Apostle suffered a Psychic Piercing and was thoroughly purified once by Light of Purification. As a result, he had become rather weak!

Therefore, even though Klein was using his other powers, he still took fifteen seconds to obtain initial control over Kircheis.

The intense battle in the room instantly turned quiet. Although Kircheis's thoughts had turned slow, he still had the ability to complete certain actions. He could still forcefully resist the control that stemmed from the depths of his Spirit Body.

The bloodshot colors in his eyes converged as his eyes reflected Gehrman Sparrow's figure. The curled goat horns on his head began to burn intensely as hatred, greed, lust, wrath, and other emotions and desires began to spread outwards in a corporeal manner.

Klein entered a half-Cogitation state as he calmly focused on deepening his control, hoping to quickly make Kircheis lose all means of resistance.

Chapter 685: From A Delay to Disconnection

In the room that had been reduced to shambles, Klein, whose top hat had fallen to the side and clothes had become tattered, was about four meters away from Kircheis, who was a behemoth with bat wings. The situation was so quiet, as though a puppet show was being played.

In fact, Klein still had the means to do something else.

Back when Marionettist Rosago forcefully controlled both him and Sharron, he could resist the Wraith's possession and use Flame Controlling to summon a flame to destroy the shadow pulled in by Sharron. If he hadn't made a serious mistake by targeting the Sequence 5 Wraith, Rosago could've diverted his attention to killing Klein, snuffing out any chance of him using the Language of Foulness charm. Now, although Klein was definitely inferior to him, there was also only one enemy!

Of course, there wasn't really much he could do. Under the premise of not losing control over Kircheis, he could move, but he couldn't do it too hastily or quickly. He could use Beyonder powers which didn't expend too much of his spirituality, but he couldn't divert his attention to power the mystical items he carried, or use actions that required too much movement like drawing a gun.

And when a target was controlled to a certain extent, several attacks could nudge or stimulate the target, allowing them to resist the control of their Spirit Body Threads to a greater extent and even show signs of escaping from his control.

Therefore, Klein had to wait.

At that moment, his heart rate suddenly sped up as an uncontrollable sense of horror and anxiety surfaced in his mind.

He couldn't help but suspect that Kircheis's companions who had their intentions affected by Distortion were about to return!

No good! My emotions have been stirred! Klein was first taken aback as he tried to use Cogitation to forcefully calm his agitated heart.

Haha... He has... emotional stirrings... A chance... Kircheis was delighted as a slow thought flashed through his mind.

Then, using his Beyonder powers, he attempted to magnify Gehrman Sparrow's horror and anxiety, planting an emotional seed in him.

As long as he succeeded, all he needed was to completely "trigger" it, maiming his opponent, making him unable to influence him further!

No... How can it... be ineffective... His... emotional stirrings... have disappeared... Kircheis's bloodshot eyes constricted slowly as it was gradually filled with shock, alarm, and anger.

Klein, who imagined that he had given the Desire Apostle a chance to counterattack, discovered that nothing had happened after completely calming himself down. The curled goat horns on Kircheis's head were ignited, but he didn't attempt to use his emotional stirrings!

Moments after having this thought, Klein roughly understood the situation.

It wasn't that Kircheis didn't wish to control his horror and anxiety, but it was that he had failed!

From the moment he sensed the emotional stirrings, he had to take a few seconds to digest the situation before using two to three seconds to make the decision. Finally, he spent even more time to organize his thoughts before channeling the corresponding Beyonder powers. All of that took him at least ten seconds to complete.

Klein only took a total of three to four seconds to calm his mind after detecting the problem.

Therefore, Kircheis's Beyonder powers naturally failed to be effective against an enemy who was in normal condition.

To put it simply, the delay was too long! Under such situations, don't try to fiddle around with highly intricate matters... Klein lampooned before suppressing his sense of schadenfreude.

After another ten seconds, Kircheis finally understood the source of the problem. He no longer considered targeting desires and emotions, and instead, while flapping the bat wings on his back with great difficulty, he relied on a Devil's powerful body and Spirit Body to resist the control stemming from the Spirit Body Threads. He tried to make the swirling light blue flames slowly coagulate into a fireball.

Klein could almost foresee fireballs bombard him; hence, he didn't hesitate to split off some of his spirituality, snapping his fingers using his right thumb and middle finger.

Pa!

The light blue flames suddenly soared before they truly took form and collapsed completely. They were like fireworks blooming behind Kircheis.

Magician's Flame Controlling!

Kircheis continued struggling, but his actions became even slower as he resembled a rusting puppet. As for Klein, he casually moved his feet to dodge the Devil language Kircheis had launched with all his strength.

Three seconds, *two seconds*, *one second*... Klein suddenly stopped as his eyes locked onto Kircheis's head which had lost its curved goat horns.

At that moment, he still needed two and a half minutes from controlling this Desire Apostle to turn him into his marionette, but Klein didn't have such plans. He never had such plans in the first place!

It took too much time, allowing Kircheis's companions to rush back in time!

Klein only had one ultimate goal—it was to control Kircheis to a certain extent so that attacks within a certain limit wouldn't help him escape his predicament!

The bloodshot eyes, grimacing expression, and sharp teeth with drooling saliva reflected in Klein's eyes. He opened his mouth and said a word, "Bang!"

Air Bullet! An Air Bullet of a Sequence 5!

This was already comparable to a bullet shot from a steam rifle!

Bang!

The Air Bullet accurately hit Kircheis's forehead, causing him to throw up his head, yanking the Spirit Body Threads.

In between his brows, a bloody hole that wasn't too deep had appeared. It wasn't a mortal blow.

To a Devil, a Desire Apostle, their bodies seemed to be cloaked with thick and hard armor. Their blood and flesh had extreme elasticity and defensive strength.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Klein kept creating Air Bullets while making gunshot sounds, striking Kircheis's forehead, again and again, slowly leaving it a contiguous mess. At the same time, he stably controlled the Spirit Body Threads to prevent him from using the feedback to weaken his influence.

Kircheis let out an angry stuttering roar as he tried moving forward in a bid to counterattack, but Klein was a lot more agile than him!

And his plans to liquefy undoubtedly failed because of the control of the Spirit Body Threads.

Bang!

Another Air Bullet struck Kircheis, completely shattering his forehead, penetrating his brain.

Bang! Bang! Bang! The subsequent bullets flew in, one bullet after another.

Bang!

Kircheis's skull was finally sent flying as black crevices filled his brain. At that moment it was a complete mess.

The aura of this Slaughterer worth 9,500 pounds quickly dissipated, but he didn't close his eyes, as he had already lost them.

Bit by bit, he collapsed to the ground slowly as Klein walked over and extended his left hand.

Two blood-red eyes split open in the middle of the glove.

A cold and eerie wind appeared as Slaughterer Kircheis's Spirit Body, as well as his black fog-like Beyonder characteristic shot towards Creeping Hunger amidst screams before fixing itself to a blank finger.

Soon, the glove turned black once again, but this time it was profound and pure, resembling countless squirming dots of the same color formed one layer after another.

Klein sensed the changes for two seconds before walking towards the shattered window, feeling somewhat disappointed and also somewhat delighted.

When Grazing Kircheis, he had actually considered which Beyonder powers he wished to receive and which he didn't wish to receive. The one he didn't wish for was the danger premonition of a Devil, as this needed to have Creeping Hunger constantly activated while maintaining Kircheis's soul. And this meant that he needed to feed the glove every day, which spelled an extreme inconvenience for himself. Furthermore, this also overlapped with his powers as a Seer to a certain extent.

As for whether the danger premonition of a Devil worked after making it into his marionette, Klein believed that it was targeted on the marionette and had nothing to do with its controller.

What Klein wished for the most was to "draw" the Desire Apostle's Beyonder powers of using a target's emotional stirrings or the use of any of the Language of Foulness, with the best being Death or Corruption.

At that moment, he had been quite lucky to obtain three Beyonder powers. One of them was Language of Foulness, but it wasn't Death or Corruption, but Slow. This allowed all targets in a seven-to eight-meter radius to instantly turn numb or even come to a halt. However, it could only be maintained for two seconds.

The second Beyonder power was Sword of Lava. It could create a flaming sword with extremely high offensive power. One strike could directly cleave through a thick stone column, leaving the sliced off end to appear to be melted off. This was the option Kircheis had used when he attacked maniacally.

The third was Sulfur Fireball. Not only could it create an explosion of considerable might, but it could also poison people and objects which had been stained by the flames. If matched with a Devil form's powers, ten to twenty fireballs could be launched at the same instance. Out of that form, it maxed out at three.

That's not bad. The damage delivered by Sword of Lava to non-undead or non-corrupt creatures is clearly higher than the Priest of Light's Light of Holiness… Klein came to the window and happened to see the backs of Kircheis's companions opening up a distance from him.

They haven't shaken off the influence? No, with so much time having passed, they must've shaken off the influence and returned somewhere nearby. Now, they're escaping? They sensed Kircheis's death? That's a little weird… Klein turned his head back and saw Kircheis's corpse still in his Devil form. His form didn't change back into a human as a result of his death.

He looked at the corpse for two seconds before coming up with a theory.

"Powers like the Devil form are a state that brings a body close to the state of losing control. However, they still have their reasoning and can change back while they're in control. Otherwise, they will maintain their forms."

Klein didn't delay as he searched the Devil's corpse. He discovered that Kircheis's gigantification had torn all his clothes and pants, causing his wallet and cash to scatter across the ground. Later, they were all destroyed due to the blanketing attack from the fireballs and sulfurous flames.

"…" Just as Klein looked away, he suddenly discovered something twinkling in the giant Devil's chest.

It was a thin and long crystal formed purely of blood. A faint smell of sulfur emanated around it.

"What's that?" Klein frowned, unable to figure out an answer.

Kircheis's Beyonder characteristics has clearly entered Creeping Hunger. Why would his corpse produce something strange? A question flashed across Klein's mind.

Furthermore, as the second mate of the King of Immortality, Kircheis didn't even carry a mystical item or Sealed Artifact. This had exceeded his expectations.

Chapter 686: A Hard-to-complete Ritual

After thinking for a moment, Klein, who didn't have an answer, put away the thin blood crystal when he didn't sense any danger from it. Then, he bent down to inspect Kircheis's Devil form which had lost half its head.

I wonder if I can still use this to exchange for a bounty, and if so, how much can I get... I have no idea who I can contact from the military over here. Send Oz Kent a telegram? This back and forth, together with the work he has to do remotely, it's hard to tell if it will finish in three to four days. I'll be leaving tomorrow... Also, I can't forget the middleman's cut. He mumbled, walked to the side, and picked up the clearly charred half top hat and wore it.

Then, he dragged the heavy and massive Devil's corpse and walked to the door before reaching out to open the door.

A howling wind blew in, breaking the silence in the room.

Klein tapped his finger joint to deactivate the Spirit Body Threads vision as he continued dragging the nasty and terrifying Devil's corpse across the corridor, down the stairs to the first floor.

At that moment, there weren't many people left in the bar. Tables and chairs were overturned, and there were shards everywhere. It was a mess.

Klein went past the heavily damaged staircase and into the main hall. He surveyed the area and found the forlorn bar owner behind the bar counter. Few of the bouncers he hired had remained. Most had scattered off.

Tap. Tap. Tap... Klein walked over one step at a time with the Devil corpse behind him bumping into the furniture.

"W-what are you planning to do?" the owner took a step back as he yelled at the top of his lungs.

His bouncers gathered over, shuddering in fear. Their eyes were darting around as their bodies revealed their own inclinations. It appeared as though they would immediately flee the moment any incident happened.

Klein stopped in his tracks, throwing Kircheis's corpse in front of him.

Then, he said in a deep voice, "Can you claim bounty rewards?"

The owner was stunned for a second as he instinctively moved his gaze down before seeing the huge Devil's corpse which still had some blue flames lingering around it.

He and his bouncers drew a cold gasp at the same time, many of them feeling surreal.

This was a real devil!

Apart from its lack of curled goat horns, it looked identical to the devils described in the Church's bibles or mythical stories!

To ordinary people living in the pirates' playground, it wasn't rare to witness supernatural powers. Here, their horizons were clearly broader than the colonies of Oravi and the civilians of the kingdom's native soil. However, as the owner and bouncers of a

bar, they had never seen real devils before. They even suspected that it was an attempt by the Church to tarnish unofficial Beyonders.

The owner retracted his gaze with great difficulty as he looked at the stoic adventurer in tattered clothes.

“I can. Th-they should have the means to determine that this is Kircheis.

“It’s Kircheis, right?”

Klein silently heaved a sigh of relief and silently nodded.

The owner hesitated for two seconds and forced a fearful smile.

“However, it’s impossible to get everything. As you know, there will be some money spent during the process. The fees cost about 30%; otherwise, you’ll have to wait quite a while. After all, 9,500 pounds isn’t a small sum. For Toscarter’s pier, it will take at least a week. I-its because there are pirates frequenting this area, and there are often adventurers here to claim bounties. Therefore, it constantly has quite a bit of cash reserves. If you were in Oravi Island or anywhere else, it might take two weeks or even a month.”

9,500 pounds really wasn’t a small sum. Klein clearly remembered that back in Tingen City, the Nighthawks team’s monthly budget was only about 1,000 pounds. The budget was even split between the Church and the police department.

He thought for a moment and asked the bar’s boss, “Do you know me?”

“Yes.” The owner hurriedly nodded.

Klein swept his gaze across everyone and continued asking, “Can you figure out where I’m living?”

“Yes, yes.” The owner didn’t dare to lie.

Klein tersely responded before using a flat and direct tone.

“Send 6,000 pounds to me before noon tomorrow.”

6000 pounds? That’s less than 70%. That’s about 600 pounds short… The owner was taken aback, never expecting the crazy adventurer to take the initiative to lower the price.

“Can you do it?” Klein asked again.

The additional 650 pounds was his compensation for the bar. After all, he had left the bar in a mess. However, this wasn’t something the crazy adventurer would say himself. He believed that the bar’s owner wasn’t a philanthropist. There was no way he would hand over the excess to others.

The owner considered it seriously before replying, “Yes!”

Even though the official process wouldn’t be that fast, there was nothing he needed to worry about. This was because he planned on borrowing some of the money and using his savings to pay the bounty reward which Gehrman Sparrow wanted.

To be able to earn several hundred pounds at once wasn’t

something he would miss out on!

Klein nodded and didn't speak another word. He turned around and walked to the bar's entrance.

When he came near, he took out a few yellow pennies and threw them onto a tiny round table that still stood standing.

After some clinking sounds, the pennies spun to a stop. They numbered eight pence.

While doing this action, the black-suited Klein didn't stop walking. His figure soon disappeared from the entrance.

"W-what's the meaning of that?" the owner said with a surprised and blank look.

Most of the bouncers shook their heads with the same expression, indicating that they didn't know Gehrman Sparrow's motive.

Only a bouncer who had been standing guard by the door thought with a frown. Then, he said uncertainty, "When he first entered, he took... he took someone's cup of beer and threw it at Kircheis.

"This is the compensation for that cup of beer, as well as the cup?"

The bar fell into silence once again. Although the owner and bouncers couldn't accept such an explanation, they had the baffling feeling that this matched the style of the crazy

adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow.

…

Another set of clothes ruined. That's nearly 9 pounds… Thankfully, I made quite a lot this time… Yes, I'll have to make another set tomorrow… After turning into another street, Klein stopped and observed himself.

He wasn't in a rush to return to the hotel he stayed at. He first followed the information provided by the head honcho of the Loen's New Party, Molsona, and found a policeman who was controlled by drugs. The man helped the gangs commit several sordid deeds, to the point of creating a scheme to kill a witness. He channeled his spirit to confirm his crimes before allowing Creeping Hunger to enjoy a true feast for the day.

After doing that, Klein returned to his hotel via a carriage and entered his room.

After setting up the altar, he used a ritual to send Creeping Hunger and the thin blood crystal above the gray fog.

Sitting at the end of the long bronze table, Klein didn't hesitate to pick up the glove and release the soul of the Priest of Light.

This Sequence 5 powerhouse had a thin face and an elegant bearing. He was an amiable elder, and he wore a simple white clergyman's robe. He bowed to express his gratitude to the mysterious existence who was concealed by the gray fog.

Klein gently nodded as a response. Then, he conjured pen and paper and wrote down the divination statement: "The potion

formulas for the Sequences above the Sun pathway's Sequence 7."

Leaning back into his seat, he began using dream divination to communicate with the spirit.

The grayish world quickly changed. He saw the Priest of Light roll open a piece of brownish goatskin in a room filled with sunlight. On it was a formula written in ancient Feysac: "Sequence 6, Notary.

"Main ingredients: 1 set of crystallized roots of the Tree of Elders, 5 feathers of a Spirit Pact Bird.

"Supplementary ingredients: 100 ml of Radiance Spirit Pact Tree's juice, 1 golden-rimmed sunflower, 1 white-rimmed sunflower, 5 drops of Aqua Fern juice."

After the scene paused for a few seconds, ripples surfaced again, outlining an opulent hall filled with golden statues.

Inside the hall, a man covered in pure light that prevented one from looking straight at him said to a half-centenarian elder, "This is the potion formula for the Priest of Light. Remember, dispel the darkness and praise the sun."

The elder received it in excitement and spread open the ancient goatskin.

"Sequence 5, Priest of Light.

"Main ingredients: red comb of a Dawn Rooster, a pure white Brilliance Rock.

“Supplementary ingredients: 5 grams of Rosemary, 7 drops of fingered citron juice, 10 ml of Rock Water, 60 ml of a King of Dawn Rooster’s blood.

“Ritual: In pure darkness, bury your entire body in ice that usually doesn’t melt, before consuming the potion.”

The scene quickly vanished without any additional content.

Klein wasn’t surprised. He knew very well that when it involved the domain of a demigod, the seven Churches would often directly provide the potions and rituals without giving them the formula.

At this moment, the Priest of Light’s figure had mostly dispersed due to the forceful spirit channeling.

His painful expression eased as he raised his head and spread out his arms as though he was embracing sunlight.

“Praise the sun!” the Priest of Light closed his eyes as he piously said.

Those were his last words as his Spirit Body rapidly disintegrated and plummeted into the gray fog before completely disappearing.

A pious believer... Klein sighed in comment. Following that, he recalled what he had seen in the dream and recorded the formula.

The main ingredient of a Notary is the root crystal of the Tree of

Elders... I remember that Miss Justice's Psychiatrist potion requires the fruit of the Tree of Elders... From the looks of it, the Spectator and Sun pathways might be interchangeable at High-Sequences... The difficulty of the Priest of Light's ritual for most people is to find ice that usually doesn't melt, but it's different for Little Sun. To bury a living person in pure darkness in the Forsaken Land of God might lead to one's disappearance. A method to avoid this has to be figured out... Dispel the darkness and praise the sun is the acting method? Klein considered for a moment before picking up the blood crystal produced by Kircheis's body.

After a few seconds of consideration, he wrote down the corresponding divination statement in a serious manner: "Its origins."

Holding up the item and the piece of paper, Klein chanted softly once more and entered a dream.

In the gray, blurry world, he saw the gigantic sailboat, the Death Announcer, with its bow and stern curving up high. He saw Kircheis climb up a soft ladder and arrive on the deck.

Just as this Desire Apostle found his footing, a sticky black fog emanated from the deck's cracks. It was filled with a corruptive smell that enveloped Kircheis within it, corrupting and tainting all the shimmering objects on him, including his body.

The gas quickly contracted and entered Kircheis's chest. The color gradually turned red, as though it was a bloodstain.

Finally, everything was restored to normal. Kircheis genuflected as he said to the deck, "Your will is my will. Great Death Announcer!"

Following that, the scene shattered as Klein opened his eyes.

He sat straight and looked at the thin and long blood crystal. In thought, he silently said, *The Death Announcer is alive?*

A Sealed Artifact with living traits?

This crystal is the source of its control over its crew, and it comes equipped with an intense corruptive force. Therefore, mystical items of low levels will be corrupted by it?

Chapter 687: Blatherer

Picking up the blood crystal and smelling the faint smell of sulfur, Klein could vaguely sense the corrosive powers hidden deep within.

Legend has it that the Abyss is an area with the greatest powers of corruption. Even an angel will fall and lose control there. The people guarding the Abyss will eventually be assimilated by the Abyss... The characteristic shown by the Desire Apostle does match this point. Hmm, deepening the assimilation of a Desire Apostle? Klein allowed his thoughts to wander.

Soon, he noticed a detail. Kircheis had declared loyalty to the Death Announcer, and not to King of Immortality Agalito!

Does this mean that the real King of Immortality is the Death Announcer? Agalito is only its spokesperson or the administrator to infect targets? Heh, rumor has it that Agalito isn't a demigod and isn't at Sequence 4. He relies solely on the Death Announcer to become one of the Four Kings. If that's the case, his actual situation is worse than I expected. He doesn't even have any autonomy...

Of course, I can't eliminate the possibility that he's a Sequence 4, and his relationship with the Death Announcer is just one of cooperating partners. He's a Demon after all. He's crafty and enjoys misleading people...

Klein contemplated for a few seconds before attempting another divination to see if he could obtain any revelation for the blood crystal's usage.

He wasn't afraid that it would incur huge trouble for him, or it could be said that he was already prepared to receive any. Even if it was connected to the Devil King in the Abyss, it would at most be equivalent to the backlash from the True Creator or Eternal Blazing Sun. Klein believed that the gray fog had the means to defend against and suppress it.

This is the first time. I won't have my location locked on, so it's not a big problem... Besides, I already divined its origins, and there wasn't any danger. Therefore, the Death Announcer definitely isn't a Sequence 0 Devil... Eh, isn't that obvious? If it's really a Sequence 0 Devil, or a Sealed Artifact at the level of King of Angels, Amon, then there's no need to avoid the joint forces of me, Queen Mystic, Admiral of Stars, and Anderson... Klein realized that he had been frightening himself. He began to seriously begin the dream divination.

In the blurry world, he saw a world covered with sticky black fog.

A monster formed from dark-colored lumps of flesh squirmed over as its body cavity produced a raging roar, "Blatherer!"

The scene changed, producing an ancient-looking altar which was splashed with fresh blood. Engraved on of it were words and symbols filled with a corruptive feeling; it was as though they were shouting something.

The hazy world shattered as Klein slowly opened his eyes and sat straight.

He tapped his finger on the edge of the long bronze table and muttered to himself, *Blatherer refers to the state before the Death Announcer became a Sealed Artifact—a Blatherer from the Abyss. Or was it a gigantic monster formed from dark-colored lumps of flesh that became a Sealed Artifact after being killed by a*

Blatherer?

Heh heh, regardless, the final confirmation is that there's one ship involved. Otherwise, it wouldn't have solidified into its present state.

Hmm... From the laughter of the person on the brink of losing control, it's very likely that the Death Announcer corresponds to Blatherer. A preliminary prediction is that it isn't a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact; otherwise, King of Immortality would be the best of the Four Kings... It's probably a Sequence 3? Furthermore, Agalito clearly doesn't match well with it. The level of power shown isn't that high. It's at most Sequence 4...

That corruptive altar that gave off a feeling as though it was shouting suggests that the blood crystal is able to summon a high-level Devil? For example, the Blatherer?

Having no idea how to summon a high-level Devil, nor having any plans on doing so, Klein casually threw the thin blood crystal along with the Beyonder characteristic—the glowing crystal left behind by the Priest of Light—into the junk pile. Then, he perfunctorily named the former: Aura of Blatherer!

After doing this, Klein cautiously attempted another divination. It was to confirm if he would encounter any danger that night, danger that came from King of Immortality Agalito.

In fact, he already had a prediction for the divination's outcome. King of Immortality Agalito wouldn't touch ground on the island!

Firstly, it was because Toscarter had a hidden demigod. Ordinary Beyonders might not know, but the Four Kings would have some level of understanding. And it was unlikely Agalito would wish to have any head-on conflict with other demigods. Forcefully

entering the “territory” of another person wasn’t his style.

Secondly, Klein’s previous theory had produced a conclusion: Agalito didn’t dare to leave the Death Announcer, and the Death Announcer had no way of going ashore!

Indeed, Klein received the revelation that it would be very safe that night.

This meant that he didn’t need to change his appearance and move to another hotel.

…

Around nine in the morning of the next day, Klein saw Anderson Hood appear the moment he walked into the restaurant on the first floor and found a seat. Anderson immediately sat opposite him.

This Strongest Hunter used his fingers to comb his short blond hair, making it part seventy-thirty. As he looked at Gehrman Sparrow, he tsked with a laugh.

“Impressive, you managed to hunt Kircheis even when fighting one-on-three!

“The way you dragged the Devil’s corpse downstairs has already spread throughout Toscarter Pier.

“Heh, it’s said that every pirate with a bounty on their head has decided to distance themselves from your sights. They will not appear anywhere within a five-kilometer radius from you!”

Ever since he acquainted himself with Frank Lee, Klein had quit drinking milk. He raised his hand to order a cup of coffee, a piece of white bread, two toasts, a roasted pork sausage, and a plate of butter. Then, he replied in an extremely calm manner, “Your ability at gathering intel is pretty good.”

Anderson chuckled.

“This is necessary for a hunter. Heh, the Toscarter adventurers are discussing a serious question as to who is the strongest hunter!”

When Anderson saw Gehrman Sparrow look up with a cold and ambiguous gaze, his smile froze.

“They’ve all chosen you.

“Haha, after all, this is the Sonia Sea, and not the Fog Sea.”

Why did you need to add that second sentence? It’s just asking for a beating… Klein casually asked, as though being indifferent, “Anything else?”

“Ah?” Anderson suddenly felt his comprehension skills were impeded.

“Any other intel?” Klein repeated himself with more details.

“There is…” Anderson suddenly signaled with his eyes. “Molsona from the Loen New Party has mysteriously disappeared last night. He mysteriously disappeared in his own room while being protected by countless guards! The official explanation is that

Molsona has already died. The reason was that he possibly consecrated an evil god or summoned a devil. Heh, no one believes that. It's because the Church of Storms has received an anonymous letter that has detailed records of Molsona's crimes, as well as evidence."

He stared intently at Gehrman Sparrow, hoping that the crazy adventurer would provide him with more information.

He clearly remembered that Gehrman Sparrow had just asked him who deserved to be killed yesterday afternoon. And his answer was Molsona from the Loen New Party.

Klein tersely responded without saying anything more.

At this moment, a figure rushed into the hotel. After looking around, he walked towards Klein in delight.

He was none other than the bar owner from before.

"Mr. Sparrow." The owner took off a bonnet that had a depression in the middle and bowed. "It has already been confirmed, but the process will take another two days. After all, it's too large a sum. Heh heh, I know you'll be leaving today, so in order to not delay your schedule, I've decided to cover the bounty for now. Well, a portion of it comes from the bar's liquid cash, and a portion of it I loaned from my friends. Please make sure the number is right."

He deliberately spoke in detail to express his goodwill to Gehrman Sparrow while earning a profit. He wanted to befriend this crazy adventurer.

As for whether King of Immortality would seek revenge on him, he wasn't too worried. Many a time, Kircheis would similarly claim bounties through him. After all, it was a reward for battles between pirates. Everyone liked gaining some additional cash. It was an unspoken rule at sea.

Klein did a count of the thick stack of notes worth 6,000 pounds. He split them into a few stacks and placed them into different pockets. Then, he said with a nod, "Not bad."

The bar owner heaved a sigh of relief. He then warily surveyed his surroundings before suppressing his voice.

"You have to be careful. King of Immortality is a very vengeful person. He might intercept your ship at sea."

He didn't dare to say that he had the means to arrange for someone to board certain ships to depart in secret, afraid that it would be detected by King of Immortality and that he would suffer retaliation as a result.

"I know," Klein replied indifferently.

The bar owner didn't speak further. He bowed once more and left the hotel's restaurant.

"Do you have the means to leave?" Anderson looked at Gehrman Sparrow with a look of curiosity.

"Guess." Klein revealed a gentlemanly smile.

The corners of Anderson's lips twitched.

“I’m relieved by seeing your confidence.

“By the way. The tickets. It sets sail at half-past one in the afternoon.

“Impressive. I thought I was rather amazing earning 1,600 pounds in a night. Who knew…”

Klein didn’t respond as he began enjoying his breakfast.

Later, he made a new suit to prevent himself from lacking a change of clothes.

Time passed, and soon, it was time to board the ship. Anderson held a newly bought suitcase and looked at Gehrman Sparrow beside him. He asked, seemingly worried, “Are we just leaving on this ship?

“The Death Announcer should be around the surrounding waters. The Future left yesterday after it was resupplied.”

He felt that leaving while under the wrath of the King of Immortality wasn’t a wise choice.

It’s impossible for Gehrman Sparrow to be crazy enough to just storm right into death, right… Unless, this is his trap… A thought came to Anderson as he had a hunch.

Klein didn’t turn his head to look at him. He directly boarded the liner with his suitcase.

His thoughts were simple. It was likely that the Death Announcer could sense something wrong with its aura. Based on the King of Immortality's modus operandi, it was unlikely for him to make a forceful assault. If his assumption was wrong, then the moment the Death Announcer appeared along the horizon, Klein would immediately enter his room and pray to himself. Then, he would go above the gray fog to use the scepter to respond. He wanted to see who was stronger—the Blatherer at sea or the Sea God!

This wasn't Klein's original plan. He had planned on using the Sea God Scepter's ability to command sea creatures to find an underwater "carriage" for himself. Then, under layers of protection from his charms, he would pull Anderson out into the waters and escape the range of the Death Announcer's blockade before secretly boarding a liner he had tickets to.

However, in consideration that the target of revenge had disappeared all of a sudden, it was possible that the King of Immortality would vent his anger on others by slaughtering liners indiscriminately. After all, pirates didn't abide by the law, nor did they come with any proper morals. After divining above the gray fog, Klein ultimately decided to leave brazenly.

Chapter 688: Fruitless Wait

After hitting the deck, entering the cabin, and coming to his room, Klein was just about to say something when Anderson Hood spoke before he could.

"That's not right... If I were the passengers on board this ship, I'd definitely be very afraid and nervous to see an adventurer who just offended the King of Immortality. I'd either get the captain or first mate to convince you to switch to another ship, or I would switch ships myself. To my surprise, all of them are especially calm."

This guy is very sharp. He's able to notice the minute details... Is this a real Conspirer? Often acting happy-go-lucky, shooting off his mouth, and being optimistic, but in actuality, he has silently grasped the situation and made his preparations... As Klein opened the door with his key, he began considering if the ship had any real problems.

At that moment, Anderson raised his hand to slap himself in the cheeks before laughing dryly.

"I get it!

"It happened just recently. The matter is only spread among a number of adventurers and pirates. Typical tourists and sailors wouldn't even know of this. Besides, people who know what you look like are definitely people with good intel, not ordinary people."

Wow, he knows to answer his own questions... Do you know that time is life? Klein lampooned and entered the first-class cabin.

It wasn't that he wished to enjoy comfort, but that he needed to watch over Anderson Hood. He didn't want this "Unluckiest Hunter" to bring disaster to the liner, so he had gotten him to book a first-class cabin for themselves.

With a suitcase in hand, he walked straight to the master bedroom. Klein pointed at the guest room and the servant's room, and he said to Anderson, "Choose one for yourself."

Anderson was taken aback as he turned agape.

"You're very used to this…"

Of course, I have rich experience in interacting with hunters. If Danitz were here, I would designate him to the servant's room… Klein didn't answer as he entered the master bedroom.

Half-past one. The steam engine whistled as the liner set off on time.

After hanging his coat, Klein walked out of the master bedroom in pants, a shirt, and a vest. He looked out the window at the horizon.

Thanks to the wind, the green waves ebbed as they spread along the outline of Toscarter Island, inch by inch.

"That's no way to see the full situation." Anderson came over and smiled. "You can only ensure that there are no problems from one of the flanks, and the Death Announcer might appear from the other flank, or the front. The best option is to climb up to the crow's nest. Haha, there's definitely a crew member there, but an experienced hunter or pirate has a hundred means to fool his

senses!”

Klein turned around and looked at Anderson with a stoic expression.

“Well said.

“I’ll leave this to you.”

“Ah?” Anderson was taken aback.

He snapped to his senses and asked in surprise, “You don’t have any other means to observe?”

Without any other means to observe, how was he to lay a trap for the King of Immortality?

“No.” Klein nodded his head with abnormal frankness. “I can only rely on you.”

…Who gave you the courage to leave under the King of Immortality’s scrutiny? Anderson was momentarily speechless.

As he muttered to himself, “Don’t stop me. I’m jumping ship.” He left the cabin room and headed for the bottom of the crow’s nest.

In theory, King of Immortality Agalito, or the Death Announcer, should’ve long sensed my ill intent and sensed the danger that stems from me. Then, will they attack? Will they believe that I’m at the level I show myself as and that I don’t have any help, or will they suspect that some powerhouse who can interfere in their

premonition for danger did something? Klein retracted his gaze from the door and looked once again at the sea outside.

After a while, he suddenly sensed something as he quickly activated his Spirit Vision and turned his head to look to the side.

The tall skeleton messenger burrowed out of the ground, the black flames in its eye sockets jumping slightly.

It only revealed its upper body, so it wasn't too much taller than Klein. It looked at him at eye level and handed him a letter in its hand.

Mr. Azik replied pretty quickly this time... Klein politely nodded and received the neatly folded piece of paper.

After the skeleton messenger collapsed and disappeared, he unfolded the letter against the sunlight coming in from the window.

"...I'm very happy to hear about your advancement. Your travels have been more interesting than I had imagined.

"Those waters are indeed very dangerous. I vaguely remember that it might have to do with the source of the Cataclysm. As for why there's a remnant aura of ancient Death there, I'm not too sure.

"I will keep your warning in mind. Before completely recovering my memories, I will not enter those waters. The True Creator's ravings aren't pleasant to the ears.

“I’m somewhat interested in the ring worn by Admiral Hell. However, I’ve recently been embroiled in some past matters. I might need some time before I pay him a visit…”

Upon seeing this, Klein couldn’t help but smile.

After replying to Mr. Azik, I’ll tell him that I have the means to lock onto Admiral Hell Ludwell’s location. I must get him to bring me along with him when he pays a visit. Oh no, I didn’t divine the location of the Murloc Cufflink recently. I’m not sure if Ludwell has discovered it or thrown it away… Yes, I’ll divine it above the gray fog after I confirm that the Death Announcer isn’t pursuing me…

Moving his gaze away, Klein continued reading.

“The ancient chronicles I received from Katarina does mention matters regarding Artificial Death. To put it simply, the former royal family of the Balam Empire, present upper echelons of the Numinous Episcopate, had gained inspiration from the Hidden Sage’s sudden coming to life and turning anthropomorphic. They wish to let Death, which is at present only a concept, to experience something similar.

“There’s a possibility of it being fulfilled. Due to the indestructibility of Beyonder characteristics, the perishing of Death doesn’t mean that the corresponding Beyonder characteristics and authority has been completely lost.

“According to the chronicles, the corresponding research hasn’t reached a breakthrough, but that was from centuries ago…

“The Sequence 4 corresponding to Seer is Bizarro Sorcerer. The powerhouses from the Antigonus and Zaratul family left me with a deep impression. Even though I’ve already forgotten the

details, my recollections are still able to bring me some feelings of fear.

"As for where to get the formula and ingredients, I'm not sure. Perhaps you can consider switching to neighboring pathways. I've already recalled matters regarding this. You can choose Sequence 4 Secrets Sorcerer of the Apprentice pathway or Sequence 4 Parasite of the Marauder pathway. However, I vaguely remember that these three pathways only allow switching at Sequence 3…

Indeed… There's only Arrodes left… Klein forcefully produced a grin.

After reading the reply, he took out a pen and paper and wrote down parts of the content he had already thought of, as well as asking about the exact definition of a "mythical creature."

After putting down the pen and paper, he wasn't in a hurry to summon the messenger. He planned to wait for the Death Announcer to appear before adding the request for help into the letter and then mailing it out. This way, he could hold out for some time with the Sea God Scepter, and he might even have Mr. Azik tear through the spirit world to rescue him. When the time came, the two of them could join forces and have a chance to claim the Death Announcer as theirs.

As for why he didn't write it ahead of time, it was because a Devil might not come again due to their premonition for danger. Of course, Klein had no idea whether they could sense the exact contents of his current ill intent.

After patiently waiting for a few hours, Klein heard the door open. When he looked back, he saw Anderson stroking the side of his face. He walked in with mixed emotions.

“The Death Announcer hasn’t appeared. We’ve completely left the waters around Toscarter Island…”

The King of Immortality actually didn’t seek revenge… This fellow is more impressive than I imagined! Anderson sighed inwardly.

Klein gave a regretful nod, walked to his coat rat, and took his coat and hat in preparation to head for the dining hall.

…

In a secret chamber, a small Red Gloves team was discussing a case they were on.

Soul Assurer Soest held a chalk and pointed at a blackboard.

“The Devil murder case this time has some similarities with the assassination of Duke Negan in Backlund.

“First, a human skin with its own smell and aura appeared. This is something that hasn’t appeared in many of the Devil-related cases in the past.

“Second, there’s more than one Devil. They take turns wearing the human skin in order to carry out their normal activities to conceal their partner’s evil acts.

“Finally, they’re suspected of belonging to the Beria family…”

At that moment, Leonard, who appeared to be listening attentively in the corner, couldn’t help but recall something

when his captain mentioned Backlund.

Having witnessed the complete destruction of the underground ruin, he wanted to find time for himself to investigate the mysterious detective, Sherlock Moriarty. He had planned on starting from Sherlock Moriarty's former landlord, but his team took on an emergency case and began to investigate a new series of serial murders. He had no choice but to leave Backlund.

"Leonard, what's your take on this?" After Soest finished his briefing, he named Leonard Mitchell to continue.

Leonard turned his head to the side in a daze and looked at the content on the blackboard. He quickly organized his words and said, "I believe that it's not only a form of concealment, but is also a requirement of a particular ritual. Captain Soest, as you know, Devils have many kinds of blasphemous and evil rituals."

"Reasonable deduction." Soest then gestured for another team member to speak his piece.

Phew, thankfully Old Man has recently been catching me up on Devil studies... Leonard heaved a sigh of relief and began attentively listening to the discussion of his team.

...

After a two-day voyage, the liner safely arrived at Oravi Island.

After checking into a hotel, Klein said to Anderson Hood, "Wait here for me. That demigod doesn't like strangers suddenly visiting."

He didn't wish to expose the contact person of the Life School of Thought.

"I hope I'll live to see him." Anderson smiled bitterly as he wished himself good luck.

The corners of Klein's mouth twitched, and he gave up saying anything further. He rode on a carriage and went straight for the Church of Storms's St. Draco Cathedral.

Before long, he arrived once again in the small room in the magnificent bell tower where he saw the tall, extremely asymmetrical and ugly bellman, Carnot.

After hearing Gehrman Sparrow's intentions, the hunched Carnot nodded.

"I'll bring you to Mr. Ricciardo. He has already recovered and is no longer where he originally was.

"Alright." Just as Klein gave a response, he suddenly recalled that Carnot was a product of the Church of Earth Mother's human body refining. He then asked a question, "Do you know Frank Lee?"

Chapter 689: That's It?

Bellman Carnot's expression immediately turned odd when he heard Frank Lee's name.

"Yes, he... he's a kind and pure person, but at times, his pureness is terrifying."

Indeed... Klein made way and allowed the bellman to walk down the stairs. As he followed him down, he asked, "Are you familiar with him?"

Carnot silently walked ahead, and after a while, he said with his back facing Gehrman Sparrow, "I'm a failed product filled with all kinds of problems. I was always mocked, and only Frank was one of the few who looked at me normally, treating me as someone with a real soul..."

"Why did he leave the Church of Earth Mother?" Klein asked despite knowing the answer.

Carnot came out of the bell tower, answering while getting his bearings, "I do not know about the specifics.

"He's an orphan. He grew up in the cloister from a young age. He really treats the Church as a family and views Earth Mother as his mother.

"He has many strange ideas. He had the opportunity of becoming a diocese bishop, but he was later nearly sent to a tribunal for being sacrilegious."

Frank mentioned this before. He was trying to crossbreed a bull, a cow, and wheat together... To be frank, if it were me, I would've sent him to the tribunal as well... This guy was fine early on because of his low Sequence, limiting what he can do... Klein mumbled and followed Carnot down another street and arrived in the alley behind St. Draco Cathedral.

Carnot walked in front of an ordinary building, pulled the doorbell thrice, each tug lasting two seconds.

After a while, thudding sounds approached as the door creaked open.

Klein immediately saw an elder in a black short coat with a hard cane.

His hair was as white as snow, but he didn't have any obvious wrinkles. He wore a black eye mask around his eyes.

"Mr. Councilor, Mr. Gehrman Sparrow is here to pay you a visit."

Councilor Ricciardo? He's Councilor Ricciardo? He's blind? Previously, Klein had only heard his voice without meeting him. It was no wonder he was surprised.

Ricciardo turned his ear to the side and slowly turned his head towards Gehrman Sparrow and chuckled.

"Sorry, I can only meet you this way. When I woke up this morning, I suddenly had a premonition that I mustn't open my eyes to see anything today. To prevent any accidents, I wore an eye mask."

...You can actually do that... He's in no way inferior as a charlatan... Klein was momentarily amused and surprised.

Following that, he understood the correct interpretation of his premonition. He didn't want to see him!

He remembered that Beyonders from the Monster pathway were able to see things others couldn't see. Therefore, Snake of Mercury Will Auceptin was able to sense my uniqueness. And back in Tingen City, Ademisaul's eyes bled and he collapsed to the ground simply from seeing me.

Councilor Ricciardo sensed the danger and wore an eye mask ahead of time... Sigh, if not for that, I was planning on asking what he can see... Klein didn't have any penchant about forcing others to harm themselves. He held back his thoughts and asked, "Do you have clues to the mystical item I need?"

"Not for now," Ricciardo said with a smile. "After I recovered from my injuries, I went to Bayam. I was lucky that there was some adjustments to the upper echelons of the navy and governor-general's office, so I successfully rescued Roy King, but it wasted quite a bit of my time."

Klein had expected this as he said without any signs of surprise, "Then, I'll use this request to get another form of help.

"I have a friend who is plagued with bad luck after interacting with a mural left behind by the Angel of Fate. He needs it completely removed."

Ricciardo thought for a moment before saying, "No problem. Bring me over to him. Don't allow him to leave his residence, or there might be accidents."

Klein nodded and walked towards the alley with his suitcase in hand. He took the opportunity to ask, “Mr. Councilor, what do you know about the Mother Tree of Desire?”

From Klein’s point of view, the Life School of Thought and the Rose School of Thought were at odds with each other, so it was likely that they knew each other very well.

With cane in hand, Ricciardo slowly walked behind him to his right. He didn’t need anyone to help him; it was as though he wasn’t wearing an eye mask.

He chuckled.

“The Mother Tree of Desire is the Rose School of Thought’s manifestation of the Chained God. However, I suspect that the truth is actually the reverse. The Chained God is one of the Mother Tree of Desire’s many manifestations. My reasoning is that Red Light, Moria, claims that the Mutant pathway’s Sequence 0 is still unoccupied. Heh heh, you know about Sequence 0, right?”

“Yes,” Klein succinctly answered. He didn’t even express his knowledge of the Great White Brotherhood.

Ricciardo tersely acknowledged. “In short, no one knows the true identity of the Mother Tree of Desire, nor does anyone know what ‘Her’ pathway is. Perhaps, that’s ‘Her’ true identity. In addition, I can provide some indirect information.

“The Mother Tree of Desire and the Primordial Moon are at odds. There seems to be some irreconcilable conflict between them, and it’s because of this that the Rose School of Thought views us as an enemy.

“However, at times, the Mother Tree of Desire and the Primordial Moon seem to have a subtle relationship. You might find it hard to imagine that the Southern Continent’s Shaman King, who worships the moon, joined the Rose School of Thought.

“The seven Churches hate the True Creator, Primordial Demoness, Dark Side of the Universe, and the other evil gods, but their hatred for the Primordial Moon and Mother Tree of Desire runs even deeper.

“Similarly, the Aurora Order, Demoness Sect, Blood Sanctify Sect, and Moses Ascetic Order do not like the Rose School of Thought.”

That’s interesting… Mother Tree of Desire is one of the two most isolated ones? Klein stopped a carriage while in thought as he watched Carnot help Ricciardo up the carriage.

He then entered the carriage and instructed the driver to bring them to a nearby hotel.

Before long, the carriage arrived at their destination. Just as Klein was about to get off, he suddenly heard a loud bang. A rumbling explosion shook the entire street as glass fragments from a window fell to the ground.

No way… Could it be caused by Anderson’s bad luck? Klein’s spiritual intuition told him that it was the case, but the Unluckiest Hunter had apparently lived.

He turned his head to look out the carriage and saw that a huge chunk of wall had collapsed from the hotel’s second floor. Flames and smoke remained.

At this moment, a figure with disheveled blond hair and messy clothes stood below as he muttered, “To think that there’s such a daring person to trade arms in a hotel. New kinds of explosives, especially. He nearly caused me to die without even knowing why… My suitcase…”

Klein looked down at the suitcase he was carrying and suddenly felt how great it was to be cautious.

He turned around and helped Ricciardo down the carriage.

Anderson sensed something as he turned his head to say with a bitter smile, “The arms dealers these days are too unprofessional! Thankfully, it’s daytime, and there aren’t many people in the hotel. The owner sure is pitiful, having to suffer a certain loss. However, the gold they carry shouldn’t be destroyed that easily. It should make up for his loss.”

I think your bad luck is responsible for a large part of the accountability… Klein nodded and said to Ricciardo, “It’s him.”

Ricciardo then turned his head to Anderson, but his gaze was completely blocked by the black eye mask.

He paused for a few seconds before smiling.

“Give me a gold coin.”

“Oh?” Anderson took out a Loen gold coin from the inside of his clothes, feeling suspect. Then, he smiled at Gehrman Sparrow. “Tradition from my hometown. We sew a tiny pocket on the inside of our clothes to keep a few coins. I originally didn’t believe in it, but I’ve been just too unlucky recently.”

As he spoke, he handed the gold coin to Ricciardo.

Ricciardo received the gold coin, slowly closed his fingers, before retracting his hand.

He then laughed and said, “Alright. Your bad luck has been dispelled.”

“Ah?” Anderson stood there in shock as he looked at Gehrman Sparrow, as though saying, “That’s it? Did you get a fraud?”

Klein was surprised as well, but he chose to believe Ricciardo. After all, he was a Fate Councilor.

Ricciardo put away the gold coin and chuckled.

“The bad luck you received this time wasn’t child’s play. If you don’t believe me, you can head over to the casino to try your luck.”

“Makes sense!” Anderson clapped and immediately got directions for the nearest casino from a passerby.

After a while, he returned in a clean and decent jacket. He looked at Ricciardo and instinctively opened his mouth.

He was suddenly taken aback as he forcibly closed his mouth and thanked him with a grin.

After the demigod was sent on a carriage, he leaned in towards Gehrman Sparrow and wistfully said, “I was planning on saying

that ‘although you’re blind, you really are amazing when it comes to the domain of fate…’ Thankfully, I recalled in time that he’s a demigod.”

If you had really said that, you might have the chance of becoming the hunter who died immediately after having his bad luck removed… Klein didn’t echo his sentiments as he said, “Now can you tell me the clues to that revolver?”

As Creeping Hunger had great limitations, he still wished for a more conventional offensive mystical item.

Anderson combed his hair and chuckled.

“It’s in Bayam.

“It’s from a friend I used to know, a very powerful adventurer. As he got sick of the unstable and dangerous life, he used his savings to buy a few spice gardens and found a lady to marry. He then completely left this line of work we’re in.

“He recently had a child and his thoughts changed again. He began to wish that his child would be brought up in a better and safer environment with better educational prospects, so he plans on moving to Backlund. There are the best grammar schools and public schools there.

“Heh heh, he doesn’t wish to rent a place in Backlund, but he also doesn’t plan on selling his gardens that constantly earn him money. He happens to have an excess when it comes to mystical items, so he plans on selling that revolver.

“Back then, I was in a rush to follow the treasure-hunting

expedition into those waters, so I'm not sure if he succeeded in the end. However, few people can buy something worth nearly ten thousand pounds at once, so the transaction won't close that easily."

"Alright. Bring me to him," Klein replied simply.

...

At that moment on the Golden Dream, Danitz was horrified to realize a problem.

His captain hadn't appeared in three days!

Chapter 690: Miss Messenger

Under the sunlight, the Golden Dream emitted golden lusters as if it was a mobile treasure.

Danitz stood inside the captain's cabin, pacing about endlessly. He attempted to recall everything that had happened over the past few days in a bid to find a clue.

Three days ago, his captain, Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina, wanted to do a study in which she might not appear for ten to twenty hours. Therefore, all corresponding classes were canceled. In regards to this, Danitz and company didn't find it odd. These happened frequently.

They were delighted that they didn't need to attend classes; hence, there was drinking, singing, and a bonfire party held on the ship. They were only short of burning down the Golden Dream, but they had a great time.

But with the passage of time, everyone gradually felt that something was amiss, including the somewhat slow Danitz. Their captain, who should've finished her studies within 24 hours, didn't appear the next day. She didn't even get anyone to send her food or light beer which was used as water!

After patiently waiting for half a day without seeing Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina, the sailors mustered the courage to knock on her door. To their horror, there wasn't any response.

Under the first mate, Bru Walls's lead, the pirates opened the captain's cabin and found it empty!

They then went to the collector's room and other places, but they failed to find her.

Based on past experiences, their initial guess was that their captain had suddenly thought of something and left the Golden Dream in a rush while using some mystical technique or emulating someone else's Beyonder powers without leaving a letter behind.

Later, Danitz and company attempted to contact her using methods like the Soulfall Ritual, but they failed to receive a response. All they could do was search the captain's cabin and other places as they convinced themselves to wait patiently.

Three days passed, but Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina didn't appear nor reply. It left the sailors panicking.

"Dogsh*t, any results from your divination? Didn't you claim to be an expert?" Danitz turned towards Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson in frustration.

Jodeson, with his black hair that was dyed gold, rubbed his temples and said in a rather mellow voice, "They failed. Every divination method used to find her has failed.

"But for now, it can be confirmed that Captain is still alive. It's just that her whereabouts are unknown."

The first mate, Walls, who had short, grayish, curly hair, nudged his monocle and said, "We need to seek help. None of Captain's collections have been lost. She didn't even bring her essential mystical items with her when she left. This means that the situation was very sudden and unexpected."

“Whose help can we seek?” another boatswain whose waist was swollen, Barrel Daniels asked anxiously.

Bru Walls raised his silver-patterned knife to his aquiline nose and said, “Return to the western shore.”

Between the lines, he was hinting at seeking the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom that backed Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina.

“That won’t do. To go from the pirates’ playground to the western shore, we will need to pass the Sonia Sea, the North Sea, and the Berserk Sea. Then, we will cruise through the Fog Sea for a very long period of time. Captain can’t wait that long! Anything might happen to her at any time!” Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson said. “We have to immediately find someone we can quickly contact and provide us with help on short notice.”

Danitz wanted to curse “dogsh*t,” when he suddenly had a “light bulb” moment.

There was only one person he could quickly contact, and that was Gehrman Sparrow. Furthermore, this crazy adventurer had never hid the fact that he was good at divination and also had a mysterious background!

Perhaps that madman can find Captain. He’s often able to do the impossible… Danitz tugged at his collar as he felt his worry and frustration ease a little.

He raised his chest and looked around. Then, he cleared his throat and said, “I have a candidate. I can immediately contact him. Besides, he’s very good at divination…”

Just as he said that, Gourmet Bru Walls, Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson, Iron Skin, Barrel, and company turned their heads at him in unison. With their eyes red, they roared, “What are you waiting for!?”

“...” Danitz silently left the captain’s cabin and returned to his room.

He unfolded a piece of paper, picked up a fountain pen, and followed his captain’s teachings by writing a greeting followed by some pleasantries.

Suddenly, he stopped writing. He felt that the excessive politeness and small talk didn’t match his goals for seeking help.

“Dogsh*t!” Danitz cursed as he tore up the piece of paper.

Right on the heels of that, he wrote on a new piece of paper:

“Help!

“Captain has vanished!”

“Well... Although Gehrman Sparrow is a madman who can’t be comprehended with common sense, he probably won’t be able to understand such a letter... Dogsh*t!” Danitz cursed himself again as he ripped up the second letter.

He calmed himself down and contemplated for a few seconds before penning a third time.

This time, he simply wrote what happened after his captain's disappearance. He also included the location of the Golden Dream, and he minced his words by asking Mr. Gehrman Sparrow if he could provide help to a cooperating partner.

"Divination needs something..." Just as Danitz folded the letter, he suddenly realized that he had forgotten something. He rushed back to the captain's cabin and found a pearl earring that Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina often wore.

After doing all of this, he took out his notebook that was filled with all sorts of mysticism knowledge. He flipped to the corresponding page and unfamiliarly set up a messenger-summoning ritual with his past experience.

After placing a gold coin on the altar, he took two steps back and recited in ancient Hermes, "I!

"I summon in my name:

"The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated, the messenger that belongs to Gehrman Sparrow."

Howling winds resonated as the candlelight on the altar rapidly burgeoned before being dyed a pale whiteness.

Reinette Tinekerr appeared at a decent speed, still wearing her complicated black dress while holding four beautiful and identical heads.

Danitz imagined that the messenger would bite the gold coin and the envelope containing the paper and earring like the last

time. But to his surprise, the four heads in Reinette Tinekerr's hand automatically turned around, surveying the area before finally looking towards the captain's cabin.

A few seconds later, two of the heads in Reinette Tinekerr's hand bit down onto the gold coin and the envelope.

After the strange messenger vanished, Danitz exhaled and wiped his forehead, feeling a baffling sense of pressure.

...

Oravi Island, in the room of another hotel.

Klein was just about to get Anderson Hood, who had won quite a fair bit of money, to purchase the tickets to City of Generosity Bayam when his spiritual perception was triggered.

He quickly activated his Spirit Vision and saw his headless messenger, Reinette Tinekerr, appear by his side at some point in time. In her hands were four beautiful heads.

She's not like the skeleton messengers who I can detect the moment they appear. My spiritual perception is triggered only after she completely enters the real world... Klein received a letter from the teeth of one of Reinette Tinekerr's head while in thought.

At the same time, he noticed that Anderson's spiritual perception was no way weaker than his. He too had reacted.

"This is a... messenger?" Anderson asked in disbelief, as though

he had heard of such things but had never seen them before.

Klein nodded without expression as he tore open the letter.

Eh, a pearl earring? Klein unfolded the letter in puzzlement.

By his side, Anderson came over out of curiosity as he sized up Reinette Tinekerr as he tsked.

“There’s an indescribable sense of bloody beauty…”

Just as he said that, his hands suddenly rose up to grab himself by the throat. The grip was so tight that his tongue extended out as he foamed at the mouth. As for Reinette Tinekerr, who had nothing above her neck, she didn’t show any further reaction.

Klein turned his head over and seriously studied the situation before looking at his messenger. He then silently mumbled, *Resembles Miss Sharron’s abilities… Miss Messenger belongs to the Prisoner pathway? No, I can’t be sure. She’s a spirit world creature, so being good at such things is very normal…*

Realizing that Anderson was about to suffocate, Klein leisurely said, “That’s enough, he still needs to lead me somewhere.”

One of the heads in Reinette Tinekerr’s hand turned over as she glanced at Anderson with her bloodshot eyes for a second.

Following that, each of the heads’ mouths spoke one after the other.

“Still…” “Can…” “Lead…” “You…” “By…” “Making…” “Into…” “Zombie…”

As she said that, Anderson’s hands finally stopped and left his own neck, leaving obvious, deep finger marks on it.

Phew… Phew… The Strongest Hunter panted as he bent his back, retching.

Klein quickly scanned the letter and saw that it was from Danitz. This “famous pirate” wrote to him, saying that Vice Admiral Iceberg had mysteriously vanished and was in need of help.

Just as he moved his gaze away from the letter, Klein was surprised to see Reinette Tinekerr was still around.

This doesn’t make mystical sense… Shouldn’t a messenger disappear after sending the letter, appearing only when summoned again? Klein deliberated and asked out of curiosity, “Is there anything else?”

“Awaiting…” “Your…” “Reply…” “Letter…” Reinette’s four head said one after the other.

“How do you know that I’ll reply?” Klein glanced at Anderson, who hadn’t recovered, and confirmed that the Strongest Hunter didn’t notice the words that didn’t match Gehrman’s persona.

The heads in Reinette’s hand said once again, “Her…” “Disappearance is…” “Very…” “Odd…”

“How do you know that?” Klein instantly imagined that Miss

Messenger had secretly read Danitz's letter.

The heads with the long blonde hair simply rolled up and said a phrase each, forming a complete sentence.

"I…" "Investigated…" "The ship's…" "Situation…"

My messenger is a part-time scout? Miss Reinette Tinekerr, will you be a hired goon in the future? I wonder if I need to make additional payment… As Klein lampooned in thought, he said, "No rush. I'll reply later."

He planned on heading above the gray fog to use Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina's earring to do a divination.

Reinette Tinekerr didn't say a word as she vanished silently.

"Ahem…" Anderson finally recovered as he stood straight. He gave Gehrman Sparrow a flabbergasted look. "Your messenger… Your messenger is a demigod!?"

Chapter 691: Meeting

There's no need for you to tell me. I've more or less confirmed it moments ago... Upon hearing Anderson Hood, Klein wore a calm expression as he mumbled inwardly.

Back when he encountered Reinette Tinekerr in the spirit world where he saw her massive true form and gothic-styled castle, Klein already believed that she wasn't someone to be messed with. And with Miss Messenger almost killing the Strongest Hunter with such ease, it made him believe without a doubt that she was a demigod, a Sequence 4 at the very least!

A demigod is willing to help me deliver letters for a gold coin per trip? It's obvious that things aren't that simple. Miss Messenger must have her motives; of course, I can't disregard how I'm always encountering all sorts of strange matters. It might've piqued her interest, and she doesn't mind being a messenger since she happens to be free...

Similar situations include Arrodes's fawning and Snake of Mercury Will Auceptin's friendliness... Regardless, I should be wary and not fully trust her... Before having a chance to discuss similar matters, I shouldn't consider blowing the harmonica whenever I encounter danger. Who knows if Miss Messenger will just directly rip me to shreds... Klein instantly had many thoughts go through his mind while he continued wearing a stoic expression. Faced with the alarmed Anderson, all he did was slightly nod his head.

"It's none of your business."

...This guy is really mysterious! A spirit world creature at the demigod level is his messenger! Besides, he casually knows a

demigod that's good at improving a person's luck... It's no wonder he's so calm and composed after offending the King of Immortality... It's no wonder the King of Immortality didn't dare to seek revenge or even appear! Anderson suddenly came to a realization as he couldn't help but carefully size up Gehrman Sparrow.

"Oh?" Klein emotionlessly swept his gaze at the Strongest Hunter.

Anderson hurriedly retracted his gaze as he chuckled dryly.

"I realized that you're very suitable to being the main lead of a figure painting, the kind that has a dark, gloomy background. This really accentuates your bearing.

"How about it. Do you want to consider it? I can help you draw a portrait. Believe me, I'm a master at this!"

Klein couldn't be bothered to listen to his nonsense. He lifted his golden pocket watch and opened it.

"Return to your room. I'll come for you in five minutes."

"Alright," Anderson replied with a beaming smile.

After the Strongest Hunter left, Klein took out Azik's copper whistle and Will Auceptin's paper crane before entering the bathroom where he set up a ritual.

After placing Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina's pearl earring above the gray fog, Klein sat at the end of the long bronze table. There,

he conjured a pen and paper and wrote a simple divination statement: “Edwina Edwards’s location.”

Holding the paper and earring, Klein leaned back into the chair and recited the divination statement as he entered a dream with Cogitation.

First, a gray world occupied his vision. Following that, plains blanketed in ice and snow were reflected in his eyes.

The howling snowstorm enveloped everything as the area was covered with thick fog. It didn’t appear like a real frontier.

Klein quickly saw Edwina’s figure. Her long brown was tied up simply at the back as the rest of it fluttered wildly in the snowstorm.

Dressed in dark-colored trousers and a white waist-fitting shirt with complicated flowery patterns along the collar and sleeves, she gave off the feeling as though she was frail in such an environment.

Edwina’s feet, which were clad in leather boots, kept moving across the snow, leaving behind a series of clear footprints, but they were quickly wiped away by the violent snowstorm.

The screen shattered in turn as Klein opened his eyes. He realized that he couldn’t interpret Vice Admiral Iceberg’s actual location from his divination’s revelation.

The poles? Feysac’s Plains of Evernight? There’s no way to confirm. Apart from the snowstorm, there aren’t any features… Klein sat up and put down the pearl earring and the paper with

the divination statement.

After contemplating for a few seconds, he confirmed another matter—Edwina Edwards had really vanished. She wasn't in the Golden Dream, but it could also eliminate the possibility that it was a trap.

Klein cautiously performed some divination on this matter and received the result that there weren't any traps on the Golden Dream.

After some thought, he left the mysterious space above the gray fog and, via a series of procedures, brought the pearl earring back to the real world.

Recalling the map of the waters around Oravi Island and the present location of the Golden Dream, Klein selected an uninhabited island that fishermen used to seek shelter from storms. In the letter, he got Danitz and company to steer their ship to somewhere not too far from there.

After folding the letter, he blew his harmonica and once again saw Miss Messenger holding up the four heads.

While handing over the reply letter, Klein coughed slightly and said, "Can you confirm Danitz's location?"

One of the heads in Reinette Tinekerr's hand nodded before the rest spoke.

"Yes…" "As long as…" "He's not beyond range…"

Seeing that Miss Messenger remained floating there without any signs of leaving, he said with his eyes looking to the side, “The gold coin will be paid by Danitz.”

“Alright…” Reinette Tinekerr’s figure quickly phased away.

Phew. Klein exhaled. After some precise preparations and dealing with the scene, he carried his suitcase which he had finished packing and walked out of the room. He then knocked on Anderson Hood’s door.

“We’ll go somewhere else first before heading to Bayam,” he calmly told the Strongest Hunter of his decision. “You can choose to wait for me in Bayam, or follow me.”

Anderson gave a cheeky smile and said, “I can feel my adventurer’s blood burning in me. I’m very curious as to what matter that messenger has brought.

“I thought I had no means of knowing better, but to my surprise, you actually invited me!”

I didn’t. I’m only giving you two choices… Klein coldly turned around and walked to the staircase. Anderson hurriedly carried his newly bought suitcase and followed behind.

Out of the hotel, Klein took a carriage to leave the port city. Then, he walked to the periphery of an uninhabited cliff on Mount St. Draco.

Looking at the waves crashing into the cliff below, Anderson looked around in surprise.

“This is our destination?”

Klein ignored his question. He took out a charm made of tin and softly chanted the incantation, “Storm.”

He infused his spirituality and split the charm into two—half of it for himself, while the other half was used to augment Anderson. The remaining one was thrown down the cliff.

“Underwater breathing, deep-sea membrane…” Anderson identified the additional supernatural effects applied to him in surprise.

At that moment, there was a loud splash beneath the cliff. A massive creature that resembled a whale surfaced from the sea.

It was entirely dark blue in color. Its mouth was open, revealing its white teeth and blood-colored interior.

Klein walked to the edge of the cliff and jumped straight down. With the charm’s powers, he gently landed in the undersea behemoth’s mouth.

Anderson watched blankly before he jumped down in excitement, landing beside Klein.

The massive undersea creature closed its mouth, turning the interior pitch-black.

Then, it submerged itself and began swimming for its designated destination.

Inside its mouth, Klein's eyes produced a flash of lightning as he saw through the darkness. He found a tooth to lean against as he casually sat down.

Due to the protection from deep-sea membrane, he wasn't afraid that his clothes would be dirtied.

"Man, this is quite fascinating…" Anderson surveyed the area and asked curiously, "How did you come up with this? How are you doing this?"

Of course it's by praying to myself, then using the Sea God Scepter to pull a suitable undersea creature from nearby… Klein didn't reply Anderson's question. He half-closed his eyes as though he was resting.

"It's just a little stuffy…" Anderson took out a cigar case and matchstick from his pocket. "Can I smoke in here?"

"Ask it." Klein didn't open his eyes.

Anderson chuckled dryly before putting away the cigar and matchstick.

"I don't think it will like the smell of tobacco."

In the dark sea, this massive creature swam quickly, efficiently drawing out the oxygen in the water via the use of its special organs from time to time.

After an unknown period of time, it surfaced in front of an uninhabited island.

After using the charm's power to go ashore, Klein took off his hat and bowed at the undersea creature.

"You're very polite..." Anderson said in amusement when he saw this scene.

"I've always been very polite, even if I'm facing prey." Klein shot a glance at him as though he was including him.

Anderson chuckled dryly as he pointed to the other side of the island.

"There's a ship there.

"Oh, it's the Golden Dream!"

At that moment in time, Klein had also seen the sailboat that had been scrubbed clean. On the ship spanning dozens of meters, a lustrous main cannon that didn't belong there was swirling with stacked symbols.

He immediately went over with his suitcase, and before long, he arrived where the Golden Dream was anchored.

Then, he saw Danitz jump down from the deck as he ran across the water.

Just as Danitz arrived before Gehrman Sparrow, deliberating on what to say, he suddenly saw a familiar figure.

"Anderson Hood!" he pointed at the Strongest Hunter as he

yelled.

Anderson immediately roared with laughter.

“You didn’t expect me, right?”

Although he didn’t know why he would encounter the Golden Dream, this didn’t stop him from having the idea of occupying the ship by force.

You know each other? Klein indifferently swept his gaze towards Danitz.

Danitz instinctively shuddered as he forced a smile.

“This guy isn’t a good egg. In the Fog Sea, he’s often pursued by a bunch of pirates, but in the end, all of those pirates would end up as bounty rewards.

“You might not be aware, but he started off in the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. Later, he was banished after failing his exams repeatedly. I heard all of this from Captain. They were former classmates.”

He gave Anderson a look of contempt, mocking his low intelligence. As for Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson and company on the ship, all of them showed similar expressions.

Anderson’s gaze slowly swept across their faces before tsking.

“That’s not the main point. The main point is that I once pulled

at your captain's hair!"

The scene instantly turned extremely silent as Danitz couldn't stop his expression from twisting.

Chapter 692: Suspect

Seeing everyone on the Golden Dream aim their sights at Anderson, Klein took a step forward and said to Danitz, his side facing him, “Bring me to the captain’s cabin.”

“...Alright. Alright.” Danitz retracted his angry glare aimed at Anderson Hood.

Prioritize Captain’s rescue. Prioritize Captain’s rescue... he kept repeating to himself.

The Golden Dream first released a dinghy before lowering a gangway, allowing Klein to easily step onto the deck without using a charm.

Anderson followed by his side, completely ignoring the glares of the Golden Dream’s crew. With a smile, he strolled forward as he looked around, treating it as his own home.

His mental fortitude is truly beyond remarkable... Yes, even after offending a demigod where he was forced to apologize in public and accept a mission, he was able to laugh at himself and enjoy a meal... Klein sighed inwardly as he walked towards Third Mate Jodeson and company.

“Hello, Mr. Sparrow. I’m this ship’s first mate, Bru Walls.” A 1.8-meter-tall man with a monocle politely bowed.

The pirate “Gourmet” who’s worth 6,200 pounds... The bounties on Vice Admiral Iceberg’s pirate crew are clearly lower than Admiral of Stars. They live up to being treasure hunters who happen to be

part-time pirates… Klein greeted him using Gehrman Sparrow's style of politeness, "Hello. I've heard about you."

"…Haha, it's my honor. I'm only a treasure hunter who dreams to be an artisan, but I ended up having to be a gourmet," Bru Wall said in a self-deprecating manner. He pointed to the man beside him and said, "Our second mate, Singer Orpheus."

Bounty of 5,500 pounds… The Beyonders on the Golden Dream all have very odd nicknames. I didn't know that they were the subordinates of a pirate admiral, I would've definitely believed them to be a traveling crew who sing and enjoy good food while holding bonfires as they seek out legendary treasure. It's truly a beautiful life… Klein cast his gaze at Orpheus and nodded.

The Singer had deep sculpted outlines and a head of resplendent blond hair. He said with a sad smile, "Actually, I'm only praising the sun, but now, my 'sun' has disappeared."

"…"

Klein nearly felt goosebumps all over him.

"Tsk, as expected of someone from Intis. He speaks like he's singing. What a pity, I grew up in Segar, in Lenburg, and didn't pick up this ability," Anderson said with a chuckle. It wasn't clear if he was praising or degrading Orpheus; after all, half the blood flowing in his veins was Intis blood.

Born in Segar and later studied in Lenburg. Yes, it was likely a Church school. He's classmates with Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina… Mr. Orpheus is definitely from the Sun pathway, but he's unlikely to be from the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun. From his bounty, he's likely a Sequence 6 Notary… I almost forgot to inform Little Sun that I have his formula. I wonder what he will

use in exchange this time... Klein turned towards Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson and Barrel Daniels before Gourmet Bru Walls introduced.

"We've met.

"Let's not waste any time."

"Alright." Bru Walls heaved a sigh of relief, stroked his short beard and led the way into the cabin.

If it wasn't for how famous Gehrman Sparrow was on the ship, he wouldn't have been that polite.

At that moment, Anderson deliberately stayed behind, walking alongside Danitz, Orpheus, and company.

He looked to his left and right, unfazed by how the surrounding pirates looked like they wanted to rip him apart. He laughed with a tsk.

"The one you should be wary of isn't me."

"Yes, we aren't wary of you. We only want to stuff you in. See that? Into that cannon!" Danitz wasn't afraid that Anderson was the Strongest Hunter. After all, they were on the Golden Dream. There were plenty of pirates, and many of them were Sequence 6 or 7 Beyonders.

Anderson curled his lips.

“I’m actually not a threat. Think about it; your captain definitely hates and detests me. She wouldn’t even want to speak to me. Isn’t that ideal?”

“…”

Danitz turned agape, but he didn’t say a thing. He suddenly felt that what the pile of dogsh*t said made sense.

The looks in the eyes of Orpheus, Jodeson, and company also subconsciously turned gentle.

Anderson chuckled as he looked at them. He said in a rather ethereal tone, “The person you should be wary about is Gehrman Sparrow.”

“Why?” Danitz blurted out.

Although he’s a madman that warrants the need to be wary of him, he’s not an enemy at the moment… Danitz silently added.

Anderson laughed.

“I’m assuming. Assuming that Gehrman successfully finds your captain and rescues her, will your captain have fond feelings for him as a result? Besides, he looks pretty good. He has that cold and aloof aesthetic and is strong. He’s at the level of a pirate admiral, and his background is especially mysterious. He’s completely compatible…”

How… is it possible… Danitz wished to retort, but he was momentarily at a loss for words. He felt increasingly more

convinced that things weren't right.

Orpheus and company had their expressions collapse bit by bit. They looked at Gehrman Sparrow's back with a newfound sense of wariness.

Resolved! The provocation problem from before has been resolved... With a smile, Anderson walked into the cabin.

When he arrived inside the captain's cabin, Klein first circled the room which was nearly filled with bookshelves. On it were all kinds of books.

The average captain's cabin is filled with racks of alcohol... he silently mumbled before walking straight to the desk by the window.

According to Danitz's description, Edwina had vanished during her research. Therefore, finding traces of her research was Klein's goal. After he gathered enough information, he would head above the gray fog to divine the matter.

At that moment, the desk was a mess with many things placed on it. There was white paper, a fountain pen, an ink bottle, a bronze dagger, and untidily stacked books.

In the middle of the desk was a book made of goatskin. Its dark brown cover had the words "Groselle's Travels" written in ancient Feysac.

Isn't this one of Vice Admiral Iceberg's collections? It has a mysterious origin and is suspected to be related to the dragons and City of Miracles, Liveseyd... Edwina was studying this before

she disappeared? Klein looked at the book and instinctively made a guess.

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow study the ancient book, Danitz forced a smile and said, “There’s nothing wrong with it. We have already inspected it.”

Is that so? I seriously doubt your meticulousness… Since someone had flipped it and there weren’t any obvious abnormalities with it, together with the fact that Klein determined that Danitz was saying the truth with his spiritual intuition, Klein reached out for it and asked, “Have you read Groselle’s Travels?”

Danitz shook his head. Bru Walls, Orpheus, Jodeson, and company shook their heads as well.

Their expressions seemed to say that their daily studies were tiring enough. They didn’t wish to read any other books during their breaks!

Swiping his fingertip across the yellowish-brown goatskin, Klein carefully and seriously read each page.

Soon, he arrived at the spot where the pages were stuck together. From the corner of his eye, he saw what was written in it.

Eh… That’s not right! His gaze focused as he hurriedly flipped two pages back.

He clearly remembered that his previous read stopped at giant Groselle and his team preparing to challenge the frost dragon, the King of the North, in a head-on clash. There was nothing after that, but now, there were two more pages!

It also meant that the stuck pages had thinned, and the book had two more pages!

The chapters came to a halt for a thousand years before it was continued? These are the fruits of Vice Admiral Iceberg's research? This also led to her disappearance? As Klein lampooned, he frowned as he read the additional content.

The two pages described a lost female pirate. She encountered the King of the North in a blizzard, and she was nearly killed. Only by using all her strength was she successful in escaping before meeting the main lead's team who were here to challenge the frost dragon.

There's the addition of a female pirate... Female pirate... Klein ruminated over this description as an idea suddenly came to him.

Could she be Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina?

She entered the book and became a character in the story?

With this idea in mind, Klein quickly realized certain problems.

Arrodes mentioned before that the past owners of Groselle's Travels vanished...

Groselle's Travels has a giant from the Dark Epoch which is also the Second Epoch, an elf, an ascetic from the Third or Fourth Epoch, a Solomon Empire noble, and a Fifth Epoch Loen soldier. The times are extremely chaotic.

If they were all the past owners of Groselle's Travels who disappeared, that will solve the problem... They do not belong to the same period, and they were swallowed by the book, becoming a character in the story! Klein found his theory ridiculous as he thought about it, but it was highly likely.

In the world of mysticism, this isn't impossible!

I have to confirm it... Besides, what did Edwina and the past owners do to be "swallowed" by the book... And what should I do to release them... Klein retracted his gaze and thought deeply in silence.

Soon, he looked up at Danitz and company.

"Prepare items like candles. I will be praying for an answer from a secret existence."

And that secret existence is myself... Klein added inwardly in jest.

He really is professional and crazy... Gourmet Bru Walls and company didn't dare to speak further. They hurriedly provided the materials before leaving the captain's cabin.

They didn't dare to watch such dangerous rituals unless Gehrman Sparrow requested them to do so.

Inside the captain's cabin, Klein locked the door, closed the windows, and quickly set up the ritual. Then, he brought Groselle's Travels above the gray fog.

After placing the ancient book at the end of the long bronze table,

he sat down and conjured a pen and paper. He then scribbled a divination statement: “Edwina is in the story of this book.”

Chapter 693: Attempt

After putting down the fountain pen in his hand, Klein removed the spirit pendulum from his left wrist, holding it in one hand and letting it hang down over the paper in close proximity.

"Edwina is in the story of this book," Klein closed his eyes and silently repeated the divination statement.

After he recited the statement, he opened his eyes and saw the topaz pendant spinning clockwise.

This meant that Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina was inside Groselle's Travels!

It really is a world inside a book... Furthermore, the situation inside is very special. Without new characters, the story isn't able to continue... Klein indiscernibly nodded. Wounding the silver chain and the topaz pendant around his wrist again, he picked up a dark red fountain pen and wrote a new divination statement: "The method to entering Groselle's Travels."

This time, he used dream divination. In the gray, hazy world, he saw indistinct figures.

The figures were of varying sizes, some huge, others slender. The thing all of them had in common was that they held a book with pages of yellowish-brown goatskin.

The following developments branched off into two scenarios. A number of them vanished silently with Groselle's Travels on them. The others would accidentally or deliberately drip their

blood on the cover while carrying Groselle's Travels with them before suddenly vanishing!

The scene shattered and Klein opened his eyes to see the mottled table in front of him. He frowned as he made an interpretation.

To enter or activate Groselle's Travels, it either needs prolonged contact with it to a certain extent, or you would need to drip one's blood onto the cover?

Isn't that too simple? Perhaps... it's really that simple. In the story, the Loen soldier's first appearance was as an ordinary person who didn't know mysticism. With the help of his companions, he slowly became a Disciplinary Paladin... Therefore, the activation method isn't too complicated. An ordinary person is able to accomplish it.

A small number of researchers before this, including Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina, were Beyonders with sufficient amounts of mysticism knowledge. They knew not to rashly drip their blood; otherwise, death might occur without them even knowing it. This is akin to ordinary people using the correct form of magic mirror divination. It's very easy to provoke a powerful existence or secret existence. It's why no problems happened to them...

Furthermore, Edwina keeps Groselle's Travels in the collector's room most of the time and only interacts with it occasionally. As such, it was only when she recently had a new research concept that she had prolonged contact with it, completing the condition required to activate the book?

Yes, even Arrodes only knew that there's something strange with the book. Many of the past owners had vanished, and it's suspected to have something to do with the dragons and City of Miracles, Liveseyd. This means that Groselle's Travels will interfere with its surroundings when being activated; therefore, most of the

collectors in the past do not know of its problem and had no thoughts of studying it.

The owners who disappeared likely aren't limited to the ones in the story. The others might've died for all kinds of reasons, failing to leave their names in the book.

Klein focused again and made another divination, hoping to obtain the method to leave Groselle's Travels.

This time, he saw a more tempestuous blizzard in the gray, hazy dreamscape. He saw a gigantic figure at the top of an ice peak.

It was a translucent dragon who remained nearly five meters tall while standing on all fours. It resembled a lizard's cousin and had an ugly face with eerie blue eyes. It had a thick, powerful tail and a pair of gigantic wings covered in a skin membrane on its back. It seemed to blot out the sky simply by spreading its wings.

Its scales resembled ice crystals as they swirled with a crystalline glow. It was the most beautiful and dreamy part of its entire body.

Suddenly, the dragon which resembled an ice sculpture raised its neck and body, and it let out a terrifying roar that penetrated through the blizzard.

At that moment, it reached ten meters tall by standing up on its hind legs.

King of the North... That frost dragon... Klein left the dream and tapped the armrest of the high-back chair.

His interpretation of the divination revelation was that the key to leaving Groselle's Travels lay with the King of the North!

Klein's initial guess was that only by helping the main lead, Groselle, accomplish his goal—slaying the frost dragon—would the story come to a complete "end," opening a passageway to exit the book.

However, I can also attempt to see if I can forcibly break open the barrier between the world in the book and the real world... Klein relied on his rich experience to quickly come up with an attempt.

He first picked up the Black Emperor card which was facing down, and he infused it into his Spirit Body.

Suddenly, Klein's body was covered in black full-body armor. On his head was a heavy crown as his aura became majestic and dignified. It exuded an awe-inspiring vibe.

Following that, he stirred the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog to the limit, making them surge over like a tidal wave.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein didn't hesitate to summon the Sea God Scepter from the junk pile before he infused his spirituality within.

The blue gems on the end of the bone scepter lit up one after another, emitting a blinding luster.

Countless silver bolts of lightning surfaced as they zapped about the grand palace as though they were forming a sea of lightning.

Finally, Klein used the suppressive power and balance from the Black Emperor's loftiness to infuse the stirred powers into the Lightning Storm.

Rumble!

Thunder resonated above the gray fog and into the distance as thick bolts of lightning smote down, striking Groselle's Travels.

Blinding light enveloped the entire palace for a full twenty seconds.

After everything was over, Klein looked at the target again and discovered the mottled table was in shambles. As for the dark-brown leather book, it was completely unharmed. Only its ends curled up a little.

It's far more impressive than I imagined... That's right, how can an item which can create a whole new book world be simple... Heh, I wouldn't have made a loss buying it for 8,000 pounds back then. It can be used as a shield. It can definitely defend against attacks from Saints. The only problem is its tiny size. It won't be able to shield much... Klein's thoughts raced as the bronze table was quickly restored to normal.

Since there was no way to forcibly tear open the barrier between the world inside the book and the real world, he could only consider how to enter it according to the normal procedures.

Get some blood, bring it up here and smear it across the cover, and then enter as a Spirit Body with the Blood Emperor card and Sea God Scepter? This way, I don't have to worry about encountering King of the Five Seas, Nast, as there's no way he can sense it. He won't be able to enter the world inside the book either. But the problem lies in the fact that rescuing Vice Admiral Iceberg this

way will allow her to determine that Gehrman Sparrow is Hero Bandit Black Emperor.

Yes, there's a more important problem. Entering with a Spirit Body means that the body is still in the outside world—the captain's cabin of the Golden Dream. I have no idea how time flows in the world inside the book. It might easily be a few days. That way, my body might meet with an accident since it lacks protection. I'm in unfamiliar territory as well. When the time comes, I might rescue Edwina, but I would find "myself" gone. That would be fun. Klein quickly rejected the idea of entering as a Spirit Body.

He didn't trust most of the people on the Golden Dream, and he also felt wary of the Strongest Hunter, Anderson.

His attempt to divine if it was dangerous to enter the book to rescue Edwina was met with failure. Klein thought deeply for a moment before returning to the real world. Then, he unhurriedly brought back Groselle's Travels and removed the traces of the ritual.

Looking out the window at the impending dusk, he walked to the captain's cabin's door, unlocked the door, and opened it.

Gourmet Bru Walls, Singer Orpheus, and company were all outside. None of them had left. There were even sailors who peeked their heads out from the staircase.

"Any clues?" Bru Walls blurted out his question, but he didn't hear his voice because everyone at the door was asking the same question.

Klein swept his gaze and nodded.

Instantly, he heard sighs of relief, then he saw all kinds of happy and excited expressions.

If I were to vanish one day, who would act like that... Klein focused his thoughts and said to Danitz, “I need an assistant.”

With that said, he turned to walk to the desk.

“Alright!” Danitz hurriedly followed and familiarly locked the door.

“Is there anything you need of me?” he hurriedly asked. He looked as though he could already see his captain being rescued through his hard work.

Klein stood by the desk and solemnly said, “What happens next will be very dangerous.”

“Very dangerous?” Danitz instinctively gritted his teeth.

“You might vanish or even die immediately.” Klein told him the worst possible outcome.

Seeing how serious the madman, Gehrman Sparrow, was, Danitz instantly understood the gravity of the situation. His heart sank as he subconsciously became frantic.

“W-what does this have to do with rescuing Captain?”

“It’s directly related,” Klein answered succinctly.

Danitz's expression twisted as he fell silent for two seconds.

"What will happen if nothing is done?"

"Your captain might be left there forever, or she might die in the next second," Klein said truthfully.

Danitz turned agape as he closed his mouth in silence.

His eyes turned adrift for a few seconds before they focused back on Gehrman Sparrow's face. Gritting his teeth, he said, "Let's begin."

"Dogsh*t!" he softly cursed himself.

Klein picked up the pen and paper on the table, scribbled a note, and folded it into a square before handing it to Danitz.

"Put it into your pocket. Read it after you enter."

"Enter?" Danitz asked, puzzled and clueless.

As he spoke, he automatically took the paper slip and stuffed it into his trouser pocket.

Klein didn't reply as he pointed at Groselle's Travels.

"Smear some of your blood on the book's cover."

This… As Danitz made a vague guess, he picked up the bronze dagger beside him and nodded heavily.

“Alright!”

Chapter 694: Burn Upon Chanting

Danitz held the bronze dagger and sliced across the back of his left palm, but his hesitation prevented him from using much strength.

He looked up and forced a smile.

“Although I’ve been injured many times, pain still leaves me afraid.”

“Get to the point,” Klein replied coldly.

Danitz gave a hollow laugh.

“Haha, I’m just a little scared of pain.”

Just as he said that, he exerted strength with his right hand, slicing open a wound on the back of his hand with the bronze knife. The words he had said was apparently to divert his attention so that he could reconcile with the idea of pain.

Blood quickly seeped out as Danitz immediately put down the dagger. He dabbed some blood on his right finger and smeared it across the dark brown cover of Groselle’s Travels.

After finishing that, he held his breath, waiting for a change.

Suddenly, he saw a snowflake the size of a goose feather. Strong

winds howled by his ears, and immediately, a biting chill wildly drilled into his body.

Although Danitz was mentally prepared, he was still alarmed. He instinctively looked around to confirm where he was.

He realized that at some point in time he had left the captain's cabin of the Golden Dream. He found himself in a land of frost wrecked by a blizzard. Due to the extreme environment, he couldn't see into the distance at all. He couldn't even tell if he was on a mountain or on a flat plain.

I've really entered a strange world... Captain is here too? Danitz held up his hand to block his face, afraid that the snow would get into his eyes.

He calmed himself down and recalled Gehrman Sparrow's instructions. From his pocket, he hurriedly took out a piece of paper that had been folded into a square, and he carefully unfolded it.

While doing this, he was especially afraid of any accidents that could lead to the paper tearing or being blown away. That would make him lose all hope; but thankfully, none of that happened. He saw the contents written by Gehrman Sparrow.

"Recite the following honorific name in Hermes, but preferably in ancient Hermes:

"The Fool that doesn't belong to this era.

"The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.

“The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck.

“Burn this upon chanting.”

This… This is a secret existence at the level of a deity? Due to Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina’s strict education, Danitz wasn’t illiterate when it came to mysticism. He even had quite a good foundation.

Looking at the piece of paper in his hand, he subconsciously drew a gasp, sucking in the cold wind and ice-cold snowflakes that left a biting cold. He immediately coughed as his expression turned twisted.

He was now able to confirm one of his past theories.

Gehrman Sparrow really did belong to a powerful and very secretive organization! And the organization consecrates an existence known as The Fool, a godlike existence!

Indeed, such a powerful and crazy fellow can’t appear out of nowhere. They don’t just sprout out of the ground… Danitz tugged at his collar and tightened his clothes. Looking at the piece of paper fluttering in the wind, he wore a clear look of hesitation.

He knew very well how dangerous it was to recite the name of an unknown secret existence whose intentions were unknown. It could lead to an outcome more terrifying than death!

Captain is also trapped here. Furthermore, there’s no way of leaving… Danitz clasped his hands and placed them before his mouth.

He suddenly threw out his hands and used ancient Hermes to recite The Fool's honorific name.

...

On the Golden Dream, in the captain's cabin.

With his own eyes, Klein witnessed Danitz turn illusory without any reason before disappearing. There was no longer any question about how entry into Groselle's Travels could be achieved.

After patiently waiting for a moment, he heard a series of illusory pleas, and it clearly came from a man.

Phew, from the looks of it, Groselle's Travels is unable to block out the gray fog. The world inside the book is still connected to that mysterious space... This way, even if I were to enter, I wouldn't be entirely cornered or lack any trump cards... Klein didn't hide his sigh of relief.

To confirm it, he took four steps counterclockwise while chanting the incantation. After arriving above the gray fog, he saw the brilliance representing Danitz rippling outwards beside The Fool's high-back chair.

The body and soul enter together... The world inside the book is very stable. There's no way to shatter it just by pulling the Spirit Body... Indeed, if it's possible, the divination from before would've received the corresponding revelation... Using the Sea God Scepter is too dangerous. Bestowing Danitz directly will only speed up his death... Klein half-closed his eyes as he emanated his spirituality. After taking everything in for a moment, he arrived at many conclusions.

He didn't delay and returned to the real world immediately. Holding the bronze dagger, he wiped away Danitz's blood on it with a piece of paper.

After folding a piece of paper and putting it into his pocket, he began to consider his next move.

From the looks of it, smearing blood allows direct entry. This way, I don't have to worry about my body suffering any accidents. Furthermore, I can very quickly resolve the problem.

But similarly, I can't be careless. I have to be careful of any other dangers. Hmm… If there's anyone on this ship that might be problematic, they might be able to sneak into the captain's cabin after I enter Groselle's Travels, sacrifice this book to the True Creator, Primordial Demoness, or Hidden Sage. I'll be in trouble then. I'll definitely suffer something worse than death.

The Golden Dream's sailors mostly seem to be infatuated with Vice Admiral Iceberg. The fact that Anderson's superficial provocation was effective enough proves this. Therefore, telling them that this involves Vice Admiral Iceberg's life and getting them to watch each other so that no one enters, that will put me at ease.

The problem lies with Anderson. He's the Strongest Hunter. He's stronger than any of the Beyonders on board this ship. Furthermore, he's good at ambushes and infiltration. There's a small possibility that he can avoid the monitoring of others and secretly sneak into the captain's cabin… His background is still too dubious, and I have no way to really trust him.

I have to think of a way to get him to enter Groselle's Travels with me…

Amidst his thoughts, Klein flipped through the ancient book

covered in yellowish-brown goatskin. He discovered that there wasn't any new content, and the story lacked traces of Danitz's existence.

This is to say that one needs to successfully survive and meet up with the lead's team before they will be considered a true part of the story? That will make more pages appear? Klein made a preliminary guess as he walked to the door again and opened it.

"Did it succeed?" Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson and company asked.

Klein shook his head and said calmly, "Next up will be a long ritual.

"No one is to enter and disrupt it; otherwise, it will lead to Edwina Edwards's disappearance forever or even her death."

After informing them of the main point, he looked around and directly said, "I suspect that one of you here might have problems.

"Everyone is to watch each other."

Gourmet Bru Walls instinctively wanted to retort out of habit when he suddenly saw the captain's cabin was empty. Danitz, who had just entered, was gone.

Recalling the captain's disappearance, and confirming that Gehrman Sparrow was about to attempt to save her after finding the cause of the problem, he nodded and said, "I'll be in charge of this matter.

“And they will also monitor me.”

Klein didn’t harp on the topic. He then turned to look at Anderson Hood who was leaning against a wall.

“Come in.”

Anderson curled the right side of his mouth as he tsked.

“People not in the know might think I’m your subordinate. Your attitude is basically a role model for Provokers.”

Despite his grumbling, he straightened his back and opened his stride before entering the captain’s cabin.

After closing the door and locking it, Klein turned to face Anderson.

“Are you interested in participating in a rare adventure?

“You might be able to fulfill the achievement of hunting a dragon.”

According to his observations over the past few days, he believed that Anderson Hood was a curious and adventurous hunter. He enjoyed learning about new things and experiencing novel forms of excitement.

Anderson stared at Gehrman Sparrow’s face and sized him up seriously before smiling.

“I’m not interested.”

He firmly shook his head.

Following that, he chuckled before Klein spoke again.

“I smell danger. A highly-conceited, crazy, and powerful adventurer is actually inviting me to adventure together. What does this imply? It means that it’s extremely troublesome and dangerous!”

I thought you would be interested. This is different from how you usually act. You really can rein yourself in and let go of yourself… Hmm, I’ll try another threat. If it doesn’t work, I’ll throw this fellow on a deserted island and let the Golden Dream sail off. We’ll pick him up later. As a hunter, survival on a deserted island shouldn’t be difficult for him… Klein quickly made up his mind as his gaze immediately turned cold. He looked at Anderson and said, “I will not permit having latent risks around myself.”

Anderson was stunned for a second before he quickly smiled.

“Haha, it was just a joke. I’m very interested in the title of ‘Dragon Hunter.’”

…You changed your mind way too quickly… If you had insisted a little longer, you could’ve enjoyed the feeling of being abandoned… Klein nodded, walked back to the desk, and said to Anderson Hood who had followed behind him, “Smear your blood on this book’s cover. There’s no need for too much.”

“Smear it?” Anderson scrutinized Groselle’s Travels out of curiosity before surveying the area. “Edwina’s disappearance is

related to it? Same for that failure of a hunter's disappearance? Ah, right. Blazing Danitz. I nearly forgot his name. Thankfully, his bounty is a bit higher than before."

The corner of Klein's mouth twitched as he replied frankly, "That's right."

"Interesting..." Anderson glanced at the desk, picked up the bronze dagger, and indifferently sliced open a bleeding gash in his hand.

Right on the heels of that, he carefully put down the dagger and smeared the blood on the dark brown cover of Groselle's Travels.

After a few seconds of observation, just as Anderson was about to pick up the bronze dagger and wipe off the remnant blood on it, his vision was suddenly blanketed by a blizzard.

Seeing Anderson disappear just like Danitz, Klein picked up another piece of paper and wiped away the blood on the dagger before folding it and putting it into his pocket.

He wasn't sure if the trio would appear at the same location after entering the world inside the book. Therefore, he made preparations by having materials needed for Dowsing Rod Seeking!

After doing all of this, Klein held that dagger and streaked it across the back of his hand.

His facial muscles twitched as he looked diagonally downwards. Only after a few seconds did he exert strength.

His body shook slightly as his head turned to the side. The corners of his mouth couldn't help but open.

When the blood flowed out, Klein, who was still holding the dagger, grabbed his cane and quickly smeared the red liquid over the ancient book's cover.

After a short delay, Klein found himself amidst a white land of snow.

Chapter 695: Stark Contrast

Gales with icy fragments and goose feather-sized snowflakes blasted at Klein's face repeatedly. As he surveyed his surroundings, he couldn't help but tense up. He bent over slightly as he trembled.

How... cold... He nearly cursed out as he confirmed that he was in a land of ice and snow which had extremely low visibility.

He originally imagined that the moist coldness of Backlund's winter was terrifying, but he now knew that absolute low temperatures and strong winds that were as sharp as blades were a deadly combination. Even though he had worn an additional sweater ahead of time, and his coat was thick and long, he still couldn't withstand the chill.

He didn't wear Sun Brooch because the heat generated was psychological. It could be used to resist the influence of the intense chill for a short period of time, preventing his body from turning numb. But faced with an everlasting icy environment, it was equivalent to suicide. Heat at the psychological level made one's pores open up as though one was in summer. It would peel off the final layer of defense against low temperatures, and it would even proactively welcome it.

Therefore, Klein threw the mystical item above the gray fog. He planned on using it only on certain special occasions.

He couldn't afford to delay while in such harsh environments. After a preliminary observation of his surroundings, he immediately burned the blood on the bronze dagger and stuffed it into his pocket. Following that, Klein took out the Adventurer's Harmonica and blew into it.

Amidst the howling winds, he failed to discover the appearance of Miss Messenger, Tinekerr Reinette, through the Spirit Vision he activated.

Indeed, this place isn't connected to the spirit world. Or it should be said that this place has a unique spirit world for itself... Hmm, from the looks of it, praying to Sea God would be useless. Only charms that point to the mysterious space above the gray fog would tear through the barrier...

Here comes the problem, as a believer of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, Edwina knows the true god's honorific name. Why didn't she seek "His" help? Or did she try to no avail?

Yes... Not every deity will personally reply to "Their" believers. Many a time, "They" seem to provide feedback based on certain laws. You probably can't find a second "secret existence" like me who takes on jobs like myself... Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh and made a preliminary judgment.

He then put away his harmonica, took out the paper slip with Danitz's blood, and he wrapped it at the end of his cane.

"Danitz's location."

Klein softly said as he began using Dowsing Rod Seeking.

Then, according to the outcome, he traversed across the thick snow, and he quickly tore through the frosty winds under the gloomy sky. From time to time, he would carry out a divination and adjust his bearings. After all, Danitz wouldn't wait in his original spot, as he would end up as an ice sculpture by doing so.

About ten minutes later, Klein discovered a scarlet flame.

Phew… He exhaled before taking a few steps forward to identify his target.

It was indeed Danitz. This famous pirate wore rather thin clothes. He wrapped his arms around himself as he walked forward with a lost expression.

However, he didn't seem to be that cold. This was because scarlet Fire Ravens were circling around him. They were boiling the snow and blocking out the winds, bringing about a spring-like warmth.

In such times, Klein especially admired a Pyromaniac. Although a Magician had the same ability to summon flames, it was an offensive ability that couldn't be maintained. It could only be used for a split moment. To rely on it to warm himself, he needed to constantly cast it, tiring himself out quickly. As for Flame Controlling, it depended on existing flames or ignitable materials. Both of them were extremely lacking in this world of ice.

As he saw the Fire Ravens soaring into the air, Klein sped up his pace and approached.

Danitz jumped in fright when he sensed someone approaching. When he saw who the newcomer was, he immediately heaved a sigh of relief. Then, with an odd expression, he forced a smile.

"Haha, there's no stars to be seen here. Getting lost is inevitable."

Klein ignored what he said as he directly asked, "Have you

burned it?”

“I did!” Danitz hurriedly nodded, his entire being effusing with indescribable fear.

Klein observed Danitz for a few seconds and, after confirming that he wasn’t lying, produced the polite smile of Gehrman Sparrow.

“Remember.

“Chanting ‘His’ honorific name makes you ‘His’ believer.”

“…”

Danitz’s expression twisted as he forced a smile which looked worse than crying.

“I don’t want to change my faith! I have no intention of believing in an unknown existence of dubious origins!” He inwardly roared crazily but didn’t say a word.

He suspected that any retort he makes would lead to him being buried in the snow by the madman!

Klein wore a smile that had hints of madness. He added with a calm tone, “Remember, keep it a secret.

“Once divulged, you and your captain will both die.”

“What has this got to do with Captain?” Danitz blurted out.

Klein maintained his previous expression as he smiled at Danitz.

“Guess?”

Danitz gaped his mouth. With the reason known, all he could do was give a hollow chuckle.

“Do I look like someone who can’t keep secrets?”

Klein nodded. As he took out the paper slip with Anderson’s blood, he chuckled and said to Danitz, “Believe in ‘Him.’ Serve ‘Him.’ Perhaps one day, you will become a Blessed like me.

“When the time comes, your name will spread across the Five Seas. You will be in no way inferior to a pirate admiral.”

As he spoke, he planned on adding a gesture as The Fool’s believer, but sadly, he realized that he didn’t have such a gesture. All he could do was console himself.

A secret organization needs to be secret. Doing all these kinds of superficial actions is meaningless… Mr. Hanged Man was right…

No way inferior to a pirate admiral… Danitz’s eyes suddenly lit up.

Since I’ve already chanted the honorific name of this secret existence, there’s really no way to avoid it from a mysticism point of view. I might as well take this opportunity… He instantly had

many thoughts, having even named his future child.

Hehe, if it wasn't for Gehrman Sparrow's persona, I would've directly said that you would have the reputation and strength that matches Vice Admiral Iceberg when the time comes. Of course, whether she likes you will be a whole other matter. According to my observations, you stand little chance. The partner Edwina wishes to have is someone who can study and improve alongside her, someone who can discuss all kinds of knowledge... Klein mumbled as he used Dowsing Rod Seeking again.

"Anderson Hood's location."

"...He came in too?" Danitz was first taken aback before he asked in surprise.

Klein finished chanting the statement, released his cane, and determined the direction in which it fell. He then nodded and said, "I'm worried if he stays outside."

So you're also wary of Anderson Hood... Danitz couldn't hide his smile as he echoed, "That's right! He's the kind of person who smiles on the surface but will stab you in the back once you turn around!

"His reputation in the Fog Sea is terrible. There are no pirates that like him!

"He even deliberately tried to sully you, making us be wary of you, to view you with animosity!"

If pirates were to like him, it would only mean that his title as Strongest Hunter isn't substantial... I heard Anderson's

provocations… Klein didn't reply. He picked up his cane and proceeded through the blizzard.

Danitz followed closely behind, using Fire Ravens to scatter the snow and block out the cold, so that they two didn't need to freeze.

Not bad. Quite sensible… At that moment, Klein once again experienced the benefits of having a servant—to have someone hold an umbrella during a rainy day, and someone to provide warmth in a blizzard!

In the white vastness, the two appeared like black dots, trudging through the snow. They proceeded forward for nearly twenty minutes before arriving at the location where the dowsing pointed to.

"He isn't here…" Danitz surveyed the area and failed to find any traces of Anderson Hood.

He didn't have any doubts about Gehrman Sparrow's Dowsing Rod Seeking, because he was the last person to be found with it.

Klein frowned as he activated his Spirit Vision and enhanced his spiritual perception.

Suddenly, he sensed something. He prodded forward with his cane, causing the snow in front of him to collapse.

The collapse revealed a cave. Inside it were dark rocks that were reflecting the light from a fire.

Klein crouched down. In his vision, he discovered that the cave extended into a narrow passage. And at the end of the passage was a bunch of glowing red rocks. Strange underground plants were slowly burning as Anderson Hood sat beside it. He was leisurely roasting an animal that resembled a rabbit. The fragrance of the fats and the warmth it brought were emanating out, drilling into Klein's and Danitz's noses.

"You guys are finally here? Want to give it a try? There's actually a strange rabbit around here that can live in such ice and snow." Anderson bent down, looking towards the entrance as though he was greeting companions on a camping trip with him.

Although he didn't say anything provocative, I really wish to beat him up... Klein entered the cave with a stoic expression. He came close to the fire and experienced the long-awaited bliss.

Danitz followed in tow. He looked at the fire which was roasting a rabbit and then at the Fire Ravens beside him before silently dispelling them.

"H-how did you find this cave?" Danitz asked in disgruntlement, unwilling to admit his inferiority, but his body betrayed him by leaning closer to the fire.

Anderson turned the rabbit which was impaled with his pitch-black sword, and he shot Danitz a glance.

"First lesson of being a hunter. Observe your surroundings. Be familiar with your surroundings. Make use of your surroundings."

Danitz's expression immediately froze.

Anderson looked at Gehrman Sparrow and chuckled.

"It's a cave I blasted open. How is it? It's not bad, right? I controlled my strength perfectly."

As he spoke, he took a whiff of the air and said, "How fragrant. The roasting seems to be done. Do you want to give it a try? Although I didn't bring any spices, there's rock salt here. It will just be a little astringent."

"Are you sure you can eat this? If it's a Beyonder creature, you might lose control with just one bite," Danitz said with a tsk.

Anderson glanced at him.

"Second lesson of being a hunter. Distinguish what can and cannot be eaten in the wilderness."

He carefully reached out his hand, pulled off a leg, and stuffed it into his mouth as he ate it with relish.

Klein was just about to say something when he suddenly felt a wanton aura approach from afar. The suppressive feeling that came from a high-leveled creature appeared extremely real. It made Danitz tremble uncontrollably.

The aura swept across them without noticing the strangeness of the cave beneath it. It then quickly departed.

King of the North... The title flashed across Klein's mind.

Chapter 696: Giant Guardian

As the tyrannical aura flew past, high in the sky, Anderson's chewing came to a sudden halt. It was only when the entity was a distance away did he swallow the remaining rabbit meat. He looked up at Gehrman Sparrow.

"That was the dragon you were talking about?"

Klein nodded slightly, confirming Anderson's guess.

The corners of Anderson's mouth slowly curled up, revealing an expression as though he was at a loss on whether to laugh or cry.

"I thought you were talking about a mature or adolescent dragon. The one that just flew past...

"I probably won't be able to become a dragon hunter. Dragon feces perhaps."

The tyrannical feeling that the King of the North exudes is indeed a little terrifying. Compared to the pieced-together monster which made hair grow without restraint on the Future, it's a lot stronger... Perhaps, it's a Sequence 4, at the level of a demigod... Klein calmly made a judgment without revealing any hints of panic or horror.

He clearly remembered that Groselle's Travels had clearly indicated that the female pirate had managed to succeed in escaping from the King of the North's attack before meeting up with the team led by the main lead, Groselle.

And Edwina Edwards clearly wasn't a demigod. She was a Sequence 5 of the Reader pathway. Furthermore, as she was suddenly swallowed by the book, certain mystical items and Sealed Artifacts that she didn't permanently keep on her person were left in the captain's cabin. The tools she had that were useful to her were probably limited to one or two.

Under such a situation, she was able to defend against the King of the North and survive. Having just advanced, and having adjusted his inventory, Klein believed that it wouldn't faze him too much. Furthermore, he was still connected to the gray fog. He could use the Sea God Scepter to produce a response!

This was also why Klein dared to enter directly after confirming that Danitz was in an ordinary state during his prayer.

Yes, the King of the North doesn't seem like a demigod from a normal pathway. According to Vice Admiral Iceberg, it's a Rampager who gathers frost-related Beyonder characteristics, and it can match a demigod in certain domains but would have flaws in other aspects... Edwina, Anderson, and me, along with the Beyonders of the main lead's team, we wouldn't be helpless! If all else fails, I can still use the Sea God Scepter. I don't believe that this book can defend against items above the gray fog. If it could, it would've shown it long ago... Standing beside the fire, Klein looked down at Anderson and grinned.

"Are you afraid?"

Anderson was taken aback as he immediately beamed.

"Not at all. You seem to be very confident."

After saying that, he looked at Danitz, who was still trembling and trying hard to compose himself, before tsking.

“Do you know what’s the most important thing for a man?”

Danitz had just taken a deep breath. He was stunned by what he heard as he held his right index finger and middle finger together, pointing to his crotch with uncertainty.

Anderson blinked before he roared with laughter.

“...B*stard, you really are a crude pirate!

“Haha, I wanted to say something, but... Haha, I can’t remember it!

“Oh right, I wanted to say courage. Courage is the most important thing for a man. Look at you. The dragon hasn’t even attacked, and you’re almost hugging your head and begging for mercy!”

Danitz’s face instantly flushed red as he glared at Anderson.

You weren’t acting like this back at Toscarter... Klein couldn’t help but lampoon.

Danitz was just about to make it clear that he was only influenced by the high-level creature when he suddenly recalled what was just said. His expression was immediately restored to normal as he casually replied, “I can’t compare with dragon feces at all.”

Anderson’s smile froze as he coughed lightly. As though nothing had happened, he yanked off a rabbit’s leg and handed it over to Gehrman Sparrow.

“Want a bite?”

Klein remained silent for a few seconds before he slowly shook his head.

“This is a strange world. Before confirming that there aren’t any problems, it’s best not to eat anything here.

“Perhaps it might be a piece of rabbit meat that will make you stay here forever.”

“…” Anderson moved the roasted rabbit’s leg to his nose before slowly putting it down. Following that, his face collapsed. “Why didn’t you say so earlier?”

Klein calmly replied, “I just thought of this problem.”

Anderson’s expression turned twisted as he lowered his head. He quickly bit down on his roasted rabbit leg.

“A-aren’t you afraid that something really bad will happen?” The Strongest Hunter’s actions alarmed Danitz.

Anderson laughed helplessly.

“I’ve already eaten one earlier. I’ve already digested it by now… Since there’s no way of turning back, I might as well focus on enjoying it.”

Klein and Danitz were momentarily at a loss for words.

After Anderson finished gnawing on the rabbit's leg, he deliberated and asked, "Are you really not eating?"

"We have no idea how much time we'll be spending here. If we really do starve, how are we supposed to fight the dragon?"

Klein didn't reply. He took out his golden pocket watch and opened it.

"It's ten past six in the evening outside.

"We'll eat a little after four to six hours if nothing happens to you."

"..." Anderson turned agape, speechless.

Klein ignored him and turned to say to Danitz, "Fifteen minutes break. We'll search for your captain after that."

As he said that, he had already taken out the pearl earring belonging to Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards.

"Alright." Danitz suddenly felt pumped with his blood boiling, completely forgetting the cold outside.

But after about eight seconds, he huddled close to the fire again.

...

Around seven in the evening in the outside world, Klein pressed down on his hat and held his cane. Together with Danitz and Anderson, he followed the revelation provided by his divination and found their way to a mountain.

After circling the boulders which were encased in thick layers of ice, they saw a dark mountain cave. Standing by the entrance was a woman holding an ancient bow.

The woman had a head of soft, lustrous black hair which she had simply tied into a pigtail. Her facial features were soft, making her look different from any national of the Northern Continent.

She wore a brown ancient-styled hunter's coat and trousers. She acutely cast her gaze over.

Upon seeing her slightly sharp ears, Klein immediately guessed her identity from matching her to the content in Groselle's Travels.

She was the female elf who got to know the giant, Groselle, at the very beginning. Her name was unknown.

Compared to Earth, people from the Northern Continent look more Caucasian. But this elf has more of an oriental charm... Klein quickly concluded this particular trait.

"An elf! She's identical to the elves drawn in the ancient Church drawings!" Anderson suddenly became excited. "I have to negotiate with her to get her to be my model so that I can draw a few portraits of her!"

By the side, Danitz scoffed. He mocked in a succinct manner, “Boorish!”

Clearly, he hadn’t forgotten Anderson’s previous mockery.

“Do you only know of that kind of drawing?” Anderson shot a glance at him, sped up, and walked towards the female elf.

Just as he approached, the female elf didn’t hesitate to raise her bow. The arrow strung on it shimmered with silver lightning.

“Wait!” Anderson immediately raised his hands.

It’s useless. The elves mostly belong to the Storm pathway. They are prone to being irascible and rash… Klein secretly activated his Spirit Body Threads, planning to achieve initial control over the elf in order to let her listen calmly.

At this moment, Anderson saw a blur before seeing two thick, huge, muscular grayish-blue legs. Embedded in the snow was a huge, terrifying sword!

“…” Anderson was horrified to realize that his height only reached the leg’s knees. He instinctively followed the sword and looked up, bit by bit.

With his head almost completely facing upwards, he finally saw the giant who was nearly four meters tall!

The giant’s skin was grayish blue. His abdomen and waist was covered in a thick furry beast hide, leaving him naked everywhere else. Even his legs lacked protection.

He pounded on the sword which was wider than a human door, and using his trademark single vertical eye to look at Anderson, Klein, and Danitz, he asked with a booming voice, “Who are you?

“Why are you here in the Groselle camp?”

Klein was just about to reply when a familiar figure suddenly walked out from the dark mountain cave. Danitz’s eyes were instantly filled with ecstasy.

Dressed in a complicated shirt and dark-colored trousers, Edwina swept her gaze across the trio. Her usually cold expression revealed a rather flabbergasted look, as though she hadn’t expected to see Gehrman Sparrow and Anderson Hood here.

She quickly composed herself and looked up at the giant.

“Groselle, they are my companions.”

Groselle widened his huge mouth into a grin and asked in delight, “Are you also here to help deal with Ulyssan?

Ulyssan? Klein was momentarily left at a loss for an answer.

At that moment, he saw Edwina, who was standing in the giant’s shadow, give him a look. She wanted him to give an affirmative answer.

Ulyssan is the King of the North? Klein replied in thought, “Yes.”

“Haha, then we are friends!” Groselle looked down at the trio and laughed.

As he spoke, Anderson silently retreated back to Gehrman Sparrow’s side as he said under his breath, “This is the first time I’m meeting a living giant.

“There’s no way of hitting his vital spots. He’s just too tall!”

You can hit his legs… Klein lampooned and calmly replied, “A huge target makes it easy to strike them.”

“…That’s right.” Anderson agreed.

At that moment, Edwina walked over and introduced the three of them:

“This is the leader of the camp, Giant Guardian Groselle.

“This is the Elven Songster, Siatas.”

Elven Songster? Ocean Songster? Klein suddenly felt that there was hope for Mr. Hanged Man’s potion formula.

Edwina turned halfway around and said to Groselle and Siatas, “They are my companions.

“The strongest adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow; treasure-hunter, Anderson Hood; and renowned sailor, Danitz.”

...I always thought Vice Admiral Iceberg was the serious type who never lied... Renowned sailor. Ha, in a certain way, that's true... Klein took off his hat and gave a serious bow. Anderson followed suit in a rather casual and perfunctory manner.

Reeling in his delight that his captain had introduced him as a companion instead of a subordinate, Danitz was slower than the others as he acted in a fluster.

Groselle laughed.

"Come on in. We will be fighting that evil dragon, Ulyssan, at any moment now!"

How warm and amiable... But be it the Churches' canon or the myths of the City of Silver, giants are extremely violent creatures who have a strong desire for destruction... Yes, anything is possible in a book. It all depends on whether the author can make everything flow nicely... Klein nodded slightly as he followed Groselle into the spacious cave.

When Edwina saw this, she approached the trio without showing any signs of abnormal behavior. As though she was leading the way, she whispered, "The history they speak of is a little odd.

"Same for their language. Regardless of the language they speak, all of us can understand it."

Chapter 697: Story's Progress

Everyone can understand each other regardless of the language used? Klein skipped over Edwina's first sentence and focused his attention on the second sentence that didn't seem too problematic.

Although this was the book world created by Groselle's Travels, everything was possible, but there were certain details that still revealed problems.

To Klein, he wasn't too caught up with how they could understand each other, but the kind of method that resulted in the comprehension.

This world incorporates something akin to the rule of language comprehension, or does it have a consciousness residing high above everyone else, helping in the real-time translation work, just like what I do at the Tarot Gatherings? If it were the former, targets who don't understand Jotun will only hear an unfamiliar language, but they would understand the meaning. If it were the latter, it will be them hearing a language they're familiar with... As he knew many ancient and supernatural languages, Klein was unable to figure out the situation immediately. He slowed down his footsteps and walked alongside Danitz. He asked while suppressing his voice, "Can you tell what language Groselle was using when he was speaking?"

Danitz was taken aback for a second. He recalled and said, "It's a language which sounds a little familiar yet unfamiliar, but I was able to understand everything."

The supernatural languages he knew were ancient Hermes, followed by Elvish. He was only a beginner in Jotun.

Yes, it's something like the rule of language comprehension... It's comprehension at the level of the mind... This means that the entire book world's fundamental rules can be different from the outside world. It's a setting that it comes with, but the changes don't seem capable of exceeding certain limits. This point remains suspect and requires verification. After all, I can't eliminate the existence of someone like The Fool, someone who completely interprets the communication via the mind... Edwina is indeed sharp and good at observing. The problem she discovered leads straight to this book world's essence... Amidst his thoughts, Klein unhurriedly entered the huge, dark cave.

As for the history described by the members of the main lead's team, he wasn't the least bit surprised. He even looked forward to hearing the details.

Klein long knew that the various Churches and the Northern Continent's countries had consciously attempted to destroy or conceal information, to hide the true history of the Fourth Epoch, Third Epoch, and even the Second Epoch. What people knew as common knowledge actually differed from the people who used to live in those eras.

This was also one of the reasons why Klein took on the risk to enter the book world!

Inside the spacious and windy cave, a bonfire scattered its light and heat on three humanoid figures.

One of them was a middle-aged man in an extremely spartan white robe. He had wrinkles but didn't appear old. He had his back to the fire as he faced the stone wall with his eyes closed, focused on his prayers. He had short brown hair, and his shoulders, arms, calves, and feet were exposed, revealing all kinds of old scars.

Beside him was a lad using a stone for a pillow. He donned a black, heavy full-body armor. By his hand was an erected black sword that emitted a cold shimmering light. His facial features were rather deep, giving him clear Loen traits.

Sitting opposite the two was a man in his thirties who was dressed strangely. He gave people a sense of unease. He wore a sharp and hard black hat, and his coat's buttons were mismatched. It was messy and chaotic, highly asymmetric and unharmonious.

In addition, the tips of his leather boots curled up high, making him look like a circus clown.

This man had quite a handsome face. He had flaxen-colored hair, deep brown eyes, a high nose, and thin lips. Even though he sat there, he gave off an arrogant feeling.

Edwina pointed at him and said, "Solomon Empire's Viscount Mobet Zoroast, a gentleman who can take away the ideals and dreams of others."

"You don't have to mince your words. Hello there, I'm a Sequence 5 Dream Stealer of the Marauder pathway," Mobet said with a chuckle. He acted nothing like the arrogance he seemed to exude.

A member of the Zoroast family... The angel parasitizing Leonard's body is from this family. Perhaps they know each other? Heh, I now know the name of Sequence 4 and 5 of the Marauder pathway, but I don't even know the corresponding Sequence 6 and 7... Many thoughts flashed through Klein's mind as he maintained his stoic look.

At that moment, Anderson warmly greeted him with a smile and asked as though they were pals, "To be frank, this is the first

time I'm hearing of Dream Stealer. I only know of Marauder and Swindler. There are two Sequences in the middle I'm not aware of."

"Are the Beyonders of this pathway already so scarce? Doesn't Edwina know? Sequence 7 Cryptologist and Sequence 6 Prometheus. Haha, let me do the introductions." Mobet warmly pointed to the praying man whose back was facing everyone. "The pious ascetic, Snowman. He believes in the Lord that created everything, the omnipotent and omniscient God. Don't mind him. He's completely sealed himself in his beliefs. But in combat, he's a very reliable companion. Eh, Snowman, you should say something at the very least."

Mobet, who didn't receive a response, stroked his chin with a rueful smile.

"This is the treatment I often receive. You might find it hard to imagine that I was an arrogant, reserved, and refined nobleman. But time has changed everything. Heh heh, that happens when your companion is a giant who only knows how to chuckle foolishly and shout slogans..."

When he said this, Groselle, who was sitting on a rock, smiled in a simple and good-natured manner. He raised his hand to scratch the back of his head as his single vertical eye didn't show the ferocity and cruelness that giants were strongly rumored to have.

Mobet shook his head and pointed at the ascetic, Snowman.

"As for him, he might not speak a single word for years or even a decade. Siatas is a very violent woman. As long as there are any emotional stirrings in her, she'll beat me up. Sigh, I'm as afraid of her now as I was infatuated over her back then. Therefore, I can only make conversation and speak to them; otherwise, I'll

definitely go mad!

“Thankfully, Frunziar came later. He’s quite the conversationalist. Hey, Frunziar, wake up! We have new companions!”

The sleeping black-armored knight slowly woke up as he looked at Klein and company.

Suddenly, there was the sound of metal striking each other as he stood up. Staring at Klein, he said, “Loenese?”

“Yes,” Klein nodded frankly. He discovered that this Loen soldier who had gone missing for 165 years didn’t look old. He had black hair and sharp, blue eyes. He made one submit to him unknowingly.

Frunziar appeared adrift for a moment as he quickly composed himself.

“Do you know of Backlund’s Edward family?”

“Backlund has many Edwards,” Klein replied simply.

“The Edward family that lives at 18 Delahire Street in Northwest Borough,” Frunziar pressed anxiously.

Klein shook his head.

“Northwest Borough no longer exists.”

“Northwest Borough no longer exists…” Frunziar repeated those words as his voice grew softer.

He fell silent for a few seconds before exhaling.

“I’ve no idea how many years have passed outside, but it should’ve been quite a while. Edwina told me the actual year, but I don’t remember the year I entered… I was sleeping most of the time, and time here seems to be frozen.”

Mobet Zoroast chuckled upon hearing that.

“That’s because you have bad luck. Back when we were passing through cities and villages, everything was perfect.”

He looked at Klein, Anderson, and Danitz.

“Back then, we lived in places with humans, with intelligent races. We got married again and again, seeing our wives turn old, grow weak, and die. Heh, before a new member joins, we would forget our goals. We would lead ordinary but happy and relaxed lives for decades or centuries. The only con is that we aren’t able to bear our own children.

“Later, Frunziar came. We entered this region blanketed by ice and snow. We hunted many monsters, but gradually, we began to fall into a slumber. We were seldom awake until we met Edwina.”

This means that time in the book world flows normally. The story’s progress is maintained by a certain power that influences the main lead’s party. Before new members join and before the book’s pages flip, they’ll stop and stay at a certain node, doing

other things... This is similar to the inter-translation of languages at the mind level...

Conversely, does this also mean that towns and villages in the book world also develop normally? Yes, I have to quickly find King of the North Ulyssan; otherwise, with the passage of time, we might also experience that influence and fall into a slumber or forget the main quest. We'll stay here for a long period of time until a new member is swallowed into the book and finds us... Klein fell silent for a few seconds. Just as he was about to say something, Edwina said, "There's no need to worry about that problem.

"We will soon encounter the King of the North."

"Why?" Anderson and Mobet asked in unison.

Edwina surveyed the area and said, "Before I entered, the stuck pages in the book only had a few more pages.

"And now, with you entering and finding the camp, there definitely can't be many pages left. The story is about to come to an end."

Mobet nodded indiscernibly in agreement with Edwina's judgment. Anderson softly mumbled terms such as "stuck."

Edwina then introduced Klein, Anderson, and Danitz as she made an example of herself and sat down beside the bonfire.

Klein took off his hat and held it with his cane. He slowly sat down and looked at Mobet Zoroast who was inclined to chat.

“Have you heard of the Tudor Empire and the Trunsoest Empire?”

He didn’t beat around the bush and asked directly. That was Gehrman Sparrow’s persona.

“No.” Mobet shook his head. “Edwina has already asked me. Heh, in my era, the Tudors and Trunsoests were just like my Zoroast family. We’re aristocratic families of the Solomon Empire and were loyal subjects of the Black Emperor.”

So the Trunsoest and Tudor families were traitors of the Solomon Empire… Klein thought and said, “Apart from you, what other aristocratic families did the Solomon Empire have?”

“Many.” Mobet smiled as he looked at Frunziar. “Augustus, Abraham, Zaratul, etc. In my era, the Church of the Evernight Goddess’s archenemies were the Church of the God of Combat and the Southern Continent’s Eggers family. The Churches of the Lord of Storms, Eternal Blazing Sun, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom were all at odds with each other, all of them hoping to gain the support of the Solomon Empire.”

He paused for two seconds as his expression gradually turned solemn.

“Back then, deities walked the land, and not in the astral world.”

Chapter 698: Fifth King of Angels

Deities walked the land, and not in the astral world... In the early Fourth Epoch, during the era of the Solomon Empire, there was no distinguishing between the worlds of myth and reality. Deities directly walked the land without the need for a descent?

This is somewhat similar to the Second Epoch as written in the City of Silver's books. The Giant King's Court and other locations are separated by a door in the real world. They just needed to pass through it and return the same way. Mortals and deities mixed together in the chaos and darkness... Also, the astral world really does correspond to deities... After hearing Viscount Mobet Zoroast's description, Klein instantly began connecting the dots.

He subconsciously swept a glance at Groselle, as this giant was very likely someone who had experienced the history of the Second Epoch!

Groselle picked up a cup larger than a wooden bucket and gulped down some melted snow as he laughed.

"Mobet, what's there to be surprised about? Why are you so solemn?"

"I've no idea why I became so solemn either." Bit by bit, Mobet Zoroast revealed a smile. "Haha, it might be something very normal for us, but in their eyes, it's terrifying and unbelievable. I have to use a suitable expression to describe it in order to achieve a satisfactory result. Do you still remember Frunziar's expression when we told him those stories in the very beginning? He almost knelt down to seek forgiveness from the Lord of Storms."

"…" Klein, Danitz, and company were momentarily unsure of the expression of words they should use to respond.

Anderson leaned over to Gehrman Sparrow and said with a suppressed voice, "I think he has the talent to be a Provoker."

He appeared to be suppressing his voice, but his words could be heard by everyone present.

Mobet didn't mind as he chuckled before continuing, "I know that you aren't very convinced and find it unbelievable that deities walked the lands, just like Edwina's previous reactions. Heh heh, I can give you two examples. The Chasm of Storm on Pasu Island and the Tenebrous Heaven in the Amantha mountain range were the divine kingdoms of the Lord of Storms and Evernight. They were divine kingdoms located on land. They were divine kingdoms separated from the real world by a mere illusory door!

Pasu Island? Isn't that where the holy altar of the Church of Storms is? The Amantha mountain range… Amantha means serenity in Hermes; this refers to a holy cathedral, the Cathedral of Serenity? When the deities no longer walked the land, "Their" kingdoms became the headquarters of their respective churches? Klein instinctively believed that Mobet Zoroast wasn't lying as he used it to come to certain conclusions.

Danitz was puzzled and horrified by what he heard. He subconsciously wanted to leave, but when he saw his captain listening attentively, Gehrman Sparrow who was in thought, and Anderson Hood who wore a look of interest on his face, he could only hold back his urge as he sought a better, more comfortable seating position.

At that moment, the Elven Songster Siatas, who was in charge of the perimeter, walked in and said with contempt, "Do not

mention that fake god. The authority of the storm only belongs to the king of us elves!"

Her voice was clear and beautiful, but her tone was filled with anger and irascibility. It felt as though she would raise her hands at any moment to shoot an arrow at Mobet Zoroast.

"Alright, I will use the words 'fake god,'" Mobet raised his hand to adjust his sharp and hard black hat.

Siatas retracted her gaze. She then said to the former Loen soldier, Frunziar Edward, who wasn't a staunch believer of the Lord of Storms, "It's your turn!"

Frunziar raised his head a little; his expression in a trance-like state.

Apparently, he hadn't noticed the conversation and argument from before. He drew the iron-black sword beside him and walked towards the cave entrance.

Klein observed for a moment and took the opportunity to speak to the elf, Siatas.

"Do you know of Queen of Calamity, Cohinem?"

He wasn't actually sure if Cohinem was Elf King Soniathrym's subsidiary god, Queen of Calamity. His inquiry was for Elven Songster Siatas to give him the answer.

Siatas's gentle and exquisite face immediately produced a trance-like expression like Frunziar's.

“I haven’t heard ‘Her’ name in a long time. ‘She’ is the queen of us elves.

“Mobet and Frunziar didn’t even know of ‘Her’ existence…

“Where did you encounter ‘Her,’ no—learn of ‘Her’ situation?”

As she spoke, Siatas’s tone became urgent.

At that moment, Danitz looked at Gehrman Sparrow in surprise, reflecting over the revelation that the madman was so knowledgeable. He was even able to share a common topic of interest with an elf from ancient times.

“I never expected you to be a scholar… I really couldn’t tell. Couldn’t tell at all…” Anderson sighed as he shook his head.

Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina likewise cast her gaze at Klein. Her limpid blue eyes had a strong desire to learn from him.

Klein answered frankly, “I’ve once entered a ruin belonging to Queen of Calamity Cohinem and obtained some items.”

“Ruin?” Siatas ruminated over that word in a soft voice, her tone having seemingly lost something unimportant, but something that she couldn’t bear to part with.

“From the situation inside, ‘She’ might not be truly dead.” After seeing Siatas’s eyes light up, Klein went straight to the point. “Do you have the Ocean Songster’s potion formula? Can I use something to exchange for it?”

He felt that being honest and direct with a Beyonder from the Storm pathway was the best choice.

Siatas thought and said, “Use one of Her Highness’s items for the exchange.”

“I only obtained a wine cup made of gold. It’s already been crushed flat. Complicated patterns are engraved on it, with the Elvish phrases Calamity and Cohinem.” Klein didn’t hide the truth.

“I know about that cup. It was the cup Her Highness loved the most,” Siatas said, unable to hide her excitement. “Deal!”

“The cup is outside.” Klein had no intention of heading above the gray fog in front of everyone.

Siatas nodded.

“I understand.

“We will complete the transaction after we leave this book.”

Having said that, she pressed her palms together.

“The Storm will definitely belong to the elves!”

Before anyone spoke, she asked curiously, “What else did you discover there?”

“Some murals depicting the Elf King battling an ancient sun god.” Klein shot a glance at the ascetic, Snowman, who believed in the Lord that created everything, the omnipotent and omniscient God.

With his back still facing the fire, the middle-aged man who was facing the stone wall finally opened his mouth.

“No, ‘He’ isn’t the Sun God.

“‘He’ is our Lord, the father of all things, the great source of everything.

“‘He’ wasn’t battling the Elf King, but taking back the authority which belonged to him.

Just as Snowman said that, Siatas stood up and aimed her arrow at him.

Suddenly, this Elven Songster’s plaited black hair flared up in violation of the laws of nature. The strands of hair were distinct and they were all swirling with silver lightning, emitting a strange deep blue luster.

Just as Siatas was about to release the arrow, a huge grayish-blue palm appeared before her, blocking the arrow tip, without any fear of being struck.

It was the palm of the giant, Groselle. One of the traits of this race was its exaggerated limbs. They were so long that they appeared a little distorted. Therefore, simply by sitting there, he could stop Siatas by extending his arm.

“Alright, Snowman, cut it out. As you know, Siatas is an elf who likes to put actions before words,” Groselle said to the ascetic before turning his head to the Elven Songster. “Siatas, we are companions who can leave our backs to each other. We have experienced plenty of dangers together. You can retort Snowman and even beat him up, but do not attempt to harm him.”

As expected of the lead of the book. He’s filled with positivity… But what’s the difference in beating him and harming him? Klein couldn’t help but mumble.

Siatas grunted and sat back down, turning the mood heavy and silent with a level of awkwardness.

Giant Groselle used his single vertical eye to survey the area before chuckling.

“Then, I’ll talk about my past.

“Before entering this book, I lived in the Giant King’s Court. I was one of the guardians of the Waning Forest. It’s somewhere only our king can enter. Rumor has it that buried inside it are ‘His’ parents, who also form the origins of us giants.”

The Giant King’s Court is formed of many parts, and the Waning Forest is one of them? Buried in there is the most ancient ancestor of the giants? Klein listened attentively, only wishing to ask more.

To him, this was more valuable than the Fourth Epoch’s history. This was because the City of Silver’s hope likely laid in the Giant King’s Court.

However, before he opened his mouth, Edwina spoke before him.

“Groselle, what did the book look like when you received it?”

Groselle raised his hand to rub his cheeks.

“It had nothing, like an empty book waiting to be written.”

I even thought that Groselle might be a completely fictional character in the book… Klein deliberated for a few seconds and didn’t directly ask about the details of the Giant King’s Court. He turned to say to Mobet Zoroast, “Do you know of Blasphemer Amon?”

“Blasphemer refers to the entire family of Amon. They are the archenemies of us Zoroasts. It’s said that they have a very powerful and terrifying ancestor that even Ouroboros and Medici viewed with great importance. They even feel fear towards ‘Him,’ but no one knows of ‘His’ actual name,” Mobet introduced in detail.

Ouroboros, Medici? Yes, back then the True Creator and Rose Redemption supported the Solomon Empire… Klein’s heart stirred as he immediately asked, “Then, have you heard of the name Sasrir?”

Mobet was taken aback as he slowly shook his head.

“Never.”

Dark Angel Sasrir’s name and title vanished after the Cataclysm? It was buried? Klein confirmed a fact through this.

At that moment, Snowman, who was facing the stone wall, said with a deep voice, “Sasrir is the Dark Angel, the leader of the Kings of Angels, the one closest to the Lord.”

I was waiting for your answer… Klein cast his gaze on the ascetic and asked in a deep voice, “Apart from ‘Him,’ Ouroboros, Medici, and Amon, what other Kings of Angels are there? You don’t have to say out all ‘Their’ names.”

Klein was afraid that it would result in unnecessary reactions, just like the “repenter” in Afternoon Town.

Edwina, Anderson, and Danitz were at a loss from the very beginning. This was because the contents of the conversation between Gehrman Sparrow and the few ancient figures were things that they had never heard of. They found it unbelievable that this crazy adventurer knew so many secrets!

After a few seconds of silence, Snowman said, “There’s also the Angel of Imagination, Adam…”

Just as he said the name, the entire cave shook. The familiar and crazy tyrannical aura rapidly descended!

King of the North Ulyssan had arrived!

Chapter 699: Boss Fight

Loen soldier, Frunziar Edward, who was onguard by the cave's entrance, saw a massive figure descend from the sky just as he moved. It landed on a huge boulder covered in thick layers of ice. The wings which were covered in a membrane of skin weren't retracted as they continued spreading outward, nearly blocking out all the surrounding light.

The illusory armored scales that resembled frozen ice and the violent eerie-blue dragon eyes were immediately reflected in Frunziar's eyes. He instinctively sensed danger as he raised his iron-black sword and leaped to the side, rolling far away from where he was standing.

Almost at the same moment, King of the North Ulyssan opened its mouth, silently spewing out a distorted icy-blue flame towards the cave. It froze everything in its wake!

Moments later, the icy-blue flames produced a tidal wave formed from illusory light as they surged into the dark cave, sealing everything it passed in ice.

The words "Angel of Imagination, Adam" were still flashing across Klein's mind as he couldn't help but recall Emperor Roselle's description of the Twilight Hermit Order. Their mission was to revive the original Creator, and they had a High-Sequence Beyonder of the Spectator pathway among their ranks, or even the Uniqueness. The means in which they summoned the members was through a true dream that connected the eastern and western ends of the continent. Furthermore, it had the characteristic of being detected upon being mentioned. But even so, he still instinctively reacted in response to the impending danger.

He lunged sideways, dodging towards the uneven parts of the cave, attempting to use the rocks ahead to block the attack.

However, the surging icy-blue light was like a tidal wave that drowned every corner of the cave. It sealed everything, leaving no safe zones inside the cave.

Seeing his surroundings turn into an icy cage, a gigantic, grayish-blue figure appeared before Klein's eyes.

Groselle had stepped forward without a sound. He genuflected with his left knee, leaning his back forward as he stabbed the broadsword in front of him.

Light that resembled the dawn of light bloomed as illusory walls formed to the left and right of Groselle, protecting everyone behind them.

An icy-blue "tidal wave" surged over, splitting at the erect broadsword before colliding with the light of dawn on both sides.

Everything in the mountain cave turned dark for Klein and company before a small source of light was restored.

They could still see that the bonfire had been extinguished. It was especially dark with the dim rays of light outside attempting to tear through the layers of ice.

At that moment, every inch of space in front of Groselle was frozen. The giant seemed to become a bug stuck in amber!

Right on the heels of that, the sword which was embedded in the

ground emitted a luster resembling the light of dawn.

They mixed together, enveloping Groselle before turning into a Hurricane of Light that swept outwards.

Silently, the layer of ice had a huge hole burned through it as it extended all the way to the cave's mouth. Groselle's grayish-blue figure had vanished from where he was.

Elven Songster Siatas, who hadn't had time to tie her head, held her bow and arrows. Embraced by the swirling gales around her, she charged out the cave without any delay. Dressed in an asymmetrical black coat, the Solomon Empire Viscount Mobet Zoroast mumbled, "don't be in a rush" or "it's finally here" as he ran, following closely behind Siatas.

The ascetic, Snowman, stood up as well. He tapped his chest four times as though he was forming the shape of a cross.

"May the Lord bless me!"

Amidst his hoarse and dry voice, he stepped onto the biting cold ice with his bare feet and ran out of the cave.

Klein didn't hesitate either. He didn't draw his revolver, and he kept his hands empty. Together with Anderson, who was clenching Death Brachydont tightly, they ran into the hole in the ice.

Dressed in a shirt with complicated patterns, Edwina Edwards looked at Danitz, who was trembling due to the aura of the high-level entity. She said with a gentle, but emotionless tone, "Stay here."

Having said that, the look in her blue eyes deepened. Gales howled around her, pushing her out of the cave.

Stay here... Danitz was stunned. He subconsciously surveyed his surroundings and saw the walls covered in frost and the completely extinguished bonfire.

The cave was silent with him being the only one left.

Danitz's trembling body slowly came to a stop as he turned agape. However, he didn't say a word as he saw his captain's figure disappear from the cave's entrance.

Outside the cave, Frunziar Edward, who had just rolled to avoid the first series of attacks, saw Ulyssan spread its wings as it was about to leap into the sky, closing the distance between it and his party. He ensured his safety as he steadied his figure and pushed his left palm out diagonally.

Immediately following that, he declared a statement in ancient Hermes: "Flying is prohibited here!"

Suddenly, the frost dragon's wings that blotted out the sky seemed to be weighed down by invisible objects weighing a hundred times its body weight. It began flapping them with great difficulty.

The King of the North immediately let out a furious roar as the loud sonic boom drilled into Frunziar's ears, making his stagger.

With a whoosh, the pair of wings finally managed to flap, stirring up the snow and frost around it into the air.

Although it was difficult on Ulyssan's part, it eventually managed to fly.

At that moment, Disciplinary Paladin Frunziar's expression turned solemn. He said a sentence constructed in ancient Hermes once again: "Violators will be punished!"

Just as he said that, his figure leaped up at a speed which was faster than Ulyssan, as though he had been augmented by some unknown power.

Ding!

Frunziar extended his body in midair as he brandished the iron-black sword in hand, striking down at the King of the North's neck with his posture speaking great certainty of a hit.

A clear crack appeared on the crystalline armor plates as it spread slightly; however, this failed to make Ulyssan bleed.

The frost dragon didn't even feel the pain as its eerie-blue eyes locked onto Frunziar, its expression cruel and tyrannical.

It then lifted up its front claws while Frunziar remained in midair without any means of dodging.

At that critical moment, a hurricane blew over, pushing the black-armored Disciplinary Paladin away, causing Ulyssan's strike to swipe at air. Its strike caused an explosive boom despite the miss.

Elven Songster Siatas didn't hesitate to take action once she

rushed out the cave, saving Frunziar immediately.

Immediately following that, her hair flared up in violation of the laws of nature. They were distinct with swirling lightning bolts.

She aimed her arrow at the large but slow, flying target in the sky, King of the North, before firmly pulling back the arrow.

The sky turned dark, as though dark clouds had gathered as lightning bounced through them.

Unable to fly smoothly due to the Disciplinary Paladin's influence, Ulyssan suddenly pulled back its wings, swooping down at Siatas like a high-speed train.

At that moment, a grayish-blue figure that left one feeling safe had appeared in front of the King of the North's trajectory!

Groselle genuflected once again, plunging the broadsword, which was unusable by human hands, in front of himself.

Dawn-like light surfaced, forming an invisible, impenetrable wall.

Boom!

The collision between the frost dragon and Groselle was like a terrifying explosion. It shattered the layers of ice around them, pushing them outwards.

Groselle failed to keep his footing firm as he flew out like a ball,

tumbling past Siatas before slamming loudly into the mountain wall. A huge amount of snow and ice stalactites crashed from above, nearly causing an avalanche.

As for Ulyssan, it wasn't sent retreating. It remained standing in its original spot.

Having had its swooping attack interrupted, its hind legs were in the ground as its body leaned forward. It shook its neck before aiming its open mouth at Siatas.

The Solomon Empire's noble, Mobet Zoroast, had long arrived beside Siatas. Upon seeing this, he hurriedly extended his right hand and rapidly turned his wrist.

Ulyssan forgot what it was doing despite having its mouth completely open. It stood there in a daze without continuing its attack. Suddenly, Mobet turned his head and spit to the side.

"Pui!"

The spit was ordinary without any special traits to it.

Seizing this opportunity, Snowman, the ascetic who came out, raised his arms as though he was embracing god's grace.

Then, he said to the Elven Songster in ancient Hermes, "God says it's effective!"

With a sizzling sound, the flashes of lightning surrounding Siatas brightened greatly as they surged out, entangling with the arrow.

She released her grip as an arrow shot out.

Boom!

Dark clouds gathered in the air as a thick bolt of lightning smote down, augmenting that arrow.

The arrow turned completely silver, as though it was shot from the god of lightning. It struck Ulyssan's forehead at a completely unavoidable speed.

Layers of ice disappeared as the illusory armor plating cracked. The arrow stabbed into the King of the North's head, making it let out a deafening cry.

Light blue blood gushed out and quickly froze as the frost dragon's ugly face shook violently as silver bolts zapped at it.

At that moment, Klein and Anderson came out of the cave. Disciplinary Paladin Frunziar had tumbled onto the ground before standing up again. Groselle extended his palms from the snow pile, rubbing his head. He didn't appear seriously injured.

With so many teammates, I don't have to be the main assault force. I can attempt to control Ulyssan's Spirit Body Threads... From my observations, it doesn't seem to have the defensive abilities of a demigod. Of course, it's much stronger than a Sequence 5... A five-meter radius is a little dangerous... Klein looked at the frost dragon as he quickly had an idea.

Chapter 700: Excellent Teamwork

King of the North Ulyssan's tragic cries rapidly turned into a roar. Following that, a snowstorm engulfed the area outside the cave, reducing the visibility to less than five meters.

Howling gales swept up dense "goose feathers" as they covered every inch of space. Meanwhile, an icy-blue halo rapidly extended outwards, clinging close to the ground. It left frozen ice everywhere in its wake as it passed.

Klein, who had his vision and hearing affected by the blizzard, instantly had the corresponding scene surface in his mind. He hurriedly bent his knees and kicked his heels, jumping high up, allowing the icy-blue halo to sweep underneath him.

As for Mobet Zoroast, who wasn't adept at combat, he was already too close to the icy-blue halo when he noticed it. He didn't have the time to jump up.

At that moment, he was hoisted up by his shoulders as the bottom of his feet had a tempestuous hurricane lift him up into the air. With this combination, he instantly flew up into the sky, avoiding the outcome of being frozen.

Mobet turned his head and, without surprise, saw the deadpan Siatas. This Elven Songster could only muster up strong winds to glide forward due to the "law" forbidding flight.

Anderson, Edwina, Snowman, and Frunziar reacted accordingly, jumping in time and dodging the attack without succumbing to it. Only Groselle, who had just pulled out his broadsword from the snow, was hit in the legs by the icy-blue halo, as he couldn't

dodge in time.

Layers of ice instantly surged upwards as Groselle stood on the spot like a frozen corpse.

Whoosh!

The exaggerated blizzard obscured all the Beyonders' vision, making them lose their vision of the frost dragon. All they could do was passively defend against any attacks.

At that moment, Snowman, who hadn't dropped to the ground, spread out his arms once again and said solemnly in ancient Hermes, "God says it's ineffective!"

The violent blizzard suddenly calmed down significantly. Be it the tempestuous hurricanes or the dense snowflakes, they were weakened or had been cut in half.

Siatas vaguely made out a gigantic face with an ugly lizard-like face. The broken arrow was still embedded in its forehead.

Ulyssan had taken the opportunity to close the distance between them!

Siatas didn't panic. The strong winds suddenly changed directions, sending Mobet and her floating backward. Meanwhile, her chilled, pale lips opened as she sang in ancient and abstruse Elvish, "The rocks are destined to be shattered by the waves;

"The trees are destined to be struck down by the winds;

“The mountains are destined to crumble by the lightning…”

As every word in Elvish was rich and filled with meaning, the constructed sentences were extremely succinct. Therefore, the lyrics didn’t waste too much of Siatas’s time. Furthermore, from the moment the first word was spoken and from the beginning of the beautiful and forceful rhythm, the winds in the blizzard began to experience changes!

The howling sounds of wind turned chaotic as it spread out in every direction. Ulyssan’s massive figure once again appeared before Klein and company’s eyes.

When Siatas sang the third phrase, Disciplinary Paladin Frunziar had already pushed out his right palm and profoundly said in ancient Hermes, “Imprison!”

Instantly, the frost dragon which was about to rush Siatas and Mobet had frozen on the spot. Surrounding it were layers of transparent walls.

And as Frunziar said that softly, Edwina, who had just found her footing, made her light-blue eyes turn black. Inside them flowed a sticky liquid that seemed to be the manifestation of all the evil in the depths of one’s heart.

She gently clenched her right palm as Ulyssan stood up with a roar, instantly ripping apart the effects of Imprison.

The frost dragon’s eerie-blue eyes were filled with blankness and pain. It seemed to be still immersed in the emotions of sudden madness and ruthlessness.

Even though this was a state it was always in, to have it fully triggered was uncomfortable.

Without a doubt, it was a dragon who found it difficult to control its emotions!

Seizing the opportunity of Ulyssan's brief pause, Anderson Hood condensed a burning-white spear in his hand. Then, he bent his back and threw it out.

Without waiting for the outcome, flames appeared under the Strongest Hunter's feet, turning the ice into liquid.

Sou!

The spear accurately struck the frost dragon's half-open mouth, quickly melting the thick armor plates of ice, with the excess force penetrating the upper part of its forehead.

Ulyssan let out another tragic cry as its hind legs stomped backward, sending its body lunging forward. It stayed close to the ground as it rushed towards Anderson with a terrifying speed.

The only thing in its eyes was this worm that had dealt significant amounts of damage to it!

Schwing!

The snow split apart as a deep and wide chasm opened up in the ground. It emanated all the way to where Anderson was as it continued extending.

Bang! With its terrifying inertia, the frost dragon slammed into a boulder covered in thick ice, shattering its outer shell and cracking its interior!

If Anderson had collided with it, the Strongest Hunter was bound to turn into meat paste. Even being brushed was likely to lead to his death.

However, in a particular spot in the chasm where Anderson was originally standing, there was a dark hole that led straight down. It was just enough for a person to burrow in.

Pa!

A hand held onto the hole's entrance. Through the exertion of force, the Strongest Hunter with disheveled hair jumped out.

After he threw the burning spear, he didn't dodge in panic. Instead, he directly used his Beyonder powers to melt the snow beneath his feet, and he burned the underlying soil. Silently, he created a hole that wasn't too deep. Following that, he sank himself into it by crouching, perfectly dodging the King of the North's charge.

At that moment, a pure beam of light descended and struck Groselle, quickly melting the ice encasing him.

Snowman had used an offensive blow to remove the restrictions placed on the Giant Guardian!

With the explosive light of dawn, Groselle raised his broadsword and charged to the frost dragon with wide strides before cleaving down wildly.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Groselle was only a meter shorter than Ulyssan's non-humanoid form. His strength was equally ridiculous. As he clashed repeatedly with Ulyssan's front claws, occasionally wavering and retreating at times, he quickly recovered by taking a step forward and engaged his opponent.

With the Giant Guardian occupying the frost dragon's attention, the others reacted accordingly with relative composure.

Snowman maintained his spread arms as a sun-like halo appeared around him. It quickly spread outwards, warming up all his companions and giving them immense courage. Furthermore, he carefully ensured that it avoided the King of the North.

Not far from him, Siatas's hair flared up as she drew her bowstring. She shot out arrows that appeared to be formed by wind blades or lightning. Due to the massive target, every single one of her arrows had hit her target. Furthermore, all of the arrows struck the same spot—the frost dragon's "shoulder."

Mobet Zoroast worked with Groselle, occasionally stealing the thoughts the King of the North had and was about to execute, making it pause briefly. At other times, he would attempt to steal its powers, but in the few times he did, he didn't have any success.

With the pitch-black sword, Anderson carefully circled to the frost dragon's flank and attempted to strike a particular spot. Disciplinary Paladin Frunziar brandished his iron-black sword, using Prohibition and Imprison to aid Groselle's brawl with the frost dragon. Without his restraints, even if the giant was a Guardian, he would have long been sent flying, suffering from a fatal stomp or the spewing of breath.

Klein looked at Edwina and raised his hand to point at himself.

“Invisibility!”

He didn’t know if she had the ability to mimic this power. If it wasn’t possible, he needed to consider using other methods.

Edwina didn’t ask why as her light blue and limpid eyes immediately reflected Gehrman Sparrow’s body which lost its color and turned transparent.

Following that, Klein’s figure became faint and vanished.

After confirming his condition, Klein quickly ran towards the intense clash between the giant and the dragon. With a roll, he arrived by the King of the North’s left foot.

Then, as he focused on dodging Ulyssan’s feet while it did battle, he emanated his spirituality to control the illusory black threads with the Spirit Body Threads vision he had long activated.

Right on the heels of that, he would roll or leap around, in search of space beneath or around the frost dragon.

Sou! Sou! Sou!

Silver lightning arrows and pure azure wind blades landed in a small region, shattering the armor plates of ice, tearing apart the resilient skin. Soon, the frost dragon’s right shoulder was a swath of light-blue. The corresponding claw’s motions also appeared to slow down indiscernibly.

Disciplinary Paladin Frunziar acutely noticed this point. As he dodged the icy-blue breath, he pointed in that direction and declared in ancient Hermes, “Death!”

With a bursting sound, the blue blood flowing from Ulyssan’s right shoulder instantly dried up, and the tear allowed its translucent bones to be seen.

At that moment, Edwina used a palm-sized brass mirror and reflected parts of Ulyssan’s body in it.

She reached out her right hand and grabbed at the mirror’s surface, pinching the reflection within. Then, she forcefully pulled outwards!

Ulyssan’s wound instantly worsened. It kept spreading as though it was about to lose one of its front claws.

It let out a tragic cry as it suddenly raised its body, standing on its hind legs.

Light blue light that was almost white surged out of the dragon. In a hundred-meter range, the temperature plummeted, followed by a fearsome force.

Suddenly, all the Beyonders were sealed in ice. Their bodies became extremely cold as they turned very stiff. They couldn’t help but tremble.

Siatas, Mobet, Edwina, Klein, Groselle, Anderson, and Frunziar all shared similar symptoms. The only one who barely maintained his mobility was the ascetic, Snowman, thanks to withstanding the training of being frozen countless times.

He maintained his spread arms, half-closed his eyes, and solemnly said, “God loves everyone!”

Sunlight tore through the wind and snow as the warmth began to melt the feeling of being frozen.

Bang!

Ulyssan sent Groselle flying with a claw, severely injuring the Giant Guardian by leaving a depression in his chest.

It temporarily ignored the rest as it targeted Snowman, blitz rushing him!

Snowman has no one protecting him… It’s about to move beyond a five-meter radius… Klein watched this scene, feeling somewhat numb. He had the urge of running into the cave to pray to himself before using the Sea God Scepter above the gray fog to respond.

At that moment, a scarlet fireball appeared beside the ascetic before the frost dragon arrived. Then, it exploded without any reservations, sending him flying.

It was from the Strongest Hunter, Anderson.

At that moment, Edwina had produced a fireball in her hand and threw it at Ulyssan’s back, but she failed to hit it.

She was creating a passageway for Klein to phase over with the fire!

She had learned from Danitz of this ability Gehrman Sparrow had!

Chapter 701: Giants Never Retreat

Ulyssan arrived at Snowman's location, but he failed to hit anything. It slid past, leaving behind a deep chasm.

Behind it, fireballs exploded afterward, producing bursts one after another. Klein's somewhat stiff figure flashed about thanks to the fire. The King of the North didn't manage to open up a gap from him as the five meters was maintained.

By the time Ulyssan came to a stop, Klein, who was still invisible, suddenly sensed something amiss. A corresponding scene appeared in his mind. He lunged forward as he clung close to the ground and appeared underneath the frost dragon.

Meanwhile, Ulyssan's thick and powerful tail had swung over, lashing it towards the nearby Siatas and Mobet.

Whoosh!

With a loud crack, Mobet was sent flying as he dodged the frost dragon's tail. As for Siatas, she failed to keep up. Although she had the aid of the gales to retreat and reduce the force, she had been struck in the side. The strike shattered the thick illusory scales that surfaced over her body while her ribs fractured. She was also thrown out, but thanks to the wind, she didn't fall too hard onto the snow.

If it were Mobet or Anderson, this strike would've instantly killed them. Thankfully, the Storm pathway had the corresponding illusory scales to protect her. Furthermore, every Sequence advancement brought about corresponding improvements. Siatas was only heavily injured, but she didn't lose

consciousness. She didn't even completely lose her mobility.

At that moment, Ulyssan's neck moved as it widened its mouth, spewing out a light blue beam of light.

The beam of light swept past Snowman, freezing him into an ice sculpture. Edwina, Frunziar, and Anderson were blocked by the huge dragon's body. They couldn't help him in time with the use of their other Beyonder powers because of the distance.

Bang!

The frost dragon leaped up a little and turned around. When it hit the ground again, it left a slight tremor.

At that moment in time, it was clearly in a terrible state. The crack on its right shoulder was abnormally nasty. Although the frozen light blue liquid barely stopped the wound from worsening, its corresponding claw was nearly maimed and could hardly be used.

Many of the illusory scales on its body had shattered and abnormally dimmed; it was as though they had lost large amounts of vitality.

Regardless, it had severely injured and restrained three of its opponents. The situation was much better than before, especially with Groselle being seriously injured. It was no longer caught up in battle and could now attack as it wished.

Upon seeing this scene, Edwina's light blue eyes turned black again. Sticky vile thoughts slowly flowed.

She suddenly clenched her right palm, causing Ulyssan to raise its head in a roar. It was in excruciating pain as light blue liquid flowed from the corner of its eyes and mouth.

At that moment, the only thought on the frost dragon's mind was to purge the emotional disturbance from its Spirit Body.

Taking the opportunity, Edwina's eyes lit up and turned extremely pure. The light of dawn around her had quickly materialized into a sword.

She wanted to play the role of a Guardian to fend off the King of the North!

She believed that Gehrman Sparrow definitely had his reasons for staying by Ulyssan's side while being invisible. All he needed was time!

At that moment, a figure enveloped in the original light of dawn had charged at the frost dragon.

It was none other than the giant, Groselle!

His chest had sunk in. His grayish-blue skin was pale, and the broadsword in his hand had web-like cracks. However, he still bravely faced his enemy.

Groselle cleaved at his target like he was burning up his life, emitting light and warmth.

"Giants never retreat!"

Amidst his roar, Groselle parried the frost dragon's repeated blows, and he managed to dodge the ice-blue breath in time due to its maimed front claw.

"Imprison!" Frunziar ran over and began to restrict the King of the North's actions. Edwina also worked in tandem with him. Once Ulyssan's rage allowed it to escape the restraints, she triggered its emotions again, allowing the restriction to continue and prevent the charge from happening again. At this moment, Anderson switched between throwing burning-white spears and fireballs. Again and again, he dealt severe damage to the frost dragon. After Mobet managed to catch his breath, he continued stealing its thoughts or powers, stopping the frost dragon's attacks.

Ulyssan attempted to spread its wings a second time. It flew into the air a second time, sending snow flying, but with Frunziar adding another flight restriction, it could only give up when it sensed the difficulty in doing so.

Klein, who kept switching positions by its feet, gained a deeper control of its Spirit Body Threads. It had long reached the twenty-second threshold, but he failed to achieve success. This was because the King of the North's spirituality was extremely potent!

After a while, there was a clang. Groselle's broadsword was tainted by the frost dragon's breath as he was struck by its claw. The former shattered completely, turning into countless fragments as they flew everywhere.

With sputtering sounds, the invisible walls in front of Groselle reached their limit as they let through several fragments that impaled his head and chest.

Frunziar, who was similarly nearby, failed to dodge in time. The

side of his armor collided with the fragments as his side was mangled.

“Giants never retreat!”

Groselle roared loudly once again. The light of dawn radiated from him once again as a sword made of pure light appeared in his palm.

As the dark red blood on his face flowed, he parried the frost dragon’s strike.

At that moment, Klein was flicking the Spirit Body Threads before he finally saw the opportunity to achieve initial control.

Three seconds! Two seconds! One second!

Ulyssan’s actions instantly froze as all its joints seemed to grow rust.

The frost dragon immediately became alert and sensed that the source of the danger came from beneath it. Seizing the moment before its thoughts came to a complete halt, it instantly made the decision to sit down.

It wanted to quash the despicable fella!

Suddenly, its mind went adrift, having forgotten what it wanted to do. And about twenty meters away, Mobet Zoroast’s knees buckled as he sat strangely on the snow.

Klein took the opportunity to move his feet, walking to the side of the frost dragon's hind legs at a decent speed.

His invisibility was beginning to wear off. After all, the mimicked ability definitely couldn't compare with the original. He extended his hands halfway as his spirituality jumped, his actions akin to controlling a huge puppet.

Bang!

Ulyssan, whose thoughts were already slowing down, finally recalled what it wanted to do. Its hind legs slowly bent as its hefty figure smashed downwards, but all it did was send snow and dust flying.

No... No good... Have to... do that... Thoughts flashed through its mind sporadically as its heart suddenly contracted, condensing a terrifying light blue halo.

This was the Beyonder power stemming from its life. It could create a cold hell. With this, Klein and company would completely freeze. If not for Snowman's experience and powers being capable of restraining that state, more than one or two Beyonders would've died.

However, with it under Klein's control, everything Ulyssan tried to do was clearly impeded. Edwina acutely noticed the source of danger which she previously had no idea about. Immediately, she clenched her right fist, detonating the frost dragon's strong emotions.

The King of the North's figure trembled in slow motion as the light blue halo that it had just converged scattered out of control. It failed to interfere with its environment.

"...Ah..."

The frost dragon's mouth slowly opened as it let out a stuttering cry.

Siatas stood up with great difficulty the moment she recovered a little. Upon seeing the situation, she immediately held back her pain and drew her bow.

Her hair flared up again as heavy dark clouds appeared in midair once again. Two different silver bolts of lightning added radiance to each other as they surged onto the bow, forming a terrifying arrow that swirled with a bolt of lightning.

Siatas's face twisted as she released the arrow.

The silver bolt of lightning instantly penetrated Ulyssan's chest with a whoosh, tearing open a ghastly wound. Flames spewed and lightning bolts sparked inside its wound, causing greater damage.

At that moment, Anderson's eyes lit up. A blazing white flame enveloped his body as he transformed into a stream of light, accurately shooting straight for the wound.

Pitch-black marks rapidly surfaced on the frost dragon's abdomen as though someone was scribbling over it. Ulyssan's thoughts weren't as slow due to the intense stimulation. As it struggled to flap its wings, it soared up into the sky.

"Flying is prohibited here!" Frunziar added more restrictions in a timely manner.

Bang!

King of the North fell to the ground again as its pitch-black marks on its abdomen tore open. Light blue blood and damaged organs spewed out like a waterfall.

Anderson took the opportunity to jump away from the dragon's body. The flames over his body had extinguished as a transparent layer of ice covered him.

"Cold… It's really cold." He held Death Brachydont as he stiffly jumped away. His body was constantly trembling.

Klein, who had nearly allowed the frost dragon to escape his binding, achieved initial control again. He made Ulyssan's thoughts of making everyone present die with it slow down as it suffered from theft and explosions.

Its long neck slowly looked up as it let out a slow whimper as its body collapsed bit by bit.

During this process, Klein didn't attempt to stop Siatas and company's continued attacks. He knew very well that to turn the frost dragon into a marionette needed far more than five minutes. There were too many accidents that could happen in that span of time.

Frunziar stood straight while panting. With the side of his body mangled, he pushed forward his swordless palm and declared in ancient Hermes, "Death!"

Ulyssan's body trembled as it collapsed to the ground like a small mountain made of ice.

Light-blue light that was nearly white was released from its body as its flesh and body quickly disintegrated. Soon, the gigantic dragon corpse turned into a snow-laden heavy door that swung outwards.

Without anyone mentioning it, all the Beyonders present knew that it was a door leading to the outside world.

“Finally… Finally… Success…” Groselle laughed out loud as his voice grew softer.

Thud!

His nearly four-meter-tall figure fell forward as he held himself up with a knee. Following that, the light of dawn around him scattered as his aura was almost immediately gone.

“Groselle!” Siatas and company went over with great difficulty or great speed.

Groselle looked around him slowly, clenching his fist as he gave a good-natured laugh.

“We succeeded!

“Giants never retreat…”

His head with the single vertical eye drooped down when his voice came to a halt.

Chapter 702: Epilogue

“Groselle!”

Frunziar, who was closest to the giant, rushed to Groselle and caught him. Then, he slowly released his grip and stood up, as though he had just experienced a confusing dream.

Siatas tore out of Mobet’s arms, and ignoring the pain all over her body, she ran to Groselle’s side with the aid of the wind.

She bent down and carefully observed for a moment. Then, she nudged the giant and hysterically shouted, “Wake up! Wake up!

“It’s time for us to leave!”

Her voice softened into silence.

Mobet stood by the side, seeing the giant unable to maintain his body as it wavered. Finally, it fell to the ground with a thud.

He fell silent for a few seconds before exhaling.

At that moment, Anderson and Edwina had already run to Snowman. One used a flame, while the other mimicked holy light to quickly defrost him. As Klein was nearby, he directly arrived by Groselle’s side.

His Spirit Body Threads vision told him that the giant was dead.

Only his spirit lingered, but it was beginning to scatter. This made his Damage Transfer powers completely useless.

From the moment Groselle ignited the light of dawn and engaged the frost dragon in a second battle, he must have prepared himself for death… Klein fell silent.

Mobet glanced at him and said with a rueful smile, “To be frank, I’ve not seen many giants. Most of my impression of them had come from books, teachers, and parents. I always thought that this race was cruel and violent, unintelligent creatures who were closer to monsters. However, Groselle wasn’t like that. He was frank, honest, and optimistic. Although he might appear rather silly, he knew better than anyone what was right and wrong.

“He told me that this was because he wasn’t one of those ancient giants. He wasn’t even a second or third generation giant… The cruel and violent giants similarly had the ability to reproduce and give birth. As for their descendants, there would be more rational ones appearing from time to time. These descendants would reproduce and have more descendants, allowing the entire giant race to escape from the confines of being monsters.

“Hehe, I don’t know if I should believe him, but his existence has proven the possibility…”

As Mobet said that, he suddenly paused as though immersed in his memories.

At that moment, Edwina and Anderson helped Snowman, whose body was still a little stiff, walk over. The ascetic struggled as he walked to Groselle’s side.

Looking at the tightly closed single eye, Snowman gestured the sign of the cross on his chest. He half-closed his eyes as he

whispered a prayer:

"Father of all things, the great source of everything, here lies an honest and pure soul... May he enter 'Your' kingdom and receive eternal redemption..."

Siatas opened her mouth as though she wanted to say that Groselle's faith was in Giant King Aurmir, but she ultimately chose to keep silent. She watched in silence as Snowman completed the prayer.

"We have to leave as quickly as possible. No one knows how long this door will remain open!" the Elven Songster said as she surveyed the surroundings. Her sorrow and pain left her rather quick-tempered.

She looked down at the giant and added in a heavy voice, "We can't let Groselle's soul dissipate in this illusory world. We have to bring him back to reality!"

"Alright," Mobet immediately agreed. Klein and company didn't object either.

Edwina turned her head and shouted at the mountain cave of ice and snow.

"Danitz, you can come out now."

At that moment, Siatas's eyes darted around as though she had recalled something. She turned her head and said to Klein, "Do you have a pen and paper?"

“Yes.” Klein took out the fountain pen and notes he brought around with him. This was a professional trait of being a Seer.

Siatas received it and began scribbling on it. She didn’t stop, even when Danitz ran out of the cave.

Danitz kept silent. He was also in low spirits as well, lacking the joy and excitement he should have with the pending departure from this book world.

Finally, Siatas stopped writing and handed the paper and pen to Klein.

“The formula you wanted.”

Aren’t we completing the trade only after leaving? Klein mumbled silently in puzzlement. He received the pen and the Ocean Songster potion formula.

As though sensing his puzzlement, Siatas turned her head and looked at Groselle. She said with a heavy voice, “We are now companions.”

So you can give me the potion formula directly? Klein put the items away and nodded indiscernibly.

“I’ll give you the wine cup after we leave.”

Siatas didn’t respond. Instead, she nudged Mobet.

“Bring Groselle along.”

Mobet looked down at his body which wasn't too muscular and his sharp, curvy leather boots. He gave a bitter smile of helplessness and walked to Groselle's thigh.

Frunziar silently followed as he bent down to embrace the giant's left shoulder.

Anderson looked around and tsked.

"All of you are injured or weak. Let me do it."

He then lifted up Groselle's other shoulder.

Klein was just about to help with the other thigh when Danitz rushed over to take the spot.

Upon seeing this, he stopped in his tracks. He then watched Anderson and company lift Groselle as they walked towards the illusory snow-laden door.

Klein; Edwina; Siatas, who stumbled as she walked; and Snowman silently followed beside them before they arrived at the exit formed from Ulyssan's corpse.

At that moment, Klein surveyed the area and discovered that the light blue blood that flowed out from the King of the North had vanished. It was as though it had never existed.

Indeed, it's a conjured monster that's almost real... Klein walked behind as he watched Edwina take a few steps forward as she bent her back, placing her palms on the door.

Then, Vice Admiral Iceberg exerted her strength and pushed open the snow-laden door.

Silently, everyone saw everything disappear after turning illusory then transparent.

Rows of brownish-yellow bookshelves quickly appeared before their eyes, along with the orange-yellow sun which had just set below the horizon and a desk with a fountain pen, ink bottle, and paper.

This was Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina's cabin!

Klein quickly placed the middle of the table in his sights. Sitting on it was a book filled with yellowish-brown goatskin.

The book flipped to the end as a result of a formless wind. Klein and company then saw the epilogue.

"With the help of the crazy adventurer and the strongest hunter, Groselle fulfilled his promise. He led his teammates and slayed the King of the North, but he also ended up sleeping forever in the Nation of Frost."

"It didn't even give our ending… Siatas, where do you plan on heading to next?" Mobet released Groselle's thigh as he turned his head to ask the Elven Songster.

Siatas's eyes seemed to glaze over for a few seconds before she firmly said, "Seek out my race…"

Just as she said that, she suddenly saw Mobet's flaxen-colored

hair rapidly turn white. His originally smooth face had obvious wrinkles.

In just a second, Mobet was dying of old age.

Siatas's heart tightened. Just as she was about to lunge forward, she was surprised to realize that she had lost the strength in her legs at some point in time.

With a thud, she fell to the ground and realized that the back of her hands were covered in the aged spots of an elder.

She instantly understood what was happening as tears immediately flowed down her face. She struggled as she attempted to crawl towards Mobet.

Mobet had similarly slumped to the ground as he crawled towards her while extending his right palm.

Siatas reached out her right palm and grabbed the wrinkled and thin hand.

They raised their heads with great difficulty as their pupils reflected one another.

The corners of their mouths curled up simultaneously before loosening weakly. Their eyelids drooped down and blocked out the light.

Klein, Edwina, Anderson, and Danitz failed to react in time to such changes. They had no idea what they could do as they helplessly watched Groselle's corpse rapidly rot as his flesh and

blood evaporated, leaving his skeleton and Beyonder characteristic. As for Mobet, Siatas, Snowman, and Frunziar, they aged in seconds before breathing their last breath and repeating whatever had happened to Groselle's corpse.

Their clothes had either disappeared or turned to dust. Their souls dispersed at extraordinary speeds before they were gone.

"Even the one who lived inside the book for the shortest time had been there for 165 years…" Edwina muttered softly as she turned her head to look at that bones which faced the sea and sun.

It was none other than Disciplinary Paladin Frunziar. He was sitting on a chair looking west—where Backlund was.

Snowman was seated cross-legged to the side. His corpse maintained the posture of praying.

That's right. They've lived in the book world for centuries or millennia. With the rules of the outside world, as non-demigods, they should've died long ago… I should've realized this… Why wasn't I wary of this point at all? Could it be… Klein suddenly recalled the psychological influence on Mobet, Groselle, and company as he began having an idea.

He once again looked down at the book bound by goatskin. He believed that it had many, many more secrets.

"This fellow is rather interesting. He died just like that…" Anderson looked at Mobet's corpse as he smirked.

At that moment, all the Beyonder characteristics had slowly

condensed. However, Frunziar didn't produce anything similar to that. Edwina observed for a moment before softly saying, "The potion he consumed was illusory, likewise for the strength he obtained. It's just like that frost dragon."

It was likely conjured in the book world. It was almost real… Klein sighed silently. He was momentarily at a loss for words, so all he could do was maintain Gehrman Sparrow's silence.

In the next ten minutes, no one spoke in the captain's cabin of the Golden Dream until the four Beyonder characteristics took form.

One of them was the size of a fist resembling a heart; it was covered with holes as it shimmered with the light of dawn. Another resembled a jellyfish; its translucent exterior seemed to contain azure-blue seawater, and inside it were vortices that were occasionally stirred by hurricanes or flashing silver lightning while emitting a faint, ethereal song. Another was a pure, bright crystal that exuded holiness. The last was a baby's palm with five thin stretched-out fingers as it kept changing colors due to the environment.

"Sigh, we can't just keep watching like this." Finally, Anderson broke the silence. "Let's split the Beyonder characteristics."

Just as Edwina's light-blue eyes were dyed with pangs of fire, the hunter shrugged and said with a wry smile, "I believe that they'll have wishes such as this, as we were companions who fought together."

Chapter 703: Thank-you Present

Seeing Edwina's gaze warm up, Anderson curled the sides of his mouth and shook his head with a sigh.

"You're always so inflexible. That's why you aren't able to become an artist your entire life."

After sighing again, he looked at the corpse on the chair.

"We can't keep watching. We have to do something. Doesn't Siatas wish to find her race? Let's bury her near an elven ruin in Sonia Island. Mobet looks like he wants to be with Siatas. We should bury them in the same tomb.

"Doesn't Frunziar want to return to Backlund? Burn his remains to ashes, store the ashes in a box, and bring it to the city when possible. If time permits it, then someone can look for his descendants. As for Snowman, it's not known if he believes in the ancient sun god or the original Creator. Who knows if the two are the same. Heh, to us, it's the same. There's definitely no way to find the corresponding cathedrals or altars. Therefore, the only thing we can do is bury him beside Groselle.

"Groselle… He wishes to return to the Giant King's Court, but that's a city in myths and legends. There's no way to find it in the real world. However, there are Giant ruins in the Northern and Southern Continent. We can bury him there and allow him to have a proper burial."

Giant King's Court… Backlund… Klein listened in silence as he deliberated for a few seconds.

“Leave the ashes of Groselle, Snowman, and Frunziar with me.”

He believed that in the time to come, the City of Silver would manage to reach the Giant King’s Court. When that happened, he could hand Groselle’s and Snowman’s ashes to Little Sun and allow him to bury the two ancient figures. As for Backlund, Klein needed to return to it, as it was the final destination of his travels. He could then bring back Frunziar, who had left his hometown for more than 165 years.

Edwina added, “The Golden Dream often goes to Sonia Island. I’ll handle Siatas’s and Mobet’s remains.”

“Alright. You’ll be in charge of the cremation later.” Anderson turned to look at Danitz as he chuckled and sighed. “Look, everyone plays a part in this. There’s no need to feel inferior.”

He originally imagined that Danitz wouldn’t understand his consoling and would glare at him angrily. To his surprise, this well-known pirate’s expression turned heavy as he nodded in silence.

“Ahem. As companions who faced the King of the North together, let’s each choose one. Treat it as though we’re inheriting their legacy.” Anderson gestured at the shimmering items on the floor. “Heh heh, these Beyonder characteristics definitely have remnants of their psyche. I wonder what kind of influence they will bring. Be it concocting it into a potion for consumption or getting an Artisan to craft it into an item, there should be something special about them. The former can be digested with the acting method, but nothing can be done about the latter. Ah, from the looks of it, you don’t know the acting method. Treat it as though I didn’t say a thing.”

The last two lines were said to Danitz.

Klein didn't have the mood to lampoon Anderson. He looked at the four Beyonder characteristics and said, "Give Siatas's to me."

This was the main ingredient of an Ocean Songster!

Edwina thought for a moment before saying, "I'll take Snowman's."

It corresponded to the Priest of Light which Klein already had one of. Hence, he didn't choose it.

Anderson glanced at the remaining two Beyonder characteristics as his gaze paused at the strange item that resembled a baby's palm.

"I have to say that this guy is very interesting. Perhaps it can be made into a mystical item that can talk to me. That way, everyone wouldn't be too lonely."

At that moment, the "giant's heart" didn't have an owner. Klein glanced at Danitz and indifferently said, "It's yours."

"Mine? I didn't do anything. I didn't participate in the battle…" Danitz was extremely surprised.

Klein said simply, "You scouted and took on a risk."

To Klein, this was a form of compensation. This was because Danitz had chanted The Fool's honorific name and knew Gehrman Sparrow's secret. Therefore, he had to force the faith of The Fool on him; otherwise, it would only leave latent risks.

Although this was a risk which Danitz was willing to take, Klein still wished to compensate him. Of course, he hoped that Danitz would view it as a bestowment from The Fool.

And regardless of exchanging Groselle's Beyonder characteristic for money, using it to purchase the corresponding formula and ingredients, or making it into a defensive mystical item, all of them would be very useful for Danitz.

"Take it," Edwina said as she looked at Danitz.

"...Alright." Danitz nodded after a few seconds of silence.

After distributing them, Klein took a few steps forward and bent his back to pick up Siatas's Beyonder characteristic. Looking at the azure-blue seawater sloshing inside the translucent membrane, he could vaguely hear the elf's beautiful singing.

Just as he stood up, he saw Danitz nodding as though he was responding to a question. However, no one had spoken!

Klein's gaze swept past Edwina's expressionless face and suspected if this Mysticism Magister was communicating with Danitz in a way others couldn't hear.

Seeing Danitz give an affirmative answer, Edwina reached out to pick up Groselle's Travels from the desk and closed it. She then handed it to Klein.

"This is a token of my gratitude."

"Without me, all of you would've defeated the frost dragon."

Klein didn't reach out his hand as he looked at the book comprised of yellowish-brown goatskin.

"No, we definitely would've died. We had no way to defend against the King of the North's final frenzy. Besides, you were taking a huge risk entering the book." Edwina was like a teacher, explaining to him the reasons in a serious manner. "My only request is that you will tell me the answers if you figure out its origins and principles."

Klein was very curious about the secrets hidden in Groselle's Travels. He couldn't reject the offer as he reached out to take the magical book.

"Okay."

At this moment, the importance of the Giant King's Court became more obvious. He even thought of buying the black iron key belonging to the giants and was worth 5,000 pounds while he was at it. However, he didn't immediately make the request, to prevent Edwina from thinking that he was trying to fleece her.

He prepared to wait a few more hours, or perhaps tomorrow, before borrowing the key from Vice Admiral Iceberg. He would head above the gray fog to divine its worth before offering to purchase it.

Seeing Anderson and Danitz pick up their Beyonder characteristics, Edwina glanced at the darkening sky and said to Klein, "Where are you heading to next?"

"Bayam," Klein replied frankly.

Edwina nodded.

“You can head there on the Golden Dream. We have plenty of rooms.”

Klein nodded indiscernibly as he agreed.

Who wouldn’t want a free ride?

After dealing with the remains and cleaning up the captain’s cabin, Edwina walked to the door and opened it.

There were gasps of pleasant surprise as the mood in the corridor turned jubilant.

“Alright, it’s fine now.” Edwina looked around as a smile formed from her cold expression.

The crew cheered loudly, making Anderson stroke his chin and frown.

“It’s more exaggerated than I imagined…” Without a doubt, his words were drowned by the ebullient cheers.

After everything came to an end, Klein and Anderson left the captain’s cabin under Danitzs lead and headed for other rooms on the same level.

Half-turning his body to look where they were, Anderson suddenly sighed.

“Is that it?

“Although we didn’t get to know each other for more than half an hour, people who fought alongside you often leave a deep impression. But to think they suddenly died in a baffling manner. All of them…”

Klein was silent for two seconds before saying, “This world is filled with baffling deaths to begin with.”

“…That’s right.” Anderson immediately smiled. “That’s why optimism is needed to enjoy life. If I were to face death one day, I’ll definitely be composed and cool, not losing my elegance at all. I would face it in the most handsome manner possible.”

Don’t raise flags for yourself… Klein didn’t say a word as he entered the room Danitz opened for him. Anderson took the room beside him.

In the room, Klein stood at the window as he silently watched the darkening sea for nearly ten minutes. Then, he entered the bathroom, took four steps counterclockwise, recited the incantation, and went above the gray fog.

Sitting at the high-back chair of The Fool, he conjured The World’s figure and made him make a praying pose.

“Honorable Mr. Fool, please inform The Sun that I’ve obtained the Sequence 6 Notary potion formula he wants. I also have clues to the Priest of Light formula and main ingredients. He can delay payment by putting it on credit and pay for it in the future.”

Klein was doing this to prepare for his advancement to Sequence

4. The City of Silver had rich resources, so it was possible that particular main ingredients or difficult supplementary ingredients that were hard to come across would exist over there. Therefore, with him in no rush to get anything, he planned on letting Little Sun owe him.

The reason why he didn't say that he had obtained the main ingredients and potion formula for Priest of Light, was because he felt that it was too exaggerated. He planned on telling him once Little Sun was more or less done digesting the potion.

After checking the conjured scene twice, he transmitted it into the crimson star representing The Sun as a stream of light.

...

Afternoon Town.

Having just finished patrolling the periphery of the newly established camp, Derrick's vision suddenly blurred, and he saw an endless gray fog and an indistinct figure praying inside a dark red glow.

Immediately following that, he heard The World's voice and learned that his Notary potion formula had been acquired.

Mr. World's efficiency is really high. It's the exact number of days that he promised. Furthermore, he even got clues to the Priest of Light potion formula and main ingredients! Derrick felt joy after a moment of alarm.

He couldn't help but admire The World, wishing that he would possess similar strength and styles in the future.

Above the gray fog, the busy The World made another prayer after Mr. Fool confirmed that there weren't any problems with the Ocean Songster potion formula.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, please inform Mr. Hanged Man that I've already obtained the Ocean Songster's potion formula and the corresponding main ingredient. I'll give it to him during the next Tarot Gathering. Please get him to consider what he would like to provide in exchange."

Chapter 704: Origins

On the undulating sea, inside an ancient and dark sailboat.

Alger Wilson stood in front of a window, considering the report he had to produce when he arrived at Pasu Island. It was at that moment when the endless gray fog and a figure lording over him appeared.

He then saw a dark red glow and saw a blurry figure resembling The World. He then heard the figure's calm words.

After hearing it, Alger's eyes widened. He found it difficult to suppress his joy as a strong sense of bewilderment and shock emerged within his heart.

He remembered very clearly that The World had only promised The Sun to obtain the Notary potion formula within three days at the last Tarot Club gathering. He hadn't mentioned anything related to the Ocean Songster potion formula, but in just days, this gentleman had obtained the rare Sequence 5 formula and even its main ingredient!

What did he do exactly? Alger muttered silently to himself as he couldn't help but recall Gehrman Sparrow's cold and formidable appearance. He found the man more and more unfathomable.

Is this the advantage of being a Blessed? Yes, I just received the news yesterday that Gehrman Sparrow boarded the Future last week in Nas. On the one hand, it proves that Admiral of Stars is indeed The Hermit, and on the other hand, it means that what The World did last week was extremely important. For example, entering those dangerous waters in the eastern front to obtain

something. Therefore, he had no choice but to seek The Hermit's help? As such, he advanced and became a Sequence 5 powerhouse?

This can explain how he obtained the Ocean Songster potion formula and its main ingredient in the span of a few days... But what did he do exactly? Don't tell me that he killed someone from the middle-upper echelons of the Church? Alger couldn't help but frown.

He quickly calmed his heart as he focused on another matter.

Although instantly obtaining the formula and main ingredient delighted and excited him, making him feel that becoming a Tarot Club member was a turning point in his life, he still needed to pay for it!

What can I give The World... Alger fell into deep thought, depressed to realize that he didn't have any items or money of equal value.

He subconsciously paced about his window.

...

Above the gray fog, the busy World vanished as Klein cast his eyes on Groselle's Travels which he had brought above the gray fog.

This book comprised of yellowish-brown goatskin was silently placed on the long bronze table. It didn't appear special in any way, appearing so ordinary that only history fans would notice it.

Klein conjured a pen and paper as he cautiously wrote the first divination statement: “This is the Spectator pathway’s Uniqueness.”

He was most worried about this point, as it meant that he couldn’t seal the book above the gray fog. It might bring about unexpected accidents, but carrying it with him made it possible for him to be sucked into the book at any time. That would be very problematic.

He undid the spirit pendulum on his left wrist, composed himself, and attempted a divination.

When he opened his eyes, the topaz pendant was spinning counterclockwise.

It meant a negative result.

From the looks of it, this strange book isn’t the Spectator pathway’s Uniqueness. Then, there’s no need to be too afraid… Klein thought for a few seconds before divining if Groselle’s Travels was the corresponding item of the Spectator pathway’s Sequence 1 or 2. To his surprise, the divination ended in a failure.

Hmm… he thought for a long while before penning a new divination statement: “Its origins.”

The reason why Klein dared to do such a divination was because he knew very well that the Spectator pathway’s Sequence 0 had long perished. There was a high chance that the Uniqueness was in the hands of the Twilight Hermit Order. Therefore, the chances of him having to face a real god was negligible.

Putting down the pen and holding the paper and book, Klein leaned back into the chair and recited the divination statement as he entered a dream with Cogitation.

The gray, hazy world cracked open as the sky turned extremely dark. It was as though strong winds were stirring the dark clouds.

In this dark environment, a sliver of light appeared first along the horizon as it grew bigger and clearer.

It was a floating continent!

It was a huge continent that could hold several cities!

The continent's periphery was grayish-white in color. Huge boulders revealed their outlines, and above them, there were dozens of erect hundred-meter-tall stone columns. They either stood independently or propped up magnificent ancient palaces.

Dragons of different colors—grayish-white, scarlet-red, yellowish-bronze—as well as some made of ice, were flying over the continent and the one-of-a-kind city. At times, they would land on a stone column to rest as they overlooked the land. At other times, they would enter the opulent palace and vanish from Klein's sight.

Among them, the smallest one was about the size of King of the North Ulyssan. The biggest spanned a hundred meters.

The scene quickly zoomed in as a palace with a height of over two hundred meters occupied Klein's vision.

Its interior had stone columns erected, propping up a dome. The space was so large that it allowed any dragon to move freely within.

The "camera" kept moving inward, and soon, Klein saw a book made of yellowish-brown goatskin. Its cover was blank as it floated in midair. Compared to its surroundings, it was amazingly small.

Right behind the book, a large shadow appeared.

Just as the shadow's silhouette was outlined, Klein felt his thoughts instantly explode!

His eyes spewed out with blood as his ears were left with two black holes. His mouth and nostrils had white matter stained with blood spew out from them.

The mysterious space above the gray fog gently trembled as it pacified everything. Klein quickly recovered as he gritted his teeth and rubbed his head.

It hurts! It freaking hurts!

It's in no way inferior to the Eternal Blazing Sun. I didn't even discern 'His' looks or gain any knowledge…

Was "He" Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt? According to Little Sun's information, "He" had perished at the end of the Second Epoch. After so many epochs, spanning two to three millennia, just prying into the mystery was enough to put me in such a sorry state. If not for the gray fog's screening and assistance, I would've died immediately… This mark is way too powerful, isn't

it?

There's no way of comparing them. Its damage is inferior to the previous encounter with the Eternal Blazing Sun, but one had died long ago, while the other is still alive. It just begs the question if the ancient gods are stronger than the real gods of the present day...

Using nearly a minute to recover from the pain, Klein recast his gaze on Groselle's Travels. He tapped the mottled table's edge and muttered silently, *This book's "author" is Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt?*

A book written by an ancient god, a storybook that can automatically deduce the ending?

What is "His" goal? When this book was formed, the Dragon of Imagination likely hadn't encountered the ancient sun god and was fine. After all, it would take some time to go from the City of Miracles, Liveseyd, to the Giant King's Court. And before Groselle was swallowed by the book, the Giant King's Court was clearly still in existence.

Just a prank? A toy used to kill "His" boredom? Or could it be that the Dragon of Imagination had foreseen some of the future. "He" specially created this book to leave behind a chance for "Himself" or the dragons to resurrect. However, he underestimated the ancient sun god's might, and he completely perished. It made the book unusable for millennia, so all it could do was naturally absorb characters into it to play out a story?

Klein made some guesses, but he wasn't able to verify them. After some consideration, he thought of finding a chance to enter the book in search for clues.

In the future, I can enter as a Spirit Body above the gray fog. Once I encounter any trouble, I'll immediately return... Yes, I'll make the attempt after I'm no longer with Edwina and Anderson. I have to be careful and cautious... Klein nodded as he divined if leaving Groselle's Travels above the gray fog would bring undesirable changes to the mysterious space, but he was met with failure again.

As for the reason, he actually knew why. This was a place that transcended the spirit world. Divining about matters involving this area naturally failed if attempts were made to obtain revelations from the spirit world.

After deciding to frequently come above the gray fog to take a look so as to prevent any accidents, Klein threw Groselle's Travels into the junk pile. He then waved his hand, summoning a golden wine cup that had been partially flattened.

The cup had complicated patterns engraved on it, with the Elvish phrases "Calamity" and "Cohinem." Apart from that, there wasn't anything special.

With it in hand, Klein silently rubbed it for a few seconds.

...

Knock, knock, knock!

Klein politely knocked on the door to the captain's cabin.

"Is there something?" Edwina, who had let down her hair, looked at Gehrman Sparrow and asked.

Klein handed over the elf queen's golden wine cup.

"Put this in Siatas's tomb."

"...Alright." Edwina fell silent for two seconds before nodding and receiving it.

She habitually studied the engravings and symbols on the cup before withdrawing her gaze in embarrassment. She then looked out the window and said, "They'll be organizing a bonfire party. Will you be participating?"

"No." Klein shook his head.

"I understand. I don't plan on participating either. Not everyone is like Anderson, who can quickly raise his spirits," Edwina said with pursed lips.

Actually, it's not necessarily a bad thing... Klein was momentarily at a loss for a response. And apart from "giving lessons," Edwina wasn't good at socializing. Immediately, the two of them fell silent.

About ten seconds later, Klein silently inhaled and broke the silence.

"Are you selling that key that originates from the giants?"

"Yes." Edwina thought about it before glancing at her collector's room. She added, "I can lend it to you for studying. You can decide whether to buy it before leaving the ship."

Chapter 705: Mythical Creature

...You didn't even need me to mention it... I was still a little embarrassed to raise the subject... Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief. After considering Gehrman Sparrow's persona, he calmly said, "I do not take advantage of others."

Just as he said that, he felt a little regretful. He was afraid that Vice Admiral Iceberg would really change her mind.

Edwina's light-blue eyes moved slightly as she said, "The only condition is that you have to tell me the answer to anything you figure out."

Phew... Klein didn't harp on the issue as he nodded.

"Okay."

About a minute later, he carried an iron black key the size of a heptachord.

And at that moment, there was a series of fervent singing from the deck.

"Your eyes are so mesmerizing that it feels like the light from dawn;

"When night comes and the sun has gone down, I almost start feeling melancholy; fervently awaiting your light;

“Oh, your eyes are so mesmerizing that it feels like the light from dawn [1]…”

Klein subconsciously went to the window and looked out. He saw that the bonfire had already been lit, and the Golden Dream’s crew, that had nothing to do on their hands, were gathered around it. They were either roasting meat or fish as they guzzled beer. Otherwise, they would be dancing a rather random but lively dance alongside Singer Orpheus’s singing. It was a very merry atmosphere.

The oily roasting exuded a tantalizing aroma that wafted upwards. Klein saw that Anderson Hood was also among the pirates, drinking in high spirits and eating happily. From time to time, he would shout a few words and say a joke, as though he was already a member of the Golden Dream. He was no longer ostracized like before. Instead, Danitz didn’t appear among them. At the very least, Klein didn’t see him near Iron Skin or Barrel.

As long as he doesn’t provoke others, Anderson is rather good at socializing… This might be the intelligence gathering powers of a Conspirer? Yes, he might’ve transferred the hatred onto me…

I wonder if Danitz will work hard after what happened. If he can improve himself and acquire greater strength, then as The Fool, I wouldn’t only have myself as a subordinate. I don’t have to always appear as a trinity. Heh heh, this secret existence of mine finally has a real believer, someone I can directly order to do things, even though it’s only limited to Danitz… I have to say, it’s still quite pathetic…

As Klein reflected over the matter, he prepared a ritual to sacrifice the giants’ key above the gray fog.

At that moment, his spiritual perception was triggered as he instinctively activated his Spirit Vision and looked to the side.

White bones were thrown up as they materialized into the messenger with black flames in its eye sockets.

Half of the messenger's body was in the lower deck, so it was nearly level with Gehrman Sparrow without tearing through the ceiling. However, the palm holding the letter remained huge, as though it could easily wrap it around Klein's head.

Mr. Azik was quite quick to reply this time… As Klein politely nodded, he received the letter and unfolded it.

Just as he was about to read its contents, he suddenly realized that the skeleton messenger remained standing there. It didn't vanish once it delivered the letter.

"Is there something?" Klein asked in surprise.

Just as he said that, an idea flashed through his mind as he quickly added, "If there's a need to reply, then I will summon you again."

The skeleton messenger's huge head nodded as its body collapsed like a waterfall before returning to the Underworld.

Ma'am Reinette Tinekerr previously waited for me to give a reply, same for the skeleton messenger this time… Is this some new regulation the messenger world has enacted? Pui! There's no such thing as a messenger world. They're all individually summoned, and most messengers are just doing it part-time… Yes, the skeleton messenger gave me an aggrieved feeling… Klein shook his head without much thought before focusing his attention on Mr. Azik's letter.

"...To put it simply, attaining godhood begins from the moment one advances to Sequence 4. It's a slow process of evolution towards a mythical creature. This process comes to an end at Sequence 2. Therefore, there is a qualitative difference between an angel and a saint. In ancient times, the former are even called subsidiary gods.

"Every demigod, including saints and angels, have their own mythical state. This is a nonhuman form which is a potpourri of complex knowledge, godhood characteristics, and secret symbols. Ordinary people will suffer tremendous damage from a simply glance, to the point of losing their minds. And as the demigod grows in strength, the damage only grows more potent and irresistible. Therefore, creatures at this level have to constantly control themselves to not expose this form, or just from their very existence alone, it can bring about a catastrophe to their surroundings.

"To demigods, one of the main traits of losing control is losing reason. When that happens, they will no longer be able to restrain their mythical creature form.

"However, a saint's mythical form isn't complete. There are clear characteristics of their original race. Strictly speaking, one is a true mythical creature only after they reach Sequence 2..."

I wonder if the blood that Ma'am Hermit wants is the blood of a mythical creature in the true sense of the phrase, or if the criteria can be relaxed... Heh, I wonder if the placenta blood from Will Auceptin's birth counts. "He" is a Sequence 1 Snake of Fate, an absolute mythical creature, just not in the correct form... I'll accumulate more matters before writing on the paper crane to ask him. Yes, there are only two more times, so I need to do it for serious matters. However, I'll be returning to Backlund soon... With this in mind, Klein silently calculated when Will Auceptin would be born.

He didn't make an accurate recollection, but based on his impressions, Will Auceptin had been conceived last November, and it was currently only the middle of April.

Therefore, "He" will be born in July? Perhaps earlier... Klein thought without great certainty. After all, he didn't have a girlfriend or wife in his previous life, much less having a child.

He quickly threw those thoughts to the back of his mind and began setting up the ritual. He sacrificed the giants' key to himself. The reason why he didn't use his Spirit Body to carry it, it was simply because it was too heavy.

Soon, he arrived above the gray fog. He made the iron black key fly onto the surface of the bronze table as he seriously inspected it a few times.

After confirming that there wasn't anything abnormal about it, he conjured a pen and paper and wrote the divination statement: "The place this key corresponds to."

With the paper in hand and his arm around the key, Klein leaned back into his chair and fell asleep while chanting.

This time, the gray, hazy world first presented a distorted translucent screen. As the scene zoomed in, he immediately appeared before a ten-meter-tall door.

The door was mainly gray and blue in color and on its sides were various engraved symbols, labels, and patterns. They were stately and mysterious.

The light of dusk shone over faintly, dyeing the door with a clear

sense of decline. It was like the daylight was gone for the world, with only eternal eventide replacing it.

Right on the heels of that, Klein noticed that the opening in the door's left side, at a height of three to four meters, there was a pitch-black socket which was equivalent to an adult's fist.

The scene quickly shattered as Klein opened his eyes.

A door similar to the black cloister's but of a different color... The light of dusk... My interpretation is that it represents a particular door of the Giant King's Court... Yes, the first distorted translucent screen should be the barrier between the Forsaken Land of God and the outside world. Therefore, without the gray mist eliminating interference, there's no way to see the scene via divination... Klein tapped on the edge of the mottled table as he made judgment.

He had already decided to buy the giants' key!

After going through the hassle of bringing 5,000 pounds in cash back to the real world, Klein tidied the items on the table and held a thick stack of cash. He left his room once again and walked to the captain's cabin.

Heh, As a Desire Apostle, Kircheis's bounty is equivalent to a key and 1,000 pounds... Klein glanced at the cash in his hand as he knocked on Vice Admiral Iceberg's door again.

With a creak, Edwina appeared by the door. When she saw him holding the cash, her brows twitched as she widened her eyes. She said with a brightened expression, "You have results?"

Klein tersely acknowledged.

“I already obtained results that it’s likely related to the Giant King’s Court.”

“The Giant King’s Court as spoken in myths?” Edwina’s eyes lit up as she asked.

Klein gently nodded in affirmation.

Edwina’s lips quivered as though she wished to inquire further, but ultimately, she didn’t say a word. She took the 5,000 pounds in cash.

She turned back to look at the rows of bookshelves in the captain’s cabin and fell silent. She finally said to Klein seconds later, “If you’re interested in these books, you can borrow them anytime in the day.”

My only request is… Klein secretly predicted what Vice Admiral Iceberg was about to say.

“My only request is that you can talk to me about history whenever you’re free,” Edwina paused before she added with her eyes appearing bright.

Klein chuckled inwardly and said after some thought, “Alright, but I will not answer every question.”

Meanwhile, he silently prayed inwardly, *Let’s hope Vice Admiral Iceberg’s collection has methods to create higher-level charms…*

“No problem.” The corner of Edwina’s mouth twitched as her expression became livelier.

“See you tomorrow.” Klein took off his hat and pressed it to his chest as he bowed to bid farewell.

Edwina also seriously returned the pleasantries.

“See you tomorrow.”

…

Backlund. Iron Gate Street, outside Bravehearts Bar.

Emlyn White got off a carriage, pushed open a wooden door, and walked in.

He was then triggered by the mixture of smells inside as he pinched his nose in contempt.

He hadn’t had much progress in the competition to hunt for the Primordial Moon believers; therefore, he planned on heading to the Bravehearts Bar which Sherlock Moriarty often mentioned. He was there to find the rather informed black-market arms dealer, Ian. The latter’s name was acquired by Emlyn through other means.

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1. Adapted from ‘O sole mio.

Chapter 706: That Man

Turning his body to the side, Emlyn avoided a bulldozing drunkard. While swatting his clothes with a frown, he continued jostling towards the bar counter.

During this process, he didn't seem to be doing anything, but the surrounding customers would always fail to touch him. Be it in terms of speed, agility, or his balance and coordination, he had reached a rather terrifying level.

Finally, Emlyn arrived at the bar counter as he rapped the wooden counter.

"Where's Ian?"

The bartender glanced at him. Without a word, he kept his head low and wiped his glass cups.

"..." Emlyn stood there in surprise, wondering if he had done something wrong that earned him nothing. This angered him a little as he wished to reach out and yank the bartender out.

However, he believed that such acts were lacking as a gentleman. He forcefully held down his emotions and looked around and discovered that everyone was drinking.

With a thought, Emlyn experimented by saying, "A cup of Aurmir red wine."

The bartender's actions paused as he looked up and gave the

handsome, black-haired, red-eyed man an odd look.

“We don’t have that available.”

This was the finest red wine in the world. The price was staggering!

Emlyn wasn’t dumb, and he could tell from the bartender’s eyes that he had ordered something he shouldn’t have. On careful thought, he said, “One glass of Southville beer.”

“5 pence.” The bartender finally lowered the cup and cloth.

Emlyn took out a 1-soli note and said, “Keep the change.”

“Thank you.” The bartender pointed left and said, “Ian is in Card Room 1.”

Emlyn immediately smiled, feeling happy and proud that he had resolved an actual problem. He didn’t take the cup of Southville beer and, instead, turned around and walked straight to Card Room 1.

Knock! Knock! Knock! He politely knocked on the door.

“Please come on in.” A rather adolescent voice sounded.

Emlyn adjusted his collar and pushed open the door, only to realize that the scene inside was unlike what he had expected.

He believed that since it was a card room, there would be a bunch of people surrounding a long table, playing games like Texas, but to his surprise, there were indeed about eight people, but there weren't any poker cards. A piece of paper was placed in front of every participant as they seemed to be recording something. Apart from that, there were only fountain pens and multi-faced dice on the table.

Emlyn instinctively cast his gaze on the youngest person inside. It was similarly a handsome boy with red eyes. He looked about sixteen.

"Ian?" Emlyn asked.

Ian nodded with a smile.

"That's me. Sir, is there something I can help you with? Or do you wish to join our game?"

"Game?" Emlyn returned with a question.

Ian chuckled.

"Yes, game. I don't enjoy playing cards or billiards, but something needs to be done when spending the whole day here. I gained some inspiration from Emperor Roselle's biography. It's to organize a few people to sit down and attempt a tabletop adventure.

"In this game, as long as you abide by the rules, you can be anyone—a doctor, an adventurer who loves eating vegetables, a private detective who always carries a wrench and pipe, or an adventurer who enjoys radical ideas. Together, they can head to

some ancient castle and seek out the history hidden within, battling all kinds of monsters along the way.

"Sounds a little interesting." Emlyn had a feeling that this game suited him well.

"Haha, do you want to join? We're currently embroiled in a ploy and are facing a powerful ancient vampire. He appears to have a handsome face, but beneath his skin are boils formed from his boiling blood," Ian warmly invited him.

Sanguine, thank you very much! Emlyn's expression twitched indiscernibly as he directly said, "I have a mission for you."

"Alright... Let's go to the room next door." Ian took his round hat and old satchel and stood up.

The billiard room next door had no one in it. The boy closed the door with great familiarity as he surveyed the area before looking at Emlyn.

"Sir, I do not know you. Might I know who introduced you?"

Emlyn lifted his chin and smiled.

"Sherlock Moriarty"

Just as he said that, he suddenly looked left and right as he raised his hand to pinch his nose.

"So it's Detective Moriarty." Ian heaved a sigh of relief without

hiding it. “I’m assured then. By the way, didn’t he go on vacation to Desi Bay? When will he be back?”

Emlyn lowered his right hand as he said without a change in expression, “He isn’t back yet. I’ve been to his rented apartment.

“To be frank, a normal vacation should’ve ended by the end of January. It’s already April.”

“Could it be that something happened to him?” Ian asked worriedly.

Emlyn recalled the powers and mysteriousness which Sherlock Moriarty presented as he shook his head.

“Perhaps he’s caught up in a complicated case.”

Ian didn’t speak further as he asked, “How may I address you? What mission do you have?”

“You can call me Mr. White.” Emlyn took out a piece of paper that resembled a bounty notice. “Help me find these five people.”

Ian received it and carefully flipped through it for a while.

“20 pounds for an effective clue; 150 pounds for an exact location. Is that acceptable?”

“No problem.” Emlyn felt that the price was just too cheap.

Compared to this, the prices seen at the Tarot Club were way more exaggerated.

Ian folded the piece of paper and said, “Mr. White, how do I contact you if I have any clues?”

“South of the Bridge, Harvest Church.” Emlyn had already thought of the answer.

Upon hearing that, Ian gave him an odd look.

“You’re a believer of Earth Mother? That’s rare in Backlund.”

“I’m not!” Emlyn firmly shook his head. “I’m only doing volunteer work over there.”

Without waiting for Ian to speak, he asked, “How did you inherit those red eyes?”

This was something he had wished to ask when he first saw Ian. This was because red eyes were a trademark characteristic of Sanguine in ancient times. However, there was a long period of time when humans and Sanguine copulated in the Fourth Epoch. They were all residents of an Empire; hence, with the widespread fellowship, many descendants were produced. There was an increasing number of red-eyed mixed-bloods as they passed down their genes, becoming an uncommon eye color for humans.

To put it simply, every red-eyed human had a Sanguine ancestor.

Ian replied in surprise, “My father… I’ve no idea how much

further up the family tree, as I was a vagabond."

From the looks of it, he isn't connected to the Sanguine... Emlyn handed over a twenty-pound deposit, feeling somewhat disappointed before turning to leave the billiard room.

After he left, Ian didn't immediately return to the card room. Instead, he closed the door and said into the air, "Detective Moriarty hasn't returned to Backlund. I'm a little worried about him."

A figure suddenly appeared in the billiard room. She had a pale face with exquisite features while wearing a black bonnet. Dressed in a black Gothic regal dress, she was none other than Wraith Sharron.

"He's doing fine," Sharron replied without any perturbation in her tone. Her figure dematerialized before vanishing.

"You always says the same thing. Don't tell me that you've always been in contact with Detective Moriarty..." Ian mumbled softly as he picked up a newspaper in the corner of the billiard room.

Placed on it was the Tussock Times, and beneath it was News at Sea. The latter was mainly used to report the situations of the different colonies of the Loen Kingdom and matters at sea, but due to technological restrictions, the News at Sea that reached Backlund was severely outdated. It wasn't of much use to people who needed it, so subscription numbers were low, and the business was floundering.

Later, with a suggestion from a new chief editor, the newspaper's style changed. It had more rumors out at sea, as well as all sorts of strange matters revolving pirates and

adventurers. It appeared more like stories rather than actual news reports.

To people's surprise, this change in style was welcomed. As it involved ghosts, specters, sea monsters, and treasures; it became the semi-literate people's prime choice to flaunt their knowledge to the illiterate at the various bars. After all, although the stories seemed fake, they were sufficiently interesting.

Ian casually flipped through the newspapers without finding any content of interest. He only had a deep impression on one of the reports in News at Sea.

"According to our correspondent, on the night of the 25th March, the King of Immortality fleet attacked a ship heading from East Balam to Feysac and plundered all its goods and money. And living up to his title, Slaughterer Kircheis finished a bloody massacre..."

These pirates are really preposterous... Ian shook his head and lowered the newspapers. He returned to the card room and continued his game.

Outside the bar, Emlyn boarded a carriage and leaned onto the carriage wall as he watched the street lamps move past him.

He pinched his nose again and silently muttered, *A Wraith?*

This arms dealer sure is resourceful... Not bad!

Emlyn closed his eyes as he felt more hopeful about his entrusted mission.

...

The sunlight shone in from outside, dyeing the captain's cabin golden.

Edwina sat on a chair with a book in hand as she looked opposite her.

"So, you also believe that the Solomon, Trunsoest, and Tudor Empires all coexisted?"

"This is a necessary condition for the War of the Four Emperors," Klein simply replied.

He held a book titled "Book of the Three Worlds." It originated from a Life School of Thought member before it landed in Vice Admiral Iceberg's hands. It described the material world, the spirit world, and the world beyond rationality. It included some information on charms, with rather profound parts. Klein was seriously reading information on this in a bid to better use the Sea God Scepter and the Worm of Time.

Klein had actually discovered that the books collected by Vice Admiral Iceberg were various ancient texts that were rather unsystematic. This was quite different from the characteristics of the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom which backed her. Therefore, he guessed that the internal, orthodox, systematic mysticism knowledge of the Church was not public.

Edwina was just about to ask again when she suddenly realized the Golden Dream's cruising speed gradually drop. She looked out the window and after a few looks, said crisply, "We've arrived in Bayam."

Chapter 707: Danitz's Request

We've reached Bayam? Klein stood up upon hearing that and looked out. He saw the familiar Resistance's private harbor.

He didn't show his surprise as he commented calmly, "Faster than I expected."

It was three hours faster than he had expected!

"It's faster than I expected as well." Edwina looked away and agreed with Gehrman Sparrow.

However, these are all unimportant details... Klein lowered his head, pretending as though he was browsing through the rest of the Book of the Three Worlds. He then handed it to Vice Admiral Iceberg.

"That marks the end of this discussion."

Edwina looked at the book in silence. She opened her mouth, but no words came out.

She reached for the Book of the Three Worlds and placed it on the table in passing. Following that, she got up and bowed.

"I look forward to future discussions with you. Your expertise in ancient history is admirable."

If Klein had been acting as himself, he would've said a few words of humility while praising Vice Admiral Iceberg for her breadth of knowledge; unfortunately, he was the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow. All he did was nod and say, "We are collaborators."

It meant that there would be opportunities in the future.

He didn't speak further as he left the captain's cabin and returned to his room. He packed his suitcase with a relaxed mind, waited for the Golden Dream to dock, and then headed straight for the deck.

At that moment, there were many crew members gathered on the deck. It included Gourmet Bru Walls, Singer Orpheus, and Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson, most of the crew who were upper echelon members of the pirate crew with their heads worth a handsome bounty.

They gave sincere smiles as they happily kept waving at Klein. Among them, Barrel and Iron Skin were filled with excitement as they belted out a song for their departing guest.

When did I have such a good relationship with them? Klein lampooned as he walked past the pirates until he arrived at the gangway.

Anderson Hood was there with his hair combed, his clothes neat and tidy. He said with a laugh, "They probably mean to say goodbye, or should I say—let's hope we don't meet again.

"Gehrman, do you know how dangerous a situation you were in? You nearly became the public enemy of every crew member. They were so eager to steer the Golden Dream to Bayam in five minutes."

Klein was just about to answer when he saw Danitz jog over with a black cloak draped over him.

This fellow has really resolved himself to do better, and he plans to leave the Golden Dream to go at it alone? This is a little incompatible with my plans. Only by being around Vice Admiral Iceberg and the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom would his value as a believer of The Fool be accentuated... However, it doesn't matter. If Danitz can grow stronger, it will be even more meaningful... Klein habitually measured the pros and cons before ignoring his other thoughts. He looked at Danitz in silence and waited for him to speak.

Danitz opened his mouth with a serious expression, but nothing came out of it. All he did was give a hollow chuckle and say to Anderson, "Do you have the potion formula for Conspirer?"

"Yes," Anderson said with a chuckle. "But I have no plans on selling it to you."

Danitz's expression darkened as Anderson continued, unfazed, "What's the point of obtaining the Conspirer potion formula now? Any attempts to advance now will only result in failure!

"Pal, it's best you redo your acting as a Hunter, followed by a Provoker, and then a Pyromaniac. Heh, it's best that you get an Artisan to make that giant's heart into a defensive mystical item. Otherwise, I'm afraid you would be killed by others when the time comes.

"After you're sure about your chances, get the Conspirer potion formula from your captain. She has it.

"However, I believe that will be the end for you. Heh, Conspirer has very high requirements."

Danitz's face twitched as he was being mocked, but he remembered every word Anderson told him. This was because the man before him had the title of "Strongest Hunter," who had rich experience on this pathway. Furthermore, he had a vague idea that the key was "acting." He suspected that the captain's guidance from before was directed at this, just that it was rather vague.

"There will come a day when I'll let you know what a true Conspirer is!" Danitz stubbornly retorted before looking at Gehrman Sparrow.

He cleared his throat as he said without daring to look into his eyes, "I've already made the request with Captain. In the future, I'll be in contact with the Resistance, and I'll often be in Bayam."

It means you don't wish to leave the Golden Dream, but you will find opportunities to hone yourself? Heh, why does it feel like you're reporting to your boss? Klein chuckled inwardly as he gave a terse answer.

Danitz was instantly relieved as he felt a lot better. If it wasn't because his companions were watching behind him, he would've diligently helped Gehrman Sparrow carry his suitcase and send him all the way to the dock.

After watching Gehrman and Anderson leave, he cautiously decided to pray to The Fool every day starting tonight. He wanted to show his devotion to prevent any accidents from happening to him.

Inside the Resistance's private harbor, Anderson watched as Gehrman Sparrow circled into another newly built road before walking out of the woods via the shortest distance.

“You seem familiar with this place? This road wasn’t here the last time I was here,” Anderson said, partially bored and poignant.

Of course, there are so many people praying to me every day telling me what they’ve done, and I occasionally give them a response, such as directing them to mend this road… Klein thought smugly but replied with a stoic expression, “Where does your friend stay?”

“In a manor in the Bayam City outskirts.” Anderson sped up his pace as he led the way.

An hour later, he brought Klein to a manor. There was an eclectic smell from various spices, mixed with an indescribable ersatz exoticism.

After informing the gatekeeper of their intentions, the two didn’t wait long before they saw a man of medium-sized build of less than 1.75 meters walk over. By his side were his butler and valet.

The man’s skin was somewhat sallow, with quite a tan. His contours were gentle, but his eye sockets were much more recessed than most Loenese.

To Klein, he could basically determine the man’s background. He was a highlander from the Feynapotter Kingdom.

The man was already a little plump, with a rotund, amiable face. He immediately laughed when he saw the Strongest Hunter.

“Anderson, you aren’t dead yet?”

“I’m waiting to attend your funeral,” Anderson replied without standing on ceremony. He then turned sideways to Klein. “Ukfa Connerchris, the doctor of my former team.”

He didn’t introduce Gehrman Sparrow to Ukfa and said with a grin, “I’ve brought you business.”

Ukfa instantly understood Anderson and didn’t ask in front of his butler and valet. He led the duo towards the main building in the manor.

Along the way, Klein saw buildings like windmills, bakery, brewery, and militia training grounds. The entire manor appeared like a miniaturized kingdom. Apart from the lack of a blacksmith, it was completely self-sufficient. Most iron products were cheaper buying them from the city than personally making them.

This is the pastoral lifestyle… Klein sighed silently as he followed Ukfa into the house and to his study.

Ukfa didn’t call the mistress of the house over, nor did he carry his child to meet Anderson and Klein. Clearly, he didn’t wish for them to have any contact with the mysterious world. Hence, after he closed the door, he went straight to the point.

“What’s the business?”

“Didn’t you wish to sell that revolver? He has intentions on buying it.” Anderson pointed at Klein. “Gehrman Sparrow.”

“Gehrman Sparrow? The powerful adventurer who easily hunted Wormtongue Mithor?” Ukfa said in surprise, but he didn’t show

any fear.

Although he had distanced himself from the adventuring lifestyle, he knew that he couldn't be careless. Therefore, while in Bayam, he would proactively keep himself informed to prevent trouble from happening.

Anderson scoffed when he heard that.

"That's old news!

"This gentleman's achievements include successfully hunting Slaughterer Kircheis while living to this day."

"Kircheis? The second mate of the King of Immortality?" Ukfa's expression changed. He couldn't hide his horror as he secretly turned wary.

"That's right!" Anderson said with a self-deprecating smile. "In the pirates' playground, he's the one who's recognized as the Strongest Hunter."

Ukfa gulped as he looked at Klein. He couldn't help but smile and say, "I believe you have the ability to buy Death Knell."

"Death Knell?" Klein asked with piqued interest, but he didn't show it.

"That's the name of the revolver. It has accompanied me for a decade. Sigh, if it's not because it overlaps in functionality with one of my other mystical items, and isn't of much use for me at present, I wouldn't be willing to sell it," Ukfa replied with a sigh.

At that moment, Anderson tsked with laughter.

"That wasn't what you said before. You said you preferred farming tools."

A Planter... Klein made the corresponding judgment based on Anderson's words and Ukfa's expression.

Meanwhile, the corresponding potion names flashed through his mind: Sequence 9 Planter, Sequence 8 Doctor with the ancient name Healing Pastor, and Sequence 7 Harvest Priest.

It's no wonder Anderson introduced him as his former team's doctor... Klein thought for a moment and said, "Do you know Frank Lee?"

"Haha, no. Although I'm from Feynapotter, my formula and ingredients were obtained by myself, one at a time. I had nothing to do with the Church of Earth Mother. Therefore, I wouldn't dare to return to Feynapotter. However, I've heard of Frank Lee. He's someone who gives the Church quite a headache," Ukfa replied frankly. "He's only a Sequence 6 Biologist, but he's given such importance by the Church. I really do wish to meet him if there's a chance."

No you won't, you will regret having that thought... Klein could tell from Ukfa's answer that he believed in Earth Mother and was likely a powerful Sequence 5 Beyonder.

By his side, Anderson's face twitched when he heard Ukfa. He said with lingering fear, "That guy does give one a headache. In a certain sense, you can call him a devil. His powers and thoughts have exceeded the level of a Sequence 6... Alright, let's not talk about him. Whenever his name pops up, I still remember the milk that was jettisoned."

Ukfa looked at the duo in puzzlement as he restrained his looks of curiosity. He walked to the table side, opened a drawer, and pulled out an iron black revolver that looked a little longer than an ordinary revolver.

“This is Death Knell,” Ukfa introduced it solemnly.

Chapter 708: Revolver Worth 9,000 Pounds

Death Knell? Striking the enemy's death knell with every shot? I like this name... Klein controlled his facial expressions as he went forward without any anticipation or excitement on his face. He reached out to receive the iron black revolver with a slightly long barrel.

He was originally very worried that Ukfa would raise the price if he showed any strong desires for it. This was common in any transaction, but on second thought, with Gehrman Sparrow's reputation, and with Anderson, the Strongest Hunter of the Fog Sea, as a witness, it was unlikely that Ukfa Connerchris would offend him despite possibly being a Sequence 5 Beyonder. After all, he had quite the adventuring circles and had hoped to lead a quiet and settled life. He definitely had reservations that the crazy adventurer might sneak into the manor in the middle of the night despite not flaring up in front of him.

Therefore, his attempts to maintain his calm and composed attitude became one of simply maintaining his persona.

Realizing that Gehrman Sparrow was seriously inspecting and studying Death Knell, Ukfa gave a detailed introduction.

"Its powers are rather uniform: to reap the lives of others. There are three methods:

"First is Weakness attack. There's no need to meet any conditions. Just directly inject your spirituality and pull the trigger. It will allow you to discover the target's weaknesses from a mysticism angle. In other words, it would be the aspects where defenses are weaker, and it will provide you with the corresponding accuracy; thus, resulting in extraordinarily

terrifying damage.

“The second is Lethal attack. You have to cock the hammer before shooting. Its distinguishing feature is that wherever you hit the target, it will be equivalent to an attack on their weak spot. And if you really do strike the true weak spot, it will be capable of dealing a lethal blow to an enemy without overly strong defenses. To targets who are good at defending, three shots would be able to resolve the matter. This includes Guardian. Of course, that is under the premise that the three lethal blows aren’t spread too far apart. It’s best not to exceed five seconds.

“The third is Slaughtering. On the foundation of a Weakness attack, providing more than twice the spirituality on top of that will imbue ordinary bullets with grapeshot effects. Simultaneously, when aimed at a group of enemies, it will result in area-of-effect damage. To increase the damage, it will need to meet the conditions for Lethal attack, as well as provide more than thrice the spirituality. This drain will be quite a burden on the user.

“It can also be combined with bullets with different characteristics, allowing you to target different kinds of enemies.”

This sounds like it corresponds to a Sequence 5 Reaper of the Hunter pathway… Klein glanced at Anderson and asked, seemingly in thought, “If the target’s physical condition reaches that of a Sequence 4 dragon, how many strikes of Lethal attack will kill it?”

Ukfa was taken aback as he shook his head in a daze.

“I’ve never met a dragon before.”

Much less a dragon whose physical condition has reached that of a demigod!

Does Gehrman Sparrow plan on using this gun to slay dragons? And a demigod dragon at that? Isn't that way too crazy? Ukfa suddenly felt that the adventurers these days were completely different from the ones he met back when he was active. He didn't even consider the possibility of death.

Anderson coughed before clearing his throat.

"That will depend on your luck. For real, trust me, luck is extremely important!

"If you encounter a dragon that has been beaten to a state close to death, then one shot would be sufficient. Otherwise, I suggest you to run. Yes, it's more important to stay alive.

"Of course, if the demigod dragon doesn't defend and stays there for you hit it, five shots of Lethal attacks should be enough to kill it."

Ukfa looked at Anderson before looking at Gehrman Sparrow. He decided not to pursue the topic as he changed topics.

"Anderson has told you about the negative effects of Death Knell, right? You will receive a weakness that originally didn't exist, or it will enhance an already existing weakness, making it become more extreme. This effect will be maintained for six hours. There was once a time when I became extremely afraid of cats. There was one when I had just hunted a famous pirate, but I ended up going limp in the legs in front of a newborn kitten. I knelt before it, wailing and crying for it to spare me.

“If you carry it around, the problems aren’t great. It will only make you easily thirsty. Just drinking more water and heading to the washroom more often would solve the problem.”

Why does it feel like the negative effects of an additional weakness will bring me more trouble… However, it is something acceptable… Klein deliberated and said, “Name your price.”

“9,000 pounds. Anderson should’ve mentioned it. That’s my bottom line.” Ukfa looked at Death Knell in Gehrman Sparrow’s hands and said, “This is already cheap enough. If it wasn’t because I was worried that getting to know more Beyonders would affect my present life, I would’ve actively promoted it. I’m sure I can sell it for 12,000 pounds.”

Indeed, a mystical item at this level can be sold for sky-high prices if the negative effects aren’t too serious when meeting a suitable buyer… Normally speaking, 10,000 to 12,000 pounds is a reasonable price… Although Klein had the intention of bargaining, the price was already low enough that he felt embarrassed to try and take advantage of him. With a terse acknowledgment, he said, “I’ll give it a run. I’ll complete the deal if there aren’t any problems.”

Of course, he didn’t really try the gun, as it would give him a weakness for nothing. His method for inspection was to use his spirituality to probe the gun, along with testing for the credibility of Ukfa’s words via divination. He did it rather openly, without minding Ukfa’s and Anderson’s gazes.

I’ll make confirmation later above the gray fog… However, Ukfa likely doesn’t dare to lie to me. He’s definitely afraid of a crazy adventurer seeking revenge on him. After all, he has already obtained a settled and quiet life. He has a wife and children… Klein placed Death Knell on the table, lifted his suitcase, and took out 9,000 pounds from it. The money had been removed from above the gray fog to “air” it ahead of time.

After Ukfa received the money, he did a quick count and confirmed the authenticity of the money.

"As expected of a recently famous adventurer. Few people can produce 9,000 pounds in cash at once. Even a tycoon doesn't have that much liquidity," he said poignantly as he put away the stacks of cash.

I even spent 5,000 pounds to buy a key not long ago... Klein felt his heart suddenly turn empty as he saw the 9,000 pounds enter Ukfa's drawer.

I've been out at sea for so long, saving up so much money, but in just moments, it's all gone... Now, I'm left with 2,683 pounds and 6 gold coins. I can't even afford a relatively decent manor... Klein sighed as he took out the ordinary revolver from his underarm holster, removed the bullets inside, and stuffed them into Death Knell.

After Anderson watched the entire transaction, he said with a tsk, "Ukfa, you've changed. In the past, you would've checked the authenticity of each note. If you find it troublesome, I can help you!"

"It's totally fine, but I'm worried that Gehrman will shoot you." Ukfa clearly knew the Strongest Hunter's talent at provocation.

He could imagine the scene of Anderson posing in a way that was begging to be beaten—counting each and every note while verifying them against the light in slow motion.

Well said! Klein silently praised him. He then stuffed the iron black, long-barreled revolver into his underarm holster.

The original revolver was thrown inside the suitcase.

"Thanks to you, I no longer have to fret over this matter," Ukfa said with a smile as he pointed at the door. "I'll get my valet to send you out."

Anderson opened his mouth as he chuckled.

"Ukfa, aren't you going to keep us here for dinner?"

"When you're married with kids, I'll treat you to the best food at the best restaurant," Ukfa said with a smile, completely unfazed by his accusation.

Out of the manor, Anderson looked up with squinted eyes. At the sight of the setting sun, he chuckled.

"Back when I knew Ukfa, he was a doctor who was good at planting all kinds of strange plants on the ship to improve everyone's lives. I thought he would die early on during our adventures, but to my surprise, he was always lucky. He even became a Druid later."

Why are your poignant words also so deserving of a beating... Klein deliberately said, "He does have good luck.

"As your companion, luck is needed to survive."

Anderson turned his head in surprise as he scrutinized Gehrman Sparrow.

“You know how to mock others? Or have you been infected by me?”

He wasn’t too affected by it as he straightened his clothes, took off his hat, and said with a smile, “Alright, you’ve gotten the mystical item you need. If there’s nothing else, it’s time I embark on my own journey.”

“Don’t forget that demigod’s mission.” Klein succeeded in using a single sentence to crumple Anderson’s expression.

“I already have an urge that compels me to finish that matter as soon as possible. Alright, there’s no need for goodbyes. Perhaps we might really meet again one day.” Anderson gave a self-deprecating laugh, waved the hat in his hand, and turned to head towards another path that left to Bayam.

As he watched the Strongest Hunter depart, Klein slowly heaved a sigh. Holding his suitcase, he followed the path he took to get here and headed for Bayam under the red evening sky and the shelter of unique palm trees.

…

Inside Bayam City.

After finding an ordinary inn to stay in, Klein began considering his subsequent plans.

I’m finally free. I can attempt to act as a Marionettist. I have to figure out the corresponding principles. That’s the most pressing issue for now.

Yes, Marionettist. The focus should be on the marionette. I haven't actually created a marionette and controlled it in battle. I should start from there.

This matter can be completed before returning to Backlund. Not only do Beyonders have to stay hidden there, making it difficult to encounter one, but no matter what one does, it's easy to get on the bad side of the Church or some important figure. I need to be careful. It's not a good place to select and create marionettes. The sea is better. I'll go make my rounds at the bar later. I'll find a pirate who deserves death to give it a try.

With this in mind, Klein immediately got up and left his room. As though he was bringing his certificate of deposit to a bank to withdraw the money, he headed for the nearby Seaweed Bar. Famous pirates often showed up there.

Soon, he arrived at the bar's entrance. After straightening his clothes, he pushed open the heavy wooden door.

Gazes subconsciously swept past his face before they moved away as though it wasn't anything extraordinary. Following that, someone shouted with a suppressed voice, "Gehrman Sparrow!"

In a blink of an eye, several figures in the bar ran for the back door. Before Klein could figure out what was happening, the bar was left relatively desolate and empty.

Chapter 709: Elland's Warning

As Klein looked at the bar which was so silent that he could hear breathing, he was taken aback. Only then did he step in and walk straight to the bar counter as though nothing had happened.

I should change my appearance the next time I come… he thought in frustration, just short of facepalming.

Ukfa's lack of awareness that Gehrman Sparrow had successfully hunted Slaughterer Kircheis had made Klein believe that the latest news hadn't reached the City of Generosity, and he boldly came to the Seaweed Bar. To his surprise, the problem lay in Ukfa who had kept a distance from the adventurer circles. He was a little behind on the news, and the crazy adventurer's infamy had already spread amongst the pirates around the Rorsted Archipelago.

Sighing silently, Klein sat in front of the bar counter and rapped the wooden counter.

"One glass of Southville beer."

"…Six pence." The bartender gulped his saliva with great difficulty.

Klein took out a few copper pence and placed it in front of him. Without a change in expression, he asked, "Any developments recently?"

The bartender took the money and carefully delivered the beer to

Gehrman Sparrow. Then, he forced a smile and said, “Admiral Amyrius Rieveldt has been transferred back to Backlund. Admiral Robert Davis has replaced him, becoming the highest-ranking naval commander of the surrounding waters for the kingdom. The archipelago’s situation is a little tense, and many pirate crews have sent people to gather intelligence.”

Admiral Amyrius was ultimately implicated by his brother and lost his post… However, as long as he wasn’t directly involved, it can’t get worse for him when considering his status as a demigod. At the very least, he can maintain the treatment he receives as an admiral. Nothing will happen to his family either. Once the matter blows over, he might still have a chance of being a high-ranking member of the navy… Klein gulped down the beer and asked in passing, “Which family is Robert Davis from?”

“No, he’s not a noble. He’s one of the rare officers who slowly rose up the ranks to admiral. In the Berserk Sea, Sonia Island, and East Balam, he has rendered plenty of meritorious services.” The bartender recalled the commendations the papers recently had for Admiral Robert Davis. After a pause, he said, “However, I heard that he has received the sponsorship of many nobles.”

Yes, with the Imperial Navy, admirals who are from the royal family or aristocrats, or have close ties with them take up at least 80%. The remaining 20% are mainly rear admirals and vice admirals… Klein had long learned of the situation from the documents he received from Amyrius Rieveldt.

Compared to this, the army was a lot better.

Gehrman Sparrow didn’t continue asking as he seemed to focus on his drinking. The bartender then added, “In the past two to three months, the Resistance has been very active. They’ve been constantly attempting to destroy railways or set up blockades on public roads. They’ve given the governor-general’s office quite a headache, forcing it to dispatch large numbers of soldiers to

maintain a smooth flow of traffic. However, the Resistance army seldom clashes with them head-on.

I'm aware of that. It's all going according to my plans... In a place where the natives and mixed-bloods take up 80%, it's not difficult for the Resistance to gather accurate intelligence. Coupled with external sponsors, it wouldn't be hard for them to live on for short periods of time. The reason why they were in a dire situation in the past was all because Kalvetua was an irrational sea serpent. It often got them to attack key nodes in a city, fighting head-on with the Loen Kingdom's navy and army... Klein mumbled to himself in delight as he drank another mouthful of beer.

He had also warned the Resistance to not be overly active. If they forced the governor-general's office into a corner, the Loen Kingdom might send Sequence 5 Beyonders or even demigods who were good at pursuit and tracking. With the Resistance's strength, there was no way they could put up a fight. In the name of Sea God, Klein's instructions were to maintain while slightly improving their present situation and await for the global situation to change.

This wasn't too far off. According to the various matters Miss Justice had feedback on, and with The Hanged Man giving insight that affirmed this, it was certain that once the Loen Kingdom was done with its internal reforms and making the original and newly added ironclad warship become its main force in combat, a war against the Southern Continent's colonies was inevitable.

He silently drank his beer until the bartender was done. He then wore his hat, got up, and left the bar, heading straight for his inn.

Along the way, he saw bronze-skinned children with curly hair and natives with brown jackets and pantaloons. These people either made way in horror without even looking up, or they were

hunched in a corner, looking at Klein with a complicated look in their eyes.

Klein helplessly curved the ends of his lips as he silently returned to his room.

He didn't immediately change his appearance and head to the various bars to seek out pirates. This was because he was certain that they would hide the entire night and not appear again.

Just as Klein was planning to enter Groselle's Travels to explore it, there was a knock on his door.

Without needing to ask, all he did was grip the knob when the visitor's appearance naturally surfaced in his mind.

It was a middle-aged man dressed in a dark red coat and white slacks. He wore a ship-shaped hat. The corners of his eyes and mouth, as well as his forehead, had clear wrinkles. He was none other than the captain of the White Agate, military personnel, Just Elland.

Impressive. News of me appearing in Bayam just spread, and he managed to find where I'm staying... Of course, it's because I didn't attempt to hide myself. I directly used my identification documents to check-in... Klein turned the knob and pulled open the door. He politely greeted him, "Good evening."

"Good evening. I'm very glad to see you back in Bayam." Elland took off his hat and entered the room without any reservations.

"Is there something?" Klein pulled a chair over and sat down.

Elland sat opposite him and chuckled.

“Isn’t visiting a friend the most important matter?”

You’re such a smooth talker. Too bad Anderson is gone, or he can learn from you! Klein felt triggered for some reason.

He maintained his usual state and looked into Elland’s eyes.

“Alright, you’ve made your visit.”

Elland seemed to have expected such a response. He smiled and said, “Do you still remember Donna?”

Of course, she and her brother are adorable. I wonder if they’ve recovered from the fright I gave them the last time and have given up any curiosity towards the mysterious world… Klein calmly replied, “I don’t have amnesia.”

“Forgetting unimportant matters aids our mental health. Heh heh, this isn’t said by Emperor Roselle.” Elland simply explained, “Didn’t you tell Donna’s father that he should post an advertisement in the Sonia Morning Post for three days in a row, asking to buy Damir’s special cured meat if he needs your help? He did so recently, but unfortunately, you weren’t in Bayam or the nearby seas.”

“What happened after that?” Klein’s instincts told him that Donna and her family weren’t in serious trouble based on Elland’s relaxed attitude.

Elland chuckled and said, “I heard your conversation back then,

and after discovering the advertisement, I visited them using the address. As you know, Donna is a lovely lady. She reminds me of my daughter.

"The matter isn't too complicated. Urdi, who's Donna's father, had a bunch of valuable goods plundered by the Crazy Captain. This plunged him into a terrible economic situation. Although it isn't as bad as going bankrupt, life for him has definitely turned for the worse. That's why he wishes to commission you to get the goods back.

"I knew you weren't in Bayam back then, so I had to go through my own channels to help Urdi recoup the goods at a reasonable price."

"Crazy Captain?" Klein first found the title familiar before recalling where he had heard it before.

According to red-haired Helene, Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy's delivery of slaves for the Demoness Sect was passed off to Crazy Captain Connors Viktor. The latter appeared to have close connections with many of the slave dealers and merchants in the Loen Kingdom.

And this was tied to the truth behind the human disappearances in the colonies, as well as the underlying reason of the Great Smog of Backlund!

I've always been trying to investigate this matter. Back when I attacked Tracy, that was half the reason, but unfortunately, I didn't succeed. Later, I was busy acting for the digesting of the potion and my search for mermaids, so I temporarily abandoned my investigations... Klein's thoughts raced as he asked without a perturbed look, "Where's Crazy Captain now?"

“Urdi has already gotten back his goods,” Elland hissed, emphasizing that the matter had been settled.

Klein looked at him and repeated, “Where’s Connors Viktor now?”

Elland shook his head in exasperation.

“I’ve no idea, but his subordinates are still in Bayam trying to gather intelligence. As you know, Admiral Amyrius has returned to Backlund, and he’s been replaced by Admiral Davis. Many changes are in place, so the pirates need to have a new handle of the latest situation.

“Therefore, I guess that Connors’s ship is docked in the shadows of one of the nearby islands, but that’s a guess with no way to confirm.”

After listening in silence with his hands clasped, Klein said, “Thank you.”

Elland exhaled and looked out the window as his expression rapidly turned solemn.

“I came here today to tell you that you’re too eye-catching. The higher-ups are beginning to pay attention to you. A powerhouse that can easily kill Kircheis wouldn’t be ignored!

“It’s best you stop using this identity for checking in; otherwise, you might face some difficult problems.”

Klein nodded seriously and said, “Alright.”

He was very grateful for Captain Elland's warning, but he didn't show it on his face.

After Elland left, Klein immediately changed his appearance, switched inns, and confirmed that he wasn't tracked by the military.

After doing all of that, he began considering the search for Crazy Captain Connors Viktor.

To others, this was an extremely difficult task, but Klein had a trick up his sleeve.

It was to use the Sea God Scepter and communicate with nearby sea creatures!

As long as Connors Viktor was in the Rorsted Archipelago's waters, there was no way he could hide from Klein!

Of course, it was necessary that he had enough time to perform the search.

Chapter 710: Plan

Above the gray fog, Klein extended his hand and summoned the Sea God Scepter from the junk pile. He began browsing through the countless points of light swirling about the Sealed Artifact.

Every point of light corresponded to a believer's prayer. The glows swirled with ethereal holiness!

Soon, Klein did a preliminary screening as he focused on the waters instead of the archipelago. After he had isolated the Sea God Scepter above the gray fog, he was unable to directly use the "divine artifact" to sense the surrounding waters and do anything effective. He had to rely on the scenes of his believers' prayers as a foundation before reaching out five nautical miles to influence the corresponding undersea creatures.

Klein emanated his spirituality and touched one of the specks of light. He saw a native performing his daily prayers in the evening on a fishing boat before docking.

As Klein's thoughts changed, the angle of the scene quickly drew higher as more dark clouds and undulating waves appeared in the scene.

There are signs of a storm brewing hours ahead? That's right. I did find the atmosphere repressing when I was out… That's why Elland said that Crazy Captain Connors's ship is likely to be hiding in the shadows of some island. It was to avoid the storm… Klein tapped the edge of the mottled table as he muttered silently.

Having deduced this, it made his "search" much easier. This was because he didn't need to search the extensive waters; all he

needed to do was focus on the different islands around those waters.

With a change in thought, a blue gem at the tip of the Sea God Scepter in Klein's hand lit up.

On the waters which no longer had the fishing boat, the crimson moonlight shone down on the deep blue waves that were slowly rising. Suddenly, splashes silently surged upwards as an exaggerated eye looking up into the sky surfaced. Beneath the eye was a massive silhouette.

At the same time, all kinds of fish began surfacing nearby.

They took in the indistinct halo that came scattering down, and they circled around before swimming down and headed in different directions.

Ten seconds later, the waters in a five-nautical-mile radius returned to its previous state. The deep blue waves rose up to a high height again, awaiting the final eruption.

Phew... This is a little draining... Klein raised his left hand to rub his temple.

He wasn't only simply commandeering the sea creatures, he had also bestowed them with remnant Beyonder spirituality to a certain degree. It allowed them to transmit the scenes they saw by praying after they discovered any docked ships around the island.

This wasn't too difficult or complicated for the Sea God Scepter, but it was burdensome and draining for the controller, Klein.

Then, Klein selected a few praying believers situated on different islands around the archipelago. He then used the same method to command the sea creatures of the region.

After doing all of this, he didn't bother throwing the Sea God Scepter into the junk pile before returning to the real world. He took off his coat and collapsed into bed.

Having expended his spirituality to the limit, he believed that he would fall asleep immediately. Yet, his head began aching, preventing him from opening his eyes or falling asleep.

Klein could clearly feel that his skin seemed overly sensitive. Lumps grew over his skin, and hidden beneath them were countless meat tendrils.

Indeed, as Mr. Hanged Man said, if you drain your spirituality to zero for two consecutive days, you'll definitely start hearing things and show signs of losing control. My body became a little abnormal just from reaching my limits once despite not even maintaining it for too long. Of course, it's because I've only recently advanced, and I haven't digested much. Furthermore, there's the excess from the potions from the prior Sequences... Klein regained his train of thought as he attempted to Cogitate the stacked spherical lights so as to calm the fatigue of his body and mind.

Having gradually recovered, he finally fell asleep. By the time he woke up, it was in the middle of the night.

At that moment, the winds were howling outside. The rain was pouring as the storm had finally unleashed its might after a prolonged period of brewing.

And this wasn't a rare situation in Bayam. Apart from that, the

night was relatively serene.

Klein went to the washroom to clear his bowels. Washing his hands and taking four steps counterclockwise, he once again appeared above the gray fog.

He picked up the Sea God Scepter on the end of the long bronze table and began browsing through the “scenes” from the sea creatures.

The scenes were that of ships, all located at different ports, harbors, or the shadows of different islands.

Although Klein hadn’t seen Crazy Captain Connors Viktor, he had previously learned of his traits and the various emblems of his pirate crew. Therefore, he wasn’t afraid of failing to identify him.

Scenes flashed past as he patiently scrutinized the details of the ships.

About ten minutes later, a look of unconcealed joy appeared in his eyes. He zoomed in on a scene as he pulled the orientation of the scene closer.

He had found the suspected ship!

The ship was docked at the back of Symeem Island, an island furthest from the Rorsted Archipelago. Behind it was a towering cliff with churning waves below it.

Its sails and flag had been reefed up, but there was a white skull

emblem with an eye-patch on the two sides of the ship.

This was none other than the emblem of the Crazy Captain's pirate crew!

Klein removed the spirit pendulum from his left wrist and made a confirmation with divination.

The answer made him rejoice, as it was indeed Connors Viktor's ship!

And Crazy Captain only had one ship!

It's no wonder that despite most adventurers at sea knowing that Crazy Captain is in contact with the kingdom's human traffickers and slave merchants, the Church of Storms's investigations of the colony disappearances didn't point to him. He only has a bounty of 3,300 pounds. The pirate crew only has one ship, so it just looks like it's a small business. It's impossible for him to do large-scale human trafficking... What should I do next? Klein first sighed silently before considering his angle of investigation.

His first reaction was to summon a massive undersea creature, hitch a ride on something akin to a whale, and head straight for Symeem Island while the storm continued. Then, he could infiltrate and use his powers as a Marionettist to control Crazy Captain Connors Viktor without causing too much of a stir. But on careful thought, he felt that it was a rash decision.

It wasn't a problem dealing with other pirates who weren't at the pirate admiral level, but since Crazy Captain Connors Viktor was involved with a terrifying matter like the Great Smog of Backlund, he had to consider that Connors's normal actions were just a disguise. In consideration of how he might have another identity, with the ship concealing some secrets, there was a high

chance that there was a trap that could deal with pirate admirals. Klein might not walk out alive despite being armed to the teeth if he made such a rash infiltration attempt.

Should I summon myself and head over with the Sea God Scepter as a Spirit Body? This can avoid some accidents, as I can immediately end the summoning if anything goes wrong. However, the Sea God Scepter is essentially the Beyonder characteristic of a High-Sequence Beyonder from the Storm pathway. As long as it appears in the real world, it might attract Sea King Jahn Kottman... This will prevent the situation from developing as I expect it to... Klein looked at the storm in the scene as he came up with a preliminary plan.

Before that, he conjured a pen and paper and wrote the divination statement: "Dealing with Connors Viktor is very dangerous."

Picking up the silver chain of the spirit pendulum, Klein reined in his thoughts and focused on the divination.

Soon, he opened his eyes to see the topaz pendant turning clockwise at a high frequency and large amplitudes.

This meant that dealing with Connors Viktor was very dangerous!

It's as I expected. Thankfully, I didn't rashly rush over... Klein picked up the Sea God Scepter and decided on executing the plan he had just thought of.

It was to use the prayer scene and strike Connors Viktor's ship with the Sea God Scepter from afar by using the cover of the storm. He would rouse the nest and force out its secret!

After grasping the relevant situation, he would end the attacks before Sea King Jahn Kottman sensed the abnormality or arrived at the scene.

Klein wouldn't feel disappointed if Connors Viktor unfortunately landed in the hands of the Sea King. This was because he would have to think of the means to pass the information to the three Churches after he figured out the truth of the Great Smog of Backlund.

If Crazy Captain successfully escaped, Klein would've pried into his secrets by rousing the nest. He could then subsequently formulate a plan of attack!

Phew... Klein slowly exhaled as he watched the ship bob about with the dark crashing waves before raising the Sea God Scepter high in the air.

At the tip of the scepter, the blue gems that circled around it had begun to emit a bright light.

Chapter 711: The Storm Attacks

Symeem Island. Under the towering cliff, dark sea waters were being roused by the surrounding waves as they churned about considerably.

On Crazy Captain Connors Viktor's ship named the Single-eyed Skull, a few pirates donned cloaks as they pulled up their hats. The rain pattered down heavily on them as they fought against winds that could lift a child, in order to walk out the cabin and inspect the ship to prevent any accidents from happening.

Their cloaks were made of linen, but their surfaces were smeared with an already hardened sticky liquid. The raindrops were unable to permeate through that layer and could only flow down onto the deck.

The liquid was Donningsman tree sap, produced from the Southern Continent's rainforest. It was naturally water-resistant and was quite commonly seen. It was originally rather cheap, but after a research team last year suspected that it had beneficial effects on hair growth, its price skyrocketed.

"In such weather it's suitable to be inside the Red Theater, drinking liquor, smoking weed, and having women in your arms!" A pirate looked out of the shipboard and grumbled.

His companion echoed him as he pulled at his cloak's hood, "I heard there's a bunch of new arrivals at the Red Theater. I really want to give them a try."

"How did you learn of that?" another pirate asked in passing.

He was met with a chuckle.

“I heard it from the boss. It’s not like you have no idea what Captain’s ‘business’ is? That’s why the boss knows plenty of human traffickers. Ha! They prefer to be called ‘slave merchants.’”

“Speaking of which, I recall what happened that time.” The pirate who spoke at the beginning wore a reminiscent look. “Among the ‘goods’ sent over, there was a young noble lady who had fled from her home. Her skin, figure, looks, tsk—were… were… I have no idea how to describe it. I still remember her to this day. What a pity that she committed suicide!”

As they spoke, they suddenly felt their vision brighten as they subconsciously looked up into the sky. Apart from the pattering rain, there was an abnormal silver bolt of lightning that was snaking its way through the dark clouds that hid the crimson moon and stars.

Suddenly, a gigantic bolt of lightning that illuminated the surrounding waters smote down, heading straight for the Single-eyed Skull!

Boom!

The bolts began to spread out randomly as the wooden ship burst into flames. Deafening thunder echoed in the pirates’ ears.

Right on the heels of that, silver bolts of lightning struck down like they were brandishing their claws. The tiny sailboat was instantly plunged into a lightning forest.

At that moment, the thick lightning bolts that were about to interweave together had suddenly separated. They split apart in violation of the natural laws, and they failed to hit the Single-eyed Skull. They hung close to the ship's surroundings before striking the pitch-black water, lighting up the surrounding sea as sizzling lightning bolts snaked out in a spectacle.

The pirates on the deck suffered from the strike. One of them had been charred black like an overburnt piece of wood. Two collapsed as their bodies convulsed.

There really is a problem!

Above the gray fog, Klein couldn't help but sigh when he saw the scene of his Lightning Storm being dispelled.

He was certain that this was a power at the level of a demigod!

If he had rashly infiltrated the Single-eyed Skull, even with Creeping Hunger, Death Knell, and Groselle's Travels, there was no way he could put up an effective resistance against such strange powers. And by then, he wouldn't have the time to pray to himself and respond using the Sea God Scepter above the gray fog!

Taking a deep breath, Klein made all the blue gems on the tip of the white-boned scepter light up.

Around the Single-eyed Skull, there were two kinds of sounds in the storm. One was piercingly sharp, as though it could prick through one's eardrums and penetrate one's brain. The other was deep, sounding like a beating heart as it struck on one's Spirit Body.

This gave the pirates an extremely uncomfortable experience, with many having the urge to vomit blood. However, this was only the beginning. The sound of splashing water intensified as a dark wave surged up to a height of nearly ten meters, running opposite the island's cliffside!

The wave was like a wall created by a deity as "He" pushed it toward the Single-eyed Skull with an invisible hand.

This was a tsunami that Klein created!

It could already be considered a calamity!

The whooshing sound of the wave sounded like explosions as the pirates on board looked at the dark sky outside, the churning clouds, and the massive tsunami. It felt like the apocalypse mentioned in mythical legends had arrived. They lost all will to save themselves.

But as they were waiting in despair for the final judgment, a disturbance that didn't abide by logic or scientific laws appeared in the middle of the waves created by the tsunami. An indescribable vortex rapidly took form as it tore through the entire wave, causing the terrifying waves to rapidly collapse as a result!

Amidst a rapturous rumble, a secondary wave threw the Single-eyed Skull up high into the air as the gigantic wave from before dispersed, spraying a portion of its load onto the ship. One of the masts broke, and the ship was in shambles. Even the deck was completely flooded.

Whoosh!

A strong wind suddenly stirred and swept up the pirates, turning into a hurricane that exceeded its own limits, pushing the airborne Single-eyed Skull further towards the sea.

The ship began to ride the squall as it flew across the sky, covering a distance of several nautical miles without landing in the undulating waters. It was as though it was an airship that continued stably proceeding forward.

Klein was amazed at the demigod or Sealed Artifact of the corresponding level inside the Single-eyed Skull for nullifying the tsunami. He sighed at his lacking Sequence, as he couldn't create the destructive tsunami that Kalvetua had previously created, despite stirring the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog. In the meantime, he controlled the hurricane and ensured that the Single-eyed Skull didn't lose its support and plummet, afraid that it would leave his five-nautical-mile range of influence.

At that moment, his goal wasn't to destroy the Single-eyed Skull, nor was it to capture Crazy Captain Connors Viktor, but to force out the demigod or Sealed Artifact hidden inside the ship.

A powerhouse or item at this level was scarce in the world. By seeing their appearance, he would know who they were sooner or later, as well as which organization they belonged to!

And this provided the subsequent direction for the investigation regarding the Great Smog of Backlund!

I hope it's not from the Seer pathway; otherwise, who knows if it's his true face or not... However, this is also a good thing. Since I'm investigating the truth of the Great Smog, I'll figure out what Ince Zangwill is doing, and I'll make preparations for my subsequent revenge. I'll also be able to successfully find the Bizarro Sorcerer potion formula and main ingredients... As Klein silently sighed,

he made the gem on the tip of the Sea God Scepter emit a pure azure light.

With a hum, the Single-eyed Skull's flight experienced a change. It plummeted like a roar and didn't even manage to glide!

Suddenly, it turned very, very light, landing on the sea's surface like a feather caressing a human's face.

At that moment, Klein, who had exhausted plenty of spirituality, was just about to muster his remaining strength to create another tsunami when he heard an explosive boom from the scene.

It was a terrifying sonic boom!

Furthermore, it was different from normal sonic booms, as though it was mixed with the howling sounds of the wind.

It was from Sea King Jahn Kottman! Although he was still a distance away, he wielded mastery of these waters, so he could exert his influence across space while he rushed over!

This was a Sequence 3 Saint who was close to that of an angel!

The terrifying sonic boom sent the Single-eyed Skull flying out. There was no hesitation on whether it would harm anyone; after all, there was nothing wrong with striking down on pirates!

Meanwhile, Klein felt a psyche that was so potent that it was terrifying as it swept across the area in search of any spots that appeared abnormal. It caused the scene before his eyes to be

affected as everything turned indistinct.

After resisting another blast, Klein calmly and rationally ended the response. He shut down the corresponding prayer scene before throwing the Sea God Scepter into the junk pile.

The gap isn't anything trivial. If Sea King didn't appear, I wouldn't have the confidence in forcing out that demigod. My Sequence is still too low, giving me troubles when using the scepter, as it's overly burdensome... However, at sea, the Storm pathway is really powerful. They're practically mobile calamities.

The powers displayed by that demigod had the key elements of distortion, confusion, loaning, and violation of normality. It appears to be the Black Emperor paths of the divine. Others might not realize it, but I have the corresponding Card of Blasphemy! It definitely isn't only a Sequence 5 Mentor of Disorder... An Earl of The Fallen? Hmm, the military has a portion of the potion formula for the Black Emperor pathway, but it seems to be limited to the first five Sequences. They lack Sequences 4 and above...

Although Klein failed to force the demigod or corresponding Sealed Artifact out, he had gained a certain number of clues from their reaction. He suspected that a particular faction in the royal family wasn't only cooperating with the Demoness Sect and Ince Zangwill, but it was also secretly in cahoots with a faction that wielded most of the Sequences of the Black Emperor pathway.

The descendants of Solomon or Trunsoest? Is King of the Five Seas Nast involved in this? Klein was in serious thought when he heard overlapping prayers in his ear.

It broke his train of thought as he instinctively emanated his spirituality and touched the rippling light beside his chair.

Then, he saw Danitz.

This well-known pirate had his eyes closed as he piously prayed to The Fool.

"..."

Klein took out his pocket watch in a daze and took a few looks at the time to confirm that it was almost three in the morning.

Is he nuts? Why is he praying in the middle of the night? Does he not want me to sleep? Klein watched carefully in exasperated amusement and discovered that Danitz looked tipsy. There was even faint singing echoing outside.

The crew members of the Golden Dream are having another bonfire party? Are they celebrating the departure of Gehrman Sparrow? To think they celebrated all the way into the middle of the night! Klein instantly understood why Danitz was praying at that moment.

He took a deep breath as he emanated his will into the halo, saying in a deep voice, "Those who say my name are on my mind."

...

Sea King Jahn Kottman arrived at Symeem Island as he began searching for the abnormal tsunami that had happened here, as well as the ship that belonged to an unknown pirate crew.

He was certain that there was a demigod on board that ship!

This tall and brawny Cardinal of the Church of Storms with thick, dark-blue hair, a high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punisher, clenched his fists as the dark clouds in the sky cracked open, sending crimson sunlight scattering across the sea.

After identifying the positions of the stars, Jahn Kottman flew in a particular direction.

Suddenly, his speed slowed down because he saw a pirate's ship with a flag fluttering with the Single-eyed Skull emblem.

The ship wasn't manned by anyone as it drifted in the wind. Scarlet flames were everywhere on it, along with charred corpses.

In the middle of one of the masts, a middle-aged man was tied to it. He wore a triangular hat and a black eye-patch. His exposed eye was widened and filled with horror. A wooden pole had impaled him in his chest as blood dyed everything.

His life and Spirit Body had completely dissipated.

Chapter 712: The Loyal Alger

Situated beyond the storm, the Golden Dream had crimson red moonlight shine through the thin clouds and onto one of its rooms which was dark and unlit.

Danitz was standing beside his bed, motionless. It was as though he had encountered the Beyonder powers resembling Medusa's petrifying gaze.

He couldn't help but grind his teeth loudly as his feet indiscernibly trembled. An endless grayish-white fog and an indistinct figure that stood high above everything, saying the awe-inspiring words "those who say my name are on my mind" filled his mind.

Th-there really was a response... There really was a response! Danitz's lips quivered as he muttered silently to himself. He felt that his calves had gone soft.

This was the first time he was receiving a response from a prayer!

He was frightened out of his wits!

He long knew that The Fool was an unknown existence, the figure whom the secret organization backing Gehrman Sparrow believed in, and that he had already made a connection due to chanting his honorific name. If he had any actions of disloyalty or betrayal, he would immediately die a baffling death, but this knowledge stemmed from the knowledge Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina had taught him. He had never encountered similar situations before, and he had never imagined that an unknown

existence would respond to him.

When the fog, figure, and voice suddenly appeared before his eyes and ears, he learned for the first time that mighty existences would directly respond to their believers!

Yes, deep down, Danitz had unknowingly changed the unknown existence into a mighty existence.

Just as he recovered from his shock, he hurriedly took a few deep breaths as he attempted to pace about to relieve the remnant horrors in his heart. However, just as he took a stride with his right foot, he discovered that his legs had gone limp. All he could do was collapse onto his bed before barely managing to turn around to sit up.

“It really is a magnificent existence. It’s real…” Danitz muttered softly as he came to a clear realization that he had involved himself in something serious.

Back in the book world, as he had only chanted the honorific name without discovering any abnormalities, all he felt was fear having known of the possible outcomes. Now, he was facing a hidden danger that finally outlined itself, as well a future he couldn’t see clearly. How could he not plunge into an inescapable pit of extreme fear?

After an unknown period of time, Danitz exhaled as he consoled himself.

It might not be a bad thing. At the very least, Gehrman Sparrow is still living, and he’s leading quite a good life!

Upon having this thought, he forced a smile.

I'm a member of a secret organization, and in the future, a person blessed by a magnificent existence...

As his thoughts raced, Danitz decided to pray every morning when he woke up. He believed that no existence would dislike a pious believer.

Of course, he would keep in mind the revelation and often pray inwardly.

...

The next morning, Klein woke up normally, having exhausted himself the previous night.

He slowly got out of bed and saw that the skies were blue and the ground outside was wet. The entire world seemed to be cleansed by water, making it abnormally fresh. However, the disorderly leaves, broken branches, and all sorts of trash were an indication that it wasn't a peaceful night.

After washing up, Klein wore an ordinary Loenese face, ordered a cup of Gurney Sap, something that originated from Symeem Island, and a rather heavy choice for breakfast—Teativa—to make up for his previous night's expenditure.

As he drank the beverage that resembled lemonade with sugar and milk, he ate the fresh, fragrant meal that mixed mutton and fish together, along with the sweet and slightly sour flavor of the fruit. Klein held up the newspapers provided by the inn with great pleasure as he read through the papers starting with the

Sonia Morning Post and News Report.

At the end of breakfast, he flipped open Strange Cases, a paper that was rather popular among adventurers, and he saw a striking article headline:

“Bloody infighting amidst storm:

“According to sources, there was intense infighting on Crazy Captain Connors Viktor’s Single-eyed Skull. The pirates executed Crazy Captain and killed each other, and reports say that no one survived.

“All of this evil was concealed by the terrifying storm last night. No one was aware of the conflict until the Single-eyed Skull was found drifting around Symeem harbor.”

The article attached an unclear photo, seemingly captured from the harbor in secret.

The photo’s Single-eyed Skull’s characteristics stood out at once. It was heavily damaged and many spots were charred black. Only a single mast remained intact, while the middle mast had a figure with a triangular hat pinned to it.

It’s Connors Viktor… He died just like that? Klein’s pupils constricted as he seriously contemplated. *It can almost be confirmed that there was a demigod on the ship last night… When he saw that Crazy Captain was targeted, or with Sea King in pursuit, he could only care for himself. Unable to bring Connors with him, he decisively silenced him and destroyed all evidence?*

Klein, who had plans on continuing his pursuits of Crazy

Captain, felt dejected. He realized that although the trail of clues hadn't been completely cut off, there was little of it left.

The only matter he was aware of at that moment was that the demigod likely belonged to the Black Emperor pathway!

From the intensity of the storm last night, the Single-eyed Skull was likely sent to the harbor by Sea King Jahn Kottman so as to do any follow-up investigations. I wonder if they will have any additional findings... Yes, I can get Mr. Hanged Man to keep an eye out for it in the Church of Storms... There's no need to inform him since the Tarot Gathering will be this afternoon. The World can directly commission him to do so... Klein quickly made up his mind before downing the rest of the Gurney Sap.

Then, he returned to his room and planned to retrieve the radio transceiver which he had placed above the gray fog for an extended period of time to contact Arrodes. He wanted to see if it had any other clues regarding the Bizarro Sorcerer potion formula.

Having left Oravi's East Sea, which was also where the Aurora Order's demigod had previously targeted him, Klein now dared to use items with the gray fog's aura. However, he knew very well that he couldn't do it frequently, and each use couldn't be for too long; otherwise, there was the possibility of the True Creator detecting it.

Due to this reason and his wariness against Arrodes, he planned on doing whatever he could do himself, and he would seek advice from others if possible. He only planned on playing the question-and-answer game if he was out of options.

...

In the Blue Avenger which was docked at the Resistance's private harbor.

Alger planned on getting one last resupply before his return to Pasu Island.

After instructing his crew which items to purchase, he changed into local clothing, and he went straight for Bayam. After circling a few times, he came to the Cathedral of Waves, planning on reporting to diocese bishop, Chogo, about recent developments.

Although he was returning to Pasu Island and reporting his work to the upper echelons of the Church, he knew very well who his immediate superior was. He knew that he needed to act appropriately and not make his superior believe that he was skipping the chain of command by directly establishing relations with the upper echelons.

Chogo remained hale and hearty as he was very pleased with Alger's proactive reporting. After he heard that, he said with a brisk tone, "There's no need to worry about it. It's just routine reporting. I've already informed His Eminence Kottman that you're devoted to the Lord and are loyal to the Church. You're one of the most trusted captains, and His Eminence Kottman will inform the Council of Cardinals of this."

He paused, but without giving Alger any time to speak, he continued, "In addition, there's another mission. Investigate people who are intimately tied to Crazy Captain Connors Viktor.

"This is a mission directly issued by His Eminence Kottman. You have to take it seriously."

Investigate people related to Crazy Captain? Alger was puzzled, but he didn't question it. Instead, he struck his right fist on his

left breast and said, “Yes, Your Excellency.”

The grizzled Chogo nodded and thought for two seconds before asking, “Do you know Gehrman Sparrow?”

This question sounded like a bolt out of the blue. It left Alger’s pupils constricting as he nearly lost control on the spot. Thankfully, he was mentally strong, allowing him to barely maintain his normal state.

“I’ve heard of him. He’s been very famous recently. Not only has he hunted Wormtongue Mithor and seriously injured Tracy, but he has also boarded Cattleya’s Future.” Alger droned on to hide the stirrings in his heart.

Chogo made a terse acknowledgment.

“You were at sea, so you’re a little behind on the news.

“Gehrman Sparrow killed Kircheis at Toscarter last week and obtained his bounty. Hehe, that pirate was indeed a Devil, a Sequence 5 Devil.”

“Kircheis? Agalito’s second mate?” Alger asked with very honest emotions.

He knew that Kircheis was suspected to be a Sequence 5, but he didn’t know that he was of the Devil pathway. And the fact he was both a Sequence 5 and a Devil meant plenty of things. It meant that he was difficult to kill, which meant that Gehrman Sparrow had very likely killed Kircheis during a sudden encounter!

This meant that Gehrman Sparrow was already at the pinnacle of Sequence 5s!

If it wasn't because he was seeking to purchase the Sequence 4 potion formula, I might even suspect that he had become a demigod... Alger thought, feeling perturbed.

He was alarmed to realize that in a week, The World had obtained the Sequence 5 Ocean Songster potion formula and main ingredient, killed a Sequence 5 Devil, and might very possibly have a Sequence 6 Notary potion formula in hand as well!

How did he do it? Alger realized that he was feeling a little frightened of The World.

Of course, it wasn't something unacceptable for him. This was because he knew that The World was Mr. Fool's Blessed representative. And Mr. Fool's Blessed clearly wasn't a single person. If one was responsible for the Notary potion formula, while another was responsible for the Ocean Songster, then it was possible that Gehrman Sparrow had only killed Kircheis.

Although this similarly left one apprehensive, it didn't seem like a fabricated story.

Chogo nodded solemnly.

"Yes, Agalito's lack of reaction implies something.

"Focus on gathering information about Gehrman Sparrow."

“Alright, Your Excellency.” Alger bowed reverently, having already decided to be perfunctory with the mission as much as he could.

…

Inside the inn, Klein placed the radio transceiver on the table.

Before long, rushed clacking sounds were heard.

Chapter 713: Three Questions

Amidst the clacking sounds, the radio transceiver spewed out new illusory paper. On the paper were words composed of Loenese: “Great Master, your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, has finally caught up to you!”

...There’s no need to be so excited... Oh, the way Arrodes speaks is as professional as always. He didn’t express his bitterness about not being able to contact me for prolonged periods of time, nor did he question me about why I haven’t been looking for it. It directly blamed itself by claiming that it hadn’t caught up to me... It makes me feel a little guilty. But, I still need to be wary... Klein was momentarily at a loss for an answer.

Arrodes didn’t wait as it used the radio transceiver to produce an emoticon of carefully peeking out on the illusory paper.

“Great Master, the ruler above the spirit world, your servant has sensed that you are one step closer to returning to your holy throne, am I right?”

This fellow has evolved really quickly. He’s already using colored text to form a nascent form of emoticons... From Arrodes’s point of view, I’m a true god taking steps to find myself? That’s why, although it can clearly sense that I’m only a Sequence 5, it still treats me with respect and is even more humble? Klein understood that the mirror was deliberately asking a question, so he nodded in a frank manner.

“Yes.”

“You have already answered my question. As an exchange and a

rule that I need to overlook, you can raise a question to me." Arrodes "typed" quickly in response before adding a "smiley face."

Klein didn't hesitate and asked directly, "Where can the potion formula for Bizarro Sorcerer be found?"

The illusory paper spat out a long paragraph of complicated symbols before turning into a mirror as it represented a realistic scene.

It was a dark cathedral without any natural light source. Inside it was a bunch of squirming things that were all so blurry. It looked as though it was a pencil drawing that had been wiped by an eraser, preventing any exact details to be seen.

However, Arrodes added a bunch of text at the bottom of the scene.

"This is Zaratul. In 'His' advancement to Sequence 1, Attendant of Mysteries, 'He' lost control and became a monster. However, Great Master, you have to be careful. 'He' is a very crafty person. Perhaps everything about 'Him' is just an act with a purpose.

"I'm unable to look at 'Him' directly, as it will bring me harm. Aside from 'Him,' you will be unable to obtain the potion formula from any demigod from the Secret Order. This is because back then Zaratul would directly provide the High-Sequence potion to them. And there's almost no way to use any Beyonder methods to reverse-divine it."

What a detailed answer, and it even gave me the additional knowledge that the Sequence 1 corresponding to the Seer pathway is Attendant of Mysteries... Does it mean being an angel that serves upon Mystery? From the looks of it, the Secret Order

approach can only work by directly facing Zaratul to obtain the potion formula. And I'm not even capable of viewing "Him" directly... It's no wonder the Snake of Fate Will Auceptin told me to find the crazy Zaratul without mentioning the Secret Order... Klein was moved by Arrodes's attitude. If he didn't feel that he lacked the level and strength to commandeer this Sealed Artifact, he even planned on truly treating it as his servant.

Amidst the clear clicking sounds, another segment of the illusory piece of paper appeared, presenting another scene.

It was a towering mountain peak. On it was a swath of dilapidated palaces. Inside it was a gigantic stone chair.

Klein was very familiar with this scene. Without Arrodes's footnote, he knew what it represented.

The Antigonus family's treasure hidden at the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range!

White paper continued being spat out as a new scene was presented. Just like a movie, it had changes in the camera angle.

The first scene that appeared in Klein's eyes was a lofty gothic-style bell tower and beautiful palaces around it.

The former represented the Bell of Order, and the latter represented the Sodela Palace. They were landmark buildings in Backlund.

The scene changed, and soon, there was a new building on the paper. It was a pure black cathedral with two symmetrical bell towers.

The scene of the cathedral's interior grew larger, and soon, it presented the entirety of the interior. It was then fixed at a pair of iron black doors that swung open.

The door was abnormally heavy, and on it were seven Dark Sacred Emblems, as though they were guards of the Tenebrous Heaven.

Chanis Gate... Saint Samuel Cathedral... Klein recognized the familiarly styled door. Based on the architectural style, he confirmed that the cathedral was the Church of the Evernight Goddess's headquarters of the Backlund diocese—Saint Samuel Cathedral!

White paper was spat out and the scene changed as it plunged deep into the darkness. On an empty bookshelf built from bones, there sat an ancient notebook. It was a black hard-covered book.

Klein recognized the notebook at once.

It was the Antigonus family's notebook which had caused the death of the original Klein!

After going round and round, everything came back full circle!

Klein silently observed it for a moment, and after the scenes disappeared did he regain control of his thought processes.

Yes, back then, the members of the Aurora Order were able to see the Clown potion formula from the notebook. Having been acknowledged by it, the content presented to me will definitely be completely different from before when I flipped through it. It should have the Bizarro Sorcerer *potion formula. It just lacks the*

ingredients or characteristics.

So this notebook has been sealed behind Saint Samuel Cathedral's Chanis Gate all this time. To get it from there, the difficulty in doing so wouldn't be lower than finding Zaratul and facing "Him" directly... Back then, there were High-Sequence Beyonders involved in the Great Smog of Backlund. After I reported the matter to the Backlund diocese's Church through Miss Justice, the matter was quickly quelled. This is sufficient enough to prove that the Backlund diocese has plenty of power. They have no lack of demigods or Sealed Artifacts... Yes, regardless, I'll need to return to Backlund first and see if there are any opportunities. In contrast, I'd prefer not to head to the Hornacis mountain range...

Reining in his thoughts, Klein looked at the radio transceiver which had turned dark and solemn.

"Last night, who was the demigod on Crazy Captain Connors Viktor's ship?"

Clacking sounds quickly sounded as the illusory paper from before vanished as new ones were spat out.

The content on the piece of paper was likewise a realistic scene.

On an exquisite brass chandelier, five candles of different heights spread their warmth and light. A middle-aged man wearing a triangular hat and black eye-patch stood before a cabinet that stored grape wine, champagne, and tequila. He was humbly looking opposite him.

Opposite him was a tall figure in a black cloak. Its face was completely hidden beneath the hood.

The figure didn't seem to have a real head, only a blob of heavily distorted darkness that was embedded above the neck.

Thanks to the portraits from bounty notices, Klein recognized the one-eyed man to be Crazy Captain Connors—his disheveled and oily hair cascaded down and happened to cover his neck.

Opposite him is likely that demigod. But he deliberately disguised himself and did the corresponding anti-divination preparations. For Arrodes to be able to produce a scene of this level is already impressive enough… Klein wasn't too disappointed. Instead, he carefully memorized the figure's build.

More than 1.85 meters tall, but less than 1.9 meters… Rather long arms, and when hanging his hands down, it almost reaches the knees… The broad shoulders prop up the cloak… The feet are faced outwards to a certain degree…

As an expert in disguises, Klein believed that when a person disguised himself and prepared a certain level of anti-divination measures, there was a high chance that he wouldn't take note of disguising his build, especially when one's body didn't have any particular traits.

Therefore, this can provide a certain amount of clues. This allows Klein to find the person familiar when he sees the target!

"Very good. It's your turn to ask." After keeping that in mind, Klein stopped scrutinizing the figure as he waited for Arrodes's question with piqued interest.

He was curious as to how Arrodes would continue breaking through his image of him.

The typing sounds slowed down as it seemed to appear hesitant. Bit by bit, the illusory white paper was spat out.

"Great Master, c-can I say something to you?"

"Yes," Klein answered the question, puzzled. He began to look forward to what Arrodes had to say.

The sound of typing hastened as it exuded an obvious sense of warmth.

On the illusory paper, a single line appeared: "Great Master, happy birthday!

"This is belated. Your current body was born on 4th March 1327. I originally wanted to wish you a happy birthday at midnight of that day, but I failed to keep up with you."

...It's a topic that really exceeded my expectations... I even forgot about my own birthday... The corners of Klein's lips twitched as he was at a loss for words.

He had received the original Klein's memory fragments and received parts of his emotions. He knew the birthday, but for a person who led a solitary life, why would he remember such things?

This fellow is actually the first person to wish me a happy birthday... Benson and Melissa must be feeling more upset today... The interview should've ended in February. I wonder if Benson succeeded in becoming a civil servant... Klein felt poignant as the way he looked at the radio transceiver warmed up.

He thought for a moment as he calmly asked, “Third question: Your origins.”

The typing sounds paused for two seconds before sounding out again.

A white piece of paper was spat out as a new scene surfaced.

Large amounts of black sticky liquid spewed out from the ground as they spread outwards in a distorted manner. They grew different numbers of arms and legs before becoming strange monsters that charged ahead.

During this process, a speck of light was shot out along with the black liquid before landing on a rock, to which it rapidly fused together, turning into a mirror with ancient patterns and black gems adorning its two sides.

What kind of strange scene is this… This was how Arrodes was born? What was that speck of light? Where did it originate from? It does seem like a Beyonder characteristic… Klein came up with a preliminary interpretation of the scene.

The typing sounds didn’t stop as another line appeared: “Great Master, do you have any other questions?”

Taking note of the time, Klein shook his head.

“No.”

“You have finished answering the questions, and it’s time for me to leave. Great Master, the ruler above the spirit world, your loyal

and humble servant, Arrodes, looks forward to serving you again and hopes to be able to continue following in your footsteps. Bye~" At the end of the illusory piece of paper, a hand-waving emoticon was presented.

Chapter 714: New Diary Pages

Inside the quiet room in the inn, the dark and silent radio transceiver instantly returned back to normal as its surroundings stopped being eerie.

Klein busily set up the ritual and sacrificed it above the gray fog before having the time to consider the answers he had received.

According to the clues provided by Arrodes, and combining the answers from Mr. Azik and Will Auceptin, Klein had a basic idea on how he should proceed.

It wasn't just because he wished to return to Backlund for some rest and reorganization, but because he viewed the large city as a main locale that he would spend a long period of time being active in. He wanted to see if he could steal the Antigonus family's notebook from the Church of the Evernight Goddess's Saint Samuel Cathedral.

If he confirmed that there weren't any solutions, he would attempt to switch to neighboring Beyonder pathways, but if that was impossible, he had no choice but to take the final route—head to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range.

Hmm... I definitely can't use my identity as Sherlock Moriarty when I'm back in Backlund unless I wish to dig out Ince Zangwill or the royal family faction that's hiding in the darkness. However, when contacting people I'm familiar with or using the resources of the Church of Steam, I can transform back into Sherlock Moriarty.

In short, I have to create a new identity. Furthermore, it has to be completely separate from Gehrman Sparrow. Hmm, I won't

directly return to Pritz Harbor this time. I'll make a detour to Desi Bay and make sure that no one can figure out my background. Klein's thoughts raced and he soon came up with a clear train of thought.

After determining the next steps of action to take, he planned on drawing some blood and heading above the gray fog to explore Groselle's Travels using his Spirit Body, but in consideration that there was a Tarot Gathering in the afternoon, he lay back in bed and took the time to rest and relax.

...

The Future smoothly cruised through the undulating waves as Admiral of Stars Cattleya stood by the window, watching the scenery that seemed to go on without end. And by the deck, there were Nina's exasperated shouts from time to time. She would be angrily scolding Frank Lee for producing a bunch of fast-growing, beef-flavored mushrooms that enjoyed eating fish.

Cattleya sighed silently as she nudged the heavy glasses on her nose bridge.

At that moment, her spiritual perception was suddenly triggered as she looked down at her study desk. At some point in time, a few pieces of yellowed paper had appeared there.

The emperor's diary entries... She finally sent a messenger over... Cattleya turned around in delight and picked up the few pieces of paper that were akin to a preliminary probe.

By three in the afternoon, having memorized the symbols, Cattleya saw the illusory crimson light surge at her like a tide, drowning her within.

Under a high dome propped up by stone columns, Cattleya saw similar red beams soar up, transforming into indistinct figures.

She didn't look carefully, as she realized that a pair of familiar glasses had naturally appeared over her nose bridge. It was almost a perfect replica of the one from the outside world.

Then, she caught Miss Justice elegantly stand up from the corner of her eye. Miss Justice briskly greeted the figure at the seat of honor, "Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

Audrey was in a good mood recently. After she returned to her family's castle, as an obedient daughter, she helped her mother, Lady Caitlyn, resolve some psychological problems that stemmed from her age and physical condition. She received extremely good feedback, allowing her to conclude more of the acting principles for Psychiatrist.

Amongst them, the most important principle was to help others resolve psychological issues. She suspected that this was the reason why the potion's name was Psychiatrist and not Psychologist.

Miss Justice is very happy... Klein appeared infected as he nodded with a smile as a response.

During this process, he noticed that Mr. Hanged Man appeared to be preoccupied with concerns. He looked like he was hesitating and struggling, having not made up his mind.

Eh, this means that Mr. Hanged Man is able to buy the Ocean Songster's potion formula and main ingredient, but he will have to pay a huge price. I thought he would request to pay for it in installments... The Fool Klein reined in his gaze without any signs of unrest as he surveyed the area.

After Miss Justice was done with her greeting, Cattleya looked towards the end of the long bronze table.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, I found three pages of Roselle's diary."

Here it comes... I wonder if the three diary pages specially selected by Queen Mystic will be valuable. For instance, providing clues to the Card of Blasphemy for the Seer pathway. This will be able to provide me with another alternative... Klein was filled with anticipation as he calmly and naturally said, "Very good. You can think of a request."

"Yes, Mr. Fool." Cattleya replied in an impeccable manner before requesting to conjure the contents of the diary pages.

Upon seeing her behavior and thinking about how she acted in the dream, Klein was rather gratified. He felt like a teacher having successfully reformed a student.

This is the first time Ma'am Hermit is providing Emperor Roselle's diary entries. With the standards and ability she has showcased, it's impossible for her to have failed to find it in the past... Yes, in the past, she was more of an observer. After being punished by Mr. Fool, she has truly integrated into our Tarot Club? Together with how Cattleya had performed last week, Audrey made a judgment.

Meanwhile, she sensed that Mr. Hanged Man didn't seem normal. He looked like he was anticipating something but was also unable to bring himself to part with something. She was rather intrigued.

Klein didn't wait too long before the three diary pages were conjured and came into his hands.

Derrick and the other members instinctively fell silent, so as to not disturb Mr. Fool's reading.

"9th February. Today is Bornova's birthday. He's already a healthy, strong, honest, and kind young man. His piousness has won the Church's favor.

"Everyone is congratulating me, saying that Bornova will definitely become a Blessed, a saint. They praise him for how pure and flawless his faith is.

"I should be very happy, but I can't hide my dismay. I wish that my children can be more human, to have more emotions. I hope that they can be themselves, and not just a believer of a deity.

"However, almost everyone believes from the bottom of their hearts that Bornova's present state is excellent. Matilda is the same. Likewise for Ciel. Most of my noble officials share the same feelings. Only Bernadette shares my point of view. She has told me in private that she believes a person should be more self-centered, as long as they don't harm others.

"Recalling the words Zaratul had said during Bornova's birth, as well as the premonition I've had after becoming a demigod, my heart is turning heavier. Adorable angel, heh heh, what an adorable angel.

"Is this you being wary of me?

"Is this how you are attempting to control me?

"No, you can probably never understand the pride inside me. To me, so what if you're a deity? I can replace you!"

“11th February, contact with Zaratul was fruitless again.

“Ever since he obtained that Antigonus notebook, the number of times this Secret Order leader appears has been decreasing. I’ve no idea what secret he’s scheming. Anyway, ‘He’ will definitely not tell me.

“12th February. I made a mystical item very suitable for Bernadette.

“This can allow her to effective avoid the Hidden Sage’s nagging, as long as she doesn’t proactively pray and seek a response. Yes, this item seems to be able to help saints enter the easternmost front of the Sonia Sea where the battlefield of the gods is. It prevents one from being influenced by the True Creator’s ravings, and that place likely hides the secret to the Forsaken Land of God.

“Ha, I was only making a present for my daughter out of fun. To think that it has such powerful effects. Bernadette, your dad is really the best Artisan in the world!”

Best Artisan? Does this mean that the emperor had already reached Sequence 2 of the Savant pathway when he wrote this diary entry, that he had become an angel? With the God of Steam and Machinery present, this is the peak an Artisan can attain… It’s no wonder that Queen Mystic can freely enter and exit the battlefield of the gods. So it’s because of a gift from the emperor. Indeed, a child with parents is like a treasure… Klein felt wistful.

In addition, he could sense Emperor Roselle’s repressed and angry feelings from the diary entry. He used his comprehension skills that were honed from his previous life to figure out what was written in between the lines.

After he became an angel, the Church of the God of Steam and Machinery obstructed him and suppressed him. The God of Steam and Machinery had exerted some influence on his youngest son, Bornova, making him become the most devout believer and appointing him as someone who could become an angel and enter the Land of Perfection.

And this not only made Emperor Roselle submit to the suppression while having misgivings, but this had also stirred thoughts of rebellion in him.

The Emperor later became a public enemy of the world because of this rebellion? Klein nodded inwardly.

Meanwhile, he noticed a matter regarding Zaratul. He suspected that the Miracle Invoker only began aiming for Sequence 1 after he obtained the Antigonus family's notebook. For this, he planned many things, but something happened during his advancement, turning him into a monster. Of course, just as Arrodes said, Zaratul might not have lost control. He could be hiding something or plotting something.

After quickly scanning through it, Klein flipped the page and looked back. It wasn't continuous, and it was brand new content.

"5th October. A few Primordial Moon believers were caught by the Men in Black organization I established. They failed to complete the corresponding sacrificial ritual.

"Their behavior has intrigued me, as their strength seems to come directly from the crimson moon.

"Unfortunately, large amounts of data have confirmed that the crimson moon is really a satellite that's revolving around our planet. Then, how is it fusing physics and mystery together?

“With my present strength, it’s not impossible to head for the crimson moon. At most, it will be troublesome and a little difficult, but it doesn’t seem to be necessary.”

“17th October, I’ve finally made up my mind.

“I will attempt to switch to the neighboring Mystery Pryer pathway. Only by doing so can I become a Sequence 1.

“I’ve always suspected that the Hidden Sage is only a conceptualized Uniqueness. Due to some sort of accident, it became sentient and awakened. Therefore, this pathway’s Sequence 1 position is likely still empty!”

Chapter 715: Madness in His Later Years

"I've long obtained the potion formula of Knowledge Emperor from that most ancient organization. Now, it's time to seek the corresponding ingredients. It might already belong to a particular angel, and it might've fused with an object around it, turning into a warped and evil monster, or a chaotic and terrifying Sealed Artifact. In short, I have to be careful. It's best that I find a suitable helper.

"Knowledge Emperor. This Sequence 1 potion name is rather interesting. If I hadn't directly seen the Blasphemy Slate, I would've imagined that it belonged to the Reader pathway, making it belong to the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. Even stranger, these two pathways aren't switchable.

"I once discussed this matter with that mysterious leader and Old Mister Hermes. We basically came to a consensus and believe that the Reader pathway represents the 'omniscient' part of 'omnipotent and omniscient.' And the Mystery Pryer and the Savant pathways correspond to knowledge itself which is categorized into two aspects; one is more about mystery, while the other is more about reality.

"Heh, when I become a Knowledge Emperor, Bernadette can stop worrying about the Hidden Sage's infusion of knowledge. She can also stop being afraid of pursuing knowledge."

The emperor eventually switched to the Mystery Pryer pathway? I wonder if he successfully became a Knowledge Emperor... Perhaps it's because of this that his ties with the Church of Steam completely fractured, making him the public enemy with no one to help him. All he could do was place his hopes on the Twilight Hermit Order... Klein thought poignantly as he came up with possible conjectures.

Apart from that, he was rather interested in the emperor's explanation of how the Reader pathway wasn't interchangeable with the Mystery Pryer and Savant pathway. He believed that by deepening his understanding of it, he might be able to figure out the rules and rationale behind the interchangeability of Beyonder pathways.

To the typical Beyonder, the Reader, Mystery Pryer, and Savant pathway belong to the "knowledge" domain. There should be a very strong connection between them, yet the former is different...

Reader belongs to the "omniscient" part of the phrase "omnipotent and omniscient." Then, the Secrets Suppliant, which is the Shepherd pathway is the "omnipotent" part? Then, there must be a certain intersection between the two. For example, being potent as a result of being erudite, and being erudite as a result of being potent. Therefore, they can be interchanged...

Starting off from this angle, the Storm pathway can be understood as omnipotence in the sea, land, and air domain. The Spectator corresponds to the psyche, making it a powerful supplement for Storm. Then, why can the Sun pathway be interchanged with them? Considering how there was an ancient sun god who was deemed to be "omnipotent and omniscient," does this mean that the Sun pathway is the foundation that accommodates "omnipotent and omniscient?"

Yes... according to such a thought process, Mystery Pryer and Savant are different aspects of "knowledge" itself. That's why they can be interchanged. Then, how is Assassin and Hunter differentiated? What about the Evernight, Death, and God of Combat pathways? In moments, Klein thought of many things, but he didn't have the time or sufficient knowledge to delve deeper into his analysis. All he could do was temporarily throw the corresponding questions to the back of his mind and will the third diary page to the top of the stack.

At a cursory glance, Klein suddenly became focused. This was because the diary page was very different from the past ones.

It didn't have a date, and the words were spaced apart. Because it was the original copy, the weight placed on the page when the words were penned was obviously out of the ordinary!

Klein swept through the page as the contents were reflected in his mind.

"No! Impossible!

"How can that happen!?

"If my predictions aren't wrong, I'm not the only one who met with that encounter!

"No. No! How can that happen!?

"The thing that I saw tells me that everything will be destroyed. Likewise for everything I've created! No! I can't accept such an ending!

"I have to work hard to save myself. I can't rely on the seven deities!

"As long as I ascend to the throne of Sequence 0, only then will I and the things I value be preserved!

"Should I attempt to pull Mr. Door back into the real world? No! Although 'He' claims to be only a Sequence 1, I believe that 'He'

isn't just an ordinary Sequence 1! It's very likely that 'He' will bring unexpected catastrophe upon me!"

The Chinese words which were much larger than those on the first two pages had occupied the yellowed piece of paper in a haphazard manner. There wasn't much content, but it left Klein's head throbbing painfully.

Back when he was writing this diary entry, Emperor Roselle was very likely a Sequence 1 Knowledge Emperor. The content he wrote was infused with a potent sense of mystery and was colored with his emotions. This also meant that if Klein had read the contents in the real world, he might very well turn mentally unstable or go mad and lose control on the spot!

Thankfully, Ma'am Hermit doesn't know Chinese; otherwise, she would've mutated when she was memorizing the contents... Even if she doesn't understand Chinese, she must've found it especially tiring and draining... If one is exposed to it for extended periods of time, visual and auditory hallucinations can't be avoided. Furthermore, there's a high chance that early signs of losing control will appear... Klein thought, congratulating himself for his good luck.

His focus quickly turned back onto the diary entry as a sense of puzzlement surfaced.

What did the emperor see that made him so emotional? His mood was also rather extreme.

No, the agitation and rashness, as seen in the words, are a little abnormal. It doesn't match the image of someone who has occupied a high position for extended periods of time. It doesn't match the level of an angel. Even in his final days, he said that after he dies, he didn't care if floods deluge the heavens. He didn't lose his composure or appear that agitated back then.

Who influenced him? Or did something corrupt and pollute his thoughts?

Also, he mentioned that he's not the only one who met with that encounter. What is he referring to? Transmigration? It's true that he isn't the only one who transmigrated for no baffling reason. There's also me... or even more?

As thoughts flashed through his mind, Klein didn't waste any time. He made the three diary pages vanish as he smiled at Cattleya.

"Have you thought of the request?"

Cattleya bowed in preparation as she said, "I wish to know why Emperor Roselle went mad in his later years."

Audrey, who was in the same row as her, blinked. She believed that she had heard wrongly, as she didn't expect Ma'am Hermit to immediately ask such a heavy question.

Furthermore, how does she know that Emperor Roselle went mad in his later years? Also— Also, she only handed three pages, so how can she ask a question of this magnitude. It doesn't abide by the principle of equivalent exchange! Audrey had many thoughts arise in her mind, but she didn't stop Ma'am Hermit's question. Instead, she waited for Mr. Fool's response with piqued interest and inexplicable excitement.

Alger, Emlyn, and Fors similarly held their breaths. They cast their gaze at the end of the bronze table. Only Derrick and The World seemed oblivious.

Klein thought and chuckled.

“First, we need to accept reality.

“I’m not omniscient, nor am I omnipotent.”

He had said those words in a relaxed, self-deprecating manner, but The Hermit and company didn’t show any signs of unrest. Instead, they appeared even more reverent.

To them, it was obvious that Mr. Fool wasn’t omnipotent and omniscient. Ignoring their guesses regarding Mr. Fool’s state, this hidden existence’s honorific name didn’t have any related descriptions that explained the problem.

Furthermore, none of the present true gods and evil gods had honorific names that involved omnipotence and omniscience!

After setting their expectations, Klein began to answer The Hermit’s question.

“I also wish to know what Roselle encountered in his later years.

“At present, it can be confirmed that due to an unknown cause and source of stimulation, Roselle cast his gaze on Sequence 0.”

He didn’t explain what Sequence 0 corresponded to. In the Tarot Club, there were more people who knew of it than those who didn’t. Even those who didn’t know could’ve guessed something.

Sequence 0… The emperor wanted to become a god? It’s no wonder

that it's said that he went mad in his later years... Audrey knew what Sequence 0 meant as she instantly sighed. Likewise for Alger.

Cattleya clearly knew what Sequence 0 implied. She expressed her gratitude while in thought as she retracted her gaze.

Sequence 0... Emlyn and Fors ruminated over the phrase, as though they had just realized that there was a position above Sequence 1 that belonged to true gods!

Derrick looked at Mr. Fool with a muddled expression. He didn't understand what was wrong with Emperor Roselle's attempt, someone who had a strong presence in history. In the City of Silver, if anyone had the chance, every resident would wish to become a Sequence 0 true god, so as to create a more sustainable living environment, or to lead everyone out of the forsaken land.

Klein didn't elaborate as he leaned back into his chair and surveyed the area.

"You may begin."

With that said, he controlled The World to look at Derrick before smiling deeply.

"The Notary potion formula you want has been acquired."

"Thank you, Mr. World. According to the agreement, I will remember the debt and await your request," Derrick said sincerely.

“Alright.” Klein gave a response by controlling The World before making a show of him requesting Mr. Fool to conjure the formula.

Before long, the potion formula was in Little Sun’s hands.

Derrick received it in glee as he ravenously scanned the contents of the goatskin.

“Sequence 6, Notary. Main ingredients: 1 set of crystallized roots of the Tree of Elders, 5 feathers of a Spirit Pact Bird. Supplementary ingredients: 100 ml of Radiance Spirit Pact Tree’s juice, 1 golden-rimmed sunflower, 1 white-rimmed sunflower, 5 drops of Aqua Fern juice.”

Without waiting for the others to speak, The World looked at Alger and said once more, “As you know, I have your Ocean Songster potion formula and main ingredient.”

Ah? Audrey and company were momentarily dumbfounded.

Cattleya couldn’t hide her alarm as she looked at The World. She vividly remembered that Gehrman Sparrow had just hunted Slaughterer Kircheis a week ago. How did he obtain the Ocean Songster potion formula and main ingredient?

Don’t tell me he killed an Ocean Songster? That would be considered a quasi high-ranking member in the Church of Storms… It’s only been a week! Cattleya found this unrealistic.

Chapter 716: Island and Ruins

Mr. World has also obtained the potion formula and main ingredient for Ocean Songster. He's really impressive! Derrick moved his gaze from the goatskin in his hand and looked at the gentleman seated at the other end of the long bronze table.

In his mind, The World's toughness had reached a whole new level, one that could match the weaker members in the six-member council!

Fors was also similarly astonished as her poignancy grew deeper.

She remembered that back when she first joined the Tarot Club, Mr. World gave her the impression that he was gloomy and reserved. Apart from that, nothing stood out. In the subsequent gatherings, he began to show that he was experienced and knowledgeable, as well as possessing rather impressive abilities. At a glance, he was a senior Beyonder who had experienced many things, just second to Mr. Hanged Man amongst the Tarot Club members.

This image had already formulated in Fors's mind, but in recent months, Miss Magician was repeatedly surprised by The World.

He was first capable of obtaining rather important information, and following that, he sold plenty of Beyonder characteristics in a short span of time. He made her involuntarily suspect if he was a Beyonder assassin who was active in the mysterious world. She feared him from the bottom of her heart, but along with that came happiness. This was because it meant that she could commission Mr. World with certain requests that would be met with high chances of success.

When the new member, The Hermit, appeared, Fors even imagined that Mr. World's halo would be blanketed by this powerful lady. But to her surprise, he had snatched the "limelight," and blinded everyone with his magnificence.

To obtain the Ocean Songster potion formula, its corresponding main ingredient, and the Notary potion formula was seemingly impossible by human standards!

He really is impressive. I admire this kind of quiet and ordinary person who is actually very capable. Sigh, I wonder when I can become a Viscount. After this hunting competition, the winner will receive a prize that's likely something that will allow a Sanguine to become stronger... Emlyn White quickly turned his thoughts back to himself.

As Audrey was sighing in amazement, she was puzzled about a matter from before.

Why is the impressive Mr. World not searching for Emperor Roselle's diary pages? Hmm, he's not like Ma'am Hermit. He has already joined the Tarot Club for quite some time, and he doesn't need to observe... It's not like he doesn't have any requests that don't require him to search for Emperor Roselle's diary pages to obtain something from Mr. Fool... Then, why isn't he searching for them?

Has he privately submitted them? But why?

Imperceptibly, Audrey felt that Mr. World and Mr. Fool had a connection to a certain degree, but she wasn't able to confirm it, as there were just too many possibilities.

At this moment, Alger turned to the seat of honor after a few seconds of silence.

“Honorable Mr. Fool, I wish to communicate privately with The World.”

Here it comes… Klein nodded with anticipation as he isolated everyone’s senses.

Alger waited for two seconds before turning back to look at The World, Gehrman Sparrow.

“I will use an unknown primitive island’s coordinates in exchange.

“On the island, there aren’t only extinct Beyonder creatures that cannot be found on the Northern and Southern Continent, but there’s an ancient ruin of unknown age.

“Back then… Phew… It was discovered by Qilangos and me. Back then, we lacked the strength to delve deep inside it. However, he discovered certain traces, and he suspected that the ruins hide something extremely, extremely important. He believes that the value isn’t lower than a card created by Emperor Roselle.

“My strength is inferior to Qilangos, and I didn’t go as deep as he did. I had no idea what he saw, other than guesses about the situation from his remarks.”

…What Mr. Hanged Man said holds plenty of information. From the looks of it, he long knew Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos. They had even adventured together and found the primitive island and ancient ruins. And previously, he was also the one who thought of finishing off this pirate admiral while he was away at sea… Mr. Hanged Man isn’t an ordinary member of the Church of Storms. His past seems very complicated, and he hides many secrets… Yes, a primitive island’s value isn’t small. For a secret organization, this can be the foundation to support the growth of

its members... Klein controlled The World to appear to be in thought as he attempted to obtain more information from The Hanged Man.

With The World not rejecting or agreeing, Alger, who had calmed down, calmly said, "On the island, there are traces of demigod-level Beyonder creatures. To you, that should be something valuable.

"On this point, I can swear on Mr. Fool's name. I guarantee that I'm not lying."

After I obtain the Bizarro Sorcerer's potion formula, I'll have to consider how to obtain the corresponding ingredients. At the level of a demigod, money becomes of little use. Trading gives me the highest chance of obtaining something I need... The location of demigod-level Beyonder creatures is important. That ruin is also quite interesting... The World didn't hesitate as he chuckled.

"Deal."

Alger didn't immediately receive the Ocean Songster potion formula. Instead, he said, "I have a condition. I wish that on your first exploration of the primitive island, that you will do it with me. With Mr. Fool watching all of this, I believe you won't be concerned that I'll be up to no good."

Klein considered it for a moment and made The World nod.

"No problem. I will need companions when heading to dangerous places. I hope that you will have the required strength."

Alger wasn't angered by The World's tone as he heaved a sigh of relief.

"That's why, I wish that your first exploration will be after I advance. Of course, if I were to lose control because of my potion, this agreement will naturally be null and void."

"No problem," The World replied without any qualms.

Alger didn't harp on the topic. After obtaining Mr. Fool's agreement, he conjured the situation of the primitive island on a goatskin.

It's along the periphery of the Rorsted Sea... It's quite a big island, almost the size of Blue Mountain Island... Klein received the goatskin and quickly scanned through it to gain a general understanding of the primitive island.

He quickly looked up and said, "I'll hand over the potion formula and main ingredient after the gathering ends."

"Alright." Having made his choice, Alger no longer had any reservations. When hearing that, he felt upheavals going through his heart, but he appeared even more staid on the surface.

After the duo's private conversation came to an end, Cattleya retracted her gaze at The World and looked at Fors.

"The Meteorite Crystal has been obtained. 600 pounds for 60 grams."

That's fast... Ma'am Hermit is really efficient! Fors felt delighted, but she was also stumped.

After last week's gathering, she had already obtained the crystallized blood of a Lavos Squid. For that, she had paid 600 pounds, leaving her with 230 pounds. Adding the 150 pounds she received this week from her royalties, she was still short of 220 pounds.

I'll first borrow from Xio. She should have that much... After I succeed in advancing, I'll try to earn money as quickly as possible! I have to! Fors silently drew a breath and said, "Alright. We will do the transaction tomorrow at this time."

The Hermit tersely acknowledged and, without wasting any time, looked at Audrey.

"The Black-hunting Giant Lizard's spinal fluid has been confirmed. 1,800 pounds. There are temporarily no clues for the Illusory Chime Tree's fruit."

"That's already very good. Better than I expected. Thank you, Ma'am Hermit." Audrey sincerely thanked her without even minding the price.

She recently realized that there was a benefit to establishing the "Relic Search and Preservation Foundation." She could use her funds in a more secretive and unnoticeable manner. It made it difficult for her parents to notice.

After confirming the two transactions, Cattleya surveyed the members as though she was one of them.

“Any clues to the blood of a Mythical Creature?”

Klein immediately controlled The World as he chuckled with a hoarse voice.

“Are you referring a pure Mythical Creature?”

Pure Mythical Creature? There are impure Mythical Creatures? Audrey and company were puzzled but interested by what they heard.

Cattleya was taken aback as she said, “A pure one, which means the blood of an angel. One drop is enough.”

She didn’t introduce it in detail back then, because she believed that for the time being such a high-level object wouldn’t appear in the Tarot Club unless Mr. Fool was willing to provide her with help. And clearly, Mr. Fool didn’t need anyone to explain to “Him” what a Mythical Creature was.

“I have certain clues, but I can’t guarantee that I can obtain it. Furthermore, it might take another three months at least.” Klein controlled The World to give the response.

The other Tarot Club members fell silent. They never expected The World to have clues to an angel’s blood!

What can’t he accomplish? Audrey, Fors, and company had their impression of Mr. World refreshed again.

As for Alger, he suspected that The World would seek Mr. Fool’s angel for a drop of blood.

After a brief moment of silence, Emlyn, who suddenly realized that his advancement wasn't necessarily as obvious as the other members, weakly said, "Are there any clues regarding my previous commission?"

Fors immediately said, "There are suspected cases. I will continue investigating."

Burdened with debt, she was motivated to work.

At the end of the trading segment, Derrick mentioned his request of buying the crystallized roots of the Tree of Elders. As for the feathers of a Spirit Pact Bird, the City of Silver had it in their special warehouse.

In addition, he also sought to purchase the Golden-edged Sunflower and other supplementary ingredients. They were commonly seen items in the outside world, but they were lacking in the Forsaken Land of God.

"The crystallized roots of the Tree of Elders and the supplementary ingredients aren't difficult to obtain." Emlyn's attention was caught as he said, "Then, what can you use in exchange?"

Back when he provided Miss Justice with the fruit of the Tree of Elders, he had already learned where the crystallized roots were.

Derrick thought and said, "A Beyonder characteristic of a Sequence 5 Vampire?"

It was quite a commonly seen monster in the depths of the darkness.

“Sanguine!” Emlyn said through gritted teeth. “There’s no rush. I’ll tell you when I’ve decided what I need.”

He didn’t want an item obtained from a transaction to overlap with the prize of the hunting competition.

“Alright.” Having already owed a debt to The World, Derrick was relatively at ease.

After a moment of silence, Klein rapped the edge of the mottled table to indicate the commencement of the free exchange.

Chapter 717: The World and Hero Bandit

Inside the ancient palace standing above the gray fog, Alger wasn't in a rush to mention the matter regarding Crazy Captain Connors Viktor. He turned his head to look at The Sun.

"Are you still in Afternoon Town?"

Derrick nodded honestly.

"Yes, we took a very long time to establish a camp. Later, with small teams, we wiped out the remnant monsters, one street at a time, in search of any ancient ruins that might still exist. Although this process is slow, it's sufficiently safe."

His answer was extremely detailed, and it gave the impression that Mr. Hanged Man could ask more questions if he wished to know more.

Audrey listened with interest as she raised her hand slightly.

"With all of you staying in Afternoon Town for so long, what do you rely on for food? Is there any Black-Faced Grass nearby?"

She had long heard from Little Sun that the City of Silver relied on the Black-Faced Grass that they grew around the city as their source of sustenance.

"We carried a portion of powdered Black-Faced Grass, but the main source of food comes from hunting those monsters. Once the Beyonder characteristic is expelled, a large proportion of

them can be eaten once we skin them and roast them with fire. However, there's a certain degree of corruption in the meat, which will result in psychological problems. We can't continuously consume the meat, and we will need to spread out the intervals," Derrick replied in a serious manner to Miss Justice's question.

Audrey recalled the few monsters in the depths of the darkness mentioned by Little Sun, and having terrifying vibes about the dark and eerie area around the City of Silver, she couldn't help but press further, "Wouldn't that be very disgusting?"

Fors, who was attentively listening to the other members' conversation, was inspired by this question. She deliberately didn't look at Emlyn as she asked Derrick with piqued curiosity, "I remember you mentioning that monsters in the depths of the darkness include Vampires. Their bodies run with pus and are extremely ugly. Then, how would you consume Vampires after killing them?"

Emlyn, who heard the question, forgot to correct her by informing her that Sanguine weren't Vampires. His expression turned livid as he felt an inexplicable feeling of indescribable horror.

Derrick was silent for two seconds before saying, "There are some monsters that are indeed disgusting—very disgusting. Just like the Vampires as mentioned by Miss Magician, but we have no choice. As long as it's edible, we will eat it."

His voice gradually turned heavy, as though he once again deeply felt the tragedy that was the curse which enveloped the City of Silver.

The palace that looked like a giant's residence fell silent once again. Even Emlyn, who wanted to retort Derrick, didn't say a

word. All he did was curl his lips and retract his arm.

A few seconds later, The World broke the silence with a chuckle.

"Let's return to the sea. There have been certain matters that require your attention. Crazy Captain Connors Viktor's Single-eyed Skull drifted to a nearby harbor after a storm. The masts were snapped, and there were charred marks. The entire crew, including Connors Viktor, died. No one survived.

Justice and company didn't know who Crazy Captain was. They weren't too interested in the news, other than being curious as to what caused this destructive naval tragedy.

On the other hand, Alger shared completely different thoughts from them.

There must be a tremendous secret if The World is paying attention to the matter regarding Crazy Captain! It's no wonder His Eminence Kottman issued such an important command to get the Mandated Punisher and captains to investigate the situation! Alger's eyes darted about slightly as he said after some thought, "In Bayam, the Church of Storms is actively investigating the people and matters surrounding Crazy Captain Connors Viktor."

Heh, there's no need for me to commission it... Klein chuckled inwardly and got The World to directly ask, "What clues does the Church of Storms possess?"

"I have no idea. I'll try my best to understand the situation." Alger frankly shook his head.

He believed that The World understood what he was implying—

that he wasn't exactly sure, but he would sound out what the Church knew.

Audrey, who was listening out of curiosity, realized that the matter regarding Crazy Captain wasn't simple. Hence, she asked probingly, "Mr. World, isn't this common infighting among pirates?"

Klein was just about to be perfunctory with Miss Justice but without divulging anything further when he suddenly thought of a problem.

Behind the Great Smog of Backlund and the disappearances, there might be a particular faction from the royal family. It also included some military personnel. And Miss Justice would lean towards the nobles and royal family both her emotions and from her standpoint. If there comes a day when I target those bastards who are deserving of death, she might not find it acceptable if I commission a mission to her. She might even fall into a dilemma...

Therefore, I should now inject the impression in her that the royal family and military have plenty of bad guys. I would subtly change the direction in which her standpoint and emotions are directed towards. For this, I can bear the burden that some of the information regarding The World is leaked... Klein thought for a moment and made The World say with a relaxed, but mocking tone, "Crazy Captain is related to the disappearance of the colonial slaves which Mr. Hanged Man was previously investigating.

"The Demoness Sect takes the people who are tricked or abducted and hands them over to Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy, and they have them ship the people over to the Northern Continent's East Sea's coast. Then, with Crazy Captain Connors Viktor, it completes the last mile. This pirate is intricately tied with many human traffickers and slave merchants in Loen.

“Back when I informed Mr. Hanged Man of the news in January, someone witnessed Baelen, who was involved in the disappearance cases, with a MI9 member who is loyal to the royal family.

“Also, Backlund’s largest human trafficker, Capim, had guards from the Arbiter pathway.

“With so many matters compounded together, do you think that Crazy Captain’s death is simply a result of pirate infighting?

“Heh heh, I’ve always wondered why the person behind all of this needs so many slaves.”

The connections between the clues were clearly presented before Audrey, Alger, and company. It made them suddenly realize a lot of things.

Mr. World left Backlund and headed for the sea to seek out clues. He’s always been investigating the truth behind the Great Smog and Prince Edessak’s death! According to the information he provided, it’s clear that the true murderer hasn’t been punished. He’s still hidden inside the royal family, and there’s a portion of the military who are working for him. How despicable! This kind of person should be thrown into hell! Hmm… How does Mr. World know that the guards around Capim were Beyonders from the Arbiter pathway? Did he fight with them? Audrey’s mind raced as she suddenly made the connection.

Capim was killed by Hero Bandit Black Emperor. The latter clearly knew which pathway Capim’s guards belonged to.

Hero Bandit Black Emperor is Mr. Fool’s Blessed.

Mr. World is suspected to have certain connections with Mr. Fool. He has never sought Emperor Roselle's diary pages.

Therefore, Mr. World is Hero Bandit Black Emperor, and he's also Mr. Fool's Blessed?

He doesn't hand in Emperor Roselle's diary pages because he hands them over in private? Some of his actions from before were to hide his identity as a Blessed? This is a test given to him by Mr. Fool? It's really hard to connect Mr. World with Hero Bandit Black Emperor. The latter feels like a hero... Audrey felt like she had stumbled upon the truth as she began to wonder what kind of person Mr. World, who was also Hero Bandit Black Emperor, was actually like in real life.

Alger and Cattleya instantly understood why Gehrman Sparrow had attacked Tracy.

This Blessed was seeking out the truth behind the Great Smog of Backlund!

And the truth hidden behind this was something Mr. Fool was interested in!

Fors and Emlyn, who lived in Backlund, also vaguely sensed something when The World mentioned Capim. After all, Hero Bandit Black Emperor's legend was rather striking in the recent half a year. He became an important character in many run-of-the-mill novels. Even Fors herself had thought of making him the protagonist in a love story between a hero bandit and a young royal lady.

They finally understood why The World had noticed in time that something was brewing in Backlund and that a tragedy was about to happen. This was because this gentleman had been

tracking the corresponding clues the entire time.

From the looks of it, the matter in Backlund is far from over. There will likely be another accident in the future… I really wish to flee from this place immediately, but Xio definitely wouldn't want to. I have no way of explaining this to her… Fors suddenly had thoughts of fleeing Backlund.

Emlyn wasn't too afraid. From his point of view, the Sanguine's important figures were in Backlund and were definitely able to provide some protection if a disaster really happened.

After two seconds of silence, Alger said in a serious manner, "I will try my best to investigate this matter."

He had already sensed that the truth behind Crazy Captain's death hid a rather terrifying storm. As such, he was a little apprehensive and afraid, but he also trembled with excitement that he was involved in the most important matter regarding the Southern and Northern Continents.

After Cattleya heard that, she nodded.

"I will also seek out relevant information.

"If there are more clues provided, perhaps I might be able to help."

Klein thought for a moment before letting The World speak frankly, "On the night of Crazy Captain's death, a High-Sequence Beyonder suspected to be from the Black Emperor pathway appeared on his ship. However, this demigod managed to escape before Jahn Kottman arrived."

Black Emperor pathway, *demigod*... Alger and Cattleya ruminated over these phrases as they considered an angle of attack.

Audrey and company were astonished that the Tarot Club had discussed the development of demigods to something directly involving demigods. The cases that they were involved in were really increasing in level. As for Derrick, he didn't understand a thing.

With Crazy Captain's matter coming to pass, Cattleya glanced at The World before deliberately mentioning her tidbit.

"Another incident happened at sea. Last week, the crazy adventurer Gehrman Sparrow hunted the second mate of the King of Immortality, Slaughterer Kircheis. He was a Sequence 5 Beyonder."

"How impressive..." Fors, who was only a Sequence 8, sighed from the bottom of her heart. She knew very well what it meant to be a Sequence 5.

"Yes, he really is a legendary adventurer," Audrey echoed.

Emlyn turned agape before he closed his mouth. He felt that he was still a distance away from that level.

Alger said without any signs of unrest, "It's because of this that the investigation of Gehrman Sparrow's origins has become an important mission of the various major organizations."

Are you implying that the Church of Storms has gotten you to investigate me? Klein instantly read in between the lines as he made The World chuckle.

“I wonder where I can claim this commission? I wish to use some unimportant information in exchange for money. I have some understanding of Gehrman Sparrow.”

Oh, Mr. World is hinting that he doesn’t mind me exchanging what appears to be important but, in reality, is actually meaningless information regarding Gehrman Sparrow in exchange for rewards and trust? The Hanged Man nodded in enlightenment.

The free exchange continued for a while until Derrick finished learning this week’s list of ancient Hermes terms before everything came to a close.

After he watched the bowing Miss Justice and company leave, Klein cast his gaze onto Groselle’s Travels.

Chapter 718: Characters in the Book

Not finding himself overly exhausted, Klein rubbed his temples and beckoned over a tiny metallic bottle from the junk pile.

Inside it was a tiny tube of blood that he went through great effort to extract from his vein, and he had long brought it above the gray fog. It was only waiting for the opportunity when Klein would use his Spirit Body to enter Groselle's Travels to explore the book world.

After opening the cap, Klein wasn't in a hurry to smear the blood over the book's dark brown cover. Instead, he summoned all the items from the junk pile that he had brought to the mysterious space before the Tarot Gathering, and he spread them out in front of him.

In consideration of how the Black Emperor's form was too eye-catching, and with him not too certain of the exact situation in the book world, Klein decided against bringing the Card of Blasphemy. Instead, he used Azik's copper whistle to fortify his Spirit Body to prevent himself from failing to return above the gray fog before being instantly killed by some unknown power.

As the ancient and exquisite copper whistle fused into his body, Klein's Spirit Body swelled up and became more corporeal.

Two pitch-black flames flared out from his eye sockets as though they possessed a life of their own.

With the help of Cogitation, he adjusted his spirituality, converging the iciness that stemmed from the aspect of Death within his body. Soon, his eyes returned to normal.

This was like an evil spirit taking on an ordinary form to lure prey into its proximity.

Right on the heels of that, Klein wore Creeping Hunger and held Death Knell while he hid the Nightmare Beyonder characteristic in his body. The latter was prepared for him to seek out any abnormalities when exploring the dreams of the living entities in the book world.

After completing all his preparations, he poured a few drops of blood and smeared it over the cover of Groselle's Travels.

After a brief wait, his vision turned blurry, as though countless translucent objects were hidden within it. Following that, it turned clear—there were blue skies, white clouds, grayish-brown city walls, and passersby.

This is no longer the land of ice and snow from before, but a city that looks very normal on the surface… Klein stood by the side of the dirt road as he observed the residents of the book world. He discovered that most of them wore linen shirts, a short brown coat, and loose dark-colored trousers. Their overall style was akin to that of the Loen Kingdom centuries ago.

He looked down at the format of the tailcoat, starched shirt, and damaged dark-red bow tie as he silently changed it all out. Instantly, he was no different from the people around him.

He then walked to the city gates in preparation to enter.

At that moment, a leather-vested soldier at the gate stopped him.

"Entrance fees! One liddle."

Do I look rich? I don't even know what a liddle is... Klein mumbled inwardly, amused. He then "communicated" with him at a spiritual level, successfully transferring the soldier's attention onto a merchant caravan behind him.

As a quasi-wraith who could possess anyone and control them, exerting a psychological influence on others was nothing extraordinary. It wasn't a particularly potent ability, but it was extremely useful against ordinary people.

When Klein entered the city, he walked through the streets in a seemingly relaxed manner, but he inwardly remained wary. He felt that public hygiene was slightly better than Backlund a few years ago. It appeared to have a mature sewage system, preventing the situation of any waste and trash being dumped.

I couldn't tell that this is an illusory world inside a book at all. Everyone has Spirit Body Threads... Klein proceeded forward as he observed. Suddenly, he noticed a stone building that was more than ten meters tall to his side. It only had two stories, and the top of the door was about four meters tall.

Beside the building was a signboard. It was written in a language that was completely different from any of the outside world's languages, but Klein instantly understood what it meant: "Pessote Blacksmith Guild."

There's a blacksmith guild. This place really hasn't entered the Age of Steam... Just as Klein was feeling poignant, he saw the door creak open, and out walked a giant with four long limbs!

The giant's skin was grayish blue, and his head had the trademark single vertical eye. In his hand was a huge and heavy sledgehammer. He walked across the street with his lips curled.

The humans walking past him didn't show any fear, as though it was a common sight.

They even greeted the giant.

"Good afternoon, Groselle!"

Groselle... Klein, who was rather face-blind to giants, had his pupils constrict. Only then did he realize the familiarity!

He was just about to chase after them when he discovered that the giant had turned into another street, vanishing from his sights.

Klein stood on the spot, silently observing the intersection as he came up with a few guesses.

There's another Groselle in the book world?

No, the ending of the travels is that Groselle died in battle in the Nation of Frost...

This is another story?

Filled with all kinds of questions, Klein wasn't in a rush to find Groselle. He turned and entered a bar by the side of the street.

Such places were often the places with the most messy and multifarious information in a city. It aided him in quickly gaining a grasp of the entire situation.

The bar's lighting was dim, and the ventilation wasn't the best, making the air appear somewhat turbid. At that moment, there weren't many customers drinking. Most of the people were by the bar counter, chatting happily with each other or the bartender.

Klein slowly walked over when his gaze froze.

He saw a man wearing a black pointed hat and an asymmetrical coat by the side of the bar counter. He looked pretty handsome with his flaxen-colored hair, deep brown eyes, a high nose, and thin lips. He was none other than the Solomon Empire viscount, Mobet Zoroast!

Upon seeing him, Klein recalled the scene of the Dream Stealer's rapid aging before he collapsed onto the ground as he struggled to crawl towards Elvish Songster Siatas and grabbed her hand.

All of that remained clear as day, as though it had just happened yesterday; yet, Mobet had once again appeared before his eyes.

Klein's expression grew heavy as he walked over and sat beside Mobet.

He didn't say a word, as he knew that Mobet was one to start a conversation.

"Outsider, first time in Pessote? I swear I've never met you before." Mobet put down a cup of distilled liquor as he turned his head to the side.

"I come from the Nation of Frost." Klein randomly cooked up a story.

Mobet immediately laughed loudly.

"You're a funny one. This is the Nation of Frost, but of course, that was many years ago.

"Ever since the King of the North was killed by a bunch of adventurers, no—heroes, this place is no longer plagued by ice and snow. Everyone believes that it should be called the Nation of Neverwinter."

Klein fell silent without responding.

"Why so serious? It looks like you have your own troubles." Mobet rapped on the wooden bar counter, showing signs of sympathy. He downed a mouthful of spirits and said, "I'm telling you. Men should absolutely not get married. It's the beginning of suffering! Do you know? When she gets worked up a little, she would beat me up. When she's happy, she beats me up. Same when she's embarrassed or angry! Anyway, she beats me up for any reason! From this very moment, I've decided not to return home again!"

Does this mean you got married to Siatas? Klein kept silent for two seconds as he sized up Mobet's face. He discovered that there were no signs of bruises and swelling on his face. This meant that the Elvish Songster knew that men needed to put on appearances.

He asked with a sigh, "Then why did you marry her?"

Mobet was taken aback as he smiled wryly.

"I came here with a merchant caravan. When I first saw her, she

was just that beautiful. Her singing was moving and seemed to hide indescribable sorrow. Heh, I'm as afraid of her now as I was infatuated over her back then! I definitely won't return. Hey, why do you seem a little sad? You don't have to be sad for me. I'm already free!"

At that moment, the door to the bar suddenly opened as a beautiful female voice shouted.

"Mobet, come out here!

"I'm counting from ten. Never come back if you don't come home!

"Ten, nine..."

Mobet immediately jumped up and ran to the door. As he ran, he muttered, "I know you don't have any patience. You always jump to two after counting to eight!"

Klein turned his body and saw Siatas's figure, but he no longer had the intention of communicating with her.

The real Mobet and Siatas were already dead. The ones living in the book world were just two characters.

Standing up and leaving the bar, Klein came to a nearby deserted alley. He planned on confirming the kind of spirit world this world had.

He quickly outlined spherical lights in his mind as his thoughts gradually emptied out and his body and mind became tranquil.

As his spirituality spread out bit by bit, several indescribable illusory figures appeared around him. However, up high in the sky, it lacked the seven lustrous brilliances of different colors that contained endless knowledge.

The seven lights don't exist here... The number of spirit world creatures here are lacking... This place is indeed a fake spirit world created by the book... Klein took a step forward and found the colors in his vision saturate to the extreme as it overlapped with the obvious differences.

He wasn't in a rush to explore the spirit world. He exited it and began window shopping through Pessote and chatted with others.

Before long, he found Groselle's residence.

The giant ran a blacksmith shop. He was taking an afternoon nap on a huge bed on the second story.

Klein directly entered by passing through the wall and came to Groselle's side.

He observed the giant for a few seconds and took out the Nightmare Beyonder characteristic from his Spirit Body. With some difficulty, he used some of its powers that it came naturally equipped with.

Deep, serene darkness quickly spread as it instantly enveloped Klein and Groselle. And in a Spirit Body state, Klein directly saw a blob of irregular hazy spherical light.

His spirituality immediately emanated over and touched the

spherical light.

All sorts of scattered scenes instantly flashed past around him before fixating on a forest with towering but withered trees. On the other side of the forest was a mountain and steep cliffs. At the top of it was a magnificent palace.

The palace was huge and opulent, and it didn't seem suitable for humans. It gave him the impression like it was from a myth as the light of dusk that scattered above it seemed frozen.

Klein had seen this palace before. It was the Giant King's Court that had appeared in the dream world of the battlefield of the gods!

However, this angle was completely different from before. He was situated behind the king's court!

Chapter 719: Dream Tour

Klein turned his gaze to the forest where light could hardly penetrate through its denseness, having gained a rough idea of where he was.

This was the Waning Forest which Groselle guarded when he was at the Giant King's Court.

The trees in the forest were tens of meters tall, and the thickness of the trees was the arm span of several giants. However, their barks were mottled with signs of rot everywhere. The leaves and twigs were mostly withered and dropping as they interwove with each other like a dark cloud floating in midair.

Groselle and similar-looking giants guarded the boundary of the forest, either carrying axes or broadswords, fully concentrating on defending the area.

According to Groselle, this Waning Forest has the bodies of Giant King Aurmir's father and mother buried in it. Apart from this ancient god, no one else is allowed to step inside, including these guards... Yes, Giant King Aurmir's parents should be so-called original giants, the kind that was the craziest, cruelest, and most ferocious. Perhaps... Eh, why would Groselle have such a dream? As Klein was in thought, he suddenly sensed something amiss.

According to his random conversations in Pessote, the present Groselle was a native giant who had nothing to do with the Giant King's Court.

Therefore, having such a dream made it appear rather abnormal!

From the Psychology Alchemists' theory which Ma'am Daly and Miss Justice have discussed before, perhaps the book world will use or clone the original character's subconscious or collective subconscious when creating a character. Then, it would make minor changes, making the consciousness fulfill the required settings. Therefore, Groselle's dream will be influenced by his subconscious, reproducing life in the Giant King's Court... if that's the case, it can only be said that this book is a cruel author... The moment Klein thought of this, he suddenly had an idea. He felt that this was an opportunity for him to gather relevant information on the Giant King's Court.

He previously planned on directly learning about such matters through Groselle. But in order to keep his promise, the Giant Guardian had died in the battle with King of the North Ulyssan. After his Spirit Body left the book world, it quickly dissipated without giving him any chance of communicating. Now, he finally had another method, which was to explore Groselle's dream.

There had to be parts of it that were ridiculous or exaggerated, but the remaining content had to be a true reflection of reality. As long as an approach of careful study is employed, it's not impossible to distinguish the two.

Groselle never entered the Waning Forest, so the scenes inside must stem from his imagination. There's no need to explore it... Klein slowly cast his gaze onto the mountain where the king's court was.

It wasn't tall, which meant that the Waning Forest was on a mountain rather close to the king's court. It was probably just a straight path from there to the ancient god's residence.

Klein didn't waste time searching as he walked straight to Groselle and acted like he knew him well. He asked in a relaxed tone, "How should I return to the king's court?"

He knew that Groselle was an honest giant, and he would only be more honest in his dream.

Groselle raised his hand to scratch the back of his head as he looked down with a confused look. He said with a smile, “Isn’t it simply by taking the Barren Tunnel?”

He pointed ahead and added, “You’ll see it when you circle around that boulder.”

“Thank you,” Klein sighed as he said with a bow.

As he watched Klein depart, Groselle scratched the back of his head again, muttering to himself in confusion, “Who is he? Why do I find him so familiar…”

After circling a boulder that protruded out the mountain, the scene opened up before Klein’s eyes. A gigantic cave at least thirty meters tall appeared.

Erected outside the cave was a stone stele. Engraved on it was a single vertical eye, a high nose, and plush lips. It looked like a giant’s head had been squeezed in to reveal the frontal facial features.

Just as Klein approached, the mouth on the stele opened.

“Why are you returning to the king’s court ahead of time?”

“By His Majesty’s orders,” Klein said in an unflustered tone. After all, the intelligence level of all the living beings in this dream was equivalent to the owner of the dream—Groselle.

The lips on the stele opened and closed as it let out a humming sound.

"Please answer a question; otherwise, you shall not pass."

...If only I brought along Arrodes, it should be rather fun to see what happens... Klein lampooned as he calmly nodded.

"Okay."

The stele's lips closed for three seconds before opening.

"If your wife, daughter, and a woman you covet ask you to judge which of them is most beautiful, who would you choose?"

This is completely different from the magic mirror's style... Klein's lips quivered as his mind raced. Using nearly ten seconds, he answered, "My intelligence is insufficient to determine this matter. I will assign someone who is more intelligent than me to give the answer."

How can I answer something that can get me killed? He gritted his teeth as he added.

"...Who is this more intelligent person?" The giant's face on the stele froze for a few seconds.

Klein solemnly answered, "Of course it's our king."

The stele was shocked beyond words. It took quite a moment before it said, "Alright, I'll consider it as you answering the

question. You may pass."

Klein immediately crossed the strange stele and walked into the cave.

The ground in the cave was paved with large stone panels that had been weathered. The sides and top of the cave were filled with murals, speaking of stories of the giants and dragons battling the demonic wolves, mutants, devils, and phoenixes. The drawing style was crude and the color choice was dark. However, it was extremely vivid.

Klein walked forward as he observed the murals. He discovered that there were swaths of withered weeds, as well as all kinds of coarse gravel in between the stone panels and the bottom of the murals.

And the lack of water and the decline of life became more apparent the deeper he ventured inside.

After walking for an unknown period of time, Klein saw a huge grayish-blue open door. Standing on each side of the door was a four-to five-meter-tall giant.

The giants guarding this place were different from Groselle and the others. They wore solid and beautiful iron-black armor and firm, exquisite helms. They looked like two huge statues.

They didn't stop Klein and allowed him to pass through the door and enter the hall within.

The hall wasn't too spacious. The ends of the hall could be seen clearly, and it could probably only hold five to six giants.

As Klein was observing his environment, he suddenly halted. Then, the hall seemed to be pulled up by an invisible hand as it quickly rose.

He staggered a little before finding his footing. All he saw were grayish-black walls flashing by as they kept sweeping downwards.

In about ten seconds, there was a thud as the hall stopped ascending.

At this moment, it wasn't the cave tunnel outside the door, but a magnificent palace propped up by stone columns.

Klein briskly left the original hall as he sized up his surroundings with piqued interest.

This is the Giant King's Court's "elevator?" This seems to be the place where the guards live. Outside is a long table taller than humans, with extremely large chairs. On the two sides are rooms, and inside them are neatly ordered beds... Klein swept past the various items in the hall before he stopped at a mural.

The mural's main character was a giant dressed in full-body silver armor. As there was nothing to scale, Klein was unable to know exactly how tall he was.

The giant stood by the side of a cliff, with a sword in hand pointing diagonally upwards. His body emitted a bright halo, like a rising sun illuminating the surroundings.

Many giants were genuflecting around him, as though praying or worshiping him and awaiting a bestowment.

The giant king's son, *God of Dawn*, *Badheil?* Klein looked at the face of the mural's main character in thought, and he saw that his face was blocked by a mask. There was only a dawn-like halo coming from his eyes.

It's very similar to the God of Combat statue in the Backlund underground ruins. His face is completely hidden behind a mask… Heh, *Queen Mystic said before that the God of Combat is a giant who lived from ancient times. Therefore*, *their Church's headquarters*, *the Great Twilight Hall*, *resembled the Giant King's Court… Could it be the son of the giant king? God of Dawn escaped the destruction of the king's court*, *and at a certain point in time*, *he managed to retake the authority wielded by "His" father?* Klein made a bold guess, but he lacked any evidence or clues.

He used the correspondence principle to look at the wall opposite the mural. There was also a mural there, but the main character was no longer God of Dawn, Badheil. Instead, it was a female giant in a leather vest and long skirt.

This female giant stood sideways. Her facial contours were soft, and her single vertical eye was focused beneath her. Long, dark-brown hair reached all the way to her back.

Her right hand was spread out as she held items like wheat and fruits. Around her were golden fields, clear lakes, and trees covered with fruits and colorful mushrooms.

Giant Queen, *Goddess of Harvest*, *Omebella?* Klein looked around, but he didn't see the mural representing Giant King Aurmir.

There's no depiction of the ancient god because this is the residence of remote guards? Then, *going out from here will likely be the interior of the Giant King's Court…* Klein carefully walked to the door. He used the method he employed in the dream world of the battlefield ruins of the gods by activating Creeping Hunger

and using the strength of a Zombie to open the door.

However, there wasn't a palace in the frozen dusk that he had imagined outside. Instead, it was a gray, hazy world. It appeared to be a cliff with a bottomless pit.

According to Miss Justice's previous experience, this is likely the boundary of the dream. The only way is to head down and enter Groselle's subconscious. Finally, I'll arrive at the sea of collective subconscious... Miss Justice discovered a mind dragon in the human sea of collective subconscious where she was. Then, in this book world created by the Dragon of Imagination, what would be contained in the sea of collective subconscious? Klein's mind whirred as he conjured a staircase that led down into the hazy world.

The staircase didn't head straight down but spiraled around deep into the gray haze. The bottom couldn't be seen, nor were any of the details of the mind world that were possible to discern.

Chapter 720: Philosopher

After silently observing it for a few seconds, Klein walked forward as he got onto the staircase and carefully walked down it.

The surrounding light gradually dimmed with a gray, hazy luster that enveloped the extremely silent world. The moment Klein proceeded down the staircase, he felt more and more like he was being locked inside a dark, silent room. Slowly, his ears could hear his sloshing blood and his beating heart.

The latter sped up as it was invaded by panic and horror which he could hardly keep in check. Klein focused his mind as he imagined the stacks of spherical light so as to stabilize his emotions and recover.

To his side, a grayish-white cliff coldly stood there, a representation of the domain of Groselle's consciousness. It was silent as though it were dead, but the surrounding grayness would occasionally coruscate.

Klein focused his gaze and saw that in one of the points of light, there was a giant who ripped apart a human before stuffing it into his mouth, as well as Groselle panicking. Back then, the latter was less than three meters tall, and it was clearly still an adolescent.

The point of light flashed past, appearing in the frozen dusk that scattered over the mountain peak. Time here seemed to become impeded.

Klein was just about to seek out any valuable information in

Groselle's subconscious when he suddenly heard sounds akin to a beast's panting.

With a whoosh, a huge palm appeared from the surrounding haze. Its skin was grayish-blue and was covered with signs of rot. On it was an obvious yellowish-green liquid as it quickly grabbed at Klein's ankle.

Amidst the panting sound, similar palms rose up one after another from the staircase below, as though they were attempting to forcibly pull Klein's Spirit Body into the mind world's darkest and most unfathomable zone.

Instantly, these rotting palms formed a dense horse as they kept struggling upwards and let out sounds of horrible, hair-raising panting. It made Klein instinctively jump up three steps.

However, the countless palms that belonged to giant corpses didn't stop. They squirmed along the staircase as they surged upwards, covering every inch of space.

Klein was just about to reach out his right palm to draw Death Knell and use Purifying Bullets combined together with Death Knell's Slaughter ability to finish off the countless monsters when two questions suddenly flashed in his mind.

Where do these palms come from? Why would they be inside Groselle's subconscious?

The moment this thought came to mind, his spiritual perception was triggered. Klein came to a realization as he immediately abandoned his thoughts of using Death Knell. He calmed his breathing and imagined the spherical lights.

The huge, rotting palms took this opportunity to reach his feet as they grabbed his calves and ankles!

At that moment, they silent vanished as though they had never appeared.

Indeed, this is an illusion created by Groselle's subconscious. Here, minds don't just face each other, but they interact with them as well. If one lacks the corresponding Beyonder powers, the deeper one goes, the easier it is to have an emotional breakdown. Intrusion by the other party's subconscious will slowly happen until one's Beyonder powers are severely tainted. As a result, one will become a mental patient that will never be able to recover their rationality, and this might very well lead to a loss of control... This is different from communicating with spirits. Corruption isn't avoided simply by maintaining lucidity and reason. This is because one is already inside the target's Beyonder powers... Klein muttered to himself, having figured out something.

He hesitated for a few seconds before turning around to climb back up the stairs. He gave up on venturing deep into Groselle's mind world because he lacked the Beyonder powers to placate his own mind. Insisting on heading down was equivalent to suicide.

I'll consider exploring again after I find a mystical item that targets this aspect. Klein determined his thoughts as he walked faster. Finally, with a leap, he returned to Groselle's dreamscape and returned to the guards' quarters in the Giant King's Court.

He already felt exhausted, so he immediately left the dream, walking out of Groselle's blacksmith through the walls before observing the wonders of the book world.

I've already met Groselle, Mobet, and Siatas. And while I was

casually chatting with others, I also heard of the devout priest, Snowman, and the philosopher, Frunziar. However, there isn't an Anderson Hood, Edwina Edwards, Danitz, or Gehrman Sparrow... Therefore, only the dead will possess brand new characters in the book. Or could it be that only those who had stayed in here for extended periods of time—fully expressing themselves as an adventurer in their day-to-day lives—would be able to have their subconscious replicated? As Klein strolled by the side of the street which was illuminated by the setting sun, he considered something that he found crucial.

If it were the former theory, where the dead would "revive" and become new characters, then there was nothing Klein needed to worry about. However, if it was the latter, he had to consider reducing the frequency at which he explored the book, as well as strictly control the amount of time he spent in it each time.

There's no way to ascertain it for now. I'll deal with the situation by assuming it's the latter. There's definitely nothing wrong with being cautious... Klein quickly made up his mind and was about to return above the gray fog.

At that moment, he saw another familiar figure.

Frunziar, with his black hair and blue eyes, was sitting on a long, wooden chair by the street. He was staring blankly at the sky which seemed to be alit in flames, as though he was in thought.

Recalling how this Loen soldier's ash urn was still with him, he planned on sending it back to the Church of Storms cemetery in Backlund. Klein silently sighed and walked over before sitting beside him. He asked as though it was a casual conversation, "What's on your mind?"

"I'm wondering who I am, where I come from, how I should

return…" Frunziar didn't look away as he said in a dream-like state.

Without waiting for Klein to ask another question, he shook his head with a chuckle.

"I ultimately feel that I don't belong here. I'm not myself at the moment, and that there's some place awaiting my return.

"They always mock me for considering such pointless questions, so they gave me the title of 'philosopher'…"

As he spoke, he looked at the setting sun and once again fell into silence and looked spellbound.

Klein didn't say a word. He sat there quietly and accompanied Frunziar in watching the sunset. Finally, he silently vanished.

Frunziar didn't notice that the person beside him had already left. He sat there motionless like a marble statue, looking far into the distance.

…

After replenishing the ship's supplies, Alger Wilson instructed the Blue Avenger to leave the Resistance's private harbor. It wasn't going to stay too long in the Rorsted Archipelago.

He had to return to Pasu Island to make his report by the designated time.

At that moment, in the captain's cabin, he was watching in anticipation at the illusory door that was formed by items with spirituality and a burgeoning flame.

It was the door of sacrifice, and it was also a door of bestowment!

Amidst an illusory creaking sound, the mysterious door slowly opened, revealing an infinite depth and darkness within its interior.

Light shot out from within before converging immediately. After everything calmed down, two items had appeared on the altar at some point in time. As for the door with all kinds of strange symbols, it was gone.

Alger was able to compose himself as he seriously thanked Mr. Fool. He finished the ritual according to the procedure before reaching out to pick up the two items.

One of them was a piece of paper that had been neatly folded, while the other was a translucent jellyfish that had azure-blue seawater in it.

Alger inspected the latter and discovered that there were occasional vortexes formed by winds or occasional lightning streaks. And from time to time, he could hear a distant, moving voice sounding from it.

This voice sounds like a woman's... From the looks of it, this characteristic's owner was a lady. Alger couldn't help but heave a sigh of relief. This meant that it wasn't some quasi high-ranking member of the Church of Storms that had been killed.

The Church of Storms didn't have any female high-ranking members, quasi or not!

Putting away the Ocean Songster's Beyonder characteristic, Alger unfolded the piece of paper. He swept past the main ingredient, and he quickly looked at the supplementary ingredients. Finally, his eyes paused at the ritual.

To him, the main ingredients were unimportant with a Beyonder characteristic in hand. He could look at it later. As for supplementary ingredients, they were rather easy to find, so they didn't need much attention. It was the ritual that was of utmost importance.

Drink the potion in an Obninsk's belly... Alger silently read the ritual's contents as the corresponding information quickly surfaced in his mind.

Obninsks were ancient sea monsters. They could directly devour a sailboat, and it had a humongous, distorted body. It had as many as three heads and many tentacles that entangled with each other. They were the protagonists in many legends at sea.

Most of these sea monsters were tamed by the Church of Storms. They had a fixed region of activity, but it was unknown if they had near-human intelligence.

It's no wonder the Church controls Obninsks, and not other sea monsters... It's no wonder there are so many Beyonders in the Sailor pathway among pirates, but only a few can reach Sequence 5. Either they directly inherited it, or they're the subordinates of King of the Five Seas or Queen Mystic... Then, where should I find Obninsks that don't belong to the Church... Alger frowned slightly as he contemplated his advancement that bypassed the Church of Storms.

His first reaction was to find Queen Mystic Bernadette through Admiral of Stars Cattleya. From her, he could find Obninsks that didn't belong to the Church of Storms. His second reaction was that it exposed himself to danger. This was because the corresponding Obninsks were likely servants of Queen Mystic, and they would report everything to their mistress.

Yes, this will be the last resort if there aren't any other choices. Alger's thoughts raced as he quickly had another idea.

That was to pray to Mr. Fool!

This reawakened existence secretly wielded the former authority of Sea God Kalvetua. "He" could commandeer undersea creatures, allowing "Him" to know where to find Obninsks that didn't belong to any faction!

There's no need to rush it. If I were to advance now, I won't be able to hide the advancement from others, because of my lack of control over the spirituality dissipation. I can perform the prayer after I make my report and leave Pasu Island... Alger calmed down and memorized the Ocean Songster formula. Then, he moved the piece of paper to the tip of the candle's flame.

As he watched the flame devour the formula at an increasing speed, Alger's gaze turned deep.

After finishing off the remnant traces, his gaze landed on a sea map and locked onto a location.

Bansy!

Alger had planned on making a trip to Bansy in passing while en

route to Pasu Island. He wanted to know what the present state of the harbor was.

He had already shared his thoughts with his sailors, and no one objected. This was because they were equally curious as to why Bansy Harbor was suddenly destroyed. They were curious what it had turned into.

Chapter 721: Klein's Guidance

On the Future, Frank Lee rolled up his sleeves and began flicking his fountain pen while writing with a smile.

"My dear friend, Gehrman Sparrow, I have good news for you. I have successfully cultivated a new breed of mushrooms by using the flesh and blood of a Rose Bishop. As long as there's fish, it will keep growing. We'll no longer have to worry about not being able to eat mushrooms due to long voyages. Furthermore, it has been crossbred with beef, making it taste excellent!

"Its only flaw is that there's no way to make it catch fish by itself. External help is needed, but I don't think it's too big a problem. After all, based on what Nina said, it wouldn't corrupt the ocean. Well, let's just pretend she's right.

"I've mailed you some dried mushrooms. As long as you give it water and fish, they will immediately become normal and reproduce by themselves. I hope you will like my gift..."

After going on and on, Frank finally folded the letter and placed it in an envelope. He stuffed three dried mushrooms into it before applying glue and sealing it.

After doing all of this, he took out the note Klein had given him, followed the description written, and began to seriously prepare the ritual needed to summon the messenger.

This wasn't complicated for Frank, so it didn't take long for him to set up the altar and create a wall of spirituality.

Finally, he solemnly placed a Loen gold coin before the candle.

He lit the candle, softly chanted the incantation, and stared at the flame. He watched it burgeon as a headless woman walked out with four heads in hand.

Frank first jumped in fright before staring at Reinette Tinekerr's four beautiful blonde, red-eyed heads that looked identical with patience as he muttered, "How was it done?

"Why are they completely identical?

"If planted in soil, will more be grown?"

The eyes of the four heads held by Reinette Tinekerr turned in different directions before uniformly falling on Frank Lee's face.

Suddenly, the soil stored inside all kinds of vessels within the room flew out and piled before Frank.

Following that, Frank floated up as he tumbled in midair with a shocked expression. He was thrown straight into the pile of soil with his head first.

His legs kept struggling as they dangled outside, but he was unable to pull himself out of the soil pile anytime soon.

Only then did two of Reinette Tinekerr's four heads reach out forward, separately biting down on the letter and the gold coin.

Only after she completely disappeared did Frank Lee finally find

the best spot to exert his strength to escape the soil as he fell to the ground.

She's powerful… Frank first sighed with a sense of lingering fear. Following that, he wiped the soil beside his mouth, bit into it, and chewed on it carefully before muttering to himself, "It's a bit sour…"

At that moment, Cattleya, who had just finished a sacrifice in her cabin, sensed something. Her dark purple eyes subconsciously looked towards Frank Lee's room, and she vaguely saw a crudely-made illusory doll.

The doll didn't have a head!

The scene flashed as Cattleya closed her eyes immediately. She felt her eyes were burning as she couldn't help but have her tears flow out.

She knitted brows little by little as she muttered in disbelief, "Ancient Bane?"

…

After sending the Meteorite Crystal and Black-hunting Giant Lizard's spinal fluid to Miss Magician and Miss Justice, Klein returned to the real world. He lay himself down on a reclining chair as he allowed his body to rock gently. He began considering where he would head to next.

With news of Gehrman Sparrow's sighting and Crazy Captain Connors Viktor's matter, it's unlikely that the pirates will openly appear in Bayam for some time. They've either left the harbors or

are hiding themselves, making it difficult for others to find them.

That is to say that there's no need for me to stay here. The matters regarding the Resistance can be directed by responding to them through Sea God or by going through Danitz.

Hmm, I'll head to the Seaweed Bar later. I'll get a fake identity, buy a scalped ticket, and head for Desi Bay's Conant City... That's not only the biggest harbor around here, but it's also Davy Raymond's hometown. I previously agreed to this Red Glove's request when I released him from Creeping Hunger that I would pay this beautiful bay city a visit and tell his daughter that revenge has been exacted. Yes, I'll also think of a way to return the Nightmare's Beyonder characteristic to the Church.

Heh heh, how hypocritical can people be? I'm planning on returning a Nightmare characteristic while also planning how to steal a Sealed Artifact from behind Saint Samuel Cathedral's Chanis Gate...

Shaking his head, Klein closed his eyes and slept to recover his spirituality.

After an unknown period of time, he suddenly felt something as he opened his eyes naturally. He quickly activated his Spirit Vision.

Then, he saw Reinette Tinekerr walk out of the void.

This messenger was wearing the same complicated black dress, with a letter clasped in one of the head's teeth.

Who mailed it? Danitz, Vice Admiral Iceberg, Frank, or Anderson?

Klein received the letter as he nodded in appreciation.

"Thank you."

He was very courteous with his powerful messenger with a mysterious background. He didn't wish to be strangled to death one day.

"Do you…" "Want to…" "Immediately…" "Reply…" Reinette Tinekerr's four heads spoke one after another.

Klein tore open the envelope, took out the letter and opened it to read it. The content alarmed him as he nearly forgot to reply to her. As for Reinette Tinekerr, she wasn't quick-tempered. She silently waited by the side.

One day, Frank Lee will destroy the world. He definitely needs to be controlled. I can't give him a chance to advance! Seriously, how much does this fellow love to crossbreed and create all kinds of strange plants? Eh… the City of Silver is in need of food… A thought flashed through Klein's mind as he had a bold idea.

It was to direct Frank's research efforts towards all kinds of food that suited the City of Silver!

This way, cows, fish, mushrooms, Rose Bishops, the sea, and the world would be safe!

Klein hurriedly looked up and said to his messenger, "Yes, I'll immediately reply."

He instantly got up from the reclining chair, walked to the desk,

got out a pen and paper, and started writing quickly.

"...I have a question. If you eat the mushroom breed you create, then eat cooked fish and drink a cup of water, will it continue to reproduce?"

After finishing the reminder, Klein proceeded to the main point.

"...Is it possible for you to create wheat that can grow without sunlight, or cows that can produce milk and meat simply by consuming monsters? That seems rather interesting!"

He continued on this topic and wrote a few paragraphs before folding the letter. He then handed it to Reinette Tinekerr and, in a natural way. he said, "The postage will be paid by Frank."

"Let's hope..." He..." "Isn't..." "Dead..." After the messenger's four heads said those words one after another, a representative was made to bite on the envelope.

Let's hope he isn't dead? Klein jumped in fright. Just as he was about to clarify the matter, Reinette Tinekerr had already entered the spirit world and disappeared.

After contemplating for two seconds, Klein wrote a divination statement and used his topaz pendant to confirm that Frank Lee was still alive.

He silently heaved a sigh of relief, packed up the dried mushrooms, and rubbed his temples before lying back into the reclining chair.

...

After dinner. At the Seaweed Bar.

Klein wore an ordinary-looking face and came here once again.

Unlike before, the customers in the bar were mainly mixed-blood or natives who had darker skin and curly black hair. They were either part of the gangs in Bayam, or they were secretly working for the Resistance, or even both. There weren't many ordinary people, and the commonly seen pirates who often came from different countries were all gone. Only a few people dressed as adventurers were drinking liquor and discussing rumors at sea.

Klein swept the bar and found Deniel, who Danitz had mentioned. This thin local could provide him with fake identification documents and scalped ship tickets.

Without any apprehension, he went over.

"A second-class ticket to Conant for tomorrow, and an identification document."

Deniel looked up and glanced at him. After some thought, he said, "A total of 20 pounds."

Just a second-class ticket to Conant costs around nine pounds... However, scalped tickets are more expensive to begin with. Together with the faked identification documents, 20 pounds isn't too ridiculous... Klein silently did the math before saying, "When can I get it?"

“In 45 minutes,” Deniel replied like clockwork. “You can pay 5 pounds first, and then pay the rest after receiving the ticket and identification.”

“Alright.” Klein didn’t harp on the issue as he took out his wallet and pulled out five one-pound notes.

He wasn’t worried that anyone would target his wallet, for it might mean that he would save the 20 pounds, or even get more.

Moments after Deniel checked the authenticity of the notes and was about to inform his subordinates to get working, he suddenly realized that the bar was extremely silent!

Klein also sensed it as he subconsciously looked towards the door.

There were two people there. One was wearing a formal tailcoat and a black trench coat, with brown hair neatly combed backwards. His eyes weren’t big, but they were bright and piercing. He had a thin mustache around his mouth, making him exude a gentlemanly feeling while also looking a little sloppy. The other person wore a hooded robe which was rather rare. His face was hidden in the shadows, making it impossible to identify him.

The sloppy gentleman scanned the area and was rather pleased with the crowd’s reaction. A silver coin was tumbling in between his fingers as he walked towards Deniel. The hooded person followed behind him, taking out something from his clothes and stuffing it into his mouth, producing crunching sounds.

The silver coin stopped moving when the sloppy gentleman came in front of Deniel. He said with a chuckle, “Prepare ten tickets to Pritz Harbor tomorrow for me. They need to be split

between three different ships."

"Yes, Mr. Oder," Deniel stood up in a panic as he replied.

Klein momentarily failed to recall who the sloppy gentleman who was tumbling the silver coin in his hand was. Only when he heard the name "Oder" did he find him familiar.

As he was recalling, he saw the man in the hood take out a coffee-colored sweet before popping it into his mouth. He was munching on it, producing the sounds.

After obtaining an affirmative reply, Oder and the man didn't stay any longer. They walked to the staircase in the quiet atmosphere, and they headed for the second floor of the bar.

Deniel exhaled as he turned his head to see Klein looking puzzled. He then said, "Oder. The adventurer, Oder, who serves the Dawn."

...I remember, Silver Coin Viper Oder! He's always claimed that he works for Queen Mystic, but no one could prove it. I can ask Ma'am Hermit later... The last I heard of him was at Damir Harbor. He was apparently mixing with Admiral of Blood's intelligence officer, Old Quinn... However, the latter has already been finished off by Mr. Hanged Man... Klein instantly recalled many things as he deliberated and asked, "What about the other one?"

"Who knows?" Deniel turned his head to instruct his subordinates as he got them to prepare some identification documents and the corresponding ship tickets.

Chapter 722: An Unpeaceful Night

As Silver Coin Viper Oder wasn't a pirate, there were all kinds of rumors about him, most of which could hardly be verified. Klein retracted his gaze from the staircase and walked to the bar counter. He found a seat at the counter and tapped it.

"A cup of Zarhar."

This was a locally produced malt beer. It was a lot cheaper than Southville beer that needed to be shipped over from the Northern Continent.

"3 pence." The bartender recovered from his silent state as he picked up an overturned cup.

The crowd in the bar began to break out into whispers as they were illuminated by the gas wall lamps. All of them were discussing the reason for Silver Coin Viper Oder's purchase of ten tickets.

"He's definitely being pursued by someone. Ten tickets among three ships… It's clearly to prevent his pursuers from knowing which ship they boarded!" A gang member with his sleeves rolled-up, revealing his tattoo, shared his view based on his experience from evading capture twice.

An adventurer drinking Lanti Proof scoffed.

"You don't understand Oder. If his plan was that simple, he wouldn't have the title 'Silver Coin Viper.'

“I dare bet that he won’t be on any of those liners from those ten tickets!

“The only thing I can confirm is that they’re heading to Pritz Harbor.”

Another adventurer shook his head when he heard that.

“Perhaps the news of him heading to Pritz Harbor is fake as well.”

The gang member from before was taken aback by what he heard. Refusing to be one-upped, he said, “According to your descriptions, Oder has likely thought of what you figured out. That’s precisely why he’s heading to Pritz Harbor and will be on one of the three ships!”

The two adventurers were about to retort him, but they decided that there was quite a nonzero chance of that happening after some careful thought. Momentarily, none of them said a word.

This made the gang member extremely happy as he downed the rest of his liquor.

Klein was holding a cup of Zarhar as he sipped it while listening to the conversation. He was waiting for the fake identification and tickets he needed.

There’s another 45 minutes. I hope nothing happens. Don’t make the bar into a mess… He silently prayed as he drew the crimson moon inwardly.

The light-yellow beer slowly dropped in volume while Klein would look at the wall clock from time to time, or at the entrance, hoping that time would pass faster.

Half an hour later, the door to the bar was suddenly opened with a loud thud as the evening wind gushed in.

No way… The corners of Klein's lips twitched as he held back his urge to smile wryly. He turned his body to look at the sound.

Standing by the door were five people. Their leader had black hair and brown eyes, with recessed facial features and cut facial contours. He looked Loenese and looked to be in his early forties.

His expression was cold and he exuded a natural air of dominance. It made everyone in the bar quieten down without realizing it.

And the three men and the woman behind him were in trench coats. They didn't hide the fact that they were holding revolvers, and that they would instantly aim and shoot if there was any slight sign of abnormalities.

I don't know them. They aren't on any wanted list or have any bounties on them… Klein mumbled to himself as he maintained his state as a spectator.

The five intruders suddenly scattered as they came before different customers, bent their backs slightly, and looked at them before asking, "Where is Silver Coin Viper Oder?"

The customers were hesitant to give an answer when they saw the black muzzle pointed at them, along with the handle made

of ivory and ebony which exuded a strange sense of beauty under the lights.

"T-they went to the second floor!" The customers who had been asked nearly pointed to the staircase in unison.

Someone is really pursuing Oder. This is an act against Queen Mystic, or has Silver Coin Viper done something himself? Or could it be because of the mysterious hooded man beside him who was eating sweets? Klein drank another mouthful of beer as he saw the intruders send four people up to the second floor. One was left behind to continue questioning the customers.

Soon, the latter grasped the situation of Oder's request to purchase tickets from Deniel. Immediately, the person walked straight to the thin and dark-skinned black marketer, and he asked in a heavy voice, "Tell me honestly. Where is Oder heading with those tickets?"

Deniel didn't put on a front just because of his social connections. He forced a smile and said, "He didn't make it clear. He requested for ten tickets that are to be distributed across three different ships. The departure date is set for tomorrow with the destination being Pritz Harbor."

"For real?" The questioner was a seemingly radical man in his twenties.

Deniel softly replied, "You can ask anyone here. All of them heard it."

"Dogsh*t!" The man shoved Deniel angrily as he turned to walk towards the other customers.

Deniel staggered backward and was about to fall and hit his head onto the side of a tiny circular table when he suddenly felt an additional force on his shoulder. Instantly, he regained his balance.

He subconsciously looked over and saw that it was the customer who had just requested to purchase a fake identity and scalped tickets.

"Thank you, those bunch of military hyenas!" Deniel first thanked him before softly saying through clenched teeth.

The person who had helped him was Klein. He didn't wish for anything to happen to this "ticket scalper;" after all, he had paid a deposit of 5 pounds.

Of course, helping the innocent was also a habit of his.

Military hyenas? In Bayam, this description often refers to people from MI9... What did Silver Coin Viper Oder do? Klein silently asked himself as he eliminated the possibility that someone was targeting Queen Mystic.

To the Loen military, it was meaningless.

As he was thinking, the MI9 members who had headed up to the second floor rushed down. As they ran, they said to their partner, "He has long fled through the window!"

The group of people came and left in a rush. Soon, the bar resumed its usual din, but the still gently wobbling main door proved that it wasn't as calm earlier.

Klein's wait for his fake identification documents and scalped ticket paid off. He didn't need to worry about any possible interruptions.

After paying the remaining 15 pounds, he left the Seaweed Bar, and he returned to the ordinary inn he stayed at.

John Yode... This name is way too simple, isn't it? Before I return to Backlund, I need to make a more realistic identification document. Klein flipped through the series of identification documents before throwing them inside his suitcase.

He took a bath and relaxed, prepared to leave Bayam tomorrow, and begin the last stage of his sea "travels."

At this moment, he heard knocking at the door.

Who is it? Klein hurriedly took off his bathrobe, wore his clothes and pants, and walked to the door.

Outside were a few policemen in black. One of them looked Loenese, while the rest were either mixed-bloods or pure natives.

"What's the matter?" Klein asked, puzzled.

"Please show us some identification," a mixed-blood said politely since the gentleman in front of him was apparently a Loenese.

Thankfully, I just made one. Otherwise, I'll be spending the night at the police station, or I'd have to flee on the spot, change my looks, and redo everything... Klein mumbled as he returned to his room, and took out the identification documents.

The Loen police officer casually flipped through it as he said, “Mr. Yode, are you living alone?”

“Yes, everyone in the inn can vouch for me,” Klein replied frankly.

The Loenese police officer revealed a smile and said, “Have you seen this person before?”

As he spoke, a constable beside him unfolded a portrait. On it was an elder who was abnormally thin with white messy hair. Apart from that, nothing stood out.

“No.” Klein shook his head.

“He likes to eat sweets,” the Loenese police officer added.

“Sweets…” Klein suddenly recalled the mysterious hooded man behind Silver Coin Viper Oder. He had been eating plenty of coffee-colored sweets in a short period of time.

After a short deliberation, Klein said without hiding anything, “Perhaps. Back when I was in the Seaweed Bar, I saw a man who loved eating sweets and was following Silver Coin Viper Oder.”

The Loenese officer didn’t hide his disappointment. After a simple word of thanks, he ended the questioning.

Only after he knocked on the other guest rooms did Klein close the wooden door, and return to the reclining chair.

Oder's matter has not only attracted MI9, but it has also gotten the governor-general's office to send manpower to do a city-wide search. This is quite something... he muttered and decided to head above the gray fog to browse through the prayer points of light around the Sea God Scepter. He could gain more information from the prayers of the believers in Bayam. He didn't wish to end up embroiled in a massive maelstrom for giving the wrong response.

After entering the bathroom, he went above the gray fog where he summoned the white bone scepter from the junk pile. Swirling around it were countless points of light.

As he browsed through each point of light, he determined that the questioning wasn't on a small scale. The target was Oder and the mysterious man, but he couldn't figure anything else out.

After some thought, he cast his gaze on a point of light that had been specially marked out by godhood.

It belonged to a mixed-blood policeman named Boulaya. He claimed to have swallowed humiliation by changing his faith to the Lord of Storms for the Sea God so as to climb up the police ranks.

He was already a superintendent!

Then, Klein cast the Sea God's will into the corresponding point of light.

Boulaya, who was in the police station, assigning work to his subordinates suddenly broke out into a cold sweat. He hurriedly found an excuse to enter the washroom as he silently prayed.

“Blessed of the sea and spirit world, the great Kalvetua, your pious believer has something to report to you.

“The person we are specially searching for tonight is a very thin elder. His hair is completely white, but he has luxuriant hair. It’s just very messy. He’s very afraid of the cold, and he wears thick clothing even in Bayam. He loves to eat sweets, as though he’s a steam engine himself and sweets are high-quality coal. The higher-ups have informed us to find him, but not harm him.”

Klein ignored Boulaya and reined his thoughts back as he tapped the side of the long table.

Compared to the portrait, such a description gives me a sense of familiarity.

It’s like I’ve heard of it somewhere in the past…

To a Seer, a sense of familiarity meant a clue. Hence, Klein wrote a divination statement and began questioning his spirituality.

As he chanted the statement, he leaned back into the chair. He fell asleep with the aid of Cogitation.

In the gray and dark world, Klein found himself back in Backlund, back in 15 Minsk Street which he previously rented.

In front of him was the red-eyed Ian. This teenage boy looked up and said, “Turani von Helmosuin, the greatest scientist after Emperor Roselle, a mathematician, a mechanist, and the father of the second generation difference engine.”

Suddenly, Klein woke up and knew who MI9 was looking for!

They were finding the great scientist who caused many deaths between the Loen military and the Intis spy organization solely because of a third-generation difference engine!

They were finding the science freak who had mysteriously disappeared for years!

It's no wonder Admiral of Blood's intelligence officer, Old Quinn, had a modified radio transceiver that surpassed those in Backlund! Klein was instantly enlightened.

Chapter 723: Another Good Deed Today

After a moment of his mind going adrift, Klein rubbed his temples and slowly composed himself. He discovered that the matter had little to do with him.

He wasn't motivated to participate in the matter. He was apathetic to whether the Loen military found Turani von Helmosuin, because he lacked a sense of belonging to the Loen Kingdom. What he had done in the past was solely to ensure a stable society and that its citizens wouldn't suffer any accidental damage. If possible, he didn't mind instigating a revolution to allow the poor to lead better lives.

I never expected myself to become more of an internationalist after coming to this world... He gave a self-deprecating laugh as he prepared to return to the real world and have some sleep. Under the cloak of darkness, he would allow the tempest outside to freely unleash its might.

At this moment, his attention was caught by the biggest item in the junk pile through the corner of his eyes—the radio transceiver.

Speaking of which, what is the faction controlling Turani von Helmosuin? It's nothing much if it's people from Queen Mystic Bernadette's side. She's a strong believer of "do as you wish, but do no harm," so she wouldn't do anything overboard.

It wouldn't be good if it's the Rose School of Thought represented by Admiral of Blood. Ignoring the temperance faction that's being suppressed, as believers of the Chained God or Mother Tree of Desire, their level of vileness can't be lower than the Aurora Order. Letting them grasp the most advanced technology available might

bring about a disaster... Klein stopped his actions of wrapping his body with his spirituality. He gently tapped the edge of the mottled table.

He soon had an idea, which was to bring the radio transceiver back to the real world, adjust it to the correct frequency to see if he could receive the telegrams from Admiral of Blood's crew. Then, he could use the codebook he had to decipher the communications.

There will be a huge sweep of the city tonight. The matter must be at a rather important and intricate point. If the ones controlling Helmosuin are them, there's a possibility of the appearance of crucial telegram exchanges... In a situation in which the governor-general's office, the Loen military, and the Church of Storms haven't placed importance or even accepted this technology, this is the safest method. Therefore, Admiral of Blood and company have a nonzero chance that they wouldn't change the frequency and codes after Old Quinn's death... Anyway, I'll just give it a try. After some deliberation, Klein didn't delay as he returned to the real world and busily prepared a bestowment ritual.

After bringing the radio transceiver into his room, he didn't immediately use it. Instead, he used a ritual dagger and created a wall of spirituality to seal the room.

He was doing it to air out the gray fog's "smell!"

To him, there was actually no need to go through so much trouble to confirm the faction that controlled Helmosuin. He could've used the gray fog's aura to contact Arrodes and receive the answer. But the problem was that he had posed his questions recently, and the "smell" that frequently appeared might incur the notice of evil gods like the True Creator or the Primordial Demoness. It was extremely dangerous.

Therefore, Klein decided to play safe by relying on himself.

After about eight minutes, when the "airing" was almost complete, he dispelled the wall of spirituality and controlled the radio transceiver to begin his surveillance.

After an unknown period of time, the corresponding frequency received a transmission!

Klein held back the joy in his heart as he seriously made notes. Then, he flipped through the codebook which he had replicated using divination, and he began the necessary deciphering process.

Soon, he wrote a line on a note: "32 Black Pepper Avenue. 7 a.m. tomorrow."

Indeed, the people in control of Helmosuin are Admiral of Blood and company. There might be powerhouses from the Rose School of Thought involved... Klein immediately made a judgment.

This wasn't confirmed based on the content of the telegram, but a simple inference from the existence of the telegram itself.

If Admiral of Blood and company were uninvolved, it was unlikely for them to send and receive telegrams involving Bayam's streets!

The meaning of this telegram is to gather by 32 Black Pepper Street tomorrow before 7 a.m.? Does it mean that Helmosuin and Silver Coin Viper Oder are hiding there, and they're reporting to Admiral of Blood of their location and giving a corresponding time? Klein thought for a moment and immediately returned above the gray

fog. With the intel he had just received, he wrote the divination statement: “Turani von Helmosuin’s present location.”

With the paper in hand, he leaned back into the chair and chanted the statement in a raving-like manner as he entered a dream with Cogitation.

In the gray, hazy world, he saw an underground hall with countless gas wall lamps.

Inside the hall was a massive, complicated machine. It was constructed from copper cylinders, operating levers, take-up levers, and countless gears. It took up nearly two-thirds of the space.

A thin elder with grizzled, disheveled hair wore a thick coat as he paced in front of the machine. From time to time, he would pop a sweet into his mouth and munch on it noisily.

“No, it shouldn’t be called a difference engine. It’s an adorable fellow who can analyze questions and calculate the answer based on a set of procedures. Yes, its name should be a calculator!” The elder kept muttering to himself as Klein’s vision was pulled upwards and out the underground hall, arriving at the building above.

It was a three-storey villa with a garden and lawn. Outside was its address, and it reads: “32 Black Pepper Avenue”!

He really is here… Klein opened his eyes as he silently exhaled.

Then, he was stumped about what to do next.

A scientist like him is useless to me. Instead, it's the root of many problems. I can't just keep him above the gray fog. Therefore, there's no need for me to personally get involved and take him away... Hmm, hand over the news to the Loen military or the Church of Storms? This will effectively prevent the Rose School of Thought from obtaining any benefits, but there's a faction in the military that is likely related to the true culprit behind the Great Smog of Backlund. It's not a good thing to have Helmosuin fall into their hands... The Church of Storms is well known for being rash. A conflict might end up with the scientist meeting the deity he believes in... After some careful deliberation, he gradually had a bold idea.

It was to make the news public. He would make the existence and location of Turani von Helmosuin known to the Loen Kingdom military and the Churches. This could effectively ensure that the scientist's capabilities would be employed by the Loen Kingdom itself, and not any one faction!

The key is balance... Klein smiled as he muttered. He then beckoned with his hand for the Sea God Scepter.

For the former him, he had to carefully "distribute fliers" across the city to make a matter public and known to all, but now, he had an even simpler and effective method!

He selected a believer who happened to be praying, and then pulled his view back as the surrounding area spanning five kilometers entered his vision.

Then, with the Sea God Scepter, he wielded control of the wind!

Once the wind calmed down, Klein's will sank into the scene as he changed his voice, saying with a low roar, "Helmosuin is at 32 Black Pepper Avenue!"

Whoosh!

In Bayam, the howl of the wind turned intense as it swept in every direction, bringing with it the deep and loud voice.

“Helmosuin is at 32 Black Pepper Avenue!

“Helmosuin is at 32 Black Pepper Avenue!”

…

This voice soon spread across Bayam like a broadcast to the entire city.

Silver Coin Viper Oder was donning a cloak, pretending to be Helmosuin. He hid himself in a crowded building in the slums, occasionally appearing to mislead MI9 and the governor-general’s office’s police officers.

Suddenly, a gale swept past as the voice sounded in his ears.

“Helmosuin is at 32 Black Pepper Avenue!”

…*What?* As the voice resounded, Oder fell into a dazed shock. Without noticing it, he fell from the top of the roof and nearly injured himself badly.

Behind the Cathedral of Waves, and in a small nearby building of the governor-general’s office, Jahn Kottman and Robert Davis heard the voice in the wind.

The first reaction they had was to look up at the sky before casting their eyes towards the borough where Black Pepper Avenue was.

After the broadcast and being in a good mood, Klein threw the Sea God Scepter back into the junk pile and returned to the real world.

He wasn't in a rush to bring the radio transceiver back above the gray fog. Instead, he left it there as he continued monitoring the transmissions.

This way, even if there are powerhouses from the Rose School of Thought hidden in Bayam, they wouldn't dare appear. Heh heh, and regardless who takes action, they'll have no choice but to "hand" it over to the country! Unfortunately, I don't have the habit of writing a diary like the emperor. Otherwise, I could write something like: I did another good deed today! Klein silently sighed, took off his coat, got into bed, and slept. He didn't care what was going to happen next, as it had nothing to do with him.

After sleeping for an unknown period of time, he suddenly woke up and sat up. Then, there was knocking on his door.

Who could it be? To knock in the middle of the night... I'm currently John Yode... Klein wore Creeping Hunger and took out Death Knell from under his pillow before coming to the door.

The visitor's looks quickly surfaced in his mind. It was a thin elder with grizzled, disheveled hair. He was wearing a coat stuffed with cotton and a tweed overcoat. He was popping a coffee-colored sweet into his mouth.

Turani von Helmosuin!

*Holy f*ck! Why is he here looking for me? I'm just the ordinary John Yode! Also, how did he escape the tracking of a demigod?* Klein's first reaction was to tell the man that he had gotten the wrong person, but he held back and asked, "Who are you looking for?"

Helmosuin smiled weakly and said, "I noticed you when we were in the Seaweed Bar; however, I didn't have a chance to talk to you.

"Heh heh, my life is at its end, so I recently recalled many things.

"Please allow me to introduce myself. You can call me Orange Light Hilarion.

Orange Light Hilarion? Klein was taken aback before he asked in puzzlement, "Is there something?"

Helmosuin chuckled.

"I'm here to warn you. Be careful of the Mother Tree of Desire!"

He paused for a moment before saying, "Alright, I need to leave, and I'm about to die before returning to the spirit world.

"Do you have any enemies here?"

"Why do you ask?" Klein asked, confused.

Helmosuin coughed and said, "I can silently die at their doorstep.

That way, you would have your revenge.”

Chapter 724: The True Meaning Behind the Warning

Upon hearing Helmosuin's reply, Klein couldn't help but twitch the corner of his lips. He nearly froze on the spot.

My enemies aren't in Bayam... Even if you were to die at Sea King's doorstep, it wouldn't be of much use... He slowly drew a breath and didn't continue the topic. Instead, he asked, "Helmosuin, no—Mr. Hilarion, how did you notice me?"

You even came here before your death to specially warn me!

This was also the puzzlement he had towards Arrodes and Reinette Tinekerr. He just never had a chance to ask them.

With the door in between them, Helmosuin fell silent for two seconds. Then, he said with a smile in his tone, "There are some tiny unique traits about you. In high-level creatures of the spirit world, it's no secret. It's noticeable as long as they make contact with you in close proximity. After all, the gray fog that represents the great ruler of the spirit world is above our heads. Deities with certain unique authorities or Beyonders who represent fate can also discover this point to a certain extent. Of course, the premise is that close contact has to be made."

Gray fog... Although Orange Light's explanation and Arrodes's compliments are nearly identical, he is the first person I've met that directly pointed out the gray fog to me to my face! Therefore, the mysterious space is the divine kingdom above the spirit world left behind by the great ruler? Which Sequence 0 pathway is this? The deities who can discover that I'm augmented by the gray fog include the Mother Tree of Desire, so "She" was able to target me? Klein's thoughts bubbled like boiling water as all sorts of questions popped in his head.

Just as he was about to speak, Helmosuin had continued, “In Yellow Light’s prophecy, the great ruler above the spirit world is one of the variables of the apocalypse. However, I cannot be sure that you are equivalent to ‘Him.’ There are too many possibilities for you that allow that unique trait; for example, you being ‘His’ Blessed, ‘His’ child, or ‘His’ chosen oracle, but none of this stops me from expressing my friendship.

“Ahem. You know about Backlund’s stock exchange, right? You’re like a railway company that just got listed. You seem to have a bright future ahead. Some people will naturally think well of you and purchase a certain number of shares, but there will be no lack of people who are greedy. They wish to use other means to seize this company or obtain the controlling rights. I’m part of the former, while Mother Tree of Desire and even more powerful spirit world creatures are part of the latter.

Is that so… If it wasn’t because the transmigrator, Emperor Roselle, who existed before me, had some level of interaction with the gray fog, and if I hadn’t divined my origins in that mysterious space and received clear scenes of Earth, allowing me to recall even more of my memories, I would’ve suspected if I was the reincarnation of the great ruler above the spirit world… Taking everything into account from this experience, Emperor Roselle and I are more like the chosen oracles… The great ruler above the gray fog is equivalent to the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings? Klein couldn’t help but generate all kinds of conjectures as his mind was in a mess like a cat playing a ball of yarn.

He calmed his emotions and said, “Is there any way to hide this unique trait?”

“Become a demigod.” Helmosuin suddenly coughed after answering. “Do you mind if I die at your doorstep?”

“…Yes.” Klein didn’t wish to draw the attention of Sea King Jahn

Kottman, Naval Admiral Robert Davis, and other demigods.

Helmosuin munched at his sweet and said, “Then, I’ll have to leave immediately, or else there wouldn’t be time.

“After you become a demigod and have the powers to probe deep into the spirit world, we might have a chance of meeting.”

Klein was silent for two seconds before saying, “Thank you for your warning, Mr. Hilarion.”

Helmosuin didn’t reply as he lumbered to the staircase.

As he listened to the footsteps down the stairs, Klein focused. Suddenly, he had a certain theory about why Emperor Roselle had failed to enter despite discovering the existence of the gray fog.

He restored that silver plate which resulted in his transmigration far after he became a Beyonder. As for me, I was already an ordinary person when I attempted the luck enhancement ritual again... Also, Emperor Roselle chose the Savant pathway, while I took the Seer pathway. The mysterious space above the gray fog clearly provides great aid in divination.

Therefore, the prerequisites for entering the space above the gray fog is to be an ordinary person or be a Beyonder of the Seer pathway, as well as knowing of the corresponding incantation, rituals, and symbols? The emperor’s experiments were too late, and he had chosen the wrong pathway, so he naturally had no means of entering it.

With how the Seer, Apprentice, and Marauder pathways are

considered neighboring pathways, perhaps the former two would work too. Could this be the deeper reason why the emperor made the poignant point in his diary that he should've chosen one of these three pathways? Apart from not having any Sequence 0 for these three pathways, preventing any influence from the peak, it's also the key to entering the gray fog?

As his thoughts churned, Klein placed this matter, which he couldn't obtain any confirmation of, at the back of his mind. He began considering Orange Light Hilarion's warning.

Be careful of the Mother Tree of Desire!

Due to the incident as Admiral Amyrius, Klein was rather wary against the Mother Tree of Desire. He had no choice but to change his identity and use the need for him to act, so as to hide for two months. Subsequently, he wasn't too willing to provoke Admiral of Blood and other members of the Rose School of Thought, afraid that he would fall into a trap.

Towards the extreme danger lurking around, a normal human's first thought was to resolve the matter. It was likewise the same for Klein. However, the problem was that he had no solutions.

The Mother Tree of Desire was suspected to be a Sequence 0 true god located in the astral world. Even if Klein jumped up, there was no way he could hit "Her" or defeat "Her." And the faction, the Rose School of Thought, that "She" controlled was an organization with quite a long history. It likely had angels presiding over it and had Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts. Otherwise, it was very difficult for them to survive to this day with the Churches and all the secret organizations at odds with it. Therefore, even if Klein had plans of getting the help of Mr. Azik or other powerful figures, there was no way he could uproot the Rose School of Thought. It was even possible that they would encounter danger.

Due to these reasons, Klein could only hide and hope that he could successfully advance to Sequence 4 and become a demigod.

I've always been careful against the Mother Tree of Desire. Mr. Orange Light Hilarion didn't know that I once fell for the evil god's trap at Oravi Island?

Or did he specially come over to warn me that "She" would be doing something major soon?

Hmm... He was previously under Admiral of Blood's control, and Admiral of Blood is a member of the Rose School of Thought. He might very well know of something!

Klein was instantly alarmed. He didn't just blindly believe that a Faceless transformation was enough to fool the Mother Tree of Desire's attention!

According to Orange Light Hilarion's explanation, "She" would be able to discover certain unique traits when in close proximity with me. This is something the Faceless Beyonder powers are unable to mask! "She" hasn't done anything in a while. Could it be that "She" is attempting to use this sensation to bestow something to "Her" believers through some ritual or item, and that "She" is about to succeed soon? Klein slowly frowned as he felt that it was certainly a possibility.

This made him more eager to return to Backlund. In that huge city, even angels had to behave themselves, just like a particular Snake of Fate. The believers of the Mother Tree of Desire and the powerhouses of the Rose School of Thought were unable to act as they wished. All they could do was wait for an opportunity!

Phew... Klein exhaled and headed above the gray fog. He divined if his life would be in danger soon.

This time, he received a negative answer—his life wouldn't be in danger.

However, Klein didn't relax as a result. He recalled that the Mother Tree of Desire's divination interference could penetrate the gray fog's shielding to a certain extent.

And very long ago, his spirituality had prevented him from divining the Werewolf Beyonder characteristic above the gray fog. This was because it might very well involve the Chained God, and the Chained God was suspected to be another manifestation of the Mother Tree of Desire.

Either there's really nothing going on and that I'm overthinking matters, or the danger is already very close. That's why the Mother Tree of Desire took action to interfere... To be safe, I need to make preparations. Even if it's proven to be a false alarm, it's still better than being captured by the Rose School of Thought and taken away by the Mother Tree of Desire to perform some unspeakable matters! Klein immediately returned to the real world and took out a pen and paper before quickly writing a letter. He started with, "Dear Mr. Azik."

Considering how the Underworld was inside the spirit world, that the demigods of the Death pathway were considered high-ranking spirit world creatures in a certain way, and that Mr. Azik might be able to see his unique trait after he recovered his memory, Klein was rather honest. He directly wrote about the entire conversation between Orange Light Hilarion's manifestation, Helmosuin the scientist. The only thing he left out was about the gray fog and the parts about the great existence above the gray fog.

Finally, he mentioned something.

"Does Mr. Hilarion's warning imply that I'll suffer mortal danger

from the Rose School of Thought?”

After he folded the letter and blew the copper whistle to summon the messenger, Klein still didn’t find it safe enough. He hurriedly took out the adventurer’s harmonica and blew into it.

Silently, Reinette Tinekerr appeared before him. Each of the four heads with blonde hair and red eyes rotated and said, “There’s no…” “Letter…”

“I have something to discuss with you.” Klein forced a big smile. He handed over the gold coin he received from Anderson and said, “This is the fee for the summoning.”

One of the heads Reinette Tinekerr held bit onto the gold coin. The two other heads that didn’t get the chance to speak asked, “What is…” It…”

“I might face a certain degree of danger soon. I wonder if it’s possible to summon you for help.” Klein tried his best to make his eyes look sincere.

The eight eyes on Reinette Tinekerr’s four head darted around as they said, “Yes…” “Pay…” “Ten Thousand…” “Gold coins…”

…Ten thousand gold coins. That’s 10,000 pounds! Klein turned agape as he said with a wry smile, “I don’t have that much money.”

Reinette Tinekerr’s four heads spoke one after another.

“You…” “Can…” “Pay by…” “Installments…”

Installments... Klein was surprised that his messenger kept with the times. After two seconds of shock, he said, “Alright.”

Reinette Tinekerr didn’t say anything else as her four heads nodded simultaneously before disappearing in front of Klein and returning to the spirit world.

Chapter 725: Morning

Upon seeing the messenger disappear, Klein thought of the demigods he could contact on short notice, but he realized that there weren't any. All he could do was turn his attention onto what he should do next.

The city-wide broadcast must've made Sea King Jahn Kottman not only find Helmosuin, but he would also do his best to search for Sea God and the traces of his believers. It's easy to be detected if I leave in the middle of the night, so I can only choose to stay here until daybreak...

I can't take that ship tomorrow. If I encounter an attack midway, I might affect everyone on the ship. Furthermore, it's not discreet enough.

Hmm... I can summon an undersea creature and leave by riding it. I can rest and switch rides on the deserted islands and reefs we encounter along the way until I arrive at the next port... Since Orange Light said that the unique trait can only be detected at close distances, it still won't exceed the size of a city, even if the Mother Tree of Desire tries to expand her perception range to find me via a ritual or her believers. It might even be limited to the size of a particular street. This is also why I encountered a trap when I arrived in Oravi.

As long as I leave Bayam, I should be able to escape from their gaze...

While Klein's thoughts gradually turned clear, he suddenly heard a signal from the radio transceiver!

He hurriedly went over and quickly jotted it down. Then, with the codebook, he transcribed the corresponding words into a single sentence.

Before long, the telegram's content appeared on paper in jet black.

"I see you."

I see you... When Klein read those words, he felt a chill run through his heart.

...

Bayam, in an ordinary residence not far from the governor-general's office.

In a spacious basement, there were candles silently burning, scattering their dim glow around the surroundings.

Silver Coin Viper Oder had already taken off his hooded robe. He looked at the middle-aged man opposite him as he trembled. He said with a quivering voice, "Lord Senor, I don't know know how Helmosuin's real hiding place was known by others as well."

Senor wore an old triangular hat. His eye sockets were recessed, and his face was shockingly pale. He looked more like an evil spirit than a human. He raised his hand to stroke the two black mustaches above his lips as his light brown eyes coldly swept across Oder's face. In response, the well-known adventurer couldn't help but lower his head.

After observing him for a few seconds, Admiral of Blood, in his white trousers and red coat, said with a deep voice, “Less than three minutes after that telegram was sent, it was spread across the entire city. And the message spread was part of the telegram.

“I suspect that another faction has begun paying notice to radio transmissions, and they had obtained our codebook from Old Quinn.”

“Yes, yes. It has to be the case!” Oder hurriedly echoed, hoping that Admiral of Blood wouldn’t pin the loss of Helmosuin as him being inept.

He knew very well that this pirate admiral was cruel to subordinates who made mistakes!

Senor swept his gaze at Oder and sneered.

“Regardless, you failed.

“If not for you and your mistress giving me plenty of joy, I would’ve gotten you to dig out your intestines!

“Send a telegram. Tell that listener who might or might not exist that I can see him. Let him spend the night in horror and unease. This is the only thing you need to do now.”

Upon hearing that, Oder immediately heaved a sigh of relief. He glanced at Admiral of Blood in trepidation and the bloody altar behind him before reverently replying, “Yes, Lord Senor!”

He felt that he would’ve become part of the sacrificial items just

moments ago.

After Oder retreated out of the basement, Senor turned his head to look at the altar covered with human heads, organs, limbs, and blood. He said in a manner even more reverent than how Oder treated him, “Lord Shanks, has the ritual succeeded?”

“Yes. All that’s left is to wait for God to respond.” A cold, unfeeling voice sounded from the drooping curtains around the altar.

Then, the curtains seemed to possess life as they rolled up on both sides, smoothly forming a knot before landing in the middle of the altar.

A somewhat translucent figure appeared by the side of the altar at some point in time. His skin was slightly brown, and his wrinkles formed deep crevices. His white, thinned hair was like leaves in autumn, as though they had lived for many, many years.

He humbly fixated his gaze at the candlelight with his brown eyes.

Senor didn’t dare say a word as he stood beside Lord Shanks, awaiting for any changes to happen to the altar.

Suddenly, the candle’s flame was dyed with all kinds of colors. Each color seemed to correspond to the different desires of an observer.

The heads, organs, limbs, and blood on the altar moved by themselves as they stacked up together, forming the state of a melted candle.

Before long, they formed a Tree of Flesh and Blood that wasn't too tall. Its surface was uneven, resembling the shell of a walnut.

Plop! Plop! Plop!

The interior of the Tree of Flesh and Blood seemed to have a heart beating forcefully with strength.

When Senor was about to succumb to the din, the Tree of Flesh and Blood instantly withered, rotting into slosh and collapsing.

There was a tiny, flesh-colored, moist, sticky ball left behind.

Soon, the tiny ball grew four limbs and a head, turning into a palm-sized humanoid creature.

Its face didn't have any eyes, nose, or ears, other than a pinhole-like mouth.

In its mouth, grayish-white fog spewed out before converging back in. It repeated several times without stopping.

The elder named Shanks devoutly and passionately chanted the name "Mother Tree of Desire," and reached out to grab the strange tiny figure.

Silently, all the candlelights were extinguished, but to a Wraith who had night vision, this didn't affect them from seeing things.

Senor observed Shanks and heard this important person say in a

deep voice, “We’ve prepared for a long time for this ritual, and god’s grace can help us sense the existence of the target through a wider range.

“Next, we can use the glasses made by the Life School of Thought to accurately locate him!”

As he spoke, Shanks took out a monocle from his inner pocket. It didn’t look any different from a normal monocle, but it coruscated with a pearly white luster in the darkness.

“Lord Shanks, what should we do next?” Senor asked respectfully.

The wrinkled Shanks thought for a few seconds and said, “Seek out the target after daybreak.

“If he has powerful helpers, we will monitor him and prevent him from leaving our detection range. Then, patiently await Lord Suah’s arrival.

“If he doesn’t have any guardians and is weak himself, then we shall take action directly.”

After hearing the word “Suah”, the corners of Senor’s forehead twitched as though just the mere mention of this important figure’s left him apprehensive.

He slowly took a deep breath and said, “Yes, Lord Shanks!”

After answering, Senor instinctively touched the necklace by his chest.

The necklace seemed to be made of pure silver, and the pendant looked like an ancient coin.

...

Klein, who didn't get much sleep for the rest of the night due to the fright from receiving the telegram, immediately sacrificed his suitcase, wallet, and most of his cash to the mysterious space above the gray fog at daybreak.

After clearing up his tracks, he went to the front desk to check out. He rode a carriage to the borders of Bayam, left the city, and climbed the mountain as though he was heading for a cemetery prepared for locals.

Midway through his journey, he suddenly took a detour into the woods and planned on walking straight to the cliffs where a massive undersea creature was waiting underneath for him!

The birds chirped and the insects buzzed in the woods as critters would occasionally scuttle by. Klein walked through the humic material-covered grounds at high-speed.

Along the way, he saw mushrooms growing after the rain, torn cloth, and rubbish which the Bayam residences had left behind after a picnic. Everything seemed so serene alongside the fresh morning air.

A leaf fluttered down as Klein didn't stop and easily dodged it.

At that moment, the leaf's speed sped up and did a surprising bend, clinging to him in between his lips and nose.

It was like an adult's palm that clasped his mouth and nose tightly, making it impossible for him to breathe.

Sou! Sou! Sou!

The surrounding trees had their branches fall off as they shot at Klein like sharp arrows.

And the rubbish left from the picnic received a life of their own. They formed an airtight net as they came looming over!

Chapter 726: Preparations Are Very Important

Suddenly, Klein had a familiar feeling. It felt like every tree, every leaf, every rock, every blade of grass wanted him dead.

Upon seeing the rubbish comprising of fragments and paper lunge at him in a strange web, his body suddenly collapsed into a paper figurine.

Sou! Sou! Sou!

The arrow-like branches impaled the paper figurines and landed into the distance. As for the strange net, it immediately enveloped everything within into a ball as it gently squirmed.

Klein's body appeared to the side about eight meters away. He knew that the attack he was worried about had finally descended upon him.

He didn't make any observations or show any hesitation. Raising his right palm, he reached into his pocket and pulled out the adventurer's harmonica.

The situation he had encountered had made him realize that the attacker was likely a demigod from the Rose School of Thought. It was an enemy he was currently unable to defend against!

The one who had been pursuing Sharron back then gave him a similar feeling!

At this moment, the paper figurines in his pocket suddenly flew

out as they plastered over his face, one after another, layer after layer!

At the same time, Klein's sleeves automatically tightened as they bound both his arms, preventing his palms from reaching down.

His Taraba shirt and brown jacket were tightening like a bear giving him a hug!

In seconds, he was bound on the spot by his clothes, trousers, and shoes. His face was covered with paper figurines, as his ribs were on the brink of fracturing. He found it abnormally difficult to breathe.

Klein was mentally prepared and was equipped with rich combat experience, so he didn't panic. His right thumb and middle finger, which weren't affected, touched each other as he snapped his fingers.

At his ham, scarlet flames immediately soared up, burning the tightly-bound trousers clean before spreading upwards and downwards.

Seizing this opportunity, Klein bent his knees and jumped up with great difficulty, like a cannonball that weakly fell to the ground moments after being launched, as he lunged to his right.

In midair, he snapped his fingers again. This time, the sleeve by the right arm joint was ignited!

As for the spot where he was originally standing, the green weeds suddenly withered as the blackened ground suddenly turned white as if it had been weathered by the elements.

This attack was silent and deadly, without any forewarning. Klein knew that his enemy was powerful and that staying in the same spot would likely result in him suffering an attack he couldn't resist; therefore, he first removed the influence on his legs. If he hadn't done so, he would've already been heavily injured and lose his ability to do combat. He might've even perished.

With a smacking sound, two spots around Klein's sleeves ignited. His right palm finally had the freedom to move as he reached into his pocket and grabbed the adventurer's harmonica.

Plop!

He fell to the ground, rolling as he immediately stopped himself with his right hand to bounce up. His left palm which wore a human-skinned glove snapped its fingers.

This time, his target was the paper figurines that were plastered over his face to prevent him from breathing.

Pa!

The paper figurines burned up as the scarlet tongues of fire burned Klein's hair.

At that moment, a scene suddenly flashed in his mind.

An icicle had formed and was speeding right for his head like a thin gloomy-green arrow!

Due to its speed, it was translucent itself, making it usually

impossible to discover it!

But even though Klein's danger premonition was triggered, it was a little too late. This was because his clothes were still affecting his mobility. It was too late for him to dodge the attack.

A thought flashed through his mind as he barely bent his back, his upper torso was bent backward, and he moved quite significantly to his right.

Oof!

The thin, cold ice arrow struck his left chest, instantly shattering the brown jacket and white round-collar shirt which were located there as they scattered into the air.

However, this lethal ice arrow didn't continue heading forward. This was because in its way was a book with a dark brown cover.

The book appeared ordinary, and it was bound into a book with commonly seen yellowish-brown goatskin, but it didn't shatter like the two pieces of clothing. There wasn't even a hole pricked open.

Groselle's Travels!

This was an item that even the Sea God Scepter's Lightning Storm imbued with some powers of the mysterious space had failed to damage!

Last night, the telegram of "I see you" gave Klein such a fright that he undoubtedly reinforced his protective countermeasures.

He prepared every method he could think of!

Apart from hiding the book at his vital spot, his other pocket had the iron cigar case which stored the influence of the corrupted True Creator. Once things went bad, he would dispel the wall of spirituality, throw out the item, and see if it would draw the attention of the True Creator. He hoped that “He” would send his powerful subordinates to make the situation more chaotic.

He knew that even evil gods like the True Creator hated the Mother Tree of Desire!

After withstanding the ice arrow, Klein fell to the ground while somersaulting to the side. He then brought the adventurer’s harmonica to his lips and blew hard into it.

At that moment, his face was turning a little black due to the burning of the paper figurines, but due to Flame Controlling, he wasn’t injured.

Then, he felt that the clothes on his left arm, waist, thighs, neck, and legs were restored to normal, giving him newfound freedom.

At the moment he blew the harmonica, he quickly activated his Spirit Vision. He saw Miss Messenger walk out of the void with four blonde, red-eyed heads in hand. They automatically turned and stared at the same spot.

One of the heads grunted as it opened its mouth and began drawing in air.

A cold wind hummed as a figure was forcibly pulled out from a

green tree a hundred meters away from Klein.

This figure failed to maintain his difficult-to-detect state as he rapidly turned half transparent and half corporeal.

He was the wrinkled elder with white, thin hair. His facial features had the traits of the people of the Southern Continent. Just as his brown eyes reflected Reinette Tinekerr, his brows pricked up. Then, he didn't hesitate to open his mouth as though he was about to deliver an extreme curse that he had been preparing for a long time.

At this moment, another one of the heads which Reinette Tinekerr was holding had opened its mouth as well, as though it was making a silent screech.

With that, nothing happened inside the forest.

When Shanks saw this, he hurriedly turned his head to look at Klein who had yet to react in time when a figure with white, thin hair and exaggerated wrinkles appeared in his eyes!

His mind instantly turned cold. Although his thoughts weren't impeded, he had lost control over his body. All he could do was watch the white-haired elder vanish as he turned to face Miss Messenger.

The two heads which Reinette Tinekerr carried suddenly flew out and appeared before Klein. One of them opened its mouth as it drew in air, while the other's red eyes turned dark as its teeth turned long and sharp, phasing between an incorporeal and corporeal state.

Klein saw the translucent elder with white, thin hair being forcefully pulled out from his body before Miss Messenger's head with the long teeth that bit at his shoulder, tearing out an object that appeared both like a Spirit Body and a physical body.

Shanks frowned without screaming. Its figure abruptly vanished as it leaped to a spot with a glass fragment a hundred meters away.

Following that, he seemed to be pursued by formless hands and enemies. He kept phasing into shallow puddles of water, the eyes of animals, the dew on plants, etc. Finally, he was able to catch a breather, and still, Klein was feeling a little stiff and cold from the inside out.

Phew... Shanks entered the spirit world and walked out again. In his hand was a moist, sticky, palm-sized doll.

This figure's face only had a hole as it was inhaling and exhaling a grayish-white fog which Klein found familiar.

Shanks didn't hesitate as he stuffed the doll into his mouth.

Upon seeing this, Reinette Tinekerr's other two heads left her palm, and like before, flew towards Shanks at a fast speed, arriving nearly instantly.

However, Shanks had already begun transforming.

His body turned black as his skin scrunched up and water began seeping out. His hair, brows, and other parts began withering and dropping. Following that, his limbs grew long and thin.

In just a second, Shanks seemed to be assimilated by the doll, becoming a huge, black, moist infant with long four limbs and swollen shriveled skin!

His eyes, nose, mouth, and ears moved from their original locations to the middle of his face as though they were gathering together to form a brand new organ.

His skin, limbs, and newly formed organ brought an indescribable sense of mystery and wickedness. Just a single look had made his body which had just recovered from the coldness feel extremely itchy. Red spots protruded from his skin as a result of the clumps of fine granules.

His eyes undoubtedly suffered a piercing pain. He instinctively closed them tight as tears were forced out.

By the time he calmed himself with Cogitation and opened his eyes again, he realized that Miss Messenger and the Rose School of Thought's demigod had vanished.

However, Klein's spiritual intuition told him that they were nearby. They were in an intense battle shuttling between the real world and the spirit world. Be it the dropping of the leaves, the shaking of the weeds, the crawling of the worms, and the fleeing of the wild beasts, all of them represented each and every clash.

As his mind whirred, Klein took out Death Knell and tapped his left thumb on the first segment of his index finger twice.

Countless illusory thin threads appeared in his eyes, making him see objects that usually couldn't be seen with his normal vision or Spirit Vision.

Two blobs were flying around him, and the dense black bundles of threads that entangled with each other were Reinette Tinekerr and the Rose School of Thought's demigod!

Apart from these, Klein also discovered that a blob of illusory black threads was rapidly approaching him. It would stop from time to time, so as to avoid the intense battle between the two demigods.

There's another enemy? An enemy who was hiding in the distance awaiting the results, but hasn't decided to participate in the battle? Anyways, anyone who's stealthily approaching in such a situation must be an enemy! Klein's eyes moved slightly as he cocked the Death Knell and lowered it naturally to put it into a state for Lethal attack.

Then, he pretended as though he hadn't detected the bundle of illusory black threads, stuffed his left palm into his pocket, and grabbed a gold coin. He made it tumble between his fingers as though he was in a divination state.

He was doing this to disrupt the approacher's spiritual intuition for danger!

After losing his paper figurines, this was the only method he had.

After patiently waiting for two seconds, when the other party was within shooting range, Klein's eyes turned solemn as he suddenly raised his right hand, aimed, and pulled the trigger!

Chapter 727: Lucky One

Thud!

The black revolver with the slightly long barrel recoiled backward as a pale golden beam shot out, heading straight for the spot where the target was about to arrive at.

However, the illusory black threads suddenly stopped as though they were observing something.

From his condition, it didn't appear like he had sensed the arrival of danger, but he had his attention attracted by something else.

A grayish-white rabbit leaped out the thick grass and fled far away as the tree standing in front of the blob of illusory black threads collapsed due to the gunshot.

At the height of a human, a gigantic and irregular hole and a raging pure fire appeared at the tree's trunk, directly splitting it from the middle!

Death Knell's might was equivalent to a small-caliber cannon, and its penetrating powers were even more potent!

The blob of dense, illusory black threads was clearly given a fright as it instinctively disappeared from where it was, appearing on the surface of a nearby puddle of water.

Inevitably, his figure was outlined—he had a pale face with deep

recessed eye sockets and light brown eyes. He looked to be in his forties, had a double mustache above his lips, and wore an old triangular hat.

Klein was no stranger to the man, as his bounty notice often appeared before his eyes. Step by step, they were stacked into a clear image: Admiral of Blood Senor!

Just in Loen alone, his bounty was worth 42,000 pounds!

He had long infiltrated Bayam! Was it to take away Turani von Helmosuin? After this scientist passed away due to being discovered, he joined the Rose School of Thought's mission to target me? I seem to have an additional weakness, but before it's triggered, I've no way of knowing what it is... As his thoughts raced, Klein saw Senor's figure disappear once again.

However, the traces of Admiral of Blood's existence was rather obvious. The blob of illusory black threads of his was like a firefly in the darkness. It wasn't difficult to identify him at all.

The blob of illusory black threads circled around him with the aid of the morning dew, glass fragments, and water puddles that had frozen for some reason. Jumping again and again from one medium to the other, the gap between the two soon narrowed.

Klein didn't wait on the spot. Instead, he quickly moved but only slightly shifted his position so as to prevent the Rose School of Thought demigod, who was engaged in an intense battle, from attacking him in passing.

Senor's performance made him understand one thing: A Wraith's ability to possess someone to directly control their body requires them to enter a certain range. Previously, although the Rose School of Thought demigod was able to accomplish it at

further distances, he hadn't done so, perhaps out of contempt or for fear of any accidents.

It could be confirmed that Senor was a Sequence 5 Wraith! Klein kept changing his location, and he awaited the opportunity when the distance between them was more suitable.

Just as Admiral of Blood's speed slowed down slightly, and he was about to possess his target from a distance, Klein's left glove suddenly turned deep black, as though it was formed layer by layer by pure particles.

Following that, he said a word filled with foulness, a word that came from the Devil language:

"Slow!"

Senor had sensed it and changed his position before Klein could even open his mouth. But everything within an eight-meter radius came to a halt. His evasive maneuver had failed to show any effects.

It was an area-of-effect attack!

Senor's figure suddenly became slow. He once again outlined his figure in the real world as Klein raised his iron-black revolver, cocked it, and placed his target in his sights.

With Death Knell, he saw that Senor's body was covered with all kinds of colors that indicated his weakness wasn't at his head, but slightly above his throat.

Without any hesitation or delay, Klein pulled the trigger.

Lethal attack!

At that moment, a blob of illusory black threads walked to Senor's side and pulled at him.

Admiral of Blood immediately moved diagonally as the golden bullet grazed past his neck, striking a boulder and shattering it.

A golden flame burst from Senor's neck as it jerked his head up and opened his mouth.

A sharp Shriek blasted out and entered Klein's ears, causing his mind to hum as his body came to a temporary halt.

Formless souls had flown to Senor's side at some point in time before mixing with cold winds. From the sky and from the ground, they surged towards the enemy.

In each of Klein's eyes, a pale-looking man with a red coat and triangular hat quickly appeared and took form.

Pa!

Klein snapped his fingers as his body was instantly enveloped by scarlet flames.

He disappeared from his location before the Wraith was able to possess him!

And under a tree that was less than ten meters away, weeds burst into flames as the flames grew bigger and they soared into the sky.

Klein nimbly leaped out from it and raised Death Knell again. He aimed towards the spot where he was originally standing still at, and he injected more than twice the normal amount of spirituality into the gun.

Slaughter!

Thud!

He pulled the trigger as a golden bullet split into countless shrapnel and, with a sacred flame, swept to the region the gun's mouth had aimed at. The formless specters and souls seemed to be swept away by a solar hurricane as they failed to resist and were ignited amidst screaming.

Senor knew that a counterattack was in place once his possession attempt didn't succeed. He immediately flashed into a nearby glass fragment in an attempt to evade the incoming shot, but the bullet hurricane brought about by Slaughter was a rather huge range that included that glass fragment!

Amidst a huge boom, golden flames struck the sides of the glass without hitting it. With only burn injuries, Senor leaped to another mirror surface and appeared on the surface of a rolling drop of dew a distance away. His body had a rotting wound thanks to the purification powers, but it wasn't anything serious.

There's no way he's that lucky, right? Indeed, Senor has a mystical item that makes himself lucky... There are only three Purifying Bullets left... Klein frowned as he agilely ran over as though he was in pursuit.

As he knew that he was facing members of the Rose School of Thought, he had changed all the Beyonder bullets in his revolver to Purifying Bullets that targeted Wraiths and Zombies. There were a total of six bullets, and now, he had already shot thrice!

In the first shot, Senor was saved by a rabbit that suddenly leaped out. In the second shot, he was yanked away by the Rose School of Thought's demigod who happened to come beside him. In the third short, he happened to be in the gap of the fragment amidst the Slaughter hurricane, preventing him from suffering too much damage. Klein found this level of luck completely unacceptable!

However, Klein didn't wallow in depression. Instead, he turned back into Gehrman Sparrow's appearance and build. This was for him to immediately throw a bunch of Sea God domain charms to create a certain commotion once things went south, so as to attract the attention of Sea King Jahn Kottman who was in Bayam City.

If this Sequence 3 demigod were to arrive, he would be facing a Rose School of Thought demigod, a hostile pirate admiral, and an adventurer with a mysterious background who had certain ties with the military. It was quite obvious who he would deal with first.

As for Miss Messenger, Klein believed that she could escape into the spirit world in a timely fashion and was free to choose whether to participate in the battle royale or leave.

The reason why Klein didn't escape in the middle of the night after receiving the telegram last night was because Sea King gave him a sense of security.

If he were to leave alone, he would definitely be noticed and captured by the Church of Storms. He would be interrogated,

making the subsequent developments unpredictable.

If he were to stay in his room and await the person who “saw him” to attack, he had a chance of struggling until he reached the streets, allowing Sea King to notice it.

Faced with an evil operative who was at least a demigod and a Sequence 5 adventurer who was rumored to have ties with the military, there was no doubt that Jahn Kottman would first deal with the Rose School of Thought member. And as a Cardinal of the Church of Storms and a high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers, he could use various Sealed Artifacts of the diocese. He could last a moment, even if he faced an angel. At the same time, with the reinforcements from the military, there was a chance for Klein to escape to the sea during the chaos and leave via whale!

To his regret, the night remained peaceful after he received the telegram. And once daybreak happened, Sea King would find it difficult to monitor the entire city.

Pa!

Klein snapped his fingers again, igniting the surrounding trees. This appeared like blooming fireworks around him as they exuded an inexplicable sense of beauty.

The reason why he had chosen to pass through the forest to head for the cliff was because this was a place that was suitable for a Magician’s performance!

His figure flashed through the flames as he circled around Senor, avoiding his approach and control. And from the previous experiences and lessons, Senor knew that his target had an area-of-effect attack and a damaging blow. He didn’t dare stay too

close to him, and he would pull away and create a gap once he missed an attack. Otherwise, he would use a Wraith's Shriek to affect his target or use his pale green fingers to aim at his target. Unfortunately, the latter could only extinguish flames and wither vegetation. There was no way to pinpoint Klein's location.

Seeing how the fireworks-like flames were the biggest barrier to his attacks, Senor stopped and let out the deafening Shriek which would also damage a Spirit Body.

Amidst the Shriek, the icy-blue halo beneath his feet rapidly expanded, covering the mud, randomly strewn weeds, and scattered rocks with a layer of ice.

The flames sizzled as they produced tiny amounts of mist before being extinguished by the frost.

Klein was influenced by the Wraith's Shriek, causing his Flaming Jump to be one step too slow. He ended up failing—his figure projected itself midway as his feet stumbled.

Then, he saw illusory skulls swirling with black gas rush at him, bringing with them the strong smell of death, as though an envoy from the Underworld had arrived!

At that instant, Klein didn't seem like he could dodge. However, a light blue fireball emanating the smell of sulfur suddenly condensed before him.

His glove remained black as it remained in its Devil state!

With a thumping sound, the fireball was extinguished as the illusory skulls shattered and scattered to the ground, creating

spots that didn't have any life to them.

Right on the heels of that, Klein steadied his body and took out the iron cigar case from his pocket. He threw it at Admiral of Blood Senor as his glove turned noble and sinister at some point in time.

Baron of Corruption, Bribe!

Chapter 728: Triple Combo

Senor obviously wasn't going to bet that the item thrown by his opponent didn't pose a threat. He immediately dodged far away, allowing the iron cigar case which was sealed by a wall of spirituality to fall to the ground.

Then, he opened his mouth once again and produced a Shriek.

A roar that seemed to come from the depths of his own Spirit Body made Klein experience excruciating pain in his head. Even though he often suffered from the ravings of existences like the True Creator and Mr. Door, and was rather resistant towards such attacks, it was impossible for him to not pause momentarily. He felt his nose burning as though a capillary had burst.

However, with his resistance combined together with Bribe, the effects were reduced. It made his momentary pause only last for an instant, and this was something Senor had no idea of knowing.

Therefore, Klein pretended as though he hadn't recovered as he revealed his weak state, waiting for the enemy to fall into his trap.

In an ordinary battle, as a Wraith was able to jump through mirror-like mediums, making it impossible to determine that location ahead of time, it made it impossible to maintain a five-meter distance from his opponent, even if he created flames and repeatedly used it to achieve phasing. It caused his Spirit Body Threads controlling ability to be disrupted momentarily after there were any significant effects.

For this, he planned on taking a little risk. He made his opponent fall for a trap he planned, so as to quickly end the battle and escape to the cliff.

Seeing his target appear dazed due to the repeated Shrieks, Senor didn't hesitate to make his aura turn deep.

Admiral of Blood's contracted figure rapidly appeared in Klein's eyes in an abnormally clear manner.

This wasn't a reflection of the world, but two tiny figures seemingly coming to life in his eyes!

When the Wraith's possession was almost close to completion, Klein, with his tattered and charred clothes, unhurriedly extended his left palm as though he was gesturing "please" as a polite gentleman.

Creeping Hunger maintained its sinister and noble blackness as it forcefully distorted Admiral of Blood's target.

Due to the Freezing halo from before, there was frost and crystalline bodies everywhere around them. All of them were equivalent to a mirror surface!

On the thin ice, Senor with his triangular hat had appeared there, his expression was as though he was at a loss.

At that moment, Creeping Hunger switched to a deep black state as Klein said a word filled with foulness, a word that came from the Devil language:

Slow!

Just as he was about to use the mirror surfaces to phase away, Senor instantly froze. His figure involuntarily outlined itself as his body turned extremely rigid. His attempts had failed.

As there was no way to repeatedly use Slow, Klein made his left glove turn pale as it was tinged with a slightly dark green color.

Zombie!

The sealing caused by the frost on the ground had once again exacerbated as they rapidly spread to Senor's side as they began to spread from his toes to turn him into a completed ice sculpture.

With his knowledge that Wraith's had a very strong resistance to the cold, Klein didn't let his guard down or waste any time. He made Creeping Hunger transform as if it was gilded.

The illusory black threads in his eyes were hidden away as two blinding silver bolts of lightning shot out from the innermost depths of his eyes.

Interrogator's Psychic Piercing!

In his usual state, Senor's fusion of spirit and flesh typically wouldn't be significantly affected. He could even cause the attack to backfire on his opponent. However, having just recovered from Slow, he found himself sealed in ice. All he could do was resist the formless bolt that targeted his Spirit Body!

His mind felt as though a blade had penetrated it as it twisted. The pain spread through his body as he temporarily lost all reason.

By the time he regained his lucidity and prepared to make continuous leaps to open up a distance, the cold adventurer opposite him opened his mouth once again.

Slow!

*Dogsh*t*... Senor's actions turned sluggish and impeded once again. Then, without any surprises, he suffered from the two follow-up attacks of Ice Stun and Psychic Piercing.

When he barely escaped again, the black-haired, brown-eyed Gehrman Sparrow opened his mouth a third time with a deadpan expression.

Slow!

Senor was enraged as he reeled in despair before finding himself stuck in a perpetual cycle.

As for Klein, who had kept his opponent in place three times, was beginning to control his opponent's Spirit Body Threads.

In fact, the most effective solution for when his opponent was unable to escape was to take the opportunity to use Death Knell to deliver two or three Lethal Attacks. But his past failures had told him that his enemy had a mystical item that allowed him to be lucky. An overly direct and lethal shot might very well lead to an accident, resulting in some undesirable effects.

It was precisely because of this that he decided to gradually proceed in the proper order by controlling Admiral of Blood's Spirit Body Threads!

Time quickly passed. As Klein ran around Senor to dodge the possible attacks from the Rose School of Thought demigod, he controlled Senor's Spirit Body Threads, and he slowly reached the state of gaining initial control.

Three seconds! Two seconds! One second!

Senor's thoughts instantly turned sluggish as though every part of his body was rusting.

Klein no longer had the strength to use Creeping Hunger again. He continued deepening his control as he began walking at an adequate speed.

No… I… can't… let… this… continue… Thoughts slowly moved through Senor's mind as a translucent icicle condensed in front of him.

It was dyed with a gloomy green as though it was showing its respect to the surrounding forest.

As for Klein, who had witnessed his opponent's series of slow actions, he unhurriedly retracted his left hand and took out Groselle's Travels from his chest and braced himself.

Sou!

The icicle finally shot out, seemingly heading for Klein's chest,

but it suddenly changed directions midway as it flew diagonally upwards!

This adjustment should've been a sudden lethal blow, but as Senor's thoughts had been slowed down significantly, the "order" received by the icicle had only happened when it was almost reaching Klein. This made the sudden change insufficient to catch Klein by surprise as he shifted Groselle's Travels and easily blocked the attack.

Senor's expression turned pale again. After a few seconds of thought, he slowly opened his mouth in an attempt to let out a Wraith's Shriek.

Having already prepared himself, Klein spoke first:

"Bang!"

An Air Bullet quickly shot out and struck Senor in the mouth, throwing his head backward as teeth fell. The Shriek was left stuck in his throat.

Seeing the control deepen and how Senor's resistance was crumbling bit by bit, to the point of losing his reason and launching a barrage of attacks like a lunatic, Klein suddenly felt some joy.

At that moment, a shrill, sharp infant's cry sounded and resounded in the woods.

Lumps protruded all over Klein's body as he dropped Groselle's Travels from his hand. His head felt as though it was being clasped tightly by an invisible hand, making him momentarily

lose his senses of his surroundings, including the Spirit Body Threads. His control over Senor was removed as a result.

About a hundred meters away from them, the large-sized baby, which was black, swollen, and wrinkled, that appeared to have stormed out of the water had escaped its illusory state and returned to reality.

His limbs were long and thin, and there was only an irregular hole on his face. Circling the hole were gnarling teeth.

At that moment, Shank's body had an additional wound that was obvious and deep. It was a piercing wound that went through the black and swollen skin, causing putrid blackish-green liquid to gush out.

After this Rose School of Thought's demigod appeared, he stopped dodging or escaping. He began screaming like crazy, letting out infantile screams. It made Klein and Senor fall into a painful stupor. Even their bodies showed signs of losing control.

The four blonde, red-eyed heads were thrown into the void as they opened their mouths and let out a soundless Shriek, silencing the terrifying cries.

Reinette Tinekerr and Shanks had engaged in another round of combat, phasing between the spirit world and reality from time to time as they shuttled between leaves, weeds, insect eggs, ice crystals, and thorns.

Senor and Klein stood in their spots in a stupor. They tried their best to recover from the effects of the infantile cry.

In this aspect, Senor believed that, as a Wraith, he had an unsurpassable advantage. The corners of his lips subconsciously curled up a little.

He had already figured out what to do with his opponent later.

But at that moment, the eyes of the adventurer who was in tattered clothes while exuding a cold demeanor had turned lucid!

It had only been a second since the infantile cry had ended!

Klein, who was experienced in this, quickly recovered as he realized that Senor was still in a dazed and impeded state.

An opportunity! His mind stirred, but he didn't attempt a long-distance attack which allowed for plenty of accidents. Instead, he chose to control Senor's Spirit Body Threads which took more time. He tapped his right foot as his figure dashed towards his opponent like a panther.

His left glove was dark, and when it moved backward, it condensed in a manner that resembled a blade, forming a gigantic weapon formed from lava and flames.

Desire Apostle, Sword of Lava!

Bam!

Klein's body passed by Senor's left as the searing sword swept across his chest and got stuck in the middle.

The light-blue flames ignited Senor, but aside from suffering damage to his body, he didn't lose his life. However, the pain left him yelling incessantly.

After the two brushed by each other, Klein immediately abandoned the Sword of Lava. He took a step to his left and turned around, facing Admiral of Blood's back. He raised the iron-black Death Knell to his opponent's head.

He didn't use Lethal Attack, and he directly pulled the trigger!

With a bang, his body suddenly shook a little. This was because the spot he had stepped onto appeared to be a hole. Hence, Death Knell had slid downwards, and the golden bullet had hit the side of Senor's neck.

Blood tainted with a dark-green tinge spewed out. Admiral of Blood had lost nearly half his neck as he fell forward. He fainted, but he remained alive.

Klein was just about to add another shot when the sky suddenly darkened. An arm suddenly reached out!

The arm was ten meters long, and it had a black sticky surface with strange protrusions. They were either skulls, erected eyeballs, or barbed tongues. The moment it appeared, it made the entire forest shake.

All the leaves withered as all the insects stiffened to their deaths. All the beasts either fell paralyzed to the ground, or they began biting themselves wildly, leaving their bodies bleeding!

Klein's danger premonition reached its limit. He hurriedly closed

his eyes, lunged forward, and did a roll. He grabbed Groselle's Travels and held it in front of his face!

Chapter 729: Chaos

The entire forest was withering as though an entity that was bringing about destruction to everything was about to descend.

Just as the arm was about to fully extend, a thick bolt of silver lightning smote down from nowhere, illuminating the entire mountain. The sizzling sounds chained together as a cage only spoken in myths enclosed around the black sticky arm.

Dark clouds quickly converged together in the sky, forming brows and a mouth, as though a face was hidden within!

In Bayam City, the huge commotion was noticed by Sea King Jahn Kottman. He didn't hesitate to take action as he ordered the Mandated Punishers to activate the corresponding Sealed Artifacts.

Reinette Tinekerr's figure was forced out of the void, but her complicated black dress didn't seem crumpled at all.

She raised her left hand as two of the blonde, red-eyed heads flew back and landed on her severed neck. The remaining two continued engaging in combat with the black, swollen, and wrinkled infant.

When the cut at her neck began to wriggle, two corresponding cuts were connected. Her figure instantly burgeoned to the size of a gothic castle. Patterns, vines, and accessories appeared on the surface, interweaving into a mysterious, sinister sight that couldn't be looked at.

Klein closed his eyes tight as he placed Groselle's Travels in front of his face, injecting his spirituality into it, but he was unable to eliminate all the effects inflicted upon him. His body kept quivering as granules kept protruding from his body.

And only at this moment did he confirm that the side effect of using Death Knell was a fear of the dark.

For the next six hours, he wouldn't suffer any more weaknesses.

Thankfully, the weakness is just insurmountable, but it doesn't mean that I'm unable to resist for a short period of time... Klein desperately closed his eyes as tears kept rolling down his cheeks.

He didn't spend time considering the problems regarding this, because the situation had developed into one of extreme danger, but it was also very chaotic.

The one that descended seems to be stronger than Sea King. It's likely an angel, but "His" condition doesn't seem to be particularly good as well. "He" didn't directly appear, and he instead used the spirit world to attack...

Is it because "He" can't rush here in time and could only consider using this method? Thankfully, I received a warning from Orange Light; otherwise, the results would be unthinkable if this situation drags on! As Klein's thoughts flashed through his mind, his first reaction was to take the opportunity to flee and open up a safe distance.

However, he knew that hastily retreating without any preparations was equally dangerous.

If the Rose School of Thought's angel abandons the attack and retracts "His" arm, Sea King Jahn Kottman wouldn't have any motivation in embroiling himself in a pursuit effort. This is because he isn't facing a saint who he can consider retaining. This way, simply relying on Miss Messenger, Reinette Tinekerr, makes it difficult to stop this entity. I might be pursued again when the time comes! I have to add more trouble for "Him," making "Him" temporarily unable to leave. I'll take this opportunity to escape the waters where Blue Mountain Island is! As his thoughts churned, Klein followed his emergency plans, took out Groselle's Travels, stuffed Death Knell inside, and made a few rolls before arriving next to the iron cigar case.

He stabbed it with his finger, removing the wall of spirituality and opening the case, and he threw Tinder, which was corrupted by the True Creator, into the air, towards the source of the danger!

Right on the heels of that, Klein used Groselle's Travels to shield the top of his head, opened his eyes, and took out a whistle.

This wasn't Azik's copper whistle, but the Numinous Episcopate copper whistle which he had obtained from a mysticism enthusiast in Backlund. It originated from a resurrected Numinous Episcopate member.

Back then, Klein had made a divination about the copper whistle, and he received a revelation that sending a message would be extremely dangerous!

At that moment, he decided to allow "extreme danger" to meet "extreme danger," so as to create an even more chaotic situation that benefited him!

He quickly put the copper whistle to his mouth and blew into it. Then, he activated his Spirit Vision without daring to look up. A

skull with three lifeless eyes emerged. Around it were black appendage-like tentacles.

Without any hesitation, Klein handed over a white feather left behind by the resurrected Numinous Episcopate member to the messenger.

He didn't wait for the messenger to disappear as he immediately bulged his muscles, swung his arm, and threw the copper whistle into the air where the source of danger was.

With that done, he put away the iron cigar case, did another roll, and bounced up as he rushed straight for the cliff. During this process, he kept his head down and kept changing location. He didn't dare to look at the scene happening above him, nor did he dare to stay any longer.

When he passed by the spot where Admiral of Blood Senor should've been lying unconscious, Klein's gaze suddenly froze. He was alarmed to find that he had vanished!

In that chaotic situation without any aid, this Wraith, who had suffered immense damage and was unable to maintain his Spirit Body state, had vanished!

Klein paused as he swept his gaze. He saw that ahead of him were a few drops of splattered dark red blood that coruscated with a dark-green tint. And this region was where Groselle's Travels had previously dropped!

No way... A few drops of Admiral of Blood's blood dropped onto the book's cover? This sucked him in? Klein frowned, as he didn't think it was a good thing.

He was afraid that the angel and saint that the Mother Tree of Desire had sent was able to gain the help of Admiral of Blood from within Groselle's Travels to pursue him!

However, it was impossible for him to abandon the book. Without it, Klein didn't believe that he was lucky enough to dodge all the stray blasts and unknown shrapnel which could fall from the sky at any moment.

...I'll resolve this latent risk by entering with my Spirit Body after I escape! As a few thoughts rose up in his mind, Klein dipped the tip of his foot down as he ran, lifting up the soil which had Senor's blood on it, reached out, and grabbed a handful.

This was used to locate Admiral of Blood later!

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Klein ran in a meandering manner, holding Groselle's Travels over his head, making adjustments from time to time based on his premonition for danger.

The book blocked the random bolts of lightning or the scattering rain of corroding rock, and it shielded him from a terrifying gaze that was cast over. With the book, Klein successfully tore out of the lifeless forest and came to the edge of a cliff.

At this moment, the surroundings turned dark. It wasn't the kind of darkness before a storm, nor was it a result of a moonless or starless night. It was a dead silence that emanated the smell of rot.

Ravings sounded out from varying distances and at varying

pitches, as though something seemed to be slowly breathing in the air.

Klein, who was afraid of the dark, trembled. He didn't dare to look at what was happening above him. All he noticed was a few white feathers stained with yellowish oil spiraling down to the ground nearby when there was a flash of lightning.

His right foot took a stride forward as he jumped off the cliff and plummeted straight down. He fell out of the darkness and could see light.

Then, he dropped into a mouth that had been waiting for him for a long time.

The mouth didn't have any teeth as it immediately closed and sank to the bottom of the sea. According to the agreement they had made previously, it was to head for a reef beyond Blue Mountain Island as quickly as possible.

This was a gigantic undersea creature with sixteen fins on its back.

In the darkness, Klein instinctively wished to huddle into a ball and helplessly tremble, but he barely repressed his emotions and took out a Priest of Light Beyonder characteristic he had prepared to deal with Wraiths.

He had obtained it through the glove.

Pure light emanated from the translucent stone-like object as it drove away Klein's fear.

He was just about to contemplate if he should wait for the outcome, or if he should attempt something, when he suddenly felt the back of his palm become itchy.

He hurriedly looked down and saw his pores widen as they grew some fine white hair.

These fine hair rapidly grew and looked like feathers!

Klein immediately felt his entire body itch!

The fellow that was attracted by the copper whistle is really very dangerous! Klein was rather experienced. He immediately stood up and took four steps counterclockwise while chanting the incantation in the undersea creature's mouth.

His Spirit Body once again tore through the grayish-white which had endless ravings and roars as blackish-green gases drilled out of his body.

Returning to the palace that looked like a giant's residence, Klein observed his Spirit Body once again, and he discovered that it had returned to normal. There weren't any of the blackish-green gases, nor were there any white feathers.

Phew, it's effective... He exhaled and immediately returned to the real world.

With the illumination from the Priest of Light Beyonder characteristic, Klein saw that the white feathers on the back of his hands remained, but they had lost the ability to continue growing. There were more or less some signs in other parts of his body, but they weren't obvious.

Yes, I should be able to resolve the remaining problems once Mr. Azik arrives. Klein heaved a sigh of relief and drew the crimson moon on his chest. He prayed for the Goddess's blessing, and that Mr. Azik would arrive quickly.

At this moment, Reinette Tinekerr's figure appeared before him.

Miss Messenger had three heads growing on her head while she held one in her hand. Compared to before, she appeared more lively.

She reached out with her left palm and grabbed Klein's shoulder, and she directly brought him into the spirit world as they quickly traveled through it.

Amidst brightly stacked colors, Klein felt somewhat dizzy before he returned to reality and realized that he was on a reef.

Reinette Tinekerr's four heads swept the area and said, "Already..." "Safe..." "Remember..." "To pay..." "Next time..."

With that said, she vanished as though she had something more important to do.

You could do that... I should've just gotten Miss Messenger to bring me away using such a method... However, her present state doesn't seem to be that great either. This must be a state and method she seldom uses... As Klein reflected over the matter, he placed the Priest of Light Beyonder characteristic into his pocket, and he kept Groselle's Travels outside.

Just as he was about to size up his surroundings to figure out where he was, another arm reached out and grabbed his

shoulder.

Klein jumped in fright as he hurriedly turned his head, only to discover that Mr. Azik had arrived.

Azik grabbed his shoulder and pulled him into the spirit world once again. They rapidly moved through the brightly stacked colors.

…*Actually, I'm already safe*… The corners of Klein's mouth twitched, but he didn't say those words.

Chapter 730: Handling the Latent Risk

On a mountain outside Bayam City, in a forest that had lost all its vitality because it was buried by a half-collapsed cliff.

A tall, stocky middle-aged man with deep blue hair was wearing a Storm priest robe as he stood in the air and overlooked the area. There was a clear burning rage in his eyes.

He was none other than the Church of Storms Cardinal, Archbishop of the Rorsted Sea, high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers, Sea King Jahn Kottman.

At that moment, the battle from before was still fresh in Kottman's mind. He remembered how every participant in the battle retreated.

The angel from the Rose School of Thought had used a particular method to transfer "His" powers over from a great distance. After "He" failed to achieve "His" objectives, "He" rather easily brought away "His" heavily injured partner, and no one wanted "Him" to stay, aside from the strange monster that appeared out of nowhere. Jahn Kottman remembered very vividly that when the angel retracted "His" arm, it had sparse white feathers on the black, sticky arm. From the top of the skull and from inside the erected eye, they grew from unimaginable spots. And all of this was because the Rose School of Thought's angel was dodging the glove with the True Creator's aura while using some of "His" strength to shatter what seemed like an ordinary copper whistle.

Shortly after the sinister and strange spirit world creature engaged in battle with the angel, it voluntarily retreated into the depths of the spirit world, preventing Jahn Kottman from pursuing it.

The Aurora Order saint who had opened a Door of Teleportation didn't participate in the battle. After observing the situation in puzzlement, he picked up the glove with the True Creator's aura, and he opened the door to leave before the battle ended.

The strange monster that was summoned because of the copper whistle didn't have a fixed form. "He" was like the manifestation of death itself. "He" was like a mist that filled the surroundings but had many feathers with yellowish marks on it. "His" target was obvious—the angel of the Rose School of Thought. Before the latter escaped, "He" had also vanished from the area as though it were in pursuit of "His" target. But even so, Jahn Kottman, who had taken a Sealed Artifact from the city and rushed here, still felt uneasy. It felt like suddenly jumping forward while on his long journey towards death.

The only person without any godhood had fled the scene before Jahn Kottman arrived, and he was nowhere to be found.

However, Jahn Kottman recognized him.

He was an adventurer who had killed a Sequence 5 Desire Apostle, making him qualified to have his information placed on Sea King's desk!

Although this wasn't something that he needed to pay great attention to, Jahn Kottman, who had experienced the Seafarer Sequence, still remembered the relevant information.

He cast his gaze towards the cliff and looked down at the crashing waves as he muttered a name: "Gehrman Sparrow!"

...

On an island in unknown waters, Klein and Azik's figures were rapidly outlined on the shore.

Klein was just about to speak when the hat-wearing, bronze-skinned Azik's eyes suddenly turned dark, as though it was connected to a silent and dark world.

He grabbed the air with his right hand, and all the undeveloped white feathers flew out and curled into a bundle, landing in his palm.

With a gentle squeeze, all the strange feathers vanished as though they had turned into food for the silent world in his eyes.

"Mr. Azik, this was brought about by that Numinous Episcopate whistle." Klein first pointed out the matter before explaining in detail. "The situation was somewhat pressing, and to make the situation even more chaotic, I blew that copper whistle and gave that feather to the messenger. Then, a similar feeling from the Underworld descended. I didn't stay, and I immediately left the area, but I still had these feathers on my body."

Azik, with his soft facial features, nodded gently and said, "I sensed it from afar.

"It shouldn't be an ordinary High-Sequence Beyonder. I suspect that it's a byproduct of the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death Project."

Is that so... So it succeeded in holding back that Rose School of Thought angel? Klein thought in joy.

Azik looked around and continued, "I still have matters that

require my attention. This might awaken more of my memories.

"When all of that is done, I'll look for you again to claim that ring left behind by ancient Death. I have a feeling that I might need to make a trip to the Berserk Sea or the Southern Continent.

"It's best if you head over to large cities like Backlund or Trier. In those places, the forces the Rose School of Thought can deploy are very limited. They wouldn't dare to act rashly. Of course, it's best that you choose places like Pasu Island where major Churches have their headquarters, but this will bring about another type of danger."

Azik's last sentence was a joke, just like an ordinary Loen gentleman. The experiences of his present life seemed to leave a deep impression on him. Regardless of the portion of memories that he had recovered, he still showed clear signs of his old self.

In situations regarding retained memories, the time span of decades shouldn't have much of an influence on the time span of millennia, but from a state of complete memory-loss, two to three decades is enough to remold a person... After Mr. Azik completely recovers his memories, will his many different lives result in him having different personalities? What a profound question. I'll let Miss Justice consider it later and seek advice from the Psychology Alchemists... As Klein was thinking, he secretly heaved a sigh of relief when he realized that Mr. Azik wasn't delving into why he had a conflict with the Rose School of Thought. Instead, he asked, "Mr. Azik, do you know anything about the Mother Tree of Desire?"

Azik shook his head.

"I didn't even know of 'Her' existence before you sent me the letter."

You didn't know the Mother Tree of Desire? Klein was taken aback as he switched to asking, "Then what about the Chained God?"

Azik shook his head again as he said with a smiling sigh, "In ancient times, 'She' or 'They' might have had other names."

That's right. Mr. Azik began the cycle of losing and finding his memories at the end of the Fourth Epoch. He kept wandering the Northern Continent, while the Rose School of Thought was born in the early Fifth Epoch in the Southern Continent… Klein nodded and didn't ask further. And since Azik had matters which needed his attention, he gave a few words of advice before bringing him to traverse across the spirit world until he arrived at a particular beach on the Northern Continent's eastern shore.

With Mr. Azik gone, Klein looked at the seawater that kept surging towards the shore for a few seconds. He wasn't in a rush to head for the nearby city; instead, he found an uninhabited cave, set up a simple ritual, and created a wall of spirituality. He sacrificed Creeping Hunger, Death Knell, Azik's copper whistle, Groselle's Travels, and the soil with Senor's blood to the mysterious space above the gray fog.

Then, he walked four steps counterclockwise and entered the mysterious space. He took the seat which belonged to The Fool, and he summoned a metal bottle.

As it was stored above the gray fog, the remnant blood in the tiny bottle didn't coagulate. After wearing his glove and stuffing the other items, Klein poured a few drops and smeared it over Groselle's Travels's dark brown cover.

Eh… Why doesn't a brand new story start right from the beginning, with the addition of a new character… Klein looked at the book that didn't change its name as he suddenly felt puzzled.

Before he had the time to think, his vision turned into a blur, as though there were countless translucent creatures hidden around him.

Everything soon turned clear, and Klein found himself sitting on a long wooden chair along the street.

This was where he had departed from previously.

There's a saving function? Klein joked inwardly as he took out the mud stained with Senor's blood before snapping a tree branch to attempt divination.

Following the results he received, he walked out of the city, entered a nearby forest, and found the unconscious Admiral of Blood beside a small stream.

At this moment, only about ten minutes had passed since the battle.

The exaggerated wounds, on Senor's neck, chest, and abdomen, were contracting and appeared to have recovered significantly. Such a level of vitality was completely different from a human's.

In another fifteen to thirty minutes, Admiral of Blood would likely wake up, and in another one to two hours, his mobility would be restored.

This was a Zombie, a Wraith!

You had a chance of being rescued by your organization's angel and demigod, but your blood happened to splatter onto Groselle's

Travels, making you a prisoner of this book and giving me enough time to handle you... Of course, this made you avoid the stray attacks of the battle between demigods, preventing you from dying immediately. I've no idea if you'd call this good or bad luck... Klein mumbled as he observed while grasping Death Knell in his hand and reaching out to Senor's neck and removing the necklace made of pure silver.

The necklace had a pendant of the same color which resembled an ancient coin. Both sides were filled with mysterious patterns and relevant symbols, as well as words carved in ancient Hermes: "You will be as unlucky as you are lucky now."

This is the mystical item which raises Admiral of Blood's luck? Unfortunately, even a demigod can't enhance my luck, so I doubt it can... I can sell it for money, or I could ask Miss Messenger if I can use this to make a partial payment... Klein wasn't in a hurry to take the necklace as he placed it on the stone beside him.

He was afraid that there were unknown side effects that might affect the things he was about to do.

Then, Klein focused as he controlled Admiral of Blood's Spirit Body Threads.

He wanted to make his first marionette which he would use for an extended period of time, so as to conclude the principles of a Marionettist.

Furthermore, no marionette was more convenient to bring around than a Wraith!

One second, two seconds, three seconds... In just ten seconds, Klein achieved initial control.

Senor's spiritual intuition sensed the danger as his body showed obvious signs of struggling, but he was unable to wake up due to his heavy injuries and sluggish thoughts.

Time ticked by, and by the fourth minute, Klein didn't hide his sigh of relief.

At that moment, Admiral of Blood Senor opened his eyes, rolled to his feet, and faced him. With a harmonious series of actions, he pressed his chest and bowed.

"Good morning, sir. How may I be of service?"

Chapter 731: Gains

Illusory black threads emanated out of Senor's body and entered Klein's hands. With every jolt in spirituality, it gave a different reaction.

In fact, there was no need to use both hands when controlling the Spirit Body Threads. Klein was just accustomed to doing so, as it gave him a feeling like he was truly controlling a puppet.

From the looks of it, other Marionettists can discover each other's marionettes. The Senor's abnormality can't be hidden from their eyes, so I have to be careful about this. Klein concluded the problems he discovered, and he quickly turned his thoughts back onto Senor.

This Admiral of Blood was dead. His Spirit Body had become a vessel for the marionette, losing any traits that belonged to him. Therefore, many divination methods were ineffective against him.

Of course, methods to seek his corpse were still effective. Klein planned on "cleansing" the Wraith in the gray fog before using Paper Angels to envelop the mirror-like objects that he had possessed before placing him into a cigar case that was sealed by a wall of spirituality, along with Azik's copper whistle. This created a 3-layered interference effect.

This way, Klein believed that, even if the Rose School of Thought angel wished to, it was impossible to use divination to lock onto his position via Admiral of Blood.

As for whether the Mother Tree of Desire had left any

"backdoors" in Senor's body, he wasn't too worried. This was because if that really happened, "She" could've mutated Senor during the demigod battle royale in order to deal with him. Based on the situation back then, there was a guaranteed chance of success.

Mother Tree of Desire, or should I say, the Chained God, strictly controls its organization's members. It relies on a vow contract and other methods that are ingrained into the soul. This can be inferred from Miss Sharron's descriptions and my interaction with the corresponding characteristics...

As long as I don't attempt to use Admiral of Blood to divine the secrets of the Rose School of Thought or the potion formula of the Mutant pathway, I wouldn't trigger any problems. The Werewolf Beyonder characteristic has remained normal despite being above the gray fog for so long...

Besides, there's still the gray fog "cleansing" process. If there are any latent problems, it should be washed out... Klein thought for a while and took out Azik's copper whistle from inside his body.

He turned his right wrist and made the side with fewer patterns appear under the sunlight, making it reflect the light.

Immediately, the copper whistle had Senor's figure appear on it as it rapidly turned clear.

The Admiral of Blood in front of Klein suddenly vanished as a result.

Perhaps the Mother Tree of Desire can use the vow contract and other methods to vaguely lock on, but that doesn't matter. "She" can sense the gray fog's unique trait on me anyway, and "She" will sense me once I'm within range... Besides, this marionette

might be destroyed at anytime when I use it as a shield… Klein was like a jobless tramp who was debt-laden. He felt that there was almost nothing he was afraid of.

Of course, he really was debt-ridden.

As long as I advance to a demigod and can hide my unique trait, it's fine losing marionettes… Klein surveyed the area as he bent his back to pick up the silver necklace. He took four steps counterclockwise while chanting the incantation softly.

This time, he hadn't entered via summoning his Spirit Body, so he couldn't directly return.

The grayish-white fog was quickly emanated as hysterical ravings and roars echoed for an eternity. Azik's copper whistle didn't react abnormally, which meant that there weren't any latent problems with Admiral of Blood.

Sitting at the end of the bronze table, Klein placed Azik's copper whistle in front of him, making Senor, who was dressed in a dark red coat and old triangular hat, appear. He was like a butler awaiting orders from his master.

"Do you have any other items on you?" Klein asked, as though Admiral of Blood was still alive.

This was his attempt to act as a Marionettist!

Following that, he controlled Senor, made him rummage through every pocket as he subsequently took out 325 pounds, 16 soli, and 8 pence in cash. There were also 13 gold coins.

Apart from that, perhaps due to his frequent act of transforming into a Wraith state, Senor didn't carry anything else on him.

How poor... As a pirate admiral, you don't even have a single mystical item? Did you hand it over to the Rose School of Thought or your subordinates? Klein seriously considered cashing out Admiral of Blood via the black market.

Just in Loen alone, he was worth 42,000 pounds!

Yes, claiming the bounty from Loen isn't pragmatic. Be it the Church of Storms and the kingdom's military, they will follow the clues to capture Gehrman Sparrow, who managed to embroil so many demigods in a battle royale, and then investigate the organization backing him. They wouldn't even pay, and they might even plant a trap...

By the same logic, the Churches and governments of other countries must have similar ideas. However, they might be easier to work with. Retrieving the bounty will require substantial risks...

Besides, there's no rush. I'll send Senor out when I plan on switching marionettes. After all, being a marionette for a few days won't change his identity or value... Klein reined in his thoughts and cast his gaze on the silver necklace with an ancient coin attached to it.

He immediately used divination to gain the gist of its origins and usage.

It came from a Sequence 5 Winner from the Life School of Thought. After dying at the hands of a Rose School of Thought demigod, this gentleman's Beyonder characteristic and psyche fused with an ordinary silver necklace that he carried with him, turning into a mystical item.

As for the reason why the ordinary silver necklace would be carried by a Sequence 5 powerhouse for extended periods of time, Klein was unable to receive any effective revelations from it, as it had been too long and it had been corrupted.

The mystical item had two uses. One was to passively make the wearer lucky. In their daily lifestyle, the owner would encounter good things, easily succeeding in whatever they did. When suffering a lethal blow or terrifying disaster, ridiculous scenes would happen, allowing them to be successfully rescued. The latter situation only lasted for ten minutes.

The second use was to actively give an enemy bad luck, making the target unlucky. Be it in daily life or combat, it was easy for them to experience failure due to some trivial problem.

The corresponding negative effects of the necklace was the Conservation of Luck. After being lucky, they would immediately meet with repeated bad luck. They would be as unlucky as they were lucky before. It needed the wearer to be devoted and seriously avoid any danger; otherwise, it was very easy for them to die in a comedic manner, and even harm people around them.

The luck received in one's daily life would often revert back after a month. The user would end up unlucky regardless of whether they wore it or not. However, such bad luck was slowly released, so it wasn't too dangerous.

And luck obtained in combat would similarly strike back ten minutes later in a similar vigor.

Overall, this is a rather good mystical item, but I don't have much use for it. After all, Fate Councilor Ricciardo was unable to change my luck... Hmm, I'll just wear it on me for now. It has few negative effects on me. I'll sell it if there's a chance to pay off my

debt with Miss Messenger... Miss Messenger wants gold coins, while I have gold pounds. It's nearly impossible to exchange 10,000 gold coins through the banks or official markets. From the looks of it, I'll have to do it in batches, getting each Tarot Club member to change some of it... Klein soon decided on a plan as he casually came up with a name for the necklace:

Scales of Luck!

Following that, he cast his gaze onto Senor, who was standing reverently to his side. He began to study the powers a Wraith had.

Forceful possession, Enemy Control, Wraith's Shriek, Mirror Blink, Obstacle Penetration, death-related spells, and Invisibility that wouldn't be discovered by most Mid- and Low-Sequence Beyonders... Klein distinguished each power, and he matched them with Sharron's and Maric's description, as well as his experience gained from combat.

He soon concluded this, afraid that the candle in the outside world would finish burning. And a dark cave was extremely bad for the present him who had a phobia of the dark.

Klein immediately took out a paper figurine from the junk pile, and together with the Black Emperor card, he stirred some of the powers above the gray fog, turning it into an anti-divination "angel."

This angel rapidly spread its wings and wrapped around a gold coin. On its reflective side was Senor's figure.

Then, Klein brought the gold coin, Azik's copper whistle, Death Knell, and his suitcase back to the real world. As for Creeping Hunger and Groselle's Travels, one of them hadn't been fed, and

the other might cause Klein to be swallowed into the book for carrying it for too long. Therefore, they were left in the junk pile above the gray fog.

Having returned to the cave, Klein hurriedly placed the gold coin and Azik's copper whistle into a cigar case before sealing it with a wall of spirituality.

He cleaned up the scene, switched into formal clothes, and carried his suitcase. He followed the beach until he came to a residential area. He discovered that he was near Pritz Harbor.

He didn't immediately return to Backlund. Instead, he changed his appearance, took a steam locomotive, and headed for Conant City in Desi Bay. He planned on circling the area once before changing his identity again.

...

Bansy Harbor.

Alger Wilson looked at the destroyed city under the afternoon sun.

He saw that the buildings had completely collapsed, and there were deep chasms in the ground and charred spots everywhere.

Such a scene extended into the depths of the island. Even the mountain had collapsed.

At that moment, there wasn't anyone from the Church of Storms watching the ruins, since there wasn't anything here. And the

plans to rebuild the harbor wasn't brought forward at all.

Alger jumped off the Blue Avenger and circled the ruins with his sailors, but they didn't discover anything of value.

"Let's go," he instructed with a staid attitude.

He soon boarded the ship which hoisted its sails and left the island.

After an unknown period of time, a figure suddenly walked out from the depths of the ruins.

He wore a double-breasted, pure black clerical robe. He had dark golden hair, and his facial features were clear and distinct, like an ancient, classical sculpture without any wrinkles.

His eyes were dark blue, nearing black. They looked lusterless, but they were filled with dense blood capillaries.

Chapter 732: Destination

Desi County, Conant City, 67 Red Indus Street.

Wearing a commonly seen face in the Loen Kingdom, Klein took a step forward and rang the doorbell.

In less than a minute, the door creaked open as a maidservant looked out and asked out of curiosity, “Good evening, who might you be looking for?”

“I’m here to find Ma’am Neelu. I’m a friend of her father, Davy Raymond,” Klein answered calmly.

Davy Raymond was the Nightmare who he had released from Creeping Hunger. It was a Red Glove from the Nighthawks, and the first thing on his mind before he dissipated was his daughter, Neelu Raymond. He was very apologetic towards her for not spending time with her while she grew up, making her effectively lose her father when she had already lost her mother. Klein had promised him that he would make a visit to the beautiful coastal city if he had the chance to visit his daughter.

Having probed for more information earlier, Klein had gained a general idea about Neelu Raymond’s situation. After this girl graduated from grammar school, she worked at the Women and Children Care Foundation which was run by the Church of the Evernight Goddess. She had a weekly salary of 2 pounds 10 soli and was the target of envy by her neighbors.

She also inherited an inheritance from her “businessman” father. As for how much it was, no one knew. They just knew that she was richer than most people from the middle-class.

Typically speaking, women with such wealth would place great emphasis on their marriage. They would repeatedly select and observe candidates, resulting in their late marriage. However, Neelu had married to a civil servant just a year later.

As both parties were believers of the Evernight Goddess, she didn't take on her husband's last name. She continued going by the name Neelu Raymond, and she continued staying at 67 Red Indus Street.

After hearing Klein's answer, the maidservant quickly requested him to wait as she entered the living room to report to her mistress.

Before long, a woman in a home dress walked to the door. She had black hair and blue eyes. Her face was rather thin, and she was rather pretty. She resembled Davy Raymond.

"Good evening, sir. I'm Neelu, Davy Raymond's daughter. May I know when you got to know my father?" Neelu Raymond asked politely but warily.

Klein took off his hat and smiled.

"I got to know him at sea. It's been several years."

Neelu Raymond swept him with a wary gaze and said, "Perhaps you might not know, but he has already passed away."

Klein sighed and replied, "Yes, I know. I got to know him through that disaster. He had some words to say back then which I didn't think too much about. However, the more I thought about it in recent years, the more I felt that I should inform you."

“Is that so?” Neelu said softly. After some thought, she invited him. “Please come in. Would you mind if my husband listens in?”

“This is up to you to decide,” Klein frankly replied.

Neelu nodded and led Klein into the study. Her husband had the looks of an ordinary civil servant with a gentleman’s bearing. He put down his newspapers and followed them in.

After both parties sat down, Klein looked at the couple on the sofa and deliberated.

“Mr. Davy Raymond once experienced disaster after another. He lost his father, mother, wife, brothers, and sisters.”

Neelu nodded with a deadpan expression.

“I know.”

Klein thought and continued, “He appears to be a merchant, but he was in fact seeking out the murderers who caused that disaster.”

“I know.” Neelu didn’t object to it.

Klein glanced at her and continued, “He dedicated himself to this matter, and he was very regretful that he didn’t manage to spend time with you growing up, making you lose your father alongside your mother.”

Neelu fell silent for a second before she rapidly replied, “I know!”

Klein swept his gaze to the old books around him and sighed silently.

“He said that his greatest wish was to see you enter the hall of marriage under the witness of the Goddess, to have your own family, and to not be lonely anymore. I believe he should be very happy right now.”

Neelu’s gaze slowly moved away from Klein’s face as she turned agape, answering only two seconds later.

“...I know.”

Klein leaned forward slightly as he clasped his hands.

“He said that he might die at sea, and he wanted me to tell you that he died as a result of an accident. All the murderers from before have already been punished. You do not need to hate anyone.

“He also said that he loves you very much and that he’s very sorry.”

Neelu remained silent for a few seconds as she blinked. She turned her head to the side and scoffed with an unclear attitude.

“Got it...”

Klein gave her a deep look before getting up.

“I’m done passing on the message. It’s time I leave.”

Met with silence, Neelu’s husband nodded gently as a gesture of thanks.

Klein turned around, walked to the door of the study. Just as he twisted the doorknob, Neelu Raymond’s voice sounded from behind him, deep and hoarse.

“What… kind of person do you think he was?”

Klein fell silent for a second, turned his head, and curled his lips. He said with a smile, “A guardian.”

He didn’t stay any longer as he opened the door and walked to the coat rack.

When he wore his hat and left 67 Red Indus Street, soft, restrained sobbing suddenly drilled into his ears.

Shaking his head silently, Klein left the borough and entered a cathedral of the Evernight Goddess.

Passing through the dark and serene aisle, he sat in the seventh row from the back. He faced the crimson half-moon and the black Sacred Emblem filled with resplendent stars. He took off his hat, lowered his head, and held his hands to his mouth, just like the many believers present.

While praying silently in the silence and tranquility, time quickly passed. Klein slowly opened his eyes as he gently stood up.

At the spot where he sat, he left behind an item wrapped in paper.

Klein walked along the aisle and left the prayer hall, going straight to the cathedral's entrance.

With his back facing the hall, he wore his hat, raised his right hand, and snapped his fingers.

Pa!

The paper suddenly ignited where he sat, garnering the priest's attention. When this gentleman rushed over, the flames had already extinguished, leaving behind a dark gem-like item.

This is... Although the priest didn't know what the item was, his spiritual perception told him that it was very important!

When he and the other priests rushed outside the cathedral, the gentleman in a tailcoat and half top hat had already disappeared.

The next morning.

Through a local black market, Klein had obtained a new identity as he came to the steam locomotive station.

In his hand was a second-class ticket worth 18 soli, as well as identification documents for himself. He held a black leather suitcase as he stood at the platform with his back straight, awaiting the arrival of the train headed for Backlund.

The present him was a middle-aged man who was nearing his forties. He was slightly more than 180 cm tall, and his black hair had a few silver strands. His deep blue eyes were like a lake at night, and he was rather good looking. He gave off mature and elegant vibes.

Looking down at the identification documents, Klein's eyes reflected his present name: "Dwayne Dantès."

After some thought, he placed the suitcase on the ground, laid it down, and opened it before stuffing all his identification documents inside.

Inside the suitcase, there was a black wooden box containing the former Loen soldier, Frunziar Edward's ashes.

Moments after arranging his suitcase, he heard a whistle. A steam train chugged into the station spewing smoke before it slowed down to a halt.

He looked up and cast his gaze forward as he examined it in silence. Then, he looked down at his suitcase and whispered, "It's time to return..."

He then stood straight, carried his belongings, and walked to the open carriage door.

...

Backlund, Cherwood Borough, 26 Gunstedt Street.

Benson took off his hat, removed his coat, and handed it to the

maidservant. He looked at his sister, Melissa, who was glued to her book in the living room.

"The entrance examinations are in June. You'll finally experience the pain of studiously studying that I endured back then."

Melissa didn't look up as she continued reading.

"I'm studiously studying every day."

"A little humor, Melissa. A little humor. What's the difference between a person without humor and a curly-haired baboon?" Benson said with a smile.

Melissa casually glanced at him and said, "That wasn't what you said in the past."

She didn't correct him on what the exact difference was between humans and curly-haired baboons, and she instead said, "Do civil servants also finish work so late?"

"No, there's been a lot of work recently. As you know, oh—you don't. In such a huge reform, the handing over of work and the straightening out of different relationships are very troublesome." Benson swept the mirror in the living room. He couldn't help but lift his hand to comb his hair as he said with a look of displeasure, "Although I'm only a low-ranking employee in the Ministry of Finance, that doesn't stop me from having plenty of work. The only thing to be happy about it that I've finally survived the darn probationary period. I'll soon have a weekly salary of 3 pounds!"

Melissa put down her book, and she walked to the dining hall

and said to Benson, “It’s dinner time.”

She paused and said very seriously, “I read in the papers that there’s something called Donningsman Tree Sap that has a significant effect on boosting hair growth.”

Benson’s face immediately had mixed expressions.

…

Whoosh!

Amidst the whistle, the long steam locomotive chugged into Backlund.

Klein picked up his suitcase and once again stepped into the Capital of Capitals, the Land of Hope. He discovered that the smog had thinned significantly, and there wasn’t the obvious palish yellow colors. The gas street lamps on the platform were already turned on, dispersing the gloominess and darkness.

Surveying the area, Klein walked out the steam locomotive station, took the metro and a carriage, and came to a Church of Storms cemetery outside West Borough.

Then, he spent a little bit of money and placed Frunziar Edward’s ashes into a partition.

By then, this Loen soldier had already left Backlund for more than 165 years.

After taking a step back, Klein observed it for a moment before using a pen and paper to engrave something on the partition door:

“Frunziar Edward.”

He closed his eyes and added:

“Every journey has its destination.”



End of Volume

Lord of Mysteries

Pathways Guide

~ The following pages contain Spoilers

[image]

The Anarchy

~ Black Emperor Pathway ~



The Black Emperor Pathway can manipulate rules and order to suit their own needs.
They are proficient at distorting justice and law order to exploit loopholes while using their opponen own words, actions, and intentions to restrict them.

The Anarchy

- Justiciar Pathway -



The Justiciar Pathway is about defending 'Order' It is strong at setting law and punishing lawbreaker They can set up rules tha will inflict punishments i broken, directly attack minds and souls, recogniz people supernaturally, de abnormalities, and use all kinds of weapons and explosives.

Lord of Mysteries

Image Gallery

~ The following pages contain Spoilers


格尔曼·斯帕罗
诡秘之主
Lord of Mysteries
Klein Moretti as Gehrman Sparrow
- The World -


嘉德丽雅
诡秘之主
Lord of Mysteries
Cattleya
The Hermit


威尔·昂赛汀
诡秘之主
Lord of Mysteries
Will Auceptin


贝尔纳黛·古斯塔夫
诡秘之主
Lord of Mysteries
Bernadette Gustav


达尼兹·迪布瓦
诡秘之主
Lord of Mysteries
Blazing Danitz / Danitz Dubois


艾德雯娜·爱德华兹
诡秘之主
Lord of Mysteries
Edwina Edwards


弗兰克·李
诡秘之主
Lord of Mysteries
Frank Lee


欲望母树
诡秘之主
Lord of Mysteries
Cynthia / Mother Tree of Desire

- Grosel

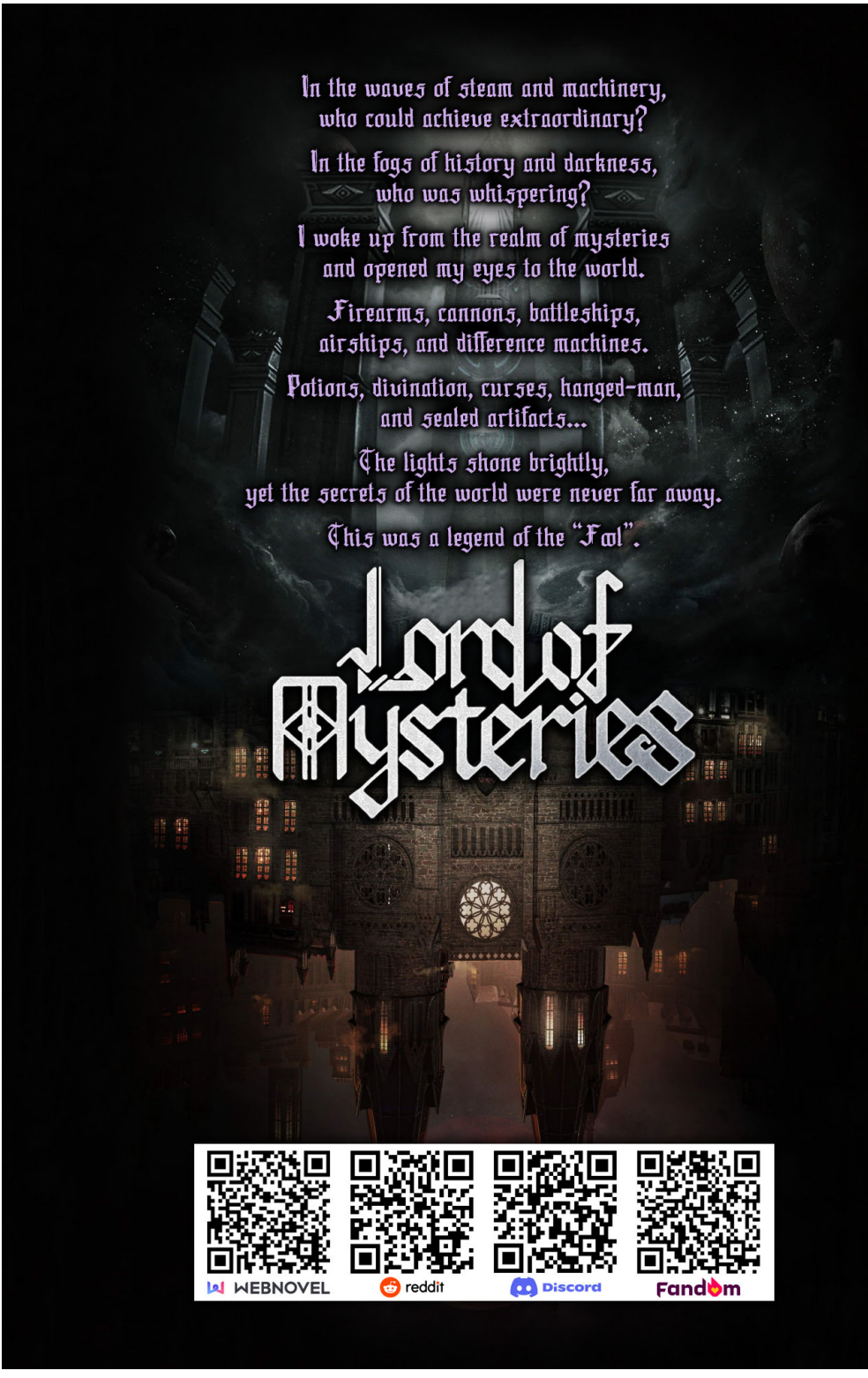


- Records of

[image]

To be continued in...




In the waves of steam and machinery,
who could achieve extraordinary?
In the fogs of history and darkness,
who was whispering?
I woke up from the realm of mysteries
and opened my eyes to the world.
Firearms, cannons, battleships,
airships, and difference machines.
Potions, divination, curses, hanged-man,
and sealed artifacts...
The lights shone brightly,
yet the secrets of the world were never far away.
This was a legend of the "Fool".
Lord of Mysteries
WEBNOVEL
reddit
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Fandom